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# [***DESERTERS IN SWEDEN: AN ODD LITTLE 'V.F.W. POST'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B0C0-0007-J55V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1377 words

**Byline:** By BARNABY J. FEDER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** STOCKHOLM

**Body**

One day a few years ago, as David Smith was driving the No. 52 bus here, a Swedish passenger and a Yugoslav immigrant got into an argument. The driver stopped the bus and tried to break it up.

Then the Yugoslav started shouting at him. ''You Swedes all stick together!'' he screamed. Mr. Smith, annoyed at the insult to his fairness, threw him off the bus.

He recalled the anecdote with an ironic smile. A 39-year-old with dark, curly hair, brown eyes and a gold earring in his right ear, he could hardly look less Swedish.

Article describes how lives of about 50 to 75 Americans living in Sweden, who deserted US Army during Vietnam war, have changed; most have learned new language, adapted to different culture and established themselves as functioning adults; some deserters comment; photo (M)

Mr. Smith, now a Stockholm bus dispatcher, deserted his unit at Fort Ord in California rather than be sent to Vietnam. Like many of the hundreds of young Americans who made their way to Sweden during the Vietnam War era as deserters or draft resisters, he remembers well the days when he felt what a fellow American called ''the intense desire to be a super Swede.''

Numbers Have Dwindled

Those days are gone. Nearly 1,000 Americans came here during the Vietnam years; the 50 to 75 believed to remain are all-but-invisible members of Swedish society. Few of them see other Americans regularly, and they say they rarely think about how Swedish or American they are.

Some have become Swedish citizens. Bruce Mayor, who came here from the San Francisco area in 1968, just before reaching draft age, has served in the Swedish Army and has run for a seat in Parliament.

Those who fled to Sweden were a small part of the 27 million draft-age Americans who faced decisions about their future during the Vietnam era. Almost 9 million did military service during those years, including 3.4 million who actually spent time in Southeast Asia. Tens of thousands are estimated to have gone to Canada to escape the draft.

Unlike the Americans who went to Canada, more than two-thirds of those in Sweden were deserters rather than draft evaders. Most of the deserters say their action was spontaneous.

Steven Kinneman, who grew up in a what he describes as ''a typical ***working-class*** family in Indianapolis,'' deserted from the Army in Thailand in 1967 and wandered in Laos for five years before making his way here.

Having overcome years of anger and bitterness, Mr. Kinneman says he now feels ''the process of growing into our new lives is finished.''

He and his companion, Bitte, have three children and have scraped together enough money from their jobs at a day care center to make that most Swedish of all investments - the purchase of a summer cabin in the Baltic archipelago.

To endure in Sweden, Americans like Mr. Kinneman had to learn a new language, adapt to a different culture and eventually establish themselves as functioning adults, in nearly every case without having previously lived on their own.

Relationships Didn't Survive

In many cases they were isolated from relatives and friends who could not afford to travel to Sweden. Although some had wives or companions who joined them here, interviews and published studies indicate that none of the relationships survived the move to Scandinavia.

Although the exiles, as they initially called themselves, were denied political refugee status, they were welcomed far more than in Canada. Indeed, they were lionized in some intellectual and cultural circles.

''The United States is no longer the country to which rebels and revolutionaries flee,'' wrote Vilhelm Moberg, the author of ''The Immigrants,'' an epic novel about the journey of 19th-century Swedish peasants to the United States. ''Just this category of people are instead now leaving the U.S.A. and going in exile to Canada and Europe. For me, these Americans fulfill the great heritage of their country; in reality they are faithful to this heritage.''

'Such a Long Time Ago'

''It all seems like such a long time ago,'' said Richard Bailey, a 37-year-old inventory control manager for a small electronic components company in suburban Stockholm. He deserted from Southeast Asia in November 1967 with three other Americans and came to Sweden from Japan. Once here, the four came to prominence as activists against American policy and encouraged other American soldiers to desert. Only one of the other three, Michael Lindner, is still in Sweden; he works nearby as a carpenter.

Most of the Americans who came here soon found that survival in a new land was too demanding to leave much energy for political activism. The Americans also got bad publicity because of crime and drug use among some of them. By 1977, even the large Stockholm group had been reduced to what Mr. Kinneman called ''an odd type of V.F.W. post.''

The more than 100 blacks who came to Sweden, many of whom were reacting to racial problems in the military as much as the threat of going to Vietnam, had a particularly tough time. The southern port of Malmo, where most of the blacks arrived and settled, turned out to be the city least receptive to the deserters.

''We didn't come here intending to make a new life,'' said Michael Deberry, who deserted in West Germany in 1971 and now works as a lathe operator. ''We came here to get away. For three years, I lived with a packed suitcase ready to go.''

'Would Never Have Seen Sweden'

''Let's face it,'' said Herbert Washington, a black American who also deserted in West Germany. ''Except for Vietnam, I would never have seen Sweden in my life, not even as a tourist.''

Today, he said, probably fewer than 5 of the 75 blacks who went to Malmo remain.

Nearly all the Americans who remain here have visited home, but the question of returning permanently is not an easy one.

''I still get calls from my parents in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, trying to get us to move back,'' said Mr. Washington, who married a Dane and has two children. ''But they aren't living any better there than we are here.''

A social worker who handles young adults with drinking, drug and crime problems, Mr. Washington said employment prospects in Rhode Island in his field looked grim when he visited his family. ''I'm 44, with a wife and two kids to think about,'' he said.

Trying to Fit In

One of those who did go home from Sweden, Irving Rubin, said he felt torn between the two countries. ''We were brought up in ways that don't fit there, but we learned adult values that don't fit here,'' he said by telephone from his home in Rockland, Mass., where he returned in 1978 after two earlier visits. He is now considering moving back to Sweden or moving to Israel.

Many of the Americans here said they felt that the next generation of young men in the United States may well face the kind of choice they did.

''Here we go again,'' said one of them, Jim Walch, when asked about United States policy in Central America.

Mr. Walch, who was notified that he had been given conscientious objector status after he moved here from Wisconsin in 1969, is a teacher with a research interest in preschool education. He is married with three children and has a suburban home, an interest in Swedish folk music and a quiet, eminently Swedish manner. He cast an absentee ballot for the Rev. Jesse Jackson in last year's Democratic Presidential primary in Wisconsin.

''There are lots of different ways of leaving,'' said Mr. Walch, who suggested that some men who never emigrated dropped further out of American life than those who did.

Views of Vietnam War

Most of the Americans in Sweden said they still considered the Vietnam War a brutal, immoral error. Many would like to see reparations paid to the Vietnamese. Nonetheless, a common theme among them is sympathy for those who went to Vietnam.

''Everyone I was in the Army with was a nice guy,'' Mr. Males said, ''and I hope they get better treatment.''

Despite that attitude, the welcome that Vietnam veterans are finally being accorded in the United States has reopened old wounds. Many of the deserters are bitter that President Carter's 1977 amnesty program offered them less-than-honorable discharges.

''I still feel I didn't do anything wrong,'' said Mr. Smith, the bus dispatcher. ''Just because you left America doesn't mean you don't love it.''

**Graphic**

photo of Herbert Washington and wife, Birthe (NYT/Lars Astrom)

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[***BLIND ALLEY OR ROAD TO TRUTH?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BNJ0-0007-J0SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:** By Brigitte Berger; Brigitte Berger teaches sociological theory at Wellesley College.

**Body**

MARXISM

The Science of Society. An Introduction. By Kenneth Neill Cameron. 222 pp. South Hadley, Mass.: Bergin & Garvey. $25.95.

MARXISM

Philosophy and Economics.

By Thomas Sowell. 281 pp. New York: William Morrow & Company. $15.95.

MARXISM, it is increasingly argued, has reached a point of exhaustion. Yet any glance at the crowded shelves of college bookstores makes one wonder if this news has reached the universities of the West. There is more than a little irony in the thought that ''professorial Marxism'' has developed into a flourishing academic industry at precisely that moment when Marxism as an intellectual and political movement may be losing its appeal in large parts of the world.

The literature of Marxism is immense. There is scarcely any question relating to its interpretation that is not a matter of dispute. A complex epistemology, intricate ideas and an often arcane use of language have troubled it from the beginning. The tendency of later disciples to interpret Marx out of context and read events and notions back into him has led to a profusion of ''Marxisms,'' each with its own theoretical apparatus. Considerable confusion and legendary controversies have arisen from these attempts to integrate historical realities with the theoretical presuppositions associated with Karl Marx and his collaborator, Friedrich Engels, and beyond that with the version embodied in Leninist-Stalinist ideology and practice.

It may thus be pure chance that two new books promising to disentangle Marxism are available for the rookies of the 1980's. The first, ''Marxism: The Science of Society: An Introduction'' by Kenneth Neill Cameron, an emeritus professor of English at New York University, is the labor of love of a firm believer in the unshakable foundations of Marxist doctrine. The second, ''Marxism: Philosophy and Economics,'' is by Thomas Sowell,the iconoclastic economist associated with the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, whose writings cannot be linked to the Marxist vision by the broadest stretch of the imagination.

Mr. Cameron aims to return to ''the scientific spirit of inquiry of Marx, Engels, and Lenin.'' He is convinced that Marxist analysis is still correct, that ''the plain truth is that Marxism does not need to be revised,'' and he feels compelled to guard against dogmatists trying to ''freeze Marxism,'' as well as against revisionists who would ''water it down.'' His ultimate goal is to take Marxism beyond its current impasse by relating Marx's science of society to contemporary intellectual preoccu- pations such as the ''woman's question'' and the sociobiology debate.

Mr. Sowell, by contrast, does not claim to set forth a particularly original or partisan interpretation of Marxism. He sticks closely to original texts, in particular as they relate Marxist philosophy to the economic process. He aims for an interpretation that is ''neither an uncritical exposition of Marxism nor a continuous sniping at the Marxian ideas in the process of explaining them.''

Both writers are successful in presenting major aspects of Marxist thought in clear and jargon-free English prose. They manage to demonstrate, by and large convincingly, that Marxism may not be so difficult to understand after all. Both books are very readable, though they differ vastly in style and method and arrive at diametrically opposed conclusions. It is one of the paradoxes of the intellectual enterprise that the non- Marxist Mr. Sowell is distinctly more successful in opening up the scope and brilliance of Marx's very interesting mind than is the keeper of the flame, Mr. Cameron. When all is said and done, Mr. Cameron's interpretation amounts to not much more than an orthodox Marxist's clarion call to the good old cause.

With his 30's-style Marxism, Mr. Cameron has little tolerance for neo-Marxist revisionists, whether they are Hegelian Existentialist Marxists (who embrace dialectics but are less firm on materialism) or materialist Marxists (who abandon dialectics). Mr. Cameron thus deprives himself of the intellectually challenging intra- Marxist debates of the past 50 years, and his expositions are correspondingly predictable. For him, the roots of Marxism are to be located in the social conditions of the ***working class*** rather than in the philosophical traditions of Hegel, Feuerbach and the Enlightenment; the dynamics of history are exclusively linked to the economic substructure, at the expense of political forces; and the patterns of the past are nothing but the result of class struggle. Capitalism, the b,ete noire of all Marxists, is moving inexorably toward centralization, and, as was the case in the 19th century, its laboring ''masses are still doped with drink and religion, still fleeced by patent medicine firms, still thrown on the scrap heap when old; families are still riven by conflicts arising inevitably from exploitation and oppression; prostitution is still rife; crime rampant, the prisons full.''

In any case, Mr. Cameron announces that capitalism's final collapse is just around the corner. By dint of considerable mental acrobatics, the author defends the present Soviet state as a model of Communist society and Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Albania as models of proletarian dictatorship. In the final chapters, he makes good on his promise to develop Marxistorthodoxy further, with mixed results. His case for the utility of the Marxist vision in understanding the current social position of women reveals a remarkable ignorance of the massive body of Marxist feminist writing and a corresponding theoretical na"ivete. The final chapter of the book, on nature and society, is, to my mind, by far the best. Mr. Cameron attempts to make a case for the complex interrelationship between the biological and the social that strikes me as eminently sensible - but what this has to do with Marxism escapes me.

Mr. Sowell's ''Marxism'' is a much less ambitious undertaking. In straightforward exposition, the author relates the philosophical context of Marxism to economics. Avoiding current fashions in Marxian analysis, he takes the reader through dialectics, the theory of alienation, philosophical materialism and the culmination of Marx's intellectual apparatus in his theory of politics and revolution. As one might expect, Mr. Sowell emphasizes the salient features of the Marxist concept of the capitalist economy, which revolves around the notions of the surplus value of labor and economic crises. One of the special merits of Mr. Sowell's interpretation is that he explains why such central Marxist themes as the distinction between essence and appearance and the notion of praxis continue to appeal strongly to contemporary intellectuals.

IN his final assessment of the utility of Marxism today, he insists on a sharp distinction between the

''Marxism of Marx and Engels'' and mainstream

20th-century Communism as preached and carried out by Lenin. He is certainly correct that Marxian thought has become an integral part of the Western intellectual tradition, whereas Leninism has not. But he also argues that, in light of historical events since Marx, few if any of the theorist's economic and political notions have stood up. The labor theory of surplus value was refuted by early Soviet history; the recipe for a state-planned economy that would prevent periodic economic crises merely tends to conceal rather than solve the problem; and, finally, history has revealed the prediction of the increasing immiserization of the proletariat to be a myth. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Sowell concludes that ''the development of modern economics has simply ignored Marx.''

What is the student of the 80's to make of two such very different books on Marxism? If the central doctrines of Marxism are indeed intellectually bankrupt - whether through deviations from its orthodox heritage, as Mr. Cameron might wish to claim, or because it was not much more than a detour into a blind alley to begin with, as Mr. Sowell would be likely to argue - why should a student take an interest today in such ambiguous intellectual baggage? The truth, I would suggest, is that Marxism in its various forms constitutes a quasi- monopoly as a theory that claims to integrate the economic, political, social and cultural dimensions of contemporary change. Marxism, of course, does not owe its appeal for Western intellectuals and many people in developing nations simply to its theoretical plausibility - it is also a powerful myth with religious undertones. And so long as there is no comprehensive alternative theoretical system for interpreting the modern world, the Marxist vision will continue to have the mythopoeic appeal that so far has proved sovereignly impervious to empirical falsification.

**Graphic**

Photo of Thomas Sowell; Photo of Kenneth Neill Cameron; Drawing

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[***WESPAC: A DECADE OF EVOLUTION IN ACTIVISIM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BJH0-0007-J0T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 14, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 11WC; Page 1, Column 2; Westchester Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1461 words

**Byline:** By JAMES FERON

**Body**

SOUVENIRS of yesterday's protests fill the walls of Wespac, the Westchester People's Action Coalition, but the placards and other mementos look down on volunteers like Art Kamell and Richard Evers, preparing for tomorrow's rallies and demonstrations.

The political action group, based in White Plains, is now a decade old and still growing, according to its leaders. It will play a major role in a national march and nonviolent protest on several issues next week in Washington, with Charles Scheiner, one of Wespac's two chairmen, in charge of civil disobedience.

''The rally runs from Friday to Monday,'' Mr. Scheiner said, ''and on the final day, people who are willing to risk arrest will be blockading the driveways to the White House. We're committed to nonviolence,'' he added, ''and have agreed to rules of conduct, one of which is not to enter the White House grounds.''

Comment on Wespac, Westchester People's Action Coalition; political action group, based in White Plains, is now decade old and still growing; will play a major role in national march and nonviolent protest on several issues next week in Washington; photo of Connie Hogarth, Wespac co-chmn (M)

A change in emphasis from the occasionally violent rally of the 1960's and 70's to the civil disobedience of the 80's is only one of many developments that the protest movement is experiencing, according to Connie Hogarth, Wespac's other chairman.

She said, for example, that the profile of the participant has changed. ''The image of the stereotypically clean, ecology-minded, middle-class New Englander has become more diverse, with ***working-class*** people, blacks and Latinos, the clergy and those who are middle-aged and older now more involved.''

There has also been something of an evolution of issues, she said, although none of the original issues has disappeared. ''Concern over the dangers of nuclear power,'' which dominated much of the protest movement a decade ago, ''has been overtaken, but not replaced entirely, by the dangers of nuclear weapons.''

After the Vietnam War, she said, ''We talked about reducing the military budget and putting the funds into human needs; we were worried that Nixon was going to dismantle the Great Society program.'' But there was ''no peace dividend,'' she said, and the question of funds for human needs ''is worse than ever'' under President Reagan.

Some protests, such as those against the construction in Groton, Conn., of nuclear submarines, ''have become a bit of a ritual,'' Miss Hogarth said. ''We go there to demonstrate at the first stage, then the second stage, and then the launching.''

Other protests, against apartheid in South Africa, for example, have found new emphasis, with demonstrators calling now for boycotts of American companies and institutions doing business with the Pretoria government.

The rally in Washington, D.C., from April 19 to 22, is expected to draw tens of thousands of protestors, including several hundred from Westchester. Six buses have been reserved by Wespac and other organizations - Casa Westchester, the Central America Solidarity Association; the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign; the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; the Gray Panthers; the Westchester Committee on Africa, and the Westchester Rainbow Coalition.

Mr. Scheiner said the 80 national organizations involved in the capital protest would be focusing on four issues: United States policy in Central America and around the world; a nuclear freeze; employment opportunities, and South African apartheid and ''racism at home.''

The ''April Actions,'' as the organizers call the gathering, begin on Friday with afternoon picketing and civil disobedience at the South African Embassy and an evening religious service. Saturday, when participation is expected to peak, will feature a ''Festival of Resistance'' at the Elipse and a march past the White House.

''It will be a mostly silent march, a way for people to express their displeasure with the policies that come out of that building,'' Mr. Scheiner said. Sunday will be devoted largely to training sessions for the lobbying and civil disobedience planned for Monday.

''There are a lot more people willing to demonstrate in civil disobedience today than there were five years ago, perhaps because the authority of the government seems less legitimate than it used to be,'' Mr. Scheiner said, explaining it this way:

''When the President says he's going to ignore the World Court, pull out of various U.N. bodies and use arms-control talks as a cynical way to get weapons approved, people have less respect for the authority of Government and they become more willing to demonstrtate that lack of respect.''

Organizers met with police authorities last week ''to tell them what we are planning,'' Mr. Scheiner said. ''It's a courtesy because we learned from protests in the 60's that they find out, anyway, and, in any case, it tends to reduce the chance of violence.'' In the meantime, he added, laws involving picketing have become more stringent.

''Until a year ago there were virtually continuous demonstrations in front of the White House; now you need a permit to have any kind of sign or any group of more than five people. The Secret Service has even proposed closing off traffic on that block permanently. That prompted an editorial in The Washington Post suggesting that the entire District of Columbia be closed completely, using it as a huge parking lot for Federal employees.''

The focus on lobbying efforts, which has also become an increasingly important part of today's demonstrations, according to Mr. Scheiner, is intended next weekend to capitalize on appointments that have already been made by demonstrators from around the nation with their elected officials in Washington.

''If a group is going to see its representative on the Central American issue, we'd like them also to press for the other issues, such as the nuclear- arms race,'' he said. Regional demonstrations also are scheduled for San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston and Seattle.

Wespac's 11-year history, and its 10 years in White Plains, represents unusual longevity for protest groups, according to its leaders. It is also rather well-known outside the metropolitan area. Of the 10 people organizing the Washington activities, two are from Wespac, Mr. Scheiner, of White Plains, and Josh Bornstein, a former Bedford resident who recently moved to the capitol.

To walk through Wespac's offices at 255 Grove Street is to experience a decade of the protest movement. Tables are piled high with literature on subjects ranging from Vietnam, nuclear power and the protests at Rocky Flats in Colorado, where nuclear-weapon triggers are manufactured, to Central America, criminal justice, environmental action and the War Tax Resisters movement.

The office, Wespac's third in White Plains, consists of two spacious rooms, one with a half dozen desks for the staff and full-time volunteers, and the other for meetings, research and the casual gatherings that are crucial to the continuity of such organizations.

''We're getting a VCR,'' or video casette recorder, Miss Hogarth said, ''to set up an audio-visual library.'' She said that Mercy College, the State University of New York at Purchase and other schools regularly use Wespac's library.

''The trouble with Wespac,'' she said, ''is that we're into so many things that we're always in a crisis situation. There's never any time to take inventory.'' She looked around and sighed. ''People who hang around Wespac are initially appalled, but they find it works.''

The organization, which has a mailing list of 4,000, seems to maintain a continuity of effort despite frustrations. ''We can't quite achieve disarmament,'' she said. Sometimes results are quickly apparent. A voter- registration drive last summer produced 9,000 new names, 4,000 in Westchester and the rest in the Bronx, according to Richard Evers, who coordinated the effort.

And there is attention to detail, even when the office is closed. Miss Hogarth loads the organization's telephone answering machine with a list of activities, last week's typically reminding callers of two scheduled meetings and a fund-raising concert with Pete Seeger and Guy Davis. She signed off with, ''If you want to leave a message, please do so after the beep. Peace, justice and no nukes.''

Wespac's budgets have grown from $30,000 several years ago to $47,000 last year. Half of the income comes from contributions, but some gifts are made independently. Miss Hogarth said that a few weeks ago, for example, ''a benefactor in Westchester paid $10,000 for our quarter page ad in the Sunday Times.'' It advocated withholding $10 from income- tax payments to be spent on human needs as a protest against the military budget.

**Graphic**

Photo of Wespac leaders Charles Schneider and Susan Pines (NYT/Paul Hosefros); Photo of Wespac co-chairman Connie Hogarth (NYT/Larry C . Morris)

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[***Theater; A Play That's Off the Wall Finds a Cast That Is, Too - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4481-YWC0-0109-T0NK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 5

**Length:** 1737 words

**Byline:**  By ROBIN POGREBIN

**Body**

WHEN ordering one of Amy Sedaris's grapefruit-size cheese balls made of smoked Gouda, A1 steak sauce, cream cheese and butter, all rolled in crushed nuts, there are a few important things to know:

1. Do not ask for the traditional -- she doesn't like to make that kind because it calls for pimentos.

2. Be sure to have Ritz crackers ready because that is what cheese balls deserve. Or, as Ms. Sedaris puts it, "A Ritz cracker is equivalent to a cheese ball."

3. Leave a tip, if you have any hope of doing cheese ball business in the future because, Ms. Sedaris says, "It's all about the tip."

Ordering Ms. Sedaris's homemade cupcakes is a more straightforward affair; she hopes to sell them at intermission during the run of "Wonder of the World," a new play by David Lindsay-Abaire that opens on Nov. 1 at the Manhattan Theater Club, in which she plays six parts.

Put Ms. Sedaris's decidedly unhinged sensibility in a room with those of Sarah Jessica Parker, Marylouise Burke and Kristine Nielsen and no wonder rehearsals have been a little bit hysterical.

"One of the things they share is complete fearlessness," said Christopher Ashley, who is directing this dark comedy that is both over-the-top silly and under-the-skin sad.

Expectations are high, not only because of the cast, which includes Kevin Chamberlin, Bill Raymond and Alan Tudyk, but also because Mr. Lindsay-Abaire's last play, "Fuddy Meers," was a sleeper hit last season at the Manhattan Theater Club.

Ms. Parker fell so hard for "Fuddy Meers" -- seeing it several times and ultimately sharing in a purchase of the movie rights -- that she said it was worth using her hiatus from the hugely successful HBO series "Sex and the City" to do the author's new play Off Broadway.

Ms. Parker has not been onstage since she portrayed a dog in A. R. Gurney's "Sylvia" in 1995, also at the Manhattan Theater Club. In an interview at its headquarters, she said her relationship to the theater company was similar to that of a child and parent: one of her first jobs was as an understudy in the musical revue "By Strouse," which led to her being cast as the third young actress to play the title role in Charles Strouse's hit musical "Annie."

"It's the sort of place where you try anything," she said of the theater club, a nonprofit company. "And it's a cliche, but you find stuff when you're free."

Brought up by parents who took her to the theater -- she and her seven siblings traded standing-room places and mezzanine seats at intermissions -- and because she had started on the stage as a child, Ms. Parker has always felt, she said, that for her, theater was the real thing. "The other stuff that's happened in my career -- I have no complaints and don't mean to sound like a Pollyanna, but in my house, what you strived to be was an actor working in the theater," she said. "This was what I wanted most for myself."

In "Wonder of the World," Ms. Parker plays Cass, a woman who leaves her husband (Mr. Tudyk) to try to live more fully and to check off at least some of the entries on her long list of potentially life-expanding experiences ("wear a large wig . . . eat venison . . . visit a prison and witness an execution by lethal injection . . .").

The challenge, Ms. Parker and her fellow actors say, is to strike a balance in Mr. Lindsay-Abaire's play between quirky and true. "You don't want to make fun or be better than any of these people," Ms. Parker said. "It's a bubble. And the minute you step out, it pops."

Ms. Burke is familiar with walking that fine line. This is her fourth Lindsay-Abaire play; she was also in "A Devil Inside" at SoHo Rep in 1994, "Kimberly Akimbo" at the South Coast Repertory Theater in California in April, and "Fuddy Meers" at the Manhattan Theater Club last season, for which she won a Drama Desk Award. "She's my ringer," the playwright said.

In "Wonder of the World," Ms. Burke plays Karla, a woman in her 60's who "retires" from a yarn store to work with her husband as a private eye. Her character was originally written for an actress in her 30's. But after a production of the play last year at the Woolly Mammoth Theater Company in Washington, Mr. Lindsay-Abaire decided to make the character a woman twice that age. And Ms. Burke was grateful for it.

"I just love this style of comedy that David writes," she said, sitting at a table in the lobby of Manhattan Theater Club's rehearsal spaces, where two other cast members were also interviewed. "I love that it's so wild and so real at the same time that it's so dark but also so warm."

"It's very disciplined comedy," Ms. Burke added, "even though descriptions of characters may sound really wacky or absurd. David's got a screw loose."

Ms. Nielsen was also attracted to the play's darker undercurrents. She portrays Lois, the heavy drinker Cass befriends who is determined to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. About the play's characters, she said, "People are really at a crossroads in search of how to live."

Ms. Nielsen caught Mr. Lindsay-Abaire's eye when she was in the 1999 black comedy hit "Betty's Summer Vacation" by Christopher Durang, who taught playwriting to Mr. Lindsay-Abaire at the Juilliard School. Ms. Nielsen says "Wonder of the World" has been an antidote for her: her boyfriend died two years ago and the first day of rehearsals was scheduled the same day as the terrorist attacks.

"To finally inhabit loss like this has been difficult," Ms. Nielsen said. Mr. Ashley told her, " 'You have to go there, because if you don't go there, we can't laugh,' " she recalled.

"That need and that extreme desperation is actually funny," Ms. Nielsen said. "Vaudeville was performed in the concentration camps. It's a survival mechanism."

Ms. Sedaris says she is just happy to be cast in the play, period. A comedy writer who trained with the Second City troupe in Chicago and who collaborates with her brother, David Sedaris (as the Talent Family they have written, among others, the satirical comedies "The Book of Liz" and "Incident at Kobbler's Knob"), Ms. Sedaris said she did not expect to be taken seriously as an actress. She also does not feel particularly comfortable acting seriously, she said -- except in the privacy of her own home. "When people are watching," Ms. Sedaris said, "I might as well be naked."

This translates into secondary stage roles; Ms. Sedaris said she did not want to be a play's star. (She has had supporting roles in "The Country Club" by Douglas Carter Beane and "The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told" by Paul Rudnick, both directed by Mr. Ashley.) "I want to make sure it's a small part," she said. "I don't think I could carry it. I don't think of myself as an actress. I think of myself as an entertainer."

Is there one play in which she would someday like to try the lead? " 'The Miss Firecracker Contest,' " she said. "But that would take a lot of pills and a really good director. I can't cry on the spot and the word 'moment' doesn't exist in my vocabulary."

She is very serious, however, about selling cheese balls and cupcakes on the side. "Everything is falling together if I'm making a dollar," Ms. Sedaris said. She crams the bills in mayonnaise jars. ("I like having cash.") People find out about her food through word of mouth, she said, though she refuses to sell out of state; it's too much trouble to track down a box and get to the post office.

Ms. Sedaris said she was impressed that a star like Ms. Parker had turned out to be a "normal person." "She's perfect," Ms. Sedaris said. "I'm looking -- I'm desperately trying to find something I hate about her, but I can't find one thing."

Ms. Sedaris has been pretending she has a crush on Ms. Parker's husband, the actor Matthew Broderick, by carrying wallet-size pictures of Mr. Broderick around with her next to her prized Actors' Equity badge, which someone gave her as a joke and which she always wears under her costume. (She is actually the Equity deputy, the production's designated union representative, but Ms. Sedaris insists on being called Equity captain because it sounds more powerful.)

Ms. Parker says it is important to her that her fellow cast members see her as no different from them. It is she who is the fan, she said, having admired every one of them in previous roles (Ms. Parker said she goes to the theater whenever she can). "My one concern about having any success in television or movies," she added, "is that I fear that people won't know that it's just a moment. And I am no more seduced by it than that moment is seduced by me. I just want to work with good people on good projects."

Mr. Lindsay-Abaire says he did not set out to write a play that includes major parts for women but that if the main character in a play he writes does not have to be a man, then he believes it should be a woman. He says he feels a responsibility to create good roles for great actresses. His mother has been an inspiration and is the funniest person he knows, said Mr. Lindsay-Abaire, who is 31 and grew up in a ***working-class*** family in South Boston. "She's an amazing storyteller who can take over a room by just opening her mouth," he said. "So it makes sense that women in my plays are off the wall, bigger than life."

To be sure, there have been some off-the-wall moments. "I haven't been in something where there are so many class clowns and it's not competitive," Ms. Nielsen said.

Still, boundaries are crucial, the actors emphasized. Unless their performances are grounded in logic, they cannot go far out on a limb. "You have to have the mess," Ms. Nielsen said, "and yet you have to have form."

At times along the way, perhaps it has become a little too messy. Yes, Ms. Sedaris, we're talking about you.

"She's fearless in her outrageousness," Mr. Lindsay-Abaire said. "She'll do anything. So sometimes that disrupts rehearsals, but in a wonderful way. It's good to have someone in the room who's more twisted than I am."

Her fellow actors are matter-of-fact. "You've met Amy," Ms. Nielsen said to one visitor. "Anarchy reigns."

Ms. Burke was more diplomatic: "Amy is quite the improviser."

In trying to describe how taken she had been with Ms. Sedaris, Ms. Parker couldn't quite find the words. "There are not enough colors . . ." she began.

At one point, Mr. Ashley said, he had to sit on Ms. Sedaris to hold her still and keep her silent. Ms. Sedaris's muffled question to Mr. Lindsay-Abaire from underneath: "Is this a very long scene?"

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

**Correction**

An article on Oct. 21 about the play "Wonder of the World" at the Manhattan Theater Club, starring Sarah Jessica Parker, referred incorrectly to her most recent stage appearance. She has indeed appeared onstage since the 1995 "Sylvia" -- in "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Once Upon a Mattress," both in 1996.

**Correction-Date:** November 4, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Sarah Jessica Parker, foreground; Amy Sedaris, left; Marylouise Burke, rear, and Kristine Nielsen in "Wonder of the World." (pg. 5); Sarah Jessica Parker, left, and Kristine Nielsen in "Wonder of the World." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times) (pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Hispanics Back Big Government And Bush, Too***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:496V-SYG0-01KN-23BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 3, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1661 words

**Byline:**  By ADAM NAGOURNEY and JANET ELDER

**Body**

Hispanics view the Democratic Party as better able than the Republican Party to manage the economy, create jobs and improve the nation's public school system, according to a New York Times/CBS News poll. But they admire President Bush and have embraced positions -- from supporting tax cuts to opposing abortion and some gay rights -- that have typically been identified with Republicans.

The poll, an unusually extensive effort to measure the political and social attitudes of those who call themselves Hispanic, revealed a complex challenge facing both parties as they battle to command the support of a segment of the electorate that is on the verge of rivaling African-Americans in numbers.

Although the White House and the Democratic Party have approached Hispanics as if they were an ethnic group with common experiences that predictably inform voting behavior -- the poll suggests the extent to which Hispanics are less than monolithic in their background, culture and political beliefs.

In many ways, the Hispanic respondents questioned over the course of two weeks mirrored traditional Democratic ethnic constituencies. They were twice as likely to call themselves Democrats as Republicans, viewed the Democratic Party more favorably than the Republican Party and, by a margin of 49 percent to 21 percent, said the Democratic Party was more likely to care about the needs of Hispanics.

A majority said they supported a bigger government providing more services, backed affirmative action and questioned whether the war in Iraq was worth the cost. By a 2-to-1 ratio, Hispanics said the Democratic Party was more likely to ensure a strong economy than Republicans, and 50 percent said Democrats were more likely to create jobs, compared with 20 percent who said the same about Republicans.

But the respondents identified with Republicans on a host of issues the party has emphasized over the past two years. They applauded tax cuts, calling them better economic policy than reducing deficits, and embraced the use of school vouchers. They were less likely than the population at large to support the legalization of homosexual relations between consenting adults. And 44 percent of Hispanics said abortion should not be legal, compared with 22 percent of non-Hispanics.

The Times/CBS News poll also found that among the general electorate, President Bush's job approval rating has dropped to 54 percent, a 13-point fall, since May, reflecting growing concerns about the economy and doubts about the war in Iraq. The last time Mr. Bush's job approval rating was at 54 percent was in February, before the war.

The poll was conducted by telephone from July 13 to 27, with 3,092 adults nationwide, 1,074 of whom described themselves as Hispanic. It has a margin of sampling error of plus or minus three percentage points for the entire poll and plus or minus four percentage points for Hispanics. Sample sizes for most Hispanic nationalities, like Cubans or Dominicans, were too small to break out the results separately.

The poll signaled that the competition to court Hispanic voters -- whom White House aides have identified as one of the critical groups of swing voters in next year's election -- is wide open, notwithstanding the efforts by each party in recent years to strengthen its support among these voters in anticipation of the 2004 contest.

That impression was underlined by follow-up interviews with some of the respondents.

"The Republicans are closer to my value system," said Abigail Hansen, 45, an independent voter from West Valley City, Utah, who was born in Uruguay. "The Democrats are pro abortion and pro homosexual marriage, and those are things my value system does not agree with."

But another independent voter, Shane Garcia, 31, a retail manager from Lincoln , Neb., whose family is from Mexico, said: "Since George W. Bush came into office, I have not seen things improve. Everything has gotten worse, including the economy, the budget, and the lack of jobs.

"I have a favorable view of the Democratic Party, because they do more to support the majority of Americans," Mr. Garcia continued. "They look out for the middle and ***working class***."

Mr. Bush won the support of 35 percent of Hispanic voters in 2000; in this poll, 21 percent of Hispanics who say they are registered to vote said they would vote for his re-election.

Matthew Dowd, a pollster and senior adviser to Mr. Bush's re-election campaign, wrote a memorandum last year saying the president needed to win at least 40 percent of the support of Hispanic voters next year.

Still, Mr. Bush would appear to be in a fairly strong position with many of these voters; there are indications that his standing is stronger with Hispanics than his party's is.

Hispanics approved of Mr. Bush's job performance 52 to 38 percent, while 54 percent said that he "cares about the needs and problem of people like yourself." By contrast, just 40 percent of Hispanics said they had a favorable view of the Republican Party, while 60 percent said they had a favorable view of Democrats.

And one-third of Hispanics said they would be more likely to vote for a candidate for public office who spoke Spanish. Mr. Bush does, if perhaps not fluently.

The political portrait of Hispanics provided by this poll, if in many ways ambiguous, would suggest opportunities for both parties. In short, Hispanics have at once an expansive view of government, which reflects what many of the Democratic presidential candidates are saying, while holding decidedly conservative views on social issues, which reflect the positions of Mr. Bush.

Significantly, respondents had a more benevolent view of government than the nation at large.

The poll found that 75 percent of Hispanics said they wanted a larger government providing more services, as opposed to the smaller one with a limited role that has been advanced by Mr. Bush. By contrast, 40 percent of the general sample said they preferred a larger government. And 46 percent of Hispanic respondents said they trusted the government in Washington to do what was right always or most of the time; 36 percent of the total sample offered the same view.

The view of an aggressive government came from people who tended to be much more anxious about the future of the economy than the nation at large. Among Hispanics, 72 percent said they feared that they or someone in their household would be out of work within the next year. Among respondents at large, just 46 percent expressed such concerns.

"Here where I live they have closed four warehouses and stores -- I see a major need for jobs," said Vickie Johnson, 27, a Californian of Mexican descent who is a Democrat.

Hispanics also reported lower household incomes: 47 percent reported incomes of under $30,000 a year, compared with 27 percent for non-Hispanics.

There is also a sharp divergence of views on Iraq: 49 percent of Hispanics said removing Saddam Hussein from power was not worth the potential loss of American life and other costs of attacking Iraq, compared with 39 percent of all respondents.

On other issues, like abortion and gay rights, the responses clearly broke away from the Democratic model. Hispanics were evenly divided on the question of whether homosexual relations between consenting adults should be legal; among the general public, this position is supported by 54 percent to 39 percent.

How the Poll Was Conducted

This New York Times/CBS News Poll is based on telephone interviews conducted from July 13 to July 27 with 3,092 adults throughout the United States. Of those, 1,074 identified themselves as of Hispanic origin or descent. Interviews were conducted in English or Spanish.

The national Hispanic sample was drawn in three ways. First, based on all Times/CBS News polls since January 2001, every phone number that resulted in a self-identified Hispanic interview was called back for the new study. Second, every phone number that yielded a Spanish-speaking person from those same polls was also called back, even though in the original polls only English speakers were interviewed, as is standard practice among pollsters. Third, to supplement the sample, new phone numbers composed of random digits were called in exchanges around the country that contain 35 percent or more Hispanic residents, based on census data.

Nationally, the non-Hispanic portion of the sample was composed of callbacks to phone numbers in all Times/CBS News polls since January 2001 where respondents had originally identified themselves as non-Hispanic.

The New York City samplewas constructed following comparable steps, based on local polls by The Times and CBS News in 2002 and 2003. An exception was that in the city non-Hispanic respondents resulted from random digit dialing rather than from callbacks.

The disproportionately large samples of Hispanic respondents were weighted down to their proper proportion of the population in the United States and New York City, respectively.

The results have been weighted to take account of household size and number of telephone lines into the residence and to adjust for variation in the sample relating to geographic region, sex, race, age, education and native versus foreign born.

In theory, in 19 cases out of 20, the results based on such samples will differ by no more than two or three percentage points in either direction from what would have been obtained by seeking out all American adults.

For smaller subgroups the margin of sampling error is larger: three points for non-Hispanic respondents nationally, four points for Hispanic respondents nationally, and five points for either non-Hispanic or Hispanic respondents in New York City.

In addition to sampling error, the practical difficulties of conducting any survey of public opinion may introduce other sources of error into the poll. Variation in English versus Spanish wording of questions, for example, may lead to somewhat different results.

Complete results are online at nytimes.com/politics.

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

**Graphic**

Chart: "The New York Times/CBS News Poll: Hispanics' Views on the Issues"Would you rather have a smaller government providing fewer services or a bigger government providing more services? HispanicsSMALLER: 16%BIGGER: 75NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsSMALLER: 52BIGGER: 35NO OPINION: -- Would you prefer reducing the federal budget deficit or cutting taxes? HispanicsREDUCE DEFICIT: 30CUT TAXES: 59NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREDUCE DEFICIT: 52CUT TAXES: 44NO OPINION: -- Which of these comes closest to your view of abortion? It should be . . . HispanicsGENERALLY AVAILABLE: 20AVAILABLE WITH STRICTER LIMITS: 33PROHIBITED: 44NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsGENERALLY AVAILABLE: 37AVAILABLE WITH STRICTER LIMITS: 38PROHIBITED: 22NO OPINION: -- Do you think homosexual relations between consenting adults should be legal? HispanicsYES: 47NO: 45NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsYES: 54NO: 38NO OPINION: -- Do you favor or oppose programs that make special efforts to make up for past discrimination and help minorities get ahead? HispanicsFAVOR: 76OPPOSE: 74NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsFAVOR: 50OPPOSE: 43NO OPINION: -- Based on nationwide telephone interviews conducted July 1327 with 1,074 Hispanics and 2,008 non-Hispanics. Some totals do not add to 100 percent because of rounding. (pg. 22) Chart: "The New York Times/CBS News Poll: Hispanics' Views of U.S. Politics"Do you approve or disapprove of the way George W. Bush is handling his job? HispanicsAPPROVE: 52%DISAPPROVE: 38NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsAPPROVE: 54DISAPPROVE: 41NO OPINION: -- Do you approve or disapprove of the way Congress is handling its job? HispanicsAPPROVE: 49DISAPPROVE: 33NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsAPPROVE: 38DISAPPROVE: 48NO OPINION: -- What is your opinion of the Republican Party? HispanicsFAVORABLE: 40%NOT FAVORABLE: 39NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsFAVORABLE: 47NOT FAVORABLE: 46NO OPINION: -- What is your opinion of the Democratic Party? HispanicsFAVORABLE: 60NOT FAVORABLE: 22NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsFAVORABLE: 48NOT FAVORABLE: 44NO OPINION: -- Do you think the Republican or Democratic Party . . . . . . is more likely to ensure a strong economy? HispanicsREPUB.: 24DEM.: 47NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREPUB.: 38DEM.: 44NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- . . . is more likely to create new jobs? HispanicsREPUB.: 20DEM.: 50NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREPUB.: 32DEM.: 51NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- . . . is more likely to improve education? HispanicsREPUB.: 24DEM.: 48NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREPUB.: 34DEM.: 46NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- . . . cares more about the needs and problems of Hispanic Americans? HispanicsREPUB.: 21DEM.: 49NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREPUB.: 19DEM.: 50NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- . . . comes closer to sharing your moral values? HispanicsREPUB.: 24DEM.: 46NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Non-HispanicsREPUB.: 41DEM.: 42NEITHER: --BOTH: --NO OPINION: -- Based on nationwide telephone interviews conducted July 1327 with 1,074 Hispanics and 2,008 non-Hispanics. Some totals do not add to 100 percent because of rounding. (pg. 22)

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[***Graduates March Down Aisle Into Job Nightmare***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9FX0-000P-24V5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JANE GROSS,

By JANE GROSS,  Special to The New York Times

**Body**

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8 --

Lauren Bolfango, a recent law school graduate, works 37 1/2 hours a week researching cases, writing pleas and motions and doing other standard tasks of a new associate in a small law firm here.

What sets her apart is that she does the work without charge, after losing hope that her search for employment would ever produce a real job and deciding that volunteering in her chosen profession was better than being unemployed.

"I got tired of sitting around and watching soaps," said Ms. Bolfango, 27 years old, who graduated last spring from the University of California's Hastings College of Law here. She contacted 100 law firms in search of a job, without a glimmer of an offer. "I wanted to have something on my resume," she said. "I feel kind of lucky I'm doing anything at all."

Ms. Bolfango is one of thousands upon thousands of well-educated young professionals who have had the misfortune to begin their working lives in a deteriorating economy that has cut a mean swath through the white-collar work force. For some that has meant unemployment, lower wages or no wages at all. For others, it has meant deferred dreams, changed career plans or extended apprenticeships.

Ivy League Bartenders

Some recent Ivy League graduates, for instance, are tending bar and driving taxicabs, and doctoral students are stalling completion of their dissertations because staying in a $20,000-a-year teaching assistantship is better than leaving a university and having no job at all. Internships that used to last for a few summer months are turning into year-round jobs at less than year-round salaries. And dean's list applicants who once preferred the riches of private industry are turning to government agencies that have entry-level slots to fill.

A turn from the private to the public sector can be costly.

Take R. David Powell, a recent graduate of Emory University Law School in Atlanta, where graduates have seen their average salaries fall to $45,000 from $48,000 in the space of the past year. Mr. Powell expected to practice real-estate law at a large firm in the city for a salary of about $50,000. Instead, he accepted a position as law clerk to Chief United States Magistrate Allen L. Chancey Jr. for $32,500 a year.

Blue-Collar Plight

"I feel lucky I even have a job," Mr. Powell said. "Several people in my class who had jobs with large firms in New York got letters before their first day of work that they had been terminated."

These young people seem to understand that their hardship does not match that of their ***working-class*** peers, who are hungry for blue-collar positions that are even harder to find, who are without the blessing of advanced degrees and who, unlike Ms. Bolfango, are often without the help of credit cards, generous parents or a spouse's income. Over and over, they say they know they are lucky, although not as lucky as their friends and siblings who entered the work force in the booming 1980's.

And many are showing verve and enterprise in translating adversity into opportunity. That is the case with Andrew Yap, a recent graduate of Florida International University in Miami, who offered to intern without pay at a local business magazine, impressed his superiors and four months later wound up with exactly the marketing research job he wanted at the magazine's parent company.

But their voices still quaver with disappointment or resignation when they talk of what they are doing now versus what they expected, their prospects today versus those of friends just a few years ahead of them.

Typical is Ronald A. Sobala of Houston, a recent marketing graduate from Baylor University who has been looking for a job since graduating last December. He works part time as an electrician and lives with an uncle to save money.

"The job search has been a shock to me," said Mr. Sobala, 31, who earned $27,000 a year as a manager of a Zale's jewelery store before he returned to college in 1987. "I had high expectations of working as a country-music promoter, but I couldn't find the prestigious job I was looking for. I even tried car sales. Now I'm just making a living, trying to pay off my student loans."

Ed Funkhouser, who has a doctorate in economics from Harvard University, settled for a year-to-year teaching post at the University of California at Santa Barbara rather than a more prestigious, tenure-track job that a few years ago would have been his for the asking.

"I wish things were different, but they aren't," said Mr. Funkhouser, who earns about $5,000 less in a year then he had expected and has a heavier teaching load. "This is just the way it is. And now there are not just fewer jobs, there are more people like me who want to change."

Janet Byron, with a master's degree in journalism from the University of California at Berkeley, works as an intern at The Oakland Tribune, functioning as a full-time reporter but earning 75 percent of the regular starting salary.

"I assumed I wouldn't get a full-time job," Ms. Byron said. "I have a whole folder full of rejections. But this way I have a leg up. I have a regular byline."

Nancy Roche of LaVerne, Calif., a graduate of California Polytechnic University in Pomona, is looking for a position in marketing or personnel while working as a manicurist -- the very job that put her through college.

Still in Shock

"There's zero openings in my fields now, and a few years ago people were getting hired," Ms. Roche said. "I've been hearing, 'That position is closed because we can't afford it anymore.' I'm shocked. I'm still in shock everyday."

Amy S. Redar of Chererville, Ind., a recent graduate of Indiana University who had hoped for work with the Federal or state Environmental Protection Agency, is headed instead for a Peace Corps assignment in Ecuador. "It was one of my few options," Ms. Redar said.

What distinguishes this recession from the last is the toll it is taking on white-collar jobs. In the 1981 recession, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington, 838,000 new white collar jobs were created while this time 209,000 have been lost.

"The number of options young people have is certainly narrowed," said Thomas J. Plewes, the bureau's associate commissioner for employment and unemployment statistics.

Mr. Plewes added that the contraction of opportunity in the private sector had produced an unusually high-qualified crop of young economists and statisticians for Government agencies like his own. The 20 people hired in his department last year, Mr. Plewes said, all had college grade-point averages of 3.5 or higher.

There is widespread disagreement among economists, employment agencies and college placement officials about whether the current dearth of jobs has actually forced reductions in salaries and benefits for the entry-level professionals who succeed in finding work in their chosen fields.

But experts concur that only the cream of the crop of young lawyers, bankers, engineers, professors, journalists and the like are finding the sort of jobs they expected while the rest are scaling down their aspirations, and thus their wages. And these experts say a growing number of companies, as they cut back their costly experienced work force, are expecting younger workers to do more for the same amount of money.

That threat hangs over the head of Martha Diaz, a legal secretary at a Miami law firm. "My boss said I should consider myself lucky," Ms. Diaz said, unwilling to identify her employer for fear of losing her job. "She told me that a lot of attorneys are sharing secretaries to lighten the financial burden but are not increasing their salaries. You could wind up doing double or triple the work for the same amount of money."

More Work for Less Pay

Or double and triple the work for less, which is what has happened to Wendy Lamm, a photographer at The Oakland Tribune, which instituted a two-tier wage system last year as part of a plan to keep the sinking newspaper afloat. Ms. Lamm earns about $22,000 a year, 20 percent less then colleagues who were hired just weeks earlier.

Ms. Lamm is grateful for a job at a time of retrenchment in the newspaper industry, sympathetic about The Tribune's corporate plight, which has forced salary reductions for long-term employees as well, and aware that her assignments are better because she is one of only five photographers on a shrunken staff.

"I have mixed feeling, because I feel I kind of squeaked in," Ms. Lamm said. "But there's this sense that the ceiling has dropped. You can't live the way you thought you'd be able to live."

**Graphic**

Photos: "I wanted to have something on my resume," said Lauren Bolfango, who graduated last spring from the University of California's Hastings College of Law. She contacted 100 law firms in search of a job, and now works without pay at a San Francisco firm. (Terrence McCarthy for The New York Times); Andrew Yap took an internship without pay at a local business magazine in Miami. (Susan Greenwood for The New York Times); "I feel lucky I even have a job," said David Powell, left, a recent law graduate now working for $32,500 a year as a law clerk in Atlanta for Chief United States Magistrate Allen L. Chancey Jr. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)

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[***Is America Any Place For a Nice Hispanic Girl?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-53N0-0005-G27F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DONATELLA LORCH

By DONATELLA LORCH

**Body**

FELISA VALETA remembers blowing out the candles on her 13th-birthday cake with the wish, "Please, God, let me remain a virgin until I get married."

Now 23, Miss Valeta, a first-generation American whose parents came from Colombia, laughs at the earnestness of that wish. Yet, she said her father and grandmother still believe that virginity must last until marriage. "I know they feel that if you step over that boundary you are a tramp," she said.

Miss Valeta's mother, Gala, who is now 58, came to the United States from Colombia in 1969 and met her husband, a widower, in Queens. In a bold step, she married him against her mother's wishes. He did not want her to get a job, but she insisted, and taught high school, as she had in Colombia.

"I grew up in a culture where women are superwomen," Mrs. Valeta said. "You do it all and you don't complain." Still, the same woman who shines her husband's shoes every day chafed when her mother, who is 88 and who lives with the family, lectured her when she did not get up to take her husband a glass of water.

"I felt my mother was judging me," she said, "but I didn't disagree openly because that's a sign of disrespect."

Ten years ago, with three generations under one roof, two daughters rebelling and Mrs. Valeta suffering from stress and depression that she believes gave her an ulcer and a heart attack, the Valetas did something unusual among Hispanic families: they went to a family therapist, to work through what their psychologist described as the cultural confusion of adapting to American life. Mrs. Valeta's husband, John, and her mother, Felisa Cruz, were the most reluctant to attend.

The acculturation problems of families like the Valetas will loom larger in the mental health picture of the United States in the not-too-distant future: the Census Bureau estimates that by the year 2050, Hispanics will make up 24.5 percent of the population. Even today, when Hispanics are about 10.2 percent of the population, there are almost 11 million women of Hispanic origin in the country; psychologists say that women, who do most of the child-rearing, are on the front lines of the acculturation process.

Experts describe the mind-set of traditional Latin womanhood as "marianismo," focusing on the Virgin Mary as an ideal of duty, self-sacrifice, passivity and chastity. The Valetas' therapist, Dr. Carmen Inoa Vasquez, is an author of "The Maria Paradox: How Latinas Can Merge Old World Traditions With New World Self-Esteem," to be published next week by G. P. Putnam's Sons ($22.95). Dr. Vasquez, a Dominican-born psychologist who is the director of the bilingual mental health clinic at Bellevue Hospital, is a pioneer in the growing field of counseling for Hispanic women. The book, written with Dr. Rosa Maria Gil, a psychotherapist who is the vice president of mental health and dependency services at the New York City Health and Hospitals Corporation, it is one of the first books on the topic. Based on the authors' own experiences and hundreds of therapy sessions with patients, the book is intended to help women identify their problems and find compromises that are consistent with their own cultures, Dr. Vasquez said.

Dr. Odette Alarcon, a psychiatrist and senior research scientist at the Center for Research for Women at Wellesley College, said that Spanish-Roman Catholic traditions that she equates with a sense of fatalism are part of marianismo, which compounds the problems.

Mrs. Valeta fits this pattern in many ways. She calls herself old-fashioned, but she has also grown conscious of what she does not like in her native culture. For example, she said: "If your husband has a girlfriend, you're supposed to close your mouth. After all, you're the one who is married, not your husband. My mother thinks you should be that way. You're supposed to serve your master."

While she wholeheartedly disagrees, tradition dies hard. Mrs. Valeta has lectured her other daughter, Vivian, 22, on how her future husband should not be allowed to do housework.

In their native country, marianismo afforded women protection and respect, but in America it perpetuates a value system that is at odds with their adopted culture. And women in particular are caught in these contradictions, especially as American-born generations grow up.

As Dr. Vasquez put it: "When a Latina comes to the U.S., she tries to continue being what she was back home at the same time as what she has become here. There are a lot of pressures."

While bilingual mental-health clinics exist in New York City and other cities with large Hispanic populations like Los Angeles and Houston, the demand exceeds the supply, Dr. Vasquez said. Her bilingual clinic at Bellevue Hospital has about 150 Hispanic patients but only one part-time psychiatrist, a part-time director, two psychologists and two trainee psychologists. Such clinics cater mostly to poor or ***working-class*** immigrants, many of whom are not fluent in English.

By contrast, Dr. Vasquez's and Dr. Gil's private patients are more likely to be teachers, social workers, lawyers, doctors -- even judges.

In California, Bettina R. Flores, a Mexican-American, conducts self-help seminars for women and has published a more home-grown book called "Chiquita's Cocoon: The Latina Woman's Guide to Greater Power, Love, Money, Status and Happiness" (Villard, 1994; $13.50). And next Thursday, the New York University School of Social Work is holding a conference titled "By Ourselves: Trauma, Mental Illness and the Latina Woman," which its organizers call one of the first of its kind.

Adapting to life in a new country is in some ways more complex now than a century ago, when immigrants typically broke most ties with their native lands. Home-country ideas are reinforced by Spanish-language cable television channels, newspapers and radio talk shows and several new Spanish-language women's magazines published in the United States. And because many of their native countries are relatively close, many immigrants can see friends and relatives regularly. Even the Internet helps some keep in touch.

For those caught between old and new, Dr. Alarcon sees therapy slowly losing its stigma. "Often you get a mixture," she said, noting that people pick and choose among psychotherapists, priests and traditional healers.

Traditionally, though, "in Latin American society you are either 'nerviosa,' nervous, or 'loca,' crazy," said Dr. Gil, a Cuban-American.

"There is nothing in between," she said.

Dr. Vasquez, 54, who came to the United States with her mother at 16, remembers her mother as intensely sad and lonely. A widow, Dr. Vasquez says she catches herself occasionally falling into the marianista mind frame. It creates a bond that brings her closer to her patients.

On a recent evening in Dr. Vasquez's Park Avenue office, Bethania, a 48-year-old Dominican hospital worker who did not want her last name used, and her 27-year daughter, Naomi, a social worker, laughed, cried and hugged as they tried to understand why the older woman was feeling pain, loneliness and depression. Bethania, Dr. Vasquez said, had the marianista symptoms of enduring all suffering for the greater good of family and work.

A widow, Bethania said she had lived for her children and now that they were grown she found no joy in doing things for herself. Daughter and mother sparred over the dictates of their culture, over the mother's need to make everything perfect.

"My mother never allowed my father to see her in rollers," Naomi said. "She was always perfect. She'd tell me: 'You will never be able to keep a husband unless you do this. You have to entice him.' But look at my father: he had so many women on the side."

"Ah, but that's Dominican men," her mother countered. "They all do that. It's a way of life." But then she broke down crying. "I kept everything inside for so long," she said. "I never told my mother my problems, never told them to my husband."

For the Valeta family, therapy lasted about four years, on and off. Mrs. Valeta said it helped her husband become less rigid. Her mother, she said, has changed less: "Mami doesn't believe you have to be flexible: she believes parents are always right."

Mrs. Valeta said she also realized "my husband is my husband, and I can count on him."

Felisa Valeta, who lives at home to save money, said the therapy helped her understand and accept her family and find ways to compromise. She called herself a "feminista" and said she could now incorporate her culture into her American life.

"I can't let them dictate my future," she said of her family. But to avoid scenes, she still tells her grandmother nothing that might upset her beliefs.

"The pressure is unreal," she admitted. "I get these secret, wicked thrills sometimes. I'm with my friends and it's 1:30 in the morning and it makes me feel like I'm a modern, thinking, feeling woman."

But for now, she concluded, it is best to keep her grandmother happy. "It maintains sanity in the home," she said. "If she's unhappy, my mother is unhappy, and then my father is unhappy." And, she added, she feels guilty. Therapy helped bring many of the feelings out in the open.

"Now everything has changed," she said. "We haven't done anything earth-shattering, but . . ." Then she laughed.

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. Carmen Inoa Vasquez, right, who has helped reconcile the values of Felisa Cruz, left, and her family. (Photographs by Barbara Alper for The New York Times)(pg. C10); The Valeta family has faced conflicts not only between generations, but between cultures as well. From left, American-born Vivian and Felisa, and their Colombian-born grandmother Felisa Cruz and mother, Gala. (Barbara Alper for The New York Times)(pg. C1)

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[***In the Mansion Land Of the 'Fifth Avenoodles' - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RBS-N8D0-TW8F-G11V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By JOHN STRAUSBAUGH

**Body**

THIS time of year one of Manhattan's signature pleasures is a stroll up Fifth Avenue from 59th Street on a crisp, clear weekend morning. To your left, the trees of Central Park stubbornly clutch fistfuls of green and yellow leaves. To your right, doormen in long coats and matching caps stamp their feet at the discreet entrances to the city's most exclusive residential buildings. And strung like pearls all up the avenue are fine mansions built by captains of industry and robber barons around the turn of the 20th century.

One of the grandest houses of all stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 65th Street from 1895 until the mid-1920s. It was built by the wealthy businessman John Jacob Astor IV as a home for his family, with his aging mother, Caroline Webster Schermerhorn Astor, in her own vast wing.

An interesting character, Astor served as an officer in the Spanish American War, built his Astoria Hotel next door to his cousin William Astor's Waldorf to create the original Waldorf-Astoria (demolished to make room for the Empire State Building in 1929), invented a turbine engine and a rainmaking machine, befriended the equally idiosyncratic inventor Nikola Tesla, wrote a science fiction novel (''A Journey in Other Worlds,'' published in 1894, about a trip to Jupiter and Saturn in the year 2000), created a scandal when he divorced his first wife to marry a much younger woman and went down with the Titanic in 1912. His wife, pregnant at the time, survived.

His mother, meanwhile, was seeking to preserve the city's old-money elite -- known variously as the Knickerbockers (from the family created by Washington Irving), Fifth Avenoodles and ''the 400'' (as in people she would invite to her Patriarch's balls) -- against infiltration by the nouveaux riches and outsiders. To her those undesirables included J. P. Morgan, the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers, and wealthy Catholics and Jews. By 1928 the Astor mansion had been knocked down to make way for Temple Emanu-El, the Romanesque synagogue that now soars majestically on the corner, built by those wealthy Jews Mrs. Astor had shunned.

Down Fifth Avenue, the corner of 60th Street is dominated by the baronial white marble palazzo of the sumptuous Metropolitan Club. Designed by the star architect Stanford White and completed in 1894, it was financed by Morgan and the Vanderbilts as a retort to being snubbed by the old money's Union Club.

The Upper East Side (from 59th to 96th Streets and Fifth Avenue to the East River) contains the city's most exclusive residences, private schools and social clubs. Madison Avenue is lined with fashionable shops, and Fifth Avenue with prestigious museums.

But it has never been quite as socially exclusive as some Fifth Avenoodles might have liked. By the time Brooke Astor, widow of Caroline's grandson Vincent, died this year at the age of 105, the area had been home to generations of poor immigrants, and to the likes of Andy Warhol (57 East 66th Street, between Madison and Park Avenues); the con artist David Hampton (who claimed to be Sidney Poitier's son and was the subject of John Guare's play ''Six Degrees of Separation''); the ghetto-fabulous fashion designer Tommy Hilfiger (820 Fifth Avenue, at 63rd Street); the drug-addicted twins Stewart and Cyril Marcus (who did everything together, including committing suicide in their apartment at 450 East 63rd Street, near York Avenue, and were the subjects of the movie ''Dead Ringers''); Spike Lee and Gypsy Rose Lee (who both lived in the stern-looking town house at 153 East 63rd Street; Jasper Johns also lived there for a time); the mother-son crime team Sante and Kenny Kimes (who murdered a wealthy widow and assumed possession of her 65th Street mansion in 1998); the Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione (on a block of 67th Street that has been home to Rothschilds and Bloomingdales); Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis (1040 Fifth Avenue, at 85th Street); and the actress Pia Zadora (born Pia Schipani in Hoboken). Caroline Astor would have plotzed.

When you walk from Fifth Avenue to the caverns formed by giant high-rises along its eastern avenues, it's hard to imagine that until the end of the Civil War almost no one lived on the Upper East Side. It was a lonely expanse of open land and a few farms far north of the inhabited city. Martin Scorsese's film adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel ''The Age of Innocence,'' set in the 1870s, depicts the adventurous Mrs. Mingott's mansion standing alone near Central Park (opened in 1859) at a desolate intersection of the still-unpaved street grid.

In the 18th century wealthy folks built wood-frame summer homes above the East River, where they could enjoy sweeping views from the Bronx to Brooklyn. The last remaining one, built by the merchant Archibald Gracie in 1799, stands at the end of East 88th Street in Carl Schurz Park. It has come to be known as Gracie Mansion, though, like Graceland, the simple frame house is rather grander in repute than in appearance.

''This location was five miles north of the city,'' Susan Danilow, director of the Gracie Mansion Conservancy, said on the broad back lawn on a bracingly chilly morning recently. ''The only way to get here was by boat. There were absolutely no roads uptown.''

Washington Irving spent a summer here with the Gracies, whose guests also included Alexander Hamilton and Joseph Bonaparte, crowned the king of Spain by his brother Napoleon. They held dances and parties, and feasted on the oysters then plentiful in the river.

Financial reverses forced Gracie to sell the house. His son, also Archibald, would be killed while serving as a Confederate general in 1864, and his grandson Archibald would sail on the Titanic with John Jacob Astor, but live and write the popular book ''Titanic: A Survivor's Story.''

Later owners fared no better than Gracie. By 1896, Ms. Danilow said, ''there were so many liens on the property for nonpayment of taxes that the city took over the house.''

In the early 20th century the mansion was reduced to serving as the park's toolshed and ice cream stand, and housing pay toilets. (The charge was a nickel.) In the 1930s the parks commissioner, Robert Moses, who was tunneling a length of the F.D.R. Drive under the back lawn, had the house designated the official mayor's residence, and in 1942 Fiorello H. La Guardia moved in. Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg prefers to stay in his town house on East 79th Street, near Fifth Avenue, and today Gracie Mansion is used for meetings and public functions.

You see few signs of it now, but when you walk west from Carl Schurz Park along 86th Street, you're entering the heart of what was once a bustling multiethnic community, from 79th to 96th Street between Third Avenue and the river. After the Civil War streetcars and the Second and Third Avenue Els opened this area to developers, who filled it with ***working-class*** tenements and middle-class town houses. It became home to a teeming population of Germans, Irish, Austrians, Jews, Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Russians and others. Breweries, cigar-rolling factories and slaughterhouses made the air pungent.

It's called Yorkville, named for the World War I hero Sgt. Alvin York (played by Gary Cooper in the 1941 film ''Sergeant York''). It was also known as Germantown; 86th Street from Lexington to Second Avenue was known as Sauerkraut Boulevard and the German Broadway.

Kathy Jolowicz, a neighborhood historian, has lived in Yorkville all her life. She remembers Germantown in its heyday of the 1940s and '50s.

''When I was a girl, it was fantasyland for me,'' she said. ''You still had a lot of the Old Country here. Your shopkeepers were your neighbors. Doorknobs were polished. Sidewalks were swept. You could still see people wearing their dirndls and lederhosen.''

Ms. Jolowicz said she remembered brownstones housing brauhauses, cafes, theaters, ballrooms and restaurants, all demolished now for newer buildings.

The Marx Brothers grew up in the plain five-story brownstone still standing at 179 East 93rd Street, and reputedly filched apples from the backyard orchard of Jacob Ruppert, a beer baron down the block.

In the 1930s, 178 East 85th Street was the national headquarters of Fritz Kuhn's pro-Nazi German American Bund. Kuhn drew 22,000 to Madison Square Garden on Feb. 20, 1939, to hear him rail against ''Franklin D. Rosenfelt'' and his ''Jew Deal.'' Among Kuhn's several female companions was a Florence Camp, whom press wags called ''Mein Camp.''

With the dismantling of the Els in the 1940s and 1950s developers took new interest in Yorkville.

''They started tearing down all the dwellings of the Yorkvillites and all the foreigners who lived here,'' Ms. Jolowicz said. ''Germantown just started to fade away.''

Today Heidelberg Restaurant (1648 Second Avenue, between 85th and 86th Streets) and its neighbor, the Schaller & Weber butcher shop, founded in 1930s, are the last visible vestiges. They stand surrounded by new construction.

On the Upper East Side even the tenements were sometimes luxurious. Seri Worden, executive director of the preservationist organization Friends of the Upper East Side Historic Districts, showed me the East River Homes, at the end of 77th and 78th Streets across from John Jay Park. Now known as the Cherokee Apartments, the beautiful yellow brick complex was a model tenement financed by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and opened in 1912.

''Model tenements were a response to the growing problem of overcrowded, dark, dank, dangerous buildings that were all over the city,'' Ms. Worden explained.

They were also meant to help alleviate the epidemic levels of tuberculosis.

''If you were a person of means in New York City and you came down with TB, the cure was to go upstate, go to the Adirondacks, eat well, rest and relax,'' Ms. Worden said. ''If you were a working family, you probably weren't able to do that. So this building was an urban response to the taking of fresh air.''

Thus the sunny courtyards, triple-sash windows, a balcony for every apartment, and even rooftop terraces with spectacular river views.

The rich and powerful were slow to follow Mrs. Mingott to upper Fifth Avenue and environs; but when they did, they adorned it with the city's finest mansions. In 1898 the banker and art collector Isaac D. Fletcher (who bequeathed Rembrandts, a Rubens, a Rodin and more to the nearby Metropolitan Museum of Art) built the fairy-tale palace in an ornate French Renaissance style at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 79th Street. Since the 1950s it has housed the Ukrainian Institute of America.

The Pittsburgh steel magnate Andrew Carnegie, one of Mrs. Astor's undesirables, bought property on Prospect Hill, after which it came to be known as Carnegie Hill (86th to 96th Streets, Fifth to Third Avenues). In 1901 he retired there to the enormous Georgian home and garden he built at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 91st Street. Since 1976 it has been the home of the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum.

Woody Allen (born Allan Konigsberg in Brooklyn), a longtime Carnegie Hill resident, calls the Upper East Side ''the Zone,'' and has shot exterior and interior locations for many movies there. A sampling of scenes includes Alvy Singer and Annie Hall meeting outside the Beekman Theater at Second Avenue and 65th Street (demolished in 2005), the opening scene of ''Manhattan'' in Elaine's (1703 Second Avenue, between 88th and 89th Streets) and the dancing dead of ''Everybody Says I Love You,'' shot at the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Chapel (1076 Madison Avenue, and 81st Street). This is also where John Jacob Astor's friend Tesla was laid out in 1943.

In 2004 Mr. Allen sold his Carnegie Hill home for a reported $24.5 million and in 2006 bought 118 East 70th Street, a Georgian town house on the exceptionally handsome block between Lexington and Park Avenues.

A few blocks away the nondescript town house at 142 East 65th Street was briefly Richard Nixon's home. After Watergate, Nixon was rejected by the boards of two exclusive cooperative apartment buildings and settled for buying this house. Perhaps haunted by the spirit of a former owner, the liberal judge Learned Hand, for whom Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor, had served as a law clerk, Nixon soon decamped for Saddle River, N.J.

From Tom Wolfe's Masters of the Universe cavorting through the go-go 1980s to the oceans of new money pouring into its mammoth glass-and-steel high-rises today, the Upper East Side has changed a lot since Caroline Astor's reign. Though it's still a place of wealth and prestige, the rich and powerful are as likely to live in TriBeCa or SoHo now. In that sense Brooke Astor's death signaled not just the end of the family dynasty, but of an era.

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

**Correction**

The Weekend Explorer column on Friday, about the Upper East Side, referred imprecisely to the architectural style of the mansion Andrew Carnegie built at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 91st Street and of the town house Woody Allen bought on East 70th Street between Lexington and Park Avenues. They were built after the death of the last King George of Britain in 1830, and thus are Georgian style, not Georgian. The column also misstated the year Carnegie moved into the mansion. It was 1902, not 1901.

The Weekend Explorer column on Friday, about the Upper East Side, referred imprecisely to the architectural style of the mansion Andrew Carnegie built at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 91st Street and of the town house Woody Allen bought on East 70th Street between Lexington and Park Avenues. They are Georgian style, not Georgian. A correction in this space on Saturday referred incorrectly to the King George of Britain who died in 1830. The king, George IV, was the last King George in the period that gave the architectural style its name, not the last King George of Britain. (George V and George VI reigned in the 20th century.)

The Weekend Explorer column on Dec. 14, about the Upper East Side, misstated the history of the name of the Yorkville area. Historians believe it was named for the Duke of York (later King James II), as were New York City and State. It was not named for Sgt. Alvin C. York, the World War I hero. (York Avenue was named for him.) The column also misidentified the borough in which Woody Allen, a longtime Upper East Side resident, was born. It was the Bronx -- not Brooklyn, the borough in which he grew up.

**Correction-Date:** January 10, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The Metropolitan Club, designed by Stanford White, at 60th Street and Fifth Avenue. (LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.E35)

The Heidelberg Restaurant on Second Avenue is one of the last vestiges of Germantown's heyday. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Looking north from Fifth Avenue and 80th Street, with the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the left. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ESTRIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Gracie Mansion, one of the summer homes built on the East River. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW YORK TIMES) MAP: Upper East Side

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***As a Town Opts For Open Space, Not All Rejoice;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3WJ0-00RP-K165-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Somers Says Limiting Lot Sizes Will Save Small-Town Life. But Developers and Others Say Their Rights Are Sacrificed.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3WJ0-00RP-K165-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

By ELSA BRENNER

**Dateline:** SOMERS

**Body**

AT the historic Town Hall here, in a faded red brick hotel erected more than 175 years ago, Supervisor Mary Beth Murphy is braving the ire of property owners and the threat of lawsuits to pursue what many believe is an impossible dream: preserving a small-town way of life in one of the few remaining places in Westchester where it still exists.

As both the steward of the town and a parent of three young children, Supervisor Murphy has set out on a course she claims will insure a better future for the more than 3,000 youngsters who live amid the verdant hills, sparkling reservoirs and lush woodlands of Somers.

To prevent future overdevelopment, the Supervisor and the four Town Council members have tried to limit the number of single-family homes by adopting restrictive zoning laws.

"You have to be here on a Saturday morning when the kids come out to play ball in order to really see the beauty of it all and the need to preserve what we have," Ms. Murphy said recently, driving her Dodge minivan through winding back roads of the town, where about 17,579 people live on 20,800 acres, according to county figures.

That is about 0.9 people to an acre, one of the lowest ratios in Westchester. (Pound Ridge has the lowest ratio with 0.3 people to an acre; Mount Vernon has the highest with 23.8 people to an acre.)

Over the past year, the Somers Town Council has adopted 27 of 39 proposed zoning laws unanimously, marking the first time in 40 years that the town has revamped its land use regulations. The new laws change the zoning of 9,700 acres of undeveloped land -- about 47 percent of the property in town -- from one- and two-acre building lots to two- and three-acre lots.

The rezoning process began with the publication of a master plan in 1994, with recommendations for population density in 39 areas of the town. Ultimately, Somers officials hired a planning consultant to do environmental studies and help draft the proposed new laws, which the board took up after two public hearings on the matter, one held in April 1998 and the other in January.

Opponents fear that more restrictive zoning will increase property values to the point where Somers will become yet another exclusive enclave where many people will no longer be able to afford to live in what until now has been mainly a community of ***working-class*** and middle-class residents. Robert L. Stuart, a Somers property owner and a fifth-generation farmer here, said the new regulations -- far from preserving the town for future generations -- would place Somers out of the economic reach of his five children.

"It will simply become too exclusive," he said.

In response, Ms. Murphy said that even before the first new zoning revisions were adopted this year, developers were already building large, expensive homes because the economy is encouraging them to do so.

Besides the economic issue, Mr. Stuart believes that the efforts to change the zoning are "over regulation." He and another homeowner, Lloyd Eden -- both members of the Concerned Citizens of Somers, which opposes the rezoning -- believe the regulations infringe on the rights of property owners.

Mr. Eden, a homeowner, has suggested that the town preserve open space using other methods, including the purchase of development rights and tax incentives.

Mr. Stuart is running for Town Council, hoping to unseat Richard W. Nicholson, a one-term councilman who supports the rezoning.

Mr. Stuart, Mr. Nicholson and Ms. Murphy are Republicans, but their party's town committee this spring endorsed Mr. Stuart's candidacy over Mr. Nicholson's.

The incumbent, who said he would challenge Mr. Stuart in a primary and "let the people decide," said that so-called upzoning is the only way to prevent developers "from milking the last nickel out of their land." He added, "I'm a capitalist at heart, too, but the days of one-acre zoning are over in northern Westchester."

Referring to the town's decision to abide by a 1997 agreement between Westchester and New York City to protect the 2,000-square-mile watershed feeding into Manhattan, Mr. Nicholson said:

"No one is trying to stop growth. We're just trying to control it because we have a limited ability to absorb it."

The north county watershed region contains 136,550 acres or 47 percent of the county's total area. It also has the highest percentage -- 26 percent or 34,950 acres -- of undeveloped land.

Except for one-quarter square mile, all of Somers lies within the watershed, and the Town Council claims that the purity of the Amawalk and Croton reservoirs, parts of which are in Somers, are particularly at risk from overbuilding. Arguing that the area's nonporous soil cannot handle a high density of septic systems and wells, the Town Council has said that any overflow could contaminate the complex water system.

Ms. Murphy described the elected officials in her administration as not only the stewards of the land but also "the keepers of the water, if you will."

The rezoning has the support of many environmental groups, including Riverkeeper, a nonprofit organization in Garrison whose efforts focus on the Hudson River and the watershed.

Riverkeeper's senior lawyer, David Gordon, observed that other communities in northern Westchester are also confronting land use and water protection issues.

In 1994, for example, Yorktown attempted to upzone 3,000 of its acres.

That effort, however, was defeated three years later when Justice James R. Cowhey of State Supreme Court in White Plains ruled that the town neglected to conduct a complete environmental review before starting the process.

Henry M. Hocherman, a lawyer in Mount Kisco whose firm, Shamberg Marwell Hocherman Davis & Hollis, represents many developers in Somers, suggested that the Somers regulations might also be challenged in court.

Mr. Hocherman said that his clients -- among them the owners of an undeveloped 630-acre property called Eagle River -- believe that the town's zoning diminishes the value of people's property.

"You can't just willy-nilly go around rezoning people's property," Mr. Hocherman said, referring to a Supreme Court decision on May 24 upholding damages against a California city that denied a developer the right to build.

The Court ruled, 5 to 4, that a property owner suing a local government for depriving him of his right to develop his property is entitled to have the case tried by a jury rather than solely by a judge.

The decision in City of Monterey v. Del Monte Dunes affirmed a ruling by the Ninth Circuit and was a victory for developers, who view juries as more sympathetic than judges in such a case. The developer had spent years trying to get permission to build houses on 37 acres of ocean-front property, eventually winning a $1.45 million award from a jury on a claim that the protracted proceedings violated the constitutional right to due process.

In addition to opposition from some property owners and the possibility of lawsuits, Somers has faced criticism from an appointed county official. George Raymond, chairman of the Westchester County Housing Opportunity Commission, recently charged that the rezoning ignores the county's Affordable Housing Allocation Plan adopted in 1993. Mr. Raymond said that under that plan, Somers must make provision for 188 units of affordable housing and cannot rely on lower-priced housing stock that is already built.

Like Mr. Stuart, Mr. Raymond called the town's new zoning exclusionary. "They've upzoned to minimize the number of people in town, and they aren't concerned about prices going up," Mr. Raymond said. He added that while the town was drawing up its new regulations for large lots, it should also provide for those who can afford only lower-cost homes. "Here's the opportunity to comply and they haven't," he said.

But Mr. Gordon at Riverkeeper contended that the issues of affordable housing and land use should not be played off against one another and the question of 188 new affordable units could be dealt with at another time.

Simlarly, Susan Tolchin, a spokeswoman for County Executive Andrew J. Spano, said the goals of affordable housing and controlled growth were not mutually exclusive. "Somers can do both," she said, adding that Mr. Spano was concerned with maintaining the rural quality of northern Westchester and the quality of its water supply, as well as obtaining affordable housing for young people, teachers, firefighters and municipal employees.

Despite the criticisms being directed against her administration, Ms. Murphy -- a lawyer before she was elected full-time Supervisor in Somers on the basis of her zoning platform -- claims she is neither against development nor for upscale development, as some of her critics charge.

"This isn't a Greenwich," she said. "It's a middle-class community and very relaxed, and we just want to keep it that way."

Ms. Murphy, who grew up in the crowded southern section of the county, said that far from being a lone voice for rezoning, she has received significant support from many residents. "I have a firm and strong belief in protecting what we have here," she said.

Many of the people who move to Somers come from either lower Westchester or the Bronx, said Sandra C. Hopf, a broker with Coldwell Banker Schlott, who once described the town as more like a New England community than suburbia.

There is only a scattering of shopping centers and a few supermarkets, a fact that is a drawback for some families who consider moving to Somers, Ms. Hopf said. Although most houses are on lots of one to two acres, smaller lots of one-quarter acre are found in the lake communities of Purdys, Lincolndale and Shenorock, where summer homes have been winterized.

Despite its noncommercial reputation, Somers maintains a sizable corporate presence, with International Business Machines and Pepsico having large operations in town. They contribute to the fact that Somers has one of the lowest tax rates in Westchester -- $7.14 per $1,000 of assessed value in 1998, the Supervisor said.

Somers was originally part of the Van Cortlandt manor, an early Dutch settlement, and was incorporated as Stephentown in 1788 in honor of Stephanus Van Cortlandt. Since there already was a Stephentown in Rensselaer County, it was later renamed Somerstown in honor of Capt. Richard Somers, a naval hero in the Revolutionary War.

Nowadays at the Town Hall, the Somers historian, Florence Oliver, explains that the community enjoys holding on to parts of its past. Like a testament to the town's old-fashioned ways, platters of chocolate cake occasionally greet visitors to the former Elephant Hotel.

And, yes, the steps creak and the offices are small and overcrowded.

"But we have no plans to move out," Mrs. Oliver said. "We love this place the way it is." She added, "Besides, where would we go?"

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Somers Close, a new single-family housing community going up with one-acre plots. The Somers Town Council is trying to limit the number of single-family houses by adopting new zoning laws. (Richard L. Harbus for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Supervisor Mary Beth Murphy of Somers outside Town Hall. She and Town Council members are braving opposition to new zoning laws. (pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** June 6, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Better Discipline? Train Parents, Then Children***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XTS0-000D-G36Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JANE E. BRODY

By JANE E. BRODY

**Body**

FEW chores of child-rearing are more frustrating or fraught with emotional conflict than discipline. Now some researchers believe they know why: discipline is being applied to children when it should first be applied to their parents.

"Most parents lack a good grasp of what to do when there's a problem," said James Windell, a clinical psychologist in Waterford, Mich. "Their instincts aren't always useful, and when they rely on their emotions they often end up feeling guilty."

But new findings suggest that it may be surprisingly easy for parents to get out of ineffective disciplinary ruts. Researchers caution that beyond the importance of combining love with limits, there is no one approach that every parent should adopt. Not only do disciplinary occasions differ, but all children are different and parents cannot be convincing disciplinarians when they are using a tactic that makes them uncomfortable.

"One size doesn't fit all," said Dr. Carolyn Webster-Stratton, a nurse-practitioner and child psychologist at the University of Washington in Seattle. "Basic disciplinary principles must be tailored to each child and family."

Before parents can become effective disciplinarians, she said, they must first learn how to manage their own anger, solve problem situations and give and get support from others.

These are among recent findings suggesting that most parents can, with a little help, improve the behavior even of difficult children:

\*Simple self-help techniques, with or without professional support, can help parents sharply reduce discipline problems.

\*Parents who are sensitive to their children's needs have more obedient children.

\*Praise and love alone are not enough to instill good behavior. Too much permissiveness hurts a child's efforts to develop self-control.

\*Behavior problems should be reversed early; waiting until the preteen-age years diminishes chances for success and puts children at higher risk for drug use and other problems.

\*Spanking is not only ineffective, it may erode the child's self-esteem and the parent-child relationship, leading to more problems later.

Learning Parental Tricks

Studies among hundreds of families at the University of Washington School of Nursing have shown that "parents need to learn as many tricks of the trade as possible, including how to play with their children, communicate with them, praise and reward them and set limits for them, as well as how to handle misbehavior using a variety of techniques," according to Dr. Webster-Stratton, director of the Parenting Clinic there. Since 1979, she has worked with about 700 families struggling to cope with children between the ages of 4 and 8 years old who are so aggressive and disobedient that they may be unable to go to school.

In the Seattle studies, instructional videotapes showing right and wrong ways of handling behavior problems helped parents induce major improvements in their children's behavior. She said the tapes were effective regardless of parents' economic, marital or educational circumstances. Further, she said, they were a low-cost way to reach parents who might not otherwise seek professional help.

Studies of babies and toddlers directed by Dr. Everett Waters, a psychology professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, showed that young children were much more responsive to parental discipline if the child perceived the parent as "available, responsive, sensitive -- sensitive to the baby's signals and able to respond appropriately and in a timely manner," he explained.

Permissiveness as a 'Disaster'

But the so-called permissive approach, in which parents are unconditionally warm and accepting regardless of what the child does, is "a disaster in the hands of most parents," said Dr. Gerald Patterson of Eugene, Ore. Follow-up studies of permissive parenting conducted by Dr. Diana Baumrind of the University of California at Berkeley found that the children lacked self-confidence and faced a high risk of developing antisocial behavior.

"Permissiveness alone doesn't work well because the parents, while warm and loving, do not provide enough structure or monitoring of their child's behavior," explained Dr. James H. Bray, a psychologist at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston. In his eight-year study of 200 families, he found that when parents failed to set limits, "the child doesn't know when to stop and acts out more."

Dr. Susan O'Leary, a Stony Brook psychologist, has found that lax parenting is as bad as harsh parenting. Both for teachers in the classroom and for parents of 2-year-olds, the "timing, tone of voice and length of the reprimand determine its effectiveness," she said. When a child misbehaves, the reprimand should be immediate, brief and delivered firmly without yelling or pleading. "Don't touch" is better than a 60-word explanation, she said.

If maladaptive behavior is not reversed early in a child's life, studies have shown that highly aggressive and noncompliant children are at high risk for delinquent or socially deviant behavior like drug abuse when they reach their teen-age years. Dr. Patterson, an eminent researcher in the field, said intervention before the children are 9 years old "can bring the majority back into the normal range of behavior, but if you wait until ages 9 to 12, the success rate is only half as good."

Dr. Patterson and his colleagues at the Oregon Social Learning Center in Eugene found through observations of hundreds of families in their homes that "the core issue in socializing children is to teach a reasonable level of compliance between the ages of 18 months and 3 years."

He said parents were not solely to blame for their difficult children. Rather, he said, "children who fail to learn the necessary level of compliance may be temperamentally difficult to begin with and they may also have parents who lack the needed skills to cope with them or who are under a lot of stress themselves."

Classroom studies by Dr. Irwin A. Hyman, a school psychologist at Temple University in Philadelphia, strongly suggest that a more rational, democratic approach that teaches children to behave in certain ways because it is the right thing to do is more effective at instilling internal controls than is an authoritarian approach based on fear of retribution. In his studies, he said, "when the teacher left the room, the kids with the authoritarian teachers went crazy, but the kids with the more democratic teachers were as good as when the teachers were present."

Dr. Robert Wahler, a psychologist at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville who works with children aged 2 to 11, said a "subdued" approach to discipline was crucial. "Good discipline is not effective because it hurts but because it transfers control from the child to the parent," he said. "High-intensity discipline promotes a counterresponse from the child. Discipline should be administered in as businesslike a manner as possible."

Importance of Consistency

All researchers who study discipline seem to agree, as Dr. Rex Forehand put it, that "consistency is key" to effective discipline. Dr. Forehand, a psychologist at the University of Georgia in Athens who has studied ***working-class*** families with noncompliant young children, said: "Parents must have rules and limits and the children must know the consequences for breaking them. If the rules are not clear or consistently enforced, the child feels the need to test them, to find out what the limits are today."

Dr. Mark W. Roberts, supervisor of the psychology clinic at Idaho State University, agrees that consistent discipline is the most important element in promoting behavioral improvements in disobedient children. But in his studies of about 300 disobedient children over the last 15 years, he also found that "discipline alone is not a sufficient treatment for disruptive children." He said parents must also learn to become more responsive to their child's questions and requests and must give the child more unconditional praise.

Harmful Effects of Spanking

The new research also demonstrates that spanking, which remains parents' main disciplinary weapon, is not only useless in the long run but also potentially hurtful to the child's emerging personality. In experimental studies with toddlers placed in a room with their mothers and breakable objects they were told not to touch, the children who were frequently spanked were less obedient than the children who were disciplined in nonphysical ways.

As adults, Dr. Hyman said, those who were frequently harshly punished as children were more likely to be depressed and suffer from low self-esteem.

"All the evidence suggests that frequent spanking is the cause, not the result, of disobedience and mental illness, said Dr. Hyman, who builds a case against corporal punishment in schools in his book, "Reading, Writing and the Hickory Stick" (Lexington Books, $18.95). "The problem starts early with parents who fail to understand normal child development and spank infants and toddlers when they act naturally, for example, when they grab things off the table."

It has long been known that frequent spanking, yelling or threatening noncompliant children with harsh punishments can foster misbehavior. Mr. Windell, who works with children whose parents consider them out of control, said even negative consequences like getting spanked can reinforce a child's bad behavior because someone is reacting to it in a highly dramatic way.

In some families misbehaving is the only way the child gets his parents' undivided attention. But by pitting parent against child, harsh punishments often accentuate the battle of wills and prompt the child to see how far he can go before his parents will react, said Mr. Windell, who wrote "Discipline, A Sourcebook of 50 Failsafe Techniques for Parents," just published by Collier($9.95).

In addition to teaching children that physical aggression is an acceptable response when a person is angry or frustrated, "corporal punishment doesn't show the child an effective alternative way to behave," said Dr. Darwin Dorr, a psychologist at Highland Hospital in Asheville, N.C., who conducts workshops on discipline.

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Tomorrow: the Personal Health column examines disciplinary techniques.

**Load-Date:** December 3, 1991

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In /Williamsbridge, the Bronx;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3WH0-00RP-K150-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Neighborhood Striving for a Better Future***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3WH0-00RP-K150-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MAGGIE GARB

**Body**

LUTHER JONES likes to call Williamsbridge the crossroads of New York City. Although the Bronx neighborhood is nearly an hour's subway ride to midtown, it is just minutes away from several of the city's major thoroughfares and a 20-minute drive from New Jersey, Westchester, Long Island or upper Manhattan.

Moreover, added Mr. Jones, a retired respiratory therapist who has lived in Williamsbridge for nearly 30 years, crossroads is an apt description of the mile-square community that is struggling to remake itself in the wake of more than a decade of high crime, drug sales and open prostitution.

"For years, the city wrote this area off as a welfare area," he said. "The people here fought back, we weren't going to let that happen. If you come up here now, you see that the area is kept up. People take care of their houses, their lawns, plant gardens."

A ***working-class*** community since the 1920's, Williamsbridge sits just east of the Bronx River Parkway between Gun Hill Road and 233d Street. Its eastern boundary zigzags along Boston Road, Eastchester Road and Laconia Avenue.

Settled by Eastern European Jewish immigrants and others from Ireland and Poland in the 1920's and 30's, the area experienced a rapid demographic change in the late 60's and 70's as blacks from Harlem and, later, Caribbean immigrants moved to the neighborhood. Newer residents include many Jamaicans and a growing Korean population.

Many longtime residents say that banks and real estate brokers reacted to the change by redlining the community in the 70's, rejecting mortgage applications and refusing to advertise neighborhood houses. "For a number of years, the real estate industry redlined the district," said Albert Tuitt, a retired salesman and former chairman of the northern Bronx chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. who moved into the area in 1960.

But many of the neighborhood's older black residents remained, creating a stable community of homeowners and a core of neighborhood activists, said Mr. Jones. "We were here when the rest of the neighborhood was white and we were here when the city forgot us."

Mr. Tuitt, a former member of Community School Board 11, which covers the neighborhood, added: "We're continually pushing to improve things here. We meet with the local police commander, we push for increases in the school construction budget."

Williamsbridge is an area of moderately priced one- and two-family houses. About half a dozen late-19th-century frame cottages remain along the tree-lined streets west of White Plains Road, a legacy of a tiny community of French tapestry weavers who settled along the Bronx River in the 1890's.

Most of Williamsbridge's houses are less than 40 years old, built when developers sliced up farmland in the postwar construction boom. In 1947, when Russell John, a retired New York City fireman turned real estate broker, bought his house on 221st Street, many of the neighborhood's side streets were dirt roads and, he said, a potato farm covered most of the south side of 221st Street.

A FEW years later, Mr. John said, the potato farmer built four houses on his property and by the early 50's, most of the rolling fields nearby were blanketed with new frame and brick houses.

"Anything that was halfway open, they dropped some houses in there," Mr. John said. "And it's just been growing like that ever since."

Housing prices ballooned in the mid-80's, plummeted in the early 90's and have recently recovered to levels of the early 80's, say area brokers. Prices are highest for houses a short walk from the elevated-train line, which carries the 5 and 2 trains up White Plains Road, said Haniff Baksh, a broker with ERA Besmatch Real Estate.

One- and two-family attached houses sell for $150,000 to $200,000, said Mr. John, owner of RJ Realty. Three-family houses run from $185,000 to $250,000, he added.

Many recent immigrants, struggling to make mortgage payments, have renovated basements and garages into illegal apartments, renting small one- and two-bedroom units to friends and family members, said Hugh Darby of Hugh Darby Realty. Rapid population increases in the last few years pushed up rents of the illegal apartments, which range from $500 for a one bedroom to as much as $800 for a two-bedroom, he said.

Expanding population has also placed new pressure on the neighborhood schools. Mr. Tuitt noted that the schools are overcrowded with makeshift classrooms in auditoriums and schoolyards.

Close to 90 percent of third-graders at the neighborhood's three k-5 elementary schools performed at or above grade level on standardized math tests last year. In reading tests, 46 percent of the students at P.S. 21, 46.7 percent at P.S. 41 and 44.5 percent at P.S.112 scored at or above grade level.

The local public high school, Evander Childs, at 800 East Gun Hill Road, has more than 3,300 students. Just 30.8 percent of juniors passed the state's Regents test in reading and writing this year. More than 56 percent passed the Regents math exam. And just 37 percent of the freshman class of 1994 graduated last June.

Frustrated by the poor performance of the public schools, many parents send their children to four Roman Catholic schools in the neighborhood and the Cardinal Spellman High School a half-mile east of Williamsbridge. Tuition at the high school is $4,000 a year for both parishioners and nonparishioners.

Despite dramatic drops in violent and property crimes in recent years, crime remains a concern. In the 47th Precinct, which includes Williamsbridge, homicides dropped from 36 in 1994 to 9 in 1998, said Officer Teresa Farella, a Police Department spokeswoman. The number of rapes fell from 76 in 1994 to 32 in 1998 and robberies decreased from 1,273 in 1994 to 253 in 1998, she said. And narcotics arrests have increased from 855 in 1994 to 1,491 in 1998, a sign, Officer Farella said, of enhanced police activity rather than a rise in drug-related crime.

"Although the local precinct has been very good at dealing with the community's concerns, drug crime continues to be a major problem," said the Rev. Richard Gorman, chairman of Community Board 12. "You can still see the guys out on some corners of White Plains Road and you know what they're doing."

Residents also complain about prostitution, which, many say, flourishes in the small, rundown hotels that dot White Plains and Gun Hill Roads. While community activists fight to close the short-stay hotels, the city's surging economy may prove a more effective force in revitalizing the neighborhood's commercial streets.

National franchises like Dunkin' Donuts and Rite Aid have opened stores along White Plains Road, sandwiched among the bodegas, Caribbean bakeries and Jamaican restaurants.

Among the most promising signs of the neighborhood's resurgence is the renovation of Hillside Homes, a 14-acre low-rise housing complex on Williamsbridge's eastern edge. Built in 1934 and largely financed by a low-interest Federal loan, the 114-building, 1,416-unit complex, recently renamed Eastchester Heights, was designed by the architect Clarence Stein, a pioneer in the movement to develop low-cost garden communities in New York. It was modeled on his Sunnyside Gardens in Queens.

The project's brick, Tudor-style buildings were clustered around grassy courtyards, which contained elaborate gardens designed by Marjorie S. Cautley.

I N its time, it was one of the most significant housing projects in New York," said Andrew Dolkart, an architectural historian. "This was a way of housing working people who might otherwise be living in overcrowded neighborhoods on the Lower East Side."

Although Hillside Homes was once home to scores of Italian and Eastern European immigrants, by the 80's it had become a haven for drug dealing and more than half of its apartments were empty.

When Prime Realty Management Services took possession of the complex three years ago, there were 20 buildings in the complex with broken boilers, 4,000 broken windows -- and cracks in the sewer lines that left the area reeking of sewage, said the site manager, Esad Kukaj.

The company worked with the local police to evict or arrest drug dealers. And it began replacing boilers, painting over graffiti and renovating apartments. Prime Realty also organized a tenants' association, which has worked with the Police Athletic League to launch a series of summer programs for neighborhood children, including basketball and volleyball games.

Though the complex is now in receivership, vacancy rates in its 1,416 apartments have dropped from over 60 percent five years ago to about 5 percent this spring, Mr. Kukaj said. Apartments are rent-stabilized, with rents ranging from $450 for a studio to $850 for a three-bedroom unit.

"Now we're in the process of doing some landscaping," said Tony Bridges, maintenance director of Eastchester Heights. "It's turned around, but we still have a long way to go."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Attached brick houses on East 21st Street near Bronxwood Avenue, typical of neighborhood. (The New York Times); The commercial White Plains Road, left. The elevated line carries Nos. 5 and 2 trains.Eastchester Heights, above, built in 1934 as Hillside Homes. A 19th-century house on Olinville Avenue. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); "On the Market" -- 3-bedroom, 1-bath brick attached house at 925A East 215th Street, $157,000. 3-bedroom, 2-bath frame house at 767 East 216th Street, $169,000. 3-bedroom, 1 1/2-bath brick house at 3850 Barnes Avenue, $195,000.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

POPULATION: 46,658 (1997 estimate).

AREA: 1.1 square mile.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $38,587 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE FOR A ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $165,000

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $160,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $130,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FOR A 2-FAMILY HOUSE: $185,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $185,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $160,000.

MIDRANGE RENT FOR A 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $750.

DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN: 12 miles.

RUSH-HOUR TRAVEL: 45 minutes on 2 or 5 subway lines, 30 minutes from Williamsbridge station on Metro-North.

GOVERNMENT: Councilman Lawrence A. Warden, Democrat.

CODES: Area, 718; ZIPs, 10467, 10466.

LOOSE-SHOE SABOTAGE: Williamsbridge was named for John Williams, who owned a small farm along the banks of the Bronx River in the 1670's. Although not much is known about Williams, he was able to persuade colonial officials to build a bridge across the river in 1673 to carry traffic from the Boston Road to the western Bronx. Both the bridge and the village that grew around it were given Williams's name. The bridge gained some fame during the Revolution when British couriers carrying messages between New York and the New England colonies often stopped for the night at a small inn nearby. While they rested, the inn's owner, Peter Bechdolt, loosened the shoes of their horses so that important dispatches were often delayed by what the British thought was a mysteriously lamed mount. After the war, George Washington personally thanked Bechdolt for sabotaging the enemy's communication lines.

Map of the Bronx, highlighting Williamsbridge.

**Load-Date:** June 6, 1999

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[***Jailed Until Proved Not Guilty;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3W90-00RP-K0WR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Man's 19-Month Confinement Shows Plight of Those Too Poor to Post Bail***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WMY-3W90-00RP-K0WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

The verdict was the one Jose Padro had longed for: not guilty. The sentence, though, was irreversible: 19 months in jail.

A paradox lies at the heart of Mr. Padro's strange journey through New York's criminal justice system. Accused of a serious sex crime and unable to raise $5,000 for bail, Mr. Padro spent more than a year and a half on Rikers Island, in what is euphemistically known as pretrial detention. Adamant in proclaiming his innocence, he turned down two offers for a plea agreement.

In the end, Mr. Padro, 28, who was born and raised in the Bronx, prevailed. The judge, Acting Justice Dominic R. Massaro of State Supreme Court, acquitted him in late January, after a long nonjury trial. But Mr. Padro paid a heavy price. He served more time in jail before acquittal than he probably would have under either of the plea offers.

"I wanted to stand by what I believed, and I believed I was innocent," Mr. Padro said. "I believed in the legal system. I threw myself at its feet. I thought they would believe me. They did, but look how long it took."

Although the details of the case are salacious -- Mr. Padro was accused of sexually assaulting a quadriplegic man for whom he worked as a home health aide -- Mr. Padro's experience with the criminal justice system is fairly common, many legal experts said.

In theory, bail exists only to insure that a defendant will return to court for hearings and a trial. But poor and ***working-class*** defendants often lack the money to make bail, and they can languish in jail for a year or more before their guilt or innocence is determined.

"Several national studies have made clear that people were being detained arbitrarily, not on their willingness to return, but on their lack of money," said Chester Mirsky, a professor of clinical law at New York University Law School. "The question you have to ask yourself is whether money bail is an appropriate measure of someone's willingness to return to court, or if it simply reflects someone's ability to pay bail."

For those who cannot afford to make bail, there is often added pressure to agree to plead guilty to a reduced charge, usually in return for a reduced sentence. It is the rare criminal defendant who actually goes on trial; only 6.5 percent of felony indictments in New York City resulted in trials last year, according to the State Office of Court Administration. More than 82 percent were resolved through pleas.

Mr. Padro said his legal odyssey had its origin in a dispute over a cup of soup. He had worked for three months in the small rundown apartment of Alberto Edwards in the Parkchester section of the Bronx. Mr. Edwards, who was shot eight years ago, needs the help of home attendants for virtually every aspect of his life.

Mr. Edwards, who stands by his accusation, had complained early to officials of the home-care agency that oversees his care, Partners in Care, that he did not want Mr. Padro as his aide because he thought Mr. Padro was gay. But Mr. Padro, who is gay but never acknowledged this to Mr. Edwards, continued to work 12-hour shifts, three days a week, at the apartment. "He was very moody," Mr. Padro said of Mr. Edwards. "One minute he was fine, and the next minute he was ranting and raving."

Although Mr. Padro did not know it at the time, Mr. Edwards had a long history of complaining about health aides to the agency, court records show. Many aides said he had been verbally abusive.

On May 2, 1997, a Friday, the tension between Mr. Padro and Mr. Edwards erupted. Mr. Padro said he had heated up some soup with rice and, seated on a crate, had tried to spoon-feed it to Mr. Edwards. Some soup fell on Mr. Edwards's chest. "He said I'd burned him, that I was incompetent," Mr. Padro said.

They argued, and Mr. Edwards said he did not want Mr. Padro to work in his home anymore. "He said, 'I'm going to tell them you sexually abused me,' " Mr. Padro said.

Mr. Padro said he did not take the threat seriously because Mr. Edwards had made many threats previously, though none involved sexual accusations. Mr. Padro told a supervisor at Partners in Care that evening that he could no longer work with Mr. Edwards. About the same time, court records show, Mr. Edwards was on the phone with another official of the agency, saying that while he had been in bed that afternoon, Mr. Padro had performed oral sex on him against his will.

The next Monday, Mr. Padro met with several supervisors at the agency, and he said they seemed not to believe Mr. Edwards's story.

But the police, whom Mr. Edwards had also called with his accusation, were less understanding. Within six weeks, Mr. Padro was arrested. Soon afterward, he was indicted by a grand jury on charges of first-degree sodomy and first-degree sexual assault, with bail set at $20,000.

The bail was reduced to $5,000 in September 1997, but Mr. Padro said he and his family lacked the money to meet either figure. He bounced for months between Rikers and State Supreme Court in the Bronx, where nearly two dozen hearings were held.

Because he is poor, Mr. Padro was represented by the Legal Aid Society. He said he was offered a plea bargain early in the case. "The Legal Aid said I could cop out now," Mr. Padro said. "He told me the D.A. was offering me one to three years if I copped out. I said, 'No, I don't want to cop out.' I was innocent. He said a trial could take six months to a year. I told him, 'As long as it takes.' "

It took longer than either of them had imagined. Mr. Padro went through three lawyers, with the first two leaving Legal Aid for reasons unrelated to the case. It took time for each of the new lawyers to learn the case, although the turnover was not a major reason for the delays, said Irwin Shaw, the attorney in charge of the Bronx office of Legal Aid's criminal division.

Mr. Shaw said that it took months to investigate Mr. Edwards's background thoroughly, and that the time was well spent since the outcome of the trial hinged on his credibility. Defense lawyers filed many motions seeking records kept by Partners in Care and hospitals where he had received care. They also demanded, and eventually got, Mr. Edwards's psychiatric records.

Trials are also delayed because of the relatively small number of judges available to hear the many criminal cases, Mr. Shaw said.

The time it took to get Mr. Padro to trial was not so unusual, Mr. Shaw said. Had the defendant been free on bail, the pace would have been acceptable. Mr. Shaw also said that the bail was high for someone with no previous criminal record.

The office of the Bronx District Attorney, Robert T. Johnson, said that it bore no responsibility for delays in Mr. Padro's case. "It took as long as it did because there were problems with the defendant getting counsel," said Steven Reed, a spokesman for Mr. Johnson. "He changed counsel, and there were times when they were not ready to proceed. We were ready to proceed."

Mr. Shaw said there was some validity to Mr. Reed's assertion, but he also said that it was critical for defense lawyers to investigate Mr. Edwards carefully. "This was essentially a one-witness case," Mr. Shaw said. "The reliability of that witness was very important."

He added: "If this case had been tried in seven, eight or nine months, which would be fast, I can't tell you that it would have had the same outcome. Our lawyers did whatever they had to do so this client would have the best chance of having a favorable verdict."

Mr. Padro eventually got that verdict. He asked for a nonjury trial, he said, because he was afraid that jurors might be biased against a gay defendant. Instead, he took his chances with Justice Massaro, with whom he had occasionally had harsh words over the months of hearings.

During the trial, which began early in November 1998 and ran intermittently into January, the defense was able to impeach Mr. Edwards's credibility, documenting many examples in which he had complained about other home health aides and several instances in which he had been caught making false accusations about other aides. The defense also called witnesses to testify to Mr. Padro's character.

Just before the trial, the judge and District Attorney made another plea offer: Mr. Padro could plead guilty to a low-level felony and be sentenced to a year in jail. Since he had already served 18 months by then, he could have gone free. Mr. Padro turned it down. If convicted at trial, he would have faced a sentence of 5 to 25 years in state prison.

"I said, 'I'm not pleading guilty to a felony,' " he recalled. " 'This is a serious offense. How am I going to get a job?' Even the judge told me I was making a mistake."

Finally, on Jan. 29, Justice Massaro pronounced Mr. Padro not guilty on both counts. "He gave me a look like, is this good enough for you? Because I had given him a hard time," Mr. Padro said.

Mr. Edwards still insists he was telling the truth. "When he wasn't found guilty, I felt defenseless, like I was worthless," Mr. Edwards said. "This isn't justice."

For Mr. Padro, who has been free for four months, the transition has been difficult. He said he was reluctant to go back to work as a home health aide, fearing that another patient might accuse him of wrongdoing. He said he had been depressed, suffered nightmares, and felt uncharacteristically aimless and unmotivated. He got a break two weeks ago, when a designer of costume jewelry hired him to help assemble and sell her designs.

Mr. Padro has obtained a new lawyer, Elliot H. Taub, who has sued the health care agency, Partners in Care, charging negligence and contending that it had failed to warn Mr. Padro about Mr. Edwards and thus was responsible for his arrest and incarceration. The suit asks for $15 million in damages. Lyle Churchill, a vice president of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, which controls Partners in Care, declined to comment on the case.

Mr. Padro said he still did not understand why he spent so long in jail, or even why the police and prosecutors pursued the case. "How could they let someone make one phone call and all this happens?" he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Jose Padro of the Bronx, who was cleared of sex charges, would probably have spent less time behind bars if he had accepted a plea offer. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 6, 1999

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[***All About/Pickup Trucks;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y0K0-000D-G4GB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Will Detroit Lose Control of the Reliable Pickup?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y0K0-000D-G4GB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ADAM BRYANT

**Body**

Automobiles go through a metamorphosis every new model year. But pickup trucks are a constant. Though options have been added, the basic models have changed very little through the years.

Such steadfastness has been good for Detroit. Pickup trucks, which account for about 18 percent of all vehicles sold, are one of the last segments of the market in which the Big Three still hold a substantial edge. Intensely loyal buyers make Ford and Chevrolet's full-size pickups their best-selling vehicles year after year, outselling even their most popular cars. Detroit dominates the compact and intermediate pickup categories as well.

Because pickup trucks are made in large volumes with rare design modifications -- Chevrolet did not change its full-size truck for 15 years -- they are also sizable profit centers for the auto makers.

But not all bodes well for Detroit's trucks. Toyota is believed to be developing a near full-size model, possibly with a V-8 engine, that is likely to threaten the Big Three's stronghold in the full-size market. Though it has not announced when it will be introduced, Ward's Automotive Reports, a trade publication, said the pickup will debut next fall.

King of the Hill

Fighting Over Who Is Best and Fastest

To effectively market a pickup, manufacturers say they must be able to boast their product is tops in one or more categories; superlatives like "most," "only" and "highest" are used generously throughout pickup advertisements. "Cluing into that psychology means a lot," said Keith Helfrich, a marketing executive with Dodge trucks.

Almost every pickup manufacturer claims itself king in at least one category. Ford boasts that owners of its F-Series pickups are the most loyal. Nissan trumpets its 2.4-liter engine as the most powerful four-cylinder pickup. Dodge promises its new Magnum engine series for 1992 trucks delivers overall "more payload, towing and horsepower than Ford, Chevy or any import. Period."

But the nastiest annual fight is over the title of best-selling vehicle. It is a battle waged annually between Chevrolet and Ford. Both truck companies are currently claiming themselves winners.

This year's contest peaked in late September before the end of the model year. Ford offered dealers a $2,000 discount on Sept. 30 for each F-Series pickup they moved into Ford rental fleets. This and other incentives helped boost pickup sales to near-record levels in September for Ford and Chevrolet. According to the tallies, Ford sold 431,353 F-Series trucks in the 1991 model year while Chevrolet's C/K series sold 423,324. Each company dispute the other's claims.

The auto makers say the expense of the incentives is necessary to win the all-important best-seller title. "It's not the No. 1 issue, but being No. 1 is an important issue in full-size pickups," said Kurt Ritter, Chevrolet's marketing manager for trucks.

Acting Like a Car

New Buyers Want Creature Comforts

Pickups were originally designed for work. But now they also make a fashion statement.

Ford will introduce its new Flareside full-size pickup next year with panels designed to create a step on each side of the rear wheels. The styling cue, adopted by Chevrolet in 1989 for its Sportside pickups, reduces cargo capacity. But fashion buyers are generally not interested in using the Sportside for work, said Mr. Ritter. "It's basically a truck that people want to be seen in," he said.

This shift in perception has boosted the profitability of trucks as manufacturers have added more luxurious options and interior space to meet the demands of buyers who are trading in their cars for pickups.

Pushing pickups even further from their ***working-class*** roots are owners who "trick up" their trucks with sport mirrors, special paint and other cosmetic touches. The truck makers themselves are offering more customizing features, and dealers have spotted the trend's profit potential. At Richard Hibbard Chevrolet in Claremont, Calif., about 20of the 100 pickups it sells on average each month carry between $2,000 and $5,000 worth of customizing added by dealership staff.

Surveys by manufacturers show that many owners are using pickups just as they would a car. Truck makers are building them increasingly to feel and handle like cars. Options include high-back bucket seats, leather-wrapped steering wheels, electronic windows and mirrors and six-speaker sound systems. Because trucks have an increasingly car-like role, regulators are imposing stricter safety standards. Air bags or other passive retraints and high-mount stop lights will become standard within several years.

All the combinations of features -- two- or four-wheel drive, long or short cargo beds, regular or extended cabs -- mean Chevrolet, for example, has a total of 72 different models. The prices range from $8,722 for a compact two-wheel-drive pickup to about $23,000 for an option-laden full-size truck. Other manufacturers offer models with equivalent options and prices.

Though pickups are being designed increasingly to appeal to car buyers, industry watchers say the trucks run the risk of turning off pickup buyers if they become too car-like. Many car-pickup hybrids, such as the Chevrolet El Camino of the 1960's, were eventually discontinued because of poor sales. "There's a limit to how far you can go," said Joseph L. Oates, truck product development manager for Toyota Motor Sales in Torrance, Calif. "The truck has to look tough and rugged, but it's got to be comfortable on the inside."

Enter the Japanese

Toyota Downplays The Threat

In the full-size pickup market -- and in the mid-size represented by the Dodge Dakota -- the Big Three stand alone. But that will change when Toyota introduces a large pickup truck of its own.

Toyota officials soft-pedal the potential sales, saying they would reach no more than 80,000 annually, compared with the 400,000-plus full-size pickups Ford and Chevrolet each sold in the 1991 model year. Worried about political backlash, Toyota says it is not trying to lure Big Three customers; rather, it is trying to create a vehicle that would give current Toyota compact pick-up owners more room.

Analysts expect other Japanese auto makers to follow Toyota into the Big Three's hallowed ground. "If Toyota is planning to do that, Nissan can't be far behind," said Thomas M. Dukes, director of competitive assessment for J.D. Power & Associates. Added Clifford J. Swenson, manager of production forecasting for Jacobs Automotive, a consulting firm in Little Falls, N.J.: "As the industry becomes more and more competitive, market-share gains become more difficult to achieve; the Japanese are not going to shut themselves out of a market."

Nissan officials say they do not intend to follow Toyota because of the difficulty of winning over the loyal American full-size pick-up buyer. "It's difficult to conquer the guy whose father bought Ford trucks, whose grandfather bought Ford trucks," said Mark Adams, a Nissan spokesman. "The full-size customers are the most loyal there are."

That difficulty is supported by statistics from General Motors, which suggest that roughly 9 of 10 American pickup owners buy another Big Three vehicle when they shop for a new car or truck.

A SPORTY TRUCK, FOR JUST $26,995

The turbo-charged, 4.3-liter V-6 engine drives it from 0 to 60 miles per hour in less than five seconds, accelerating with full-time all-wheel drive, and stopping with four-wheel anti-lock brakes.

These features, rarely available even in sports cars, are standard equipment in the Syclone pickup, made by the GMC Truck division of the General Motors Corporation.

The $26,995 compact pickup is not intended to be a big seller, said Lewis B. Campbell, the division's general manager. GMC has sold 3,000 Syclones since the truck's introduction in January.

GMC introduced the Syclone as an attention-grabber to boost its profile among truck shoppers. It has since been featured in many newspaper articles and car magazines. "It put GMC on the kitchen table of every household in the country," said Mr. Campbell.

The truck is built on a lowered and modified chassis from GMC's Sonoma compact pickup. Its engine is modified with parts from Chevrolet's Corvette engine.

The Syclone's features have generated a lot of new showroom traffic from young buyers interested primarily in performance. For those who can't scrape together enough money for the pricey Syclone, GMC also sells the Sonoma GT, which looks similar to the Syclone, has a sporty suspension and 4.3-liter high-performance V-6 engine capable of reaching 60 miles per hour in just slightly more than 8 seconds. It sells for $16,300.

**Graphic**

Photos: A Dodge D-150 'S' 4x2; A 1992 Nissan 4x2 pickup; A 1992 G.M. Syclone; A 1992 Ford F-150 Flareside.

Graph: "Picking Up Popularity," tracks unit sales of compact and full-size pickup trucks of all makes, 1980-1991\* (\*1991, estimate) (Source: Jacobs Automotive)

Table: "The Biggest Markets," shows the 10 largest markets for full-size pickups of all makes, and their latest available 1990 sales volume (Source: General Motors)

**Load-Date:** November 10, 1991

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[***THATCHER, 10 YEARS AS TORY CHIEF, NOW FACES INCREASING OPPOSITION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C2P0-0007-J3HR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1432 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Feb. 10

**Body**

The long period of domestic popularity enjoyed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher since the Falkland war seems to be waning.

Monday will mark her 10th year as leader of the Conservative Party. She is the most experienced national leader in the West. Later this month she will address a joint session of Congress, a mark of the generally high regard in which she is held in the United States.

But her reputation at home appears to be slipping badly because of unresolved economic problems, reflected in the currency crisis, and her alienation of many of the middle-class voters whose views she once seemed to perfectly exemplify.

British Prime Min Margaret Thatcher, who is marking her 10th year as leader of Conservative Party, faces increasing opposition in Britain because of unresolved economic problems and her alienation of many middle class voters whose views she once exemplified; photo (M)

High Esteem and Sharp Criticism

Esteemed all over the world for her straight talk, her willingness, indeed eagerness, to challenge entrenched bureaucracies and her determination to restore her country to greatness, Mrs. Thatcher, 59 years old, finds herself under increasing attack within Britain as a symbol of national disunity, even from those who greatly admire her energy and courage.

Oxford University's decision to not give her an honorary degree, a surprising development at an institution noted for civility and traditionalism, was one sign of the change. Another was an assessment of her performance in today's Sunday Times of London by David Howell, who served as a minister in the first Thatcher Government.

''However much we required the new broom,'' Mr. Howell wrote in an article all but begging the Prime Minister to try to find some ''common ground'' with her enemies, ''the moment arrives when within the walls the leader needs to unite the city, its squabbling factions, its muddle-headed, its weak and fearful, its unemployed.''

Opposition Party Gains

A new poll by Market and Opinion Research International shows that the opposition Labor Party, despite all the damage caused to it by the 11-month- old miners' strike, has drawn even with the Tories at 37 points apiece, with the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance at 24 percent. Mrs. Thatcher's popularity dropped to its lowest level since the victory in the Falklands and that of her Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, was even lower.

Only one person in five of those surveyed thought he had handled the economy well - the worst showing by any Chancellor in the last 10 years.

The economy is causing Mrs. Thatcher the most trouble. The survey, published in The Sunday Times, found that 52 percent of the voters think that ''on balance'' she is doing a bad job of handling the economy, although most approve of her assault on inflation, which has fallen from 20 percent to 5 percent in her tenure. An overwhelming 88 percent in the survey censured her perfomance on employment.

On Friday, two days after the poll was taken, the pound fell even further, tumbling below $1.10 after having reached $2.40 earlier in her administration.

Fiscal Concerns Growing

Except for a few Thatcher stalwarts, British politicians take the slide in the pound as proof that money brokers around the world think that the Prime Minister has yet to turn the British economy around and that the new ''enterprise culture'' of which she speaks so often has not yet taken root.

Without the revenues from North Sea oil and gas, which will eventually dry out, many economic analysts say, the country's situation would be desperate.

Peter Shore, the shadow leader of the House of Commons, said this weekend that the notion of Britain approaching third-world status in the 1990's had to be taken seriously. Less partisan observers fret constantly about continuing factory closings that are keeping the number of unemployed above 3 million, 13.9 percent of the work force.

Ordinary voters indicate the disillusionment goes beyond economic questions to those of leadership, according to the poll. Only 21 percent say they think Mrs. Thatcher understands the country's problems; only 34 percent think she is ''good in a crisis,'' and only 14 percent agree she is ''more honest than most politicians.'' Fully 51 percent say she is out of touch with ordinary people, and 47 percent think she talks down to them.

Situation Could Be Worse

The Prime Minister's situation would be far worse if not for the difficulties of Labor and of the party's leader, Neil Kinnock, with the miners' strike and internal bickering. Also the activities of the Alliance tend to divide the anti-Conservative forces. As things now stand, she remains the dominant political figure in the country, however unpopular she may be, because everyone knows she will be hard to beat when the next election comes around, probably in late 1987 or 1988.

Although the miners' strike has weakened Labor, and although it appears to be staggering to an end, with half the coal workers expected to be back on the job by April, it has been far from an unalloyed triumph for Mrs. Thatcher.

A British diplomat in Washington argued recently that the Prime Minister had demonstrated that no union could bring the country to a halt, which, the diplomat praised as an accomplishment beyond price; but a Tory back-bencher took another view in a conversation last week, insisting that the walkout could have been ended, on terms favorable to the Government, far earlier and with far less economic disruption.

The Market and Opinion Research poll found that 60 percent of the public thought the Government had handled the dispute badly, as against 29 percent who thought it had done well. Nontheless, the miners' abrasive leader, Arthur Scargill, has also been widely condemned, and the Prime Minister has probably benefitted from fighting him.

In a conversation with American journalists last year, Mrs. Thatcher described the strike as her biggest headache of 1984. She acknowledged that the walkout had left ''deep scars already - very, very deep indeed.'' So, in a sense, has her entire economic policy, especially in the northern part of the country, where traditional industry is concentrated. One of her Tory predecessors, Harold Macmillan, now Lord Stockton, has spoken scathingly of the recreation of ''two nations'' - one south, one north, one relatively rich, one very poor.

Edward Heath, whom Mrs. Thatcher succeeded as Tory leader, said Sir Winston Churchill ''would have been appalled'' by many of her policies.

Middle Class Feels Sting

The Prime Minister seemed to survive, without undue political damage, the wrath of the ***working class***, which had never backed her anyway, as jobs dried up and cuts were imposed in Government services. What has hurt her and aroused surprising bitterness has been her more recent assault upon institutions dear to the middle class, notably local government and higher education.

In a further effort to control spending, Mrs. Thatcher has imposed limits on the outlays of local councils and has threatened to abolish one tier of local government. She also tried, unsuccessfully, to require more prosperous parents to pay for part of their children's university education.

The Oxford episode was one consequence. In late January, the faculty voted against granting her an honorary degree in civil law because her Government had cut money for education and research. She became the first Oxford- educated Prime Minister since World War II to be refused the honor.

Writing in The Guardian, Hugo Young, a leading political columnist, described Mrs. Thatcher as ''a more harshly political being than any leader of this century.'' He added: ''She acknowledges no area of public life which does not call for political action of a disturbing and partisan kind. Everything she touches turns to politics.''

Because of her overriding determination to transform British society, she has collided again and again with entrenched interests: trade unions, civil servants (whose unions she restricted), teachers and professors. Unwilling to trim military spending, she has cut into money for the arts, for foreign aid, for broadcasting. Yet public spending remains about as much of the gross national product as it did when she took office.

''Mrs. Thatcher cannot be said to have brought harmony,'' George Gale of the right-wing Daily Express said the other day in summing up her years at the head of the Conservative Party. ''The hope is not as bright as it was in 1979, but the despair is not deeper either,'' he wrote. ''It is impossible to think of anyone who could or would have done better.''

**Graphic**

photo of Margaret Thatcher

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Northport; Waterfront Village That Feels Like Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:490X-N180-01KN-2379-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:**  By JOHN RATHER

**Body**

THERE are places that seem so instantly familiar that people arriving for the first time almost feel as if they are coming home. One such place is the village of Northport, a harbor community on the North Shore of Long Island. It is too real to be quaint, but it is certainly idyllic.

On Main Street, shops, restaurants, antique stores and offices fill early 20th-century commercial buildings along lively sidewalks. The street, with vintage trolley tracks still showing, slopes down to a harborfront park with a gazebo on one side and a band shell facing a tree-lined green on the other. A boardwalk looks out on the boat-filled, naturally sheltered Northport Harbor, which leads into Long Island Sound.

Superbly maintained Victorians, colonials and other venerable one-of-a-kind dwellings crowd around the village center and line Woodbine Avenue and Bayview Avenue, which begin at the base of Main Street and run along the harbor.

The mayor, Peter G. Panarites, the owner of the Northport Sweet Shop on Main Street, said steps were under way to create a historic district in the old village center. "We have a unique area, an oasis, and we want to keep that old-time atmosphere," said Mr. Panarites, 62, a lifelong resident of the village, which is part of the Suffolk County town of Huntington.

IT is an atmosphere that makes the village a favorite with corporate relocation specialists. "It's my favorite town on the island," said Jody O'Donnell of Eatons Neck, the owner and president of Relocation Solutions.

Susan Ross of Prudential Long Island Realty in Huntington said transferees not familiar with Long Island and braced for a malled-over suburban nowhere-land invariably brightened upon seeing Northport. "They smile from ear to ear," she said. "Their culture shock is relieved."

But the smiles are often wiped away by the prices in this prime North Shore location, where a snug Cape or cottage on a lot of a quarter acre or less now typically costs more than $400,000.

"The prices are very difficult," Mrs. Ross said. "If they are coming from the Midwest, they are now looking at an older resale house that is 2,600 square feet, and certainly not with all the amenities of the house with 4,000 square feet they are leaving." Yet once in, these transplants sometimes seek employment locally rather than transferring away when their employers order another move, she said.

The run-up in values in the current market is stupefying to residents and real estate professionals alike.

"It's just astounding," said Joyce M. Fino, the office manager for Coldwell Banker Sammis in Northport, who said that finding homes in the village for under $400,000, an amount above the median price five years ago, had become nearly impossible.

This is the case, Ms. Fino noted, even though inventory is up sharply over a year ago, a fact borne out by the scattering of "for sale" signs on even prime village streets. "People see the prices that these houses are selling for, and they figure they might as well get on the bandwagon," she said. "But the only thing that is really hot is the lower-price market."

Ms. Fino said that because of Northport's broad appeal she doubted prices would come down. "I don't think housing here is falsely inflated," she said. "The market is leveling out, but it's not going to plummet as it did in some places in the late 1980's."

In addition to single-family older homes, the village housing stock includes small to quite large newer ranches and contemporaries and a number of town house condominiums. The pricier condominiums are generally newer and near the water, with units that may sell for more than $1 million. In a two-tier market, units in condominiums away from the water sell in the $600,000 to $700,000 range. There are no co-ops and only a small number of rental apartments. House rentals, which are hard to find, range from $1,700 to $3,500 a month.

Nancy and Joe Sakaduski moved to the village from Charlotte, N.C., six years ago when Mr. Sakaduski took a job at a company in Melville. Mrs. Sakaduski said she still recalled her vivid first impression. "I was immediately struck by the small-town charm," she said. "It just had more personality than any of the areas we looked at. And I immediately felt at home."

She said she found the village was as friendly as it looked. "For as intimate a community as it is, I felt a part of it very quickly and was able to get involved with the Northport Historical Society," she said. "I guess with some small villages you feel it is cliques. But in Northport, that's not the case."

The couple bought and restored a shipbuilder's home that dated to 1827, paying in the $300,000's for the property. Today, it would sell for $700,000, Mrs. Sakaduski said. But they are staying and now run a dental-industry consulting business. Their son is entering the 11th grade at Northport High School; the strong reputation of the Northport district was also a draw for them.

The village is entirely within the Northport-East Northport School District, which also includes unincorporated areas of Northport, most of East Northport and the villages of Asharoken and Eatons Neck.

District enrollment, which has been rising, is 6,235. Of the 382 graduates in Northport High School's Class of 2003, some 96 percent will go on to higher education, with 76 percent enrolling in four-year colleges and universities. Scores on the SAT reasoning tests averaged 536 in verbal and 548 in math last year, the most recent figures available, substantially above the state averages of 494 and 506.

District voters approved a $6 million bond for school roofs in June. Three years ago, they approved a $30 million bond to add a new wing and 16 classrooms to the high school, which has 1,650 students, and to expand space for music and early childhood development programs. There are computers in classrooms and computer labs in the high school, the two middle schools for Grades 6 through 8 and the six elementary schools that make up the district. A global communications center in the high school gives students access to international news and programs

William J. Brosnan, the superintendent, said Northport High School has a number of academic programs for highly motivated students. Beginning next year, it will offer the International Baccalaureate Program, an internationally oriented alternate learning curriculum. It already participates in programs in finance and information technology that link students to professionals through internships. In addition, there are more than 20 advanced placement programs.

Dr. Brosnan said a science research program linked to the State University of New York at Stony Brook had produced 17 semifinalists in the Intel Science Talent Search in recent years. District art and music programs are also highly regarded, he said, and its girls' teams were state champions in volleyball and lacrosse this year.

Northport is situated on one of several necks along the morainal north shore of Huntington. Glaciers moving southward sculpted the peninsulalike necks and adjacent deep harbors some 20,000 years ago.

Northport's Main Street follows the course of what geologists call a glacial tunnel valley, a distinct, still discernible, steep-sided passageway through which melted ice from inside and under the glaciers drained outward from the glaciers' leading edge. The terminal moraine crests nearby in East Northport, marking the end of the ice pack's southward journey.

The retreating glaciers left behind kames, small hills made of glacial sediments, and kettle holes, formed by imbedded blocks of melting ice. They dot the landscape at the Henry Ingraham Nature Preserve in Northport. The hilly terrain, except for areas sculpted by sand mining, is another legacy.

The Matinecock Indians inhabited the Northport area when Dutch sailors exploring Long Island's northern shores first glimpsed the area in 1650. English settlers set down the first European roots, purchasing land that included what is now the village from Asharoken, a Matinecock chief, in 1656. They cleared trees for farms and grazing and named the place Great Cow Harbor. At the start of the Revolutionary War, local patriots fought with Washington in the Battle of Long Island.

In the early 19th century, the village developed as a shipbuilding center, and in 1837 its name was changed to Northport. The industry lasted until nearly the end of that century, an era also marked by the development of a shellfishing industry. The railroad arrived in 1867, but train service shifted to nearby East Northport in 1873, where it remains today, a short drive away.

In the late 1800's, the Edward Thompson Law Book Company brought lawyers to Northport, where the company remained until the 1930's.

SAND mining tore away huge shoreline hunks north of James Street beginning in the 1920's. Residents finally put a stop to it in the 1950's. The mined areas are now developed with houses, including newer homes and condominiums. The four stacks of the Keyspan Northport electrical generation station tower over the area. In their shadow is a village soccer field.

In 1932, in a farsighted move, the village, which had incorporated in 1896, purchased harbor land at the foot of Main Street that had been blighted by former industrial uses and made it into the waterfront park that remains at the village center.

The park is the site the village's annual Great Cow Harbor Day celebration, which draws thousands each September. Northport is also the host of the Great Cow Harbor 10-kilometer run, also in September, attracting runners from across the country and abroad. The entry fee is $18.

The 18-hole Crab Meadow Golf Course, owned by the town of Huntington, charges town residents $23 on weekdays and $25 on weekends and nonresidents $40 on weekdays and $45 on weekends. Crab Meadow Beach, a town beach, has 1,000 feet of shore on Long Island Sound. Scudder Park, owned by the village, has a beach, picnic areas and a boat ramp that residents pay $15 annually to use. Sunken Meadow State Park, with beaches and three golf courses, is just east of the village.

Into the 1960's, Northport was a blue-collar place that appealed to artists. While affinity for the arts and music remains strong, high prices now exclude all but the blue-collar elite and artists who never left.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Older houses on Woodbine Avenue, a street proposed for a village historic district, and the dock in Northport Harbor, which leads into the Sound.; Stores, restaurants and offices line the busy sidewalks of Main Street. (Photographs by Maxine Hicks for The New York Times); 3-bedroom, 1-bath colonial at 422 Main Street, $425,000. 5-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath colonial at 156 Fox Lane, $619,000. 4-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath post-modern house at 54 School Street, $1,399,990. Chart: "GAZETTEER" POPULATION: 7,606.AREA: 2.31 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $86,456.MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $610,000.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $8,000.MEDIAN PRICE ONE YEAR AGO: $580,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $350,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $700,000.GOVERNMENT: Village mayor (Peter G. Panarites), deputy mayor and three trustees elected to four-year staggered terms.CODES: Area, 631; ZIP, 11768.SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: $12,993.DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN: 41 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: One hour and ten minutes on Long Island Rail Road from East Northport; $10.25 one way, $226 monthly.KEROUAC REMEMBERED: When not on the road, the author and Beat poet Jack Kerouac lived in Northport from 1958 to 1964, and in that time he bought and sold three homes within walking distance of Main Street. Shielded from the curious at home by his mother, Gabrielle, Kerouac nonetheless was frequently out and about in the village, including in its bars, and had a close circle of friends, some of whom still reside in the village. George Wallace, the curator of the Northport Historical Society and the poet laureate of Suffolk County, organized a reading of Kerouac's 1962 novel "Big Sur" in July 2001 that filled the Village Hall. Mr. Wallace said Kerouac liked Northport for at least two reasons. "First, the village was within easy reach of New York City's bohemian milieu and its powerful publishing houses -- and yet far enough away so that he could establish a quiet lifestyle for his mother, with whom he lived," Mr. Wallace said. "Second, the small town look of the village, coupled with an unpretentious mix of ***working class*** and artists found in Northport's population, appealed to his sensibilities." Map of Suffolk highlighting Northport.

**Load-Date:** July 6, 2003

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[***A Nepotism That Insists On Worth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48WP-0KV0-01KN-22F9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By EMILY EAKIN

**Body**

Sean Lennon and Jakob Dylan have record contracts. Laila Ali is a boxer. Sofia and Roman Coppola make movies. Their cousin Nicolas Cage is an Oscar-winner.

Michael Douglas, the scion of another Hollywood acting clan, appears in this spring's "It Runs in the Family," alongside his father, mother and son. Susan and Ben Cheever write fiction. As do Katie Roiphe, Ted Heller and David Updike, along with numerous others whose last names have built-in literary cachet.

For the first time in 20 years, a Ford -- William Clay Ford Jr. -- is in charge of the Ford Motor Company. And presiding at the White House is a man whose father once held the position, too. (Here at The New York Times, the job of publisher has been reserved for family members for more than a century.)

This is America as Adam Bellow sees it, a land where blood loyalty runs deep and the once frowned-upon practice of dynastic succession is no longer the exception but the rule. From politics and business to movies, literature and sports, Mr. Bellow argues in his new book, "In Praise of Nepotism: A Natural History," to be published by Doubleday next month, clannishness increasingly prevails. The United States, he says, is undergoing a vast revival of what he calls "the hereditary principle," or, more bluntly, nepotism.

It's a phenomenon in which, as a son of the Nobel Prize-winning novelist Saul Bellow, he says he has some first-hand expertise. "I too am an example of the New Nepotism and am thoroughly familiar with the peculiar strains of 21st-century heirship," he writes.

A calm, droll, disarmingly candid man who has his father's handsome, domed head and aristocratic profile, the younger Mr. Bellow is today a clout-wielding figure in his own right. A former editorial director of the Free Press, where he published polemical works by young conservatives, including the 1991 best seller "Illiberal Education" by Dinesh D'Souza, he is now an editor at large for Doubleday.

And while he says his father did not pull strings on his behalf, it was partly that he did not have to. "My employers were aware of the connection," Mr. Bellow writes, "and they undoubtedly assumed not only that I had 'the right stuff' to be an editor by virtue of my parentage, but that my name and social background would be useful in my publishing career."

"Nor," he adds, "is it likely that I could have written and published this book without the added value that my name brings to the project."

But "In Praise of Nepotism" is no act of contrition. As his title suggests, Mr. Bellow has written a brief in nepotism's defense. The nation is awash in favoritism based on kin, he says, and on the whole it is an excellent thing.

"Nepotism has evolved culturally in the United States to become what I call the New Nepotism, which is to say meritocratic nepotism," he explained over lunch near his office in Midtown Manhattan. "That's our great achievement. I think that's well worth praising."

This is Mr. Bellow's provocatively contrarian claim: today's nepotism is good because it combines an admirable devotion to family with a principled commitment to merit. Having the right blood ties might win you entree, but if you fail to perform, you're unlikely to last.

Or as Mr. Bellow serenely put it: "A famous name gets your foot in the door, but if the door slams on your face, it's you who says ouch."

Of course, the idea that America tolerates nepotism of any kind is reflexively distasteful, an affront to the nation's self-image as the world's most successful meritocracy. Nepotism is a practice the United States was founded to oppose. In theory, at least, nepotism thrives where freedom does not, in monarchies, oligarchies, dictatorships -- not in mature democracies.

Perhaps for that reason, Western scholars seem hardly to have studied the phenomenon. Mr. Bellow says the only book he could find devoted to the subject was a 17th-century anti-ecclesiastic tract, "Il Nipotismo di Roma" ("The History of the Popes' Nephews").

And though he is not the only observer reporting an upswing in dynasticism today, the others are typically horrified by the trend. Writing in The New York Times Magazine before the last presidential election, for example, Andrew Sullivan lamented that "the narrow influence of bloodlines" appeared to be at "an alarming high," noting that "the only other countries that have recently passed power from father to son are North Korea, Jordan and Syria."

Mr. Bellow's evidence is similarly anecdotal. And in places, his book reads less like a scholarly study than like a Libertarian Op-Ed piece against state regulation. But whatever its virtues as sociology, "In Praise of Nepotism" represents a considerable psychological victory for its author: proof, finally, that he can compete on his father's turf.

"That's what this is all about," Mr. Bellow said. "I'm 46. It took me all this time to find a way to be a writer that didn't seem derivative, that didn't seem like I was exploiting my name or trying to turn it into a franchise."

Married for less than three years, Mr. Bellow's parents divorced when he was a year old, after his mother had an affair with his father's best friend -- an episode that became the basis for Saul Bellow's novel "Herzog." Living with his mother in Manhattan, Mr. Bellow saw his father on holidays and whenever literary business brought him to New York City.

"He would take me wherever he was going," Mr. Bellow recalled. "We would have lunch with Philip Roth or Bernard Malamud or someone like that, and I would basically have nothing to say."

This was incentive enough to acquire a passion for literature and language, to become an interlocutor worthy of the man who read him Chaucer in Middle English instead of "Curious George."

He eventually graduated from Princeton with a degree in Renaissance Studies and a working knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Hebrew. "It became very clear to me at some point that I had worked very hard to make myself into somebody who could hold a conversation with him," he said. "That turned out to be a good investment. However, I was not able to make myself into a writer of fiction."

During his early 20's, he devoted himself to the task, accumulating dozens of half-finished short stories and part of a novel. But his father proved an insurmountable inhibition. "Whenever I sent him a story that I was working on, and he told me what he thought, I immediately had to abandon it," Mr. Bellow said.

For several years he floundered, completing stints at three different graduate programs and working as a copy boy at The Daily News. "They'd never heard of my father," he said.

Then, in 1986, his wife became pregnant on their honeymoon, and Mr. Bellow, in need of stable work, got his first job in book publishing, a field where both his extensive education and illustrious name paid off.

And this, he says, is the New Nepotism: a subtler, less vulgar and ultimately equitable variation on the rightly disparaged old. "No one can pick up the phone these days and get their kid a job, a record deal or a spot on the national ticket," he writes in his book. "But more and more, such intervention isn't necessary. Growing up around a business or vocation -- learning how it works, getting to know the people in it -- creates a powerful advantage that is tantamount to nepotism."

Mr. Bellow says his take is merely pragmatic. Nepotism, he argues, is natural: like other species, humans have a biological incentive to look out for the kin who share their genes. He cites influential experts to back him up, including the cognitive psychologist Steven Pinker who, in his book "The Blank Slate," calls nepotism "a universal human bent."

And while that doesn't mean nepotism is a reflex over which we have no control, Mr. Bellow says, it's unrealistic to think we can eliminate our preference for kin.

Yet in his highly original retelling, the history of the United States has been a series of efforts to do just that: to legislate nepotism out of existence. While elsewhere in the world, people "tolerate, expect and even encourage" nepotism, he writes, Americans, at least in their public attitude, have long held it in furious contempt as a practice at odds with the ideal of equal opportunity.

Before the American Revolution, the Puritans had already done away with English practices like primogeniture and entail, which restricted the inheritance of private estates to firstborn sons. After the war, some of the former colonies included clauses prohibiting hereditary office in their state constitutions.

At the same time, Mr. Bellow notes, the Founding Fathers were hardly averse to rewarding loyal friends and relatives with government jobs. He calls Benjamin Franklin, who doled out post office jobs to an assortment of near and distant kin, "one of the greatest nepotists of the Revolutionary Era."

Nineteenth-century contributions to the "war on nepotism" included bans on polygamy and, in some states, first-cousin marriage. But it was the New Deal policies of the 1930's, Mr. Bellow writes, that brought about old nepotism's defeat: with the creation of a national welfare state, Americans came to depend on the government for the support they were used to seeking from their families.

Finally, the 1965 Civil Rights Act dealt the old nepotism -- relied on by both the WASP elite and the ethnically segregated labor unions of the ***working class*** -- its death blow.

The legacy of all this progressive legislation, Mr. Bellow argues, was a meritocracy. Postwar America saw the emergence of an ethnically diverse middle class, a group that had attained its status not through blood ties but through unparalleled access to good schools and lucrative employment.

But inevitably, he says, the merit-minded middle class sought to pass on its advantages to its offspring. Its solution was the New Nepotism, which in Mr. Bellow's view represents not only an appealing balance of family fealty and merit but "a valuable corrective to the extreme tendencies of meritocracy itself."

Those who think the United States has yet to become the meritocracy it aspires to be are likely to disagree. But scholars who have read his book say his novel take on American society is well worth pondering.

"Nepotism is natural to us," said Robin Fox, a professor of anthropology at Rutgers University, who studies kinship. "Other things being equal, what you will do is favor kin. And this is his really original point: we went through an aberrant meritocratic phase in which fairness was elevated to a social principle and favoritism of kin was in retreat."

Mr. Bellow, at any rate, seems to have little doubt that the pressures of dynasticism have been a positive force in his life, spurring him to try harder and achieve more, to banish any suspicion that he hasn't fully earned the title: writer.

"All my life I have been noticed because of my father," he said. "That hasn't always been a good thing. But what it has taught me is that if I don't bend over backward to give the impression that I have earned my advantages, someone's going to notice and they're going to hold it against me. So I had to write the best book I possibly could. And I had to do this in a way that no one could say I hadn't done my homework."

His father, who is 88 and married for the fifth time, was hardly reassuring. "I think he knew very well that I wasn't going to get a break just because I'm his son," Mr. Bellow said. "He was naturally quite concerned to the point where I have to say it became a little irritating. Every conversation was: 'have you finished yet?' "

"Finally," Mr. Bellow said, "I did send him the manuscript, which he seems to have read most of." He smiled. "I think he's genuinely proud and happy. And also pleasantly surprised."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Adam Bellow, left, the author of a new book, "In Praise of Nepotism." He knows the subject: beside him is his father, the Nobel laureate Saul Bellow. (Nigel Parry/CPi)(pg. B9); Not apologizing for following in Dad's footsteps: Famous father-child pairs include, top, Kirk and Michael Douglas; bottom left, Muhammad and Laila Ali; and bottom right, President Bush and the former President Bush. (Photographs by The Associated Press)(pg. B11)

**Load-Date:** June 21, 2003

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[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C830-0007-J2B1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE ART OF PETER NICHOLS: COMEDIES OF DESPERATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C830-0007-J2B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

''Every cloud has a jet black lining,'' says Bri, the protagonist of Peter Nichols's ''Joe Egg,'' and the line echoes throughout the author's body of work. In ''The National Health,'' an injured motorcyclist, released from the hospital, suffers another accident and becomes a basket case, just as in ''Joe Egg'' a married couple have a brain-damaged daughter who is as responsive as a vegetable. No matter how tragic the situation, the plays are essentially comic. Nichols writes comedies of desperation. The emphasis is not on despair but on the lengths people have to go in order to maintain their sanity.

One of his principal subjects is what he calls the ''genetic trap'' - the circumstance of family. As his alter ego says in ''Forget-me-not Lane,'' one of several undisguised theatrical accountings of his own life, ''However highly we regard ourselves, we owe our being to some unlikely people we meet at Christmas.'' ''Dependence,'' he says, ''dies hard.'' In other words, we are not only permanently affected by our progenitors, we become what they are, inheriting distinctive traits, tics and limitations, and carrying them into adulthood.

Mel Gussow reviews play Joe Egg

In play after play, unfulfilled sons and husbands are forced to respond to domestic crises. Bri, the husband in ''Joe Egg'' (revived by the Roundabout Theater) ends the evening by walking out on his wife, their marriage and the burden of their daughter's incapacity. But one suspects that in art as in life there will be, if not a rush of conscience, at least a reassertion of the familial connection.

Other contemporary British playwrights have also dealt perceptively with aspects of family life. It is, in fact, the second favorite British theatrical theme - after the decline of the Empire. David Storey has reflected ruefully on the chasm between ***working-class*** parents and outwardly mobile offspring. Both Harold Pinter and Tom Stoppard have probed infidelity in and out of marriage, and, in ''Ashes,'' David Rudkin studied the question of infertility. Among these peers, Nichols is the most concerned with family as formative influence and with the varying ways that one keeps trying to come to terms with one's ties. As stated in ''Forget-me-not Lane,'' the question is, ''Is the family inevitable?'' The answer, from this astute author, is always, sometimes regretfully, in the affirmative. When there is not a biological family on stage, Nichols creates one of convenience - a family of patients linked in a hospital ward (''The National Health''), a family of soldiers (''Privates on Parade'') bound together to amuse themselves and entertain the troops.

After many years as an author of television drama, Nichols wrote the stage play ''Joe Egg,'' opening in England in 1967, playing the following year on Broadway and beginning a theatrical career that is a kind of public self- analysis. It is interesting to read Nichols's autobiography, ''Feeling You're Behind'' (published last year in England but not yet available in the United States) and to realize that we already know so much about the man from his plays. Actually in some areas, we know *more* about him from his plays than we do from his memoir. In his prose there is a reticence, while his plays reveal an abundance of privileged information.

In ''Forget-me-not Lane,'' he tells us in vivid detail about his youth, through post-adolescence and into marriage, and especially about his ambiguous relationship with his demanding father - a far more complex and ingratiating figure in the play than in the book. In ''Privates on Parade,'' the author goes to war and deals with matters of sexual identity and in ''The National Health,'' he is inspired to art by his depressing experiences as a hospital patient. His most recent comedy, ''Passion,'' deals with middle-aged marital ennui. Parenthetically, in its abbreviated Broadway engagement, ''Passion'' suffered from a crucial miscasting in a pivotal role. Seen in London last year with an English cast, the play was an altogether more rewarding evening. With justification, this season it has become one of the most frequently performed plays in American regional theaters.

In each of these plays, as in ''Joe Egg,'' the narrative is interrupted by a second line of comic attack, often comedy sketches - asides from the author. At first glance, they may seem to be digressions. Actually, they are extensions of the characters. The author refuses to be limited by naturalism. As a result, his plays are vibrantly theatrical, one reason they are so difficult to transplant onto film. The most personal and the most disturbing of his works is ''Joe Egg,'' which directly derives from a crisis in the playwright's life. He and his wife were the parents of a daughter (now deceased), afflicted as the child is in the play. When Nichols decided to tell his story on stage, he was surrounded by discouragement from friends and agents who wondered how he could possibly transform such a trauma into a theatrical comedy. Watching the first act for the first time at a runthrough in Glasgow, the playwright broke into tears. Theatergoers were to have a similar reaction whereever the play was done.

To Nichols's dismay, ''Joe Egg'' was to be followed by a wave of other plays from other authors dealing with physical disabilities, but none of them proved to be as moving. While many of those plays deal specifically with a malady or a disfigurement or reached for a metaphor, ''Joe Egg'' deals with a marriage under duress. The subject is not Joe Egg, herself, but the effect of the maimed child on her parents - how they cauterize their pain.

For the mother, the daughter is an obsession; for the father she is the sum of their separation within marriage. To cope, he plays the fool, creating a clown show in which the parents and the child serve as objects of comedy. In Nichols fashion, Bri steps in and out of the play, breaking the proscenium in order to address the audience. With jokes, games and songs, he undertakes sardonic subterfuges. They become his illusions as well his technique for survival.

In the Broadway production, an on-stage jazz band helped to distinguish the two modes of performance, to signal the audience that the play was shifting from domestic reality to music-hall commentary. In his Roundabout revival, Arvin Brown, as director, aims for a more matter-of-fact approach. Except for an opening confrontation with the audience as school class, the vaudeville interludes are somewhat toned down. Pursuing seamlessness, the production sacrifices some of the play's double- edged oxymoronic flavor.

Jim Dale, who was hilarious as the flamboyant officer in the Long Wharf Theater production of ''Privates on Parade,'' has a more challenging task in ''Joe Egg.'' He is deft at impersonations, at conjuring up characters who include a German-accent pediatrician and a platitudinous minister. Mr. Dale is a natural comedian but he pays a price for his comic virtuosity. When it comes to the sobering side of the evening - Bri's heartbreak - he seems to lose dimension. As a husband in turmoil, Mr. Dale is more lightly shaded than Albert Finney was in the role on Broadway. As a result, Bri becomes less sympathetic.

On the other hand, Stockard Channing, as the wife, delivers a performance of deeply felt persuasiveness. The result is to turn the play slightly in the direction of the wife. We become more conscious of, and more touched by, her helplessness. As she joins her husband in clowning, we see that for her the games have a greater immediacy. Together, Mr. Dale and Miss Channing communicate a closeness even as their loyalty is under siege.

''Joe Egg'' and ''Forget-me-not Lane'' (one of Nichols's finest plays and still not produced in New York) are allied as brilliant acts of self-exposure. As the playwright says in his autobiography, ''To make an audience cry or laugh is easy - they *want* to. In reviews of 'Joe Egg,' it became a critical truism to speak of its capacity to do both at the same time, yet this is only worth doing if one thereby catches a whiff of life, a true tang of the bitter mixture we all have to drink.'' Watching the parents in ''Joe Egg,'' dedicating themselves to the perpetuation of a myth of parenthood, drowning their marriage in recrimination, we realize that in their case they are laughing to keep from dying.

**Graphic**

photo of Charles T. Harper and Jimmie Ray Weeks in Patrick Meyers's ''Dysan''; photo of Tom Toner and Robert Joy in Keith Reddin's ''Life and Limb''

**End of Document**



[***Unions at a Loss to Reverse Falling Fortunes of Workers - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YF70-000D-G3M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By PETER T. KILBORN,

By PETER T. KILBORN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 1

**Body**

For all their exuberance, participants in Monday's Labor Day parades have rarely had so little to celebrate.

No problem illustrates labor's waning influence better than its failure to join with its historic ally, the Democratic Party, to exploit an issue that both acknowledge could be a runaway vote getter: a declining standard of living for most workers.

Throughout the Reagan-Bush years, most of the nation's families have been losing ground economically, finding it harder to make ends meet, while a minority of families, those with higher incomes who are primarily Republican, have gained ground.

This coincides with the continuing erosion of labor's membership. Only one worker in six belongs to a union today.

The House majority leader, Richard A. Gephardt, calls falling living standards the "overarching issue" of the times. Yet unions see Mr. Gephardt and other Democrats as part of the problem. In their frustration, some have decided to withhold campaign contributions to Democrats who vote against their interests. They also ponder running their own candidates in primaries, and on the fringe, some talk of forming a third political party. In several big unions, rank and file members have turned against their own leaders and voted them out of office.

'The Valid Issue'

Victor Gotbaum, once head of New York City's big municipal workers union and now a professor of labor-management relations at the City University of New York, said, "The standard of living is *the* valid issue. The question is, is there a Democratic Party? Labor looks for a mechanism. Where is that mechanism?"

For much of organized labor, a better standard of living depends on protecting American products and jobs from foreign competition by restricting imports and on raising wages to regain the losses from inflation and from concessions made to management in the 1980's. Unions also argue that tax breaks for workers would unleash consumer spending and regenerate the overall economy.

For many Democrats in Congress, if not a majority, a better standard of living depends on developing more high-paid, high-skill jobs and training people better to do them. They find trade policies that thwart development of low-skill jobs in poorer countries morally problematic. And they maintain that tax breaks, whether for workers or for the rich, would only worsen a budget deficit that contributes to the economy's sluggishness.

Living on One Paycheck

From the end of World War II until the start of the 1970's, when spending on the Vietnam War and inflation pushed the country into the recession of 1974-75, labor unions and Democrats collaborated to build the world's richest ***working class***, one in which a blue collar factory hand could own a home, and support a family on one paycheck. Since then, more inflation, changes in the tax system, the growth of the budget deficit and the rise of foreign competition, have combined to depress most people's incomes.

Lawrence Mishel, an economist at the pro-labor Economic Policy Institute here, calculates that the typical production or nonsupervisory worker's average wage in July of $10.30 an hour is 6.8 percent less than 10 years ago in terms of what it will buy. He said young males with high school diplomas but no college, the backbone of the organized work force, have lost even more during the decade -- 20 percent of their wages.

In contrast, Pearl Meyer & Partners, an executive recruiting firm in New York, reports that the average salary of chief executives of the nation's 200 biggest companies doubled over the last decade to $800,000.

The erosion in incomes shows up in delayed marriages, the growth of two-paycheck families, more young adults living with parents, and the difficulty young people have buying homes.

Victor Fingerhut, a poll taker and adviser to six unions, said the issue is ripe for labor and Democrats to pluck. "People have a sense of being hurt," he said. "If the Democrats had any sense, they would hammer on that stuff."

The decline of the standard of living coincides with organized labor's waning influence and the demise of the old manufacturing industries where wages were highest and labor strongest. Leading Democrats in Congress are partly responsible, trade unionists say.

Mr. Gephardt, of Missouri, and other Democratic leaders like Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, and Senator George J. Mitchell of Maine, the majority leader, stunned labor in May by voting to grant President Bush authority to negotiate a trade agreement with Mexico. Labor loudly opposed the proposal because it contended that the pact would spell the loss of jobs.

Betrayed and Ignored

Now unions feel betrayed and ignored. "When Democrats are running and looking for people to put up the yard signs and seal envelopes and collect voluntary contributions, the labor movement is able to deliver," said Gerald W. McEntee, president of the big American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees. "Once the Democrats get in Congress, the amount of influence we have comes up short."

With their fortunes still in descent, unions for the first time are thrashing about for new ways to recapture their old influence, including turning against Democrats. The United Mine Workers has started running its own members in primaries against incumbent Democrats who vote against its agenda. The Communications Workers of America has decided to deny campaign contributions to Democrats who oppose a ban against employers' hiring of new workers to replace permanently those who go out on strike.

As an expression of its fury over his vote on Mexican trade, the Machinists union canceled an invitation to Mr. Gephardt to appear at its convention in June. And the secretary-treasurer of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers union, Tony Mazzochi, has formed a group, Labor Party Advocates, that could become the nucleus of a third party.

The president of the United Mine Workers, Richard L. Trumka, whose union's membership has plunged with the automation of coal mining, said the idea of a third party could have "a tremendous amount of merit."

"But first," he said, "we have to demonstrate to the worker that the Democratic Party won't be a voice for him."

Greg Tarpinian, senior economist at the Labor Research Association, a labor advocacy group in New York, made a similar point. "There's a much higher level of debate within the labor movement over the kinds of demands that labor should make on the Democratic Party," he said. "We've had a decade of openly reactionary anti-labor rule by Republicans, and the Democratic Party has yet to come up with an alternative."

Reliable Supporters

Labor leaders still find Democrats reliable supporters of initiatives that help all workers, like expanding benefits to the long-term unemployed, expanding civil rights protections in the workplace and granting unpaid leave for workers who have children or care for elderly parents, all measures which the President has vetoed or stalled.

And people blame union leaders for labor's waning clout as much as they blame Democrats, who to win elections have to be sensitive to the concerns of more voters than just the 16 percent who belong to unions, a figure less than half the level following World War II.

These critics say that 35 members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s executive council, made up largely of white males in their 50's and 60's, are mired in the battles of the past, and far more secure in their jobs than the popularly elected Democrats they berate.

More and more, rank-and-file members are challenging their leaders. For example, they voted out the presidents of two transportation unions for their role in settling last April's railroad strike.

"When you're losing members and influence, people start wondering why," said Susan Jennik, executive director of the Association for Union Democracy, a group in New York that supports rank-and-file efforts to open unions to more democratic practices.

Salvation for the unions and the Democrats lies in seizing the initiative to rebuild the standard of living, some Democrats say. "Trade protection strategy is not going to make us prosper," said Al From, president of the Democratic Leadership Council, an association of moderate Democrats.

Representative Sander M. Levin, Democrat of Michigan, called the decline of the standard of living "the Achilles' heel of the Republican Party.

"The situation is ripe for someone to come forth and say the whole world is changing for the better, and America is changing for the worse, and we can do better," he said. "But lacking an overall vision, we Democrats get lost in the details."

**Correction**

Because of a production error, an article on Monday about the declining influence of labor unions included scrambled paragraphs in some copies that truncated the identification of a labor expert and rendered a quotation from him incompletely. The expert, Greg Tarpinian, senior economist at the Labor Research Association, a labor advocacy group in New York, said: "There's a much higher level of debate within the labor movement over the kinds of demands that labor should make on the Democratic Party. We've had a decade of openly reactionary anti-labor rule by Republicans, and the Democratic Party has yet to come up with an alternative."

**Correction-Date:** September 5, 1991, Thursday

**Graphic**

Graph: "Thinning Wallets," tracks real wages, the average weekly earnings of production or nonsupervisory employees on private nonfarm payrolls after adjustments for inflation, 1950-1991\* (\*1991, 7-month average) (Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics) (pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XD80-000D-G15N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***De Sica Retrospective Buffs His Reputation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XD80-000D-G15N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

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**Length:** 1437 words

**Byline:** Vittorio De Sica

By CARYN JAMES

By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

ITALY is famous for saints and sinners, and Vittorio De Sica was fond of both. The great director and actor knew that few people are purely good or evil, and his rich, rascally understanding of human nature informs every film in "Vittorio D: De Sica Behind the Camera and on the Screen." This series of 37 films that De Sica directed or starred in opens today and runs through Nov. 12 at the Museum of Modern Art. It will be a delicious surprise for viewers who know De Sica only as the director of "The Bicycle Thief," the sorrowful classic of poverty and survival in post-World War II Italy. And even those aware of his witty, romantic sides will be amazed at how many rarely seen films have been collected here.

As an actor, De Sica began as a matinee idol in 1920's romantic comedies. He aged on screen as elegantly as Cary Grant, to whom he is often and accurately compared. Though his reputation as a director was made with his sober, neo-realist works of the late 40's and early 50's -- "Shoeshine," "The Bicycle Thief" and "Umberto D" -- he never lost his taste for sophisticated comedy, never tired of pairing Sophia Loren with Marcello Mastroianni, in "Marriage, Italian Style," "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" or some other story of love and pasta.

Through most of the 60's, he directed first-rate commercial films, money-making junk and money-losing junk, and toward the end of his career came back with a flourish. "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," the eloquent tale of Jews in Fascist Italy, re-established him in 1970 as a serious film maker.

Even so, when De Sica died in 1974, at the age of 73, he was viewed as a once-masterly artist who had sold out his talent for money. He had, of course. De Sica fed his huge gambling debts with awful films he wasn't even ashamed of; he simply shrugged them off as part of life.

But "Vittorio D" suggests a fairer image, of a De Sica who was great and greatly flawed as a man and an artist. His commercial sellouts make the serious works all the more touching. The treacly tag "humanist" is often attached to De Sica, but this generous retrospective makes him endearingly human. Imperfect himself, he knew how to make imperfect people seem wondrous on screen.

The series opens with a film that suggests why women swooned for De Sica in 1932. "What Scoundrels Men Are" is a popular comedy directed by Mario Camerini, in which De Sica plays a chauffeur named Bruno who pretends to be rich in order to court a shopgirl. Tall, lean and handsome, with thick black hair, De Sica even sings as he leads the woman across the dance floor. "Scoundrels" is dated, but it reveals the charm that only deepened as De Sica aged.

A film that holds up much better, and one of the real joys of the series, will be shown tomorrow. In 1941 De Sica directed and starred in "Teresa Venerdi" (released in the United States as "Doctor Beware"), a screwball romantic comedy of the first rank. He plays a pediatrician who, when the film opens, is plucking the eyebrows of Anna Magnani, as his chorus-girl mistress. The doctor's father walks in on this mid-morning scene and yells at his son, "You're still in your dressing gown," to which De Sica gives the innocent reply, "It's sterilized."

Short of money, he takes a job as the doctor in a girls' orphanage, where a sweet young woman named Teresa Venerdi falls for him. Life is complicated, what with Anna, Teresa, a rich fiancee he acquires by accident, bill collectors and a valet who used to be a horse trainer. Magnani gets star billing for just a few scenes, but De Sica carries this unflagging romp both on and off screen.

Soon, the war changed everything. "It isn't as though we were all sitting around some cafe table on the Via Veneto one day -- Rossellini, Visconti, myself and the rest, and suddenly we decided, let's go invent neo-realism," De Sica once said. But the post-war period is often treated that way. And De Sica did help revolutionize Italian cinema with his stunning works about ***working-class*** people, shot in real-life locations instead of in studios and using non-professional actors. Few films will ever match the beautiful simplicity of "The Bicycle Thief" (1948), the story of a man whose stolen bicycle means the difference between employment and desperation. But "Umberto D" (1952), written by his frequent collaborator Cesare Zavattini and named after De Sica's father, is more heartbreaking. This is the film that best expresses De Sica's sense of humanity.

The impoverished old man who is the title character has no self-pity and gets no pity from the director. De Sica empathizes with his character (another non-professional actor), yet pays him the respect of seeing his flaws as well as his tragic loneliness. Umberto is capable of kindness and wisdom when he tries to educate a pregnant, unmarried maid, telling her, "Some things happen because you don't know your grammar. Everybody takes advantage of ignorance." Yet when his beloved dog is lost, he selfishly complains to the woman, who has just been jilted by her baby's father.

There is sentimentality in "Umberto D" (the dog, after all, is a little too much), but the film represents the height of the director's style as he lingers over small everyday touches. When the proud Umberto tries to put his hand out to beg, it is one of the most truthful and wrenching moments in De Sica's career.

No wonder that for the rest of his life whatever De Sica did seemed slight by comparison. Yet a film like "Marriage, Italian Style" (1964) succeeds on its own less ambitious terms. This cutting comic romance has a serious emotional undercurrent and lets Sophia Loren play the perfect mother-whore. As the uneducated mistress of Marcello Mastroianni, she tricks him into marrying her after 20 years and three children (only one of them his) that he doesn't even know about. Beneath De Sica's familiar, affectionate comic portrait of Italian life -- the yelling and hand gestures and priests called in at the last minute -- is a touching story about love.

Of course the absolute worst of De Sica is not included here. You won't find "A Place for Lovers," the 1969 film in which Faye Dunaway is a terminally ill model who goes to Italy and falls in love with Mr. Mastroianni. But the series is not a whitewash, either. It includes "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1953) with Jennifer Jones as the wife and Montgomery Clift as her lover. Even De Sica, as inspired as he was with actors, couldn't salvage this mismatch.

De Sica's low points as a director are almost equalled by some thankless character roles on screen, but his finest acting is unsurpassed. As he aged, his face filled out and his thick black hair became thick gray hair, but he remained as handsome as ever and gave his deepest performances in the 50's. In Max Ophuls's "Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), he is a dignified, lovestruck baron. In his own anthology film "The Gold of Naples" (1954), he gives a hilarious self-mocking performance as an aristocrat and compulsive gambler who becomes incensed while losing a card game to an unflappable little boy.

But his most enduring screen performance was in Roberto Rossellini's "General Della Rovere" (1959), set during the German occupation of Italy in the last year of the war. Here he plays yet another gambler and con man, one who does business with the Nazis until he unexpectedly discovers his own heroic side. But this is a slippery and difficult role, for his character takes money from the relatives of Italian prisoners and bribes the Germans to let the prisoners go. De Sica does the unthinkable, gaining sympathy but not approval for this unheroic hero even before his transformation occurs.

De Sica himself got through the German occupation by working on "Gates of Heaven," a film about contemporary religious pilgrims that had the Vatican's approval. The Nazi and Fascist propagandists were recruiting directors for their purposes, but De Sica avoided them by dragging out the filming of his religious movie for many months. When the war ended, he wrapped it up in a couple of weeks, but the Vatican finally objected to its release and "Gates of Heaven" remains one of the most obscure films in the director's career.

"Vittorio D" offers more than a chance to see such unusual works. Stephen Harvey of the museum's film department organized the retrospective. It is an intelligently conceived and important series that should do wonders to restore De Sica's damaged reputation. It should also do wonders for viewers, who can rediscover the familiar warmth of De Sica's genius and the pleasures of De Sica when he was merely being human.

**Graphic**

Photos: Sophia Loren and Eleanora Brown in Vittorio De Sica's film "Two Women." (The New York Times) (pg. C1); Vittorio De Sica in Rossellini's "Generale Della Rovere." (Continenntal Distributing) (pg. C32)

**Load-Date:** October 4, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R69-BDT0-TW8F-G01S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 2007 Friday

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**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'ACROSS THE UNIVERSE' (PG-13, 2:11) Julie Taymor's gorgeous musical fantasia uses 33 Beatles songs, along with a fantastic array of masks, puppets and special effects to evoke the 1960s. Evan Rachel Wood and Jim Sturgess are archetypal lovers, swept up by the counterculture, who ride the rough seas of radical politics and psychedelia.

(Stephen Holden)

'AMERICAN GANGSTER' (R, 2:38) The divide between the director Ridley Scott's seriousness of purpose and the false glamour that wafts around American gangsters, and invariably trivializes their brutality, becomes too wide to breach in this story about the rise and fall of a 1970s New York drug lord. Denzel Washington wears the black hat, Russell Crowe wears the white.

(Manohla Dargis)

'BEE MOVIE' (PG, 1:40) Jerry Seinfeld as a talking bee who flees the hive, falls in love with Renee Zellweger and fights the human race for control of the world's honey supply. Disarmingly funny, especially when it lets go of the plot and buzzes aimlessly around, making jokes.

(A. O. Scott)

'BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD' (R, 1:56) Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke play two desperate brothers whose scheme to rob their parents' jewelry store goes terribly wrong. The movie, directed with feverish authority by Sidney Lumet from a solid script by Kelly Masterson, gets just about everything right. (Scott) 'BELLA' (PG-13, 1:31, in English and Spanish) This treacly urban fairy tale about a chef in a New York City Mexican restaurant and the pregnant waitress he befriends wears its bleeding heart on its sleeve and loves its unbelievable characters to distraction. (Holden)

'BEOWULF' (PG-13, 1:54) Robert Zemeckis throws a lot of technology at the screen in his performance-capture version of the Old English epic poem, including spears, swords, blood, mucus and a naked version of Angelina Jolie, all of which will hit you square in the eye if you catch it in 3-D. This isn't your high school teacher's ''Beowulf'' or Seamus Heaney's. (Dargis)

'DAN IN REAL LIFE' (PG-13, 1:35) A low-key, not-bad romantic comedy, with Steve Carell as a widowed advice columnist raising three daughters, and Juliette Binoche as the woman he falls for. The problem -- one of them, anyhow -- is that she's his brother's girlfriend. (Scott)

'THE DARJEELING LIMITED' (R, 1:37) Wes Anderson's latest -- in which three brothers (Adrien Brody, Jason Schwartzman and Owen Wilson) cross India by rail -- is nothing if not precious. Which is to say that it's vain and fussy and also that, by virtue of its visual beauty and its affectionate spirit, it's a treasure. (Scott)

'EASTERN PROMISES' The humanism of Steve Knight's script clashes in interesting ways with the ruthless formal rigor of the director, David Cronenberg, in this clammy, unsettling underworld tale. Viggo Mortensen is magnetic and enigmatic as a Russian mobster who shows some signs of conscience. (Scott)

'ELIZABETH: THE GOLDEN AGE' (PG-13, 1:55) A kitsch extravaganza aquiver with trembling bosoms, booming guns and wild energy, and an irresistibly watchable Cate Blanchett. (Dargis)

'FRED CLAUS' (PG, 1:47) A tacky would-be comedy about family dysfunction that fronts some Scrooge attitude only to dissolve into slobbering sentimentality and canned uplift. Vince Vaughn plays naughty Fred opposite Paul Giamatti, who plays nice as Nicholas. (Dargis) 'GONE BABY GONE' (R, 1:54) For his directing debut, Ben Affleck has done right by Dennis Lehane's novel and created a satisfyingly tough look into conscience, to those dark places where some men go astray. The generally exceptional actors -- notably the director's star and baby brother, Casey Affleck, and a sensational Amy Ryan -- play it hard and keep it real. (Dargis)

'HOLLY' (R, 1:53, in English, Khmer and Vietnamese) Shot on location in the brothels and alleys of Phnom Penh, this documentary-fiction hybrid follows a numb American expat (Ron Livingston) improbably obsessed with rescuing a 12-year-old Vietnamese virgin from the clutches of sex traffickers. Despite a grubby authenticity, the film's clumsy cross-pollination of drama and philanthropy makes for slack plotting and a monotonous tone. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'HOW TO COOK YOUR LIFE' (PG-13, 1:33) A jaunty mix of chanting, baking and spiritual uplift, Doris Dorrie's chipper documentary introduces us to the cooking classes of Edward Espe Brown, a twinkling Zen priest. Neither smug nor saintly, Mr. Brown is a man humbled by unruly emotions, whose road to enlightenment seems as rocky as our own. (Catsoulis)

'INTO THE WILD' (R, 2:20) In his adaptation of Jon Krakauer's best seller, Sean Penn explores the life and death of Christopher McCandless, a young wanderer who perished in the Alaskan wilderness in 1992. The story is sad, but there is something almost exuberant in Mr. Penn's embrace of it -- and in Emile Hirsch's brilliant performance as McCandless. Rarely has the radical, romantic American attachment to the wilderness been explored with such sympathy and passion. (Scott)

'JOE STRUMMER: THE FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN' (No rating, 2:04) The life of the Clash frontman, told through a montage of clips and reminiscences that add up to something far richer and more moving than the usual rock-star documentary. (Scott)'LARS AND THE REAL GIRL' (PG-13, 1:46) Part comedy, part tragedy and 100 percent pure calculation. Ryan Gosling stars as a sensitive loner who finds redemption by way of a sex doll and the magnanimity of his small town. (Dargis)

'LIONS FOR LAMBS' (R, 1:28) Career Politicians, the Fourth Estate and Disaffected Youth all earn a stern knuckle rapping in this big-screen lecture about civic responsibility and its absence in the Age of Iraq. Robert Redford directs and acts (and lectures), and the odd-couple Meryl Streep and Tom Cruise provide some sparks. (Dargis)

'LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA' (R, 2:00) This picturesque screen adaptation of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's masterpiece is faithful to the outlines of the novel. But without Mr. Marquez's heady narrative voice, it is a weightless, episodic gloss.

(Holden)

'LUST, CAUTION' (NC-17, 2:38, in Mandarin) A sleepy, musty period drama about wartime maneuvers and bedroom calisthenics that makes poor use of the otherwise solid director Ang Lee and the great Hong Kong actor Tony Leung Chiu-Wai. The movie's explicit sex scenes earned it an NC-17, but put me in mind of high school geometry rather than the Kama Sutra. (Dargis)

'MARGOT AT THE WEDDING' (R, 1:32) Family warfare from Noah Baumbach (''The Squid and the Whale''), with Nicole Kidman and Jennifer Jason Leigh (both scary and excellent) as bickering sisters. The film is unsparing, often funny, but Mr. Baumbach finally loses control of his characters, and the audience is likely to lose patience with them. (Scott)

'MICHAEL CLAYTON' (R, 1:59) A slow-to-boil requiem for American decency from the writer and director Tony Gilroy in which George Clooney, the ultimate in luxury brands and playboy of the Western world, raises the sword in the name of truth and justice and good. Well, someone's got to do it. (Dargis)

'MONIKA' (No rating, 1:36, in Swedish) A story of young passion and the autumn that inevitably follows in its wake from the 34-year-old Ingmar Bergman. A revelatory Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg star as the teenage couple who fall in love, run away and fall hard to earth. Shot in 1952, thefilm shows a director in absolute control of his medium and its singular expressivity. See it now, see it again. (Dargis)

'MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM' (G, 1:33) Dustin Hoffman is the goofball proprietor of a magic toy store in this family comedy, whose ingenious concept is executed erratically. (Holden)

'NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN' (R, 2:02) Mean, violent and impeccable, Joel and Ethan Coen's adaptation of a pulpy, compact novel by Cormac McCarthy lives and breathes in the central performances of Tommy Lee Jones, Josh Brolin and Javier Bardem, who chase one another, $2 million and metaphysical truth through the Texas back country. (Scott)

'NOTE BY NOTE: THE MAKING OF STEINWAY L1037' (No rating, 1:21) A de facto infomercial for Steinway pianos, this movie follows the assembly of a nine-foot concert grand from the forest to the concert stage. (Holden)

'P2' (R, 1:38) Bloody but not punishingly so, ''P2'' is a swift and stealthy exploitation of one of the urban woman's greatest fears: the after-hours parking garage. Throw in a car that won't start, a creepy security guard and a filmmaking team with perfect synchronicity, and the result is a minimalist nightmare. (Catsoulis) 'REDACTED' (R, 1:30) Brian De Palma's Iraq war movie, based on a real atrocity committed by American servicemen, is angry and confrontational but also muddled and unpersuasive, an odd amalgam of didactic staginess and raw naturalism. (Scott)

'ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES' (R, 1:55) There is more raw vitality pumping through John Turturro's song-and-dance ode to the sensual pulse of life in a Queens ***working-class*** neighborhood than in a dozen perky high school musicals. This is a movie in which a dirty mind is a good thing. Call it ''The Singing Id.''

(Holden)

'SAAWARIYA' (PG, 2:46, in Hindi) Dostoevsky's ''White Nights,'' done up, more or less, in full Bollywood style, with singing, swooning and spectacular sets. (Scott)

'SAW IV' (R, 1:48) This third sequel in the torture-themed franchise is bloody proof that Jigsaw (Tobin Bell) may be dead, but his well of corporeal abuses has yet to run dry. When his flayed stomach coughs up his trademark, tape-recorded guide to dank dungeons filled with elaborately trussed victims, law enforcement is as ineffective as ever in halting the carnage. (Catsoulis)

'SOUTHLAND TALES' (R, 2:24) Richard Kelly's funny, audacious, messy and feverishly inspired future-shock look at America and its discontents opens with the very biggest of bangs: a nuclear attack on Texas. World War III ensues, but happily Dwayne Johnson, Sarah Michelle Geller, Justin Timberlake, Seann William Scott and a crew of professional wisenheimers are here to help. (Dargis)

\* 'STEAL A PENCIL FOR ME' (No rating, 1:34, in English and Dutch) This documentary recounts the Holocaust survivor Jack Polak's stint in Nazi camps -- first in a work-transit camp outside the Dutch village of Westerbork, then in Bergen-Belsen -- alongside Manja Polak, the wife he hoped to divorce after the war, and Ina Soep, the girlfriend he adored. The movie is distinguished by its recognition that epic horrors don't erase private dramas. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

'SUMMER LOVE' (No rating, 1:33) The artist Piotr Uklanski's conceptual nudge in the ribs has been called the first Polish western, though it's really more of a deconstructed art western. The film relocates the classic American film from its familiar physical coordinates -- the open range, a Hollywood back lot -- to a near-abstract space where the genre codes roam, as free as the buffalo. (Dargis)

'2 DAYS IN PARIS' (R, 1:36, in English and French) As Julie Delpy's romantic comedy pores over the troubled two-year relationship of a young couple visiting Paris, more specific information is revealed about their habits, tastes, personality traits and emotional and sexual chemistry than in almost any other film about a relationship. Playing the lovers, Ms. Delpy and Adam Goldberg suggest Woody Allen and Diane Keaton without shtick. (Holden)

'TYLER PERRY'S WHY DID I GET MARRIED?' (PG-13, 1:58) Set in a Rocky Mountain resort, Tyler Perry's fourth feature shows him at his most restrained and mainstream-accessible. As four couples meet for a therapeutic vacation, the usual secrets are revealed and sermons delivered; yet though every action is telegraphed, -- as are the moral lessons -- the absence of Mr. Perry's monstrous alter ego, the matriarch Madea, allows him to explore a less cartoonish universe. (Catsoulis)

'WHAT WOULD JESUS BUY?' (No rating, 1:30) A fast and funny documentary that takes us on a cross-country tour with the performance artist and mock evangelist Reverend Billy; Savitri D, his wife and organizer of his Church of Stop Shopping; and the church's gospel choir as they fight against what the preacher calls the ''shopocalypse,'' the buying frenzy Americans indulge in every holiday season. (Laura Kern)

'WRISTCUTTERS: A LOVE STORY' (R, 1:28) An odd and jaunty ride through a curious underworld reserved for suicides. (Scott)

Film Series

JAVIER BARDEM (Today through Monday) A tribute to this gifted Spanish actor, to be honored this year at the Independent Film Project's Gotham Awards. Films to be shown include John Malkovich's ''Dancer Upstairs'' (2002), Pedro Almodovar's ''Live Flesh'' (1997), Fernando Leon de Aranoa's ''Mondays in the Sun'' (2002) and Julian Schnabel's ''Before Night Falls.'' Mr. Schnabel will moderate a question-and-answer session with Mr. Bardem in conjunction with the screening of ''Before Night Falls'' on Monday. BAMcinematek, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

'CHALANGGAI' (Today and tomorrow) The continuing series of recent films from Asia presented by Asian CineVision at the Museum of Modern Art includes this 2006 feature from Malaysia, directed by Deepak Kumaran Menon. The setting is the suburban fringe of Kuala Lumpur, where development threatens to displace a Tamil family. Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

FREEWHEELIN' AT THE FILM SOCIETY (Today through Monday) The return of two popular music documentaries featured in the New York Film Festival. Ahmed El Maanouni's 1981 ''Transes'' focuses on the North African band Nass El Ghiwane, which draws on traditional Moroccan music; in the 2007 film ''The Other Side of the Mirror: Bob Dylan Live at the Newport Folk Festival, 1963-1965,'' the filmmaker Murray Lerner returns to footage of Mr. Dylan that he shot in the early '60s, the period that marked the emergence of Mr. Dylan's more moodily poetic side. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, wfilmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

'THE IRON HORSE' (Tuesday) John Ford's first epic western, released in 1924, dramatizes the story of the construction of the first transcontinental railroad through the figure of a Pony Express rider (George O'Brien, the first star created by Ford) who knows of a pass that will shorten the route by a crucial 200 miles -- though it will mean bypassing the property of a politically connected land baron. This is a new 35-millimeter print restored by 20th Century Fox for its forthcoming ''Ford at Fox'' DVD set and features a new score by Christopher Caliendo. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

'YI YI' (Wednesday and Thursday) This swirling portrait of an extended Taipei family -- afflicted by business woes, catastrophic illness and preparations for a wedding -- was perhaps the most popular film of the pioneering Taiwanese filmmaker Edward Yang, a master of long takes, whose death in July deprived the Asian cinema of one of its greatest talents. Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

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

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**End of Document**



[***AT LUNCH WITH/John Updike;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5DY0-0005-G28W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***On Reading, Writing And Rabbit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5DY0-0005-G28W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN

By CLYDE HABERMAN

**Body**

HOW clever of Alfred A. Knopf to have put his publishing house not far from the spot where a gastronomic shrine would one day rise. Because of his foresight, John Updike, decades later, had to walk only a few steps to reach Lutece.

The people at Knopf had sent their prized author off to the restaurant, on East 50th Street, not only to make sure that he had a good meal but also to provide a reasonably quiet place for him to hold forth on life, food, writing, religion -- whatever -- and maybe, while he was at it, to chat up his latest novel, "In the Beauty of the Lilies," a sweeping tale of 20th-century America.

"The old editors at Knopf loved Lutece," Mr. Updike said as the waiter served coffee, for him decaffeinated. "There was sort of a symbiosis between the Knopf editorial board and Lutece." Then he lowered his voice just enough to lend the table, briefly, the air of a confessional. "I've never felt comfortable in here," he allowed. "I feel gourmet food is sort of wasted on me."

A sandwich and a glass of cranberry juice will do for lunch when he is at home, on 11 isolated acres in Beverly Farms, Mass., about 25 miles north of Boston. At this point, Mr. Updike said, he has to watch his waistline almost as much as his language.

"There's no disguising the fact that a writer's life is a sedentary one and prone to incessant snacking if you work at home," he said. "The little break of going down to get another oatmeal cookie is almost irresistible. So I try to make up for the cookies by not eating much at lunch."

Even when he was a boy in Shillington, Pa., outside the ***working-class*** town of Reading, literature and food converged. "I was a great peanut-butter lover from childhood on," he recalled. "The way I used to read was, we had an old sofa in the house, and I'd make a sandwich consisting of peanut butter and raisins. You'd eat one of those while you read John Dickson Carr or some other mystery writer, or James Thurber or Robert Benchley. In that way, many a happy afternoon went by."

But that was then. Fast-forwarding, Mr. Updike said: "It's no joke when you're 63 going on 64. What you eat begins to catch up to you."

Let it be noted that he held up fine under the gustatory strain of Lutece, polishing off a serving of grouper after a cup of pumpkin soup and a puff pastry of sweetbreads and spinach. He did draw the line at dessert.

Approaching the doorstep of his winter years, John Updike looks in person as he has for so long in photographs -- tall and lean, with that familiar shock of white hair, thick eyebrows and cheeks that fold back from a dominant nose, making his face resemble a ship's prow. Thanks to regular workouts on a treadmill and persistent attempts, not successful of late, to get his golf handicap below 18, his health is good, he said. On this February afternoon, though, he showed up for lunch with a Band-Aid on the back of his right hand.

A cut?

No, a doctor had just removed a small cancerous lesion.

That sounds worrisome.

Not really, Mr. Updike said, waving off concern with the damaged hand.

"I have a lot of skin cancers," he said. "I happen to have a condition called psoriasis. Wish I didn't, but I've had it since I was quite small. The only way to cure it was to go to the sun. So I moved to a town with a beach, and I used to go to the Caribbean once a winter -- lie there and roast myself. Now it's all showing up in the form of skin cancers.

"But they cut them out with great aplomb, and there's always a little bit of me left."

There is certainly more than enough of Mr. Updike left to keep him a towering figure in American letters, a rich voice heard in an astounding flow -- a torrent, really -- of novels, poetry, short stories, essays and literary criticism. In this young year, he has already appeared repeatedly in The New Yorker, which has published him since shortly after he graduated from Harvard University in 1954. Recent topics were as varied as Lana Turner and paranoid modern packaging that makes it almost impossible to get at the aspirin or the salted peanuts.

And there's the new novel, his 17th, which marches across this American century through the lives of four generations of a middle-class Protestant family -- home territory for Mr. Updike. Its florid title, a stylistic departure from the punchiness favored in his other books, is borrowed from a stanza of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic":

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!

While God is marching on.

"In the Beauty of the Lilies," Michiko Kakutani wrote in a New York Times review, "is not only Mr. Updike's most ambitious novel to date but arguably his finest: a big, generous book, narrated with Godlike omniscience and authority and populated by a wonderfully vivid cast of dreamers, wimps, social climbers, crackpots and lost souls."

Truth be told, not every critic has been so enthralled. Then again, Updike works have taken it on the chin at times almost from the start, with Knopf's publication of "The Poorhouse Fair" in 1959 and then, a year later, "Rabbit, Run," whose hero continued his run for three more novels, until laid to rest in 1990. "Without Rabbit, I would be a very obscure author indeed," Mr. Updike said. "If you look at the literary prizes I've won, they've almost all been given to Rabbit books."

When it comes to less-than-favorable reviews, Mr. Updike shrugs.

"What can you do?" he said. "A lot depends on what the guy had for dinner and all sorts of irrational factors. I became a reviewer in part to assuage my sense of indignation about some of the reviews I've got, so that I would sort of show what a fair review should be."

In the new novel, movies and religion intertwine. It is the celluloid image that holds the modern promise of eternal life. Movie houses and their flickering light shape communal values as powerfully as churches.

"The movie theater and the church often existed side by side in small towns," Mr. Updike said, harking back to his boyhood, in pre-television days, when he distributed fliers for the Shillington movie house in return for free passes. "The old Hollywood movies were very pious in a way. The general sense was of a moral code that was enforced as you watched. Sins were punished almost in exact proportion to their seriousness, and virtue was rewarded with happy endings. In many ways, the movies carried religious weight."

He admits to having long had a crush on -- are you ready? -- Doris Day ("There it is -- out in the open!") and to wishing he had Errol Flynn's "masculine grace" (alas, "no Errol Flynn, I"). So strong were screen influences that, as a teen-ager in the 1940's, he entertained the idea of becoming a Walt Disney animator.

How different that era was from these days of the little screen.

"I don't like videos," Mr. Updike said dismissively. "There's something squalid about a video store. The people look furtive, like drug addicts, as they take them out in stacks of four and five. It's like people who drink alone. It's one thing to drink at a party, another thing to drink alone. One thing to go to an assembly hall and watch big illusions, another thing to take them home in a little can. It seems not playing the game."

Playing the game in modern publishing means, even for John Updike, having to take to the road to hawk one's work. As book tours go, this one involved little heavy lifting -- a weeklong venture, spent mostly in the Northeast. Still, it was a far cry from his early years, when he believed that books should sell themselves.

"If I had character, I'm sure I could say no to promotion tours," he said. "Thomas Pynchon says no. The late John Hersey said no. Anonymous says no." But Mr. Updike goes along out of a sense of obligation to Knopf. Occasionally, his journeys take him to college campuses for talks about writing, but that's only "when I'm cornered."

"I'm not really a good teacher because I don't really want to encourage younger writers," he said. "Keep them down and out and silent is my motto. Do they talk about encouraging younger actresses? No. You don't want any younger actress to come along and outshine you."

As Mr. Updike sipped his coffee, other Lutece customers walked by his table and, matter-of-factly, glanced his way. No offense, but here was a literary giant, and the well heeled, and now well fed, showed no obvious signs of recognition.

"That's good," he said. "You don't want to be a celebrity. It cuts your privacy, doesn't it? And a writer needs some sense of blending in and being a witness. The sad truth of it is that the writing game is low on the celebrity totem pole."

Oh yeah? What about the hot publishing figure of the moment, Joan Collins?

Mr. Updike laughed. "The newly famous writer," he said. "Well, I guess she showed Random House a thing or two. In a way, it serves them right. It illustrates the folly of greedy contract-making on both sides."

Postcoffee, the conversation drifted, but it made its way back to his new novel and its theological cast just as the waiter brought the check. It was good timing. Picking up the bill at Lutece is enough to make anyone get religion.

Yes, Mr. Updike is a believing Christian. "I've been lucky, really," he said. "It would be unkind of me not to be somewhat religious. It would be ungrateful."

**Graphic**

Photo: John Updike (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)

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[***Louisiana Puts Ex-Klan Leader In Runoff Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XK30-000D-G4WS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** David Duke

By ROBERTO SURO,

By ROBERTO SURO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 20

**Body**

State Representative David Duke, a former grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, won a spot in the runoff election for governor of Louisiana on Saturday, but Republican officials in Washington disavowed him today as a racist who would win no support from the national party.

Mr. Duke finished second in the open primary on Saturday and today promoted himself as a new leader of the Republican Party's conservative mainstream. He will face Edwin W. Edwards, a former three-term Governor who is a Democrat, in a runoff election on Nov. 16.

Thanking the Rank and File

Gov. Buddy Roemer, who was elected four years ago as a Democrat and who became a Republican in March, finished third in the primary, despite the public backing of President Bush and the national Republican Party. The state party, however, backed Representative Clyde C. Holloway.

In unofficial returns with all but two of 3,927 precincts reporting, Mr. Edwards led the 12-candidate field with 516,119 votes, or 34 percent; Mr. Duke had 484,923, or 32 percent; Mr. Roemer had 408,904, or 27 percent, and Mr. Holloway had 82,785, or 5 percent, The Associated Press reported.

"The rank-and-file Republicans of this state voted for me, and the rank-and-file Republicans in this country believe the way I believe," Mr. Duke said at a news conference today.

"I think I offer a tremendous opportunity for the Republican Party," he said. "I am the first Republican candidate that actually bridges the gap between fiscal conservatives and labor."

John H. Sununu, the White House chief of staff, was among several Republican leaders in Washington who tried to distance themselves from Mr. Duke today. "The President is absolutely opposed to the kind of racist statements that have come out of David Duke now and in the past," Mr. Sununu said on the ABC News program "This Week."

Mary Matalin, the chief of staff of the Republican National Committee, said when asked in an interview if Mr. Duke would receive any assistance from the party, "unequivocally, it is not possible." She added: "He is not a Republican. We never considered him a Republican. There will be no involvement in his campaign whatsoever."

The results of Saturday's voting represented a major setback for the Republican Party in its highly publicized effort to make inroads in this historically Democratic state.

Bush's Help Didn't

Mr. Roemer was defeated after a switch to the Republican Party last spring that was partially engineered by Mr. Sununu. He lost despite the fact that his campaign was managed by professional Republican organizers dispatched from Washington. Even personal appearances by both President Bush and Vice President Dan Quayle did not hand Mr. Roemer the Republicans' core vote in Louisiana.

It was Mr. Duke who amassed much of the vote in Republican strongholds like the lakeside suburbs of New Orleans and in Mr. Roemer's home territory in northwest Louisiana.

According to Louisiana law all candidates regardless of party affiliation appear on the same ballot in an open primary, and if none win a majority of the vote the top two candidates face each other in a runoff.

Mr. Edwards, a flamboyant Cajun who has been a towering presence in Louisiana politics for 25 years, won with heavy support from black voters in what proved to be a tight, highly polarized election.

Defeated by Mr. Roemer in the 1987 election amid accusations of corruption, Mr. Edwards, 64 years old, hammered at what he called Mr. Roemer's unfulfilled promises from that campaign. Calling Mr. Roemer "pompous and preachy," Mr. Edwards depicted the incumbent as an ineffective leader who had failed to enact much of his own agenda.

A Harvard-educated technocrat, Mr. Roemer, 48, focused much of his campaign effort on promoting his education policies. However, his most recent initiative in that field was a new teacher evaluation system that produced a bitter conflict with the Legislature and the teachers' unions. As with his efforts on the environment and tax reform, Mr. Roemer had a hard time pointing at obvious accomplishments.

Mr. Roemer lost the election in the state's major metropolitan areas, where he ran more poorly than expected, ceding the votes of many affluent, well-educated whites to Mr. Duke.

Veiled References to Race

While proclaiming that a religious conversion had led him from the hate-filled beliefs of his youth, Mr. Duke, 41, waged a campaign that played on the economic fears and racial biases of white ***working class*** voters.

Although he rarely made explicit references to race, Mr. Duke used thinly veiled racial code words to make blacks his scapegoats, for example promising to cut the costs of social services by reducing "the illegitimate welfare birthrate." Yet, Mr. Duke also echoed positions taken by President Bush and other Republican leaders when he vowed not to raise taxes and labeled racial hiring quotas as unfair to qualified whites.

Although he has repeatedly been disavowed by both the state and the national Republican Party organizations since he marched onto the political stage two years ago, Mr. Duke told a victory rally early this morning, "We are Republicans, and we are committed to equal rights."

His supporters serenaded him with rousing renditions of "Dixie" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Pronouncing himself unconcerned that national Republican leaders would deny him assistance in the runoff campaign, Mr. Duke said, "I don't think they have helped any Republicans by getting involved so far."

Mr. Duke's involvement with the Klan dates back to his teen-age years. He reached the rank of grand wizard before quitting in 1980. In the 1970's he openly espoused Nazism.

A Yeltsin? 'I Like That'

Now that he is seeking an electoral platform for his views, Mr. Duke's attempt to portray himself as a mainstream Republican serves several political purposes, said Ed Renwick, a professor of political science at Loyola University in New Orleans.

"First of all, Duke clearly wants to set himself up as a national figure and may be thinking about entering the Presidential primaries or something like that," Mr. Renwick said. "Also, he is trying to get respectability by putting on the clothes of a Republican candidate as opposed to the wardrobe of his unsavory past."

In this campaign Mr. Duke repeatedly touted himself as the leader of a new conservative political movement. "What we are doing down here in Louisiana is going to have a lot of impact all over the United States of America," he said at his news conference today. "I think the working people of this country are ready for a real change in government."

He said he saw this movement extending across the world, with him as a leader. "One person described me as the Boris Yeltsin of American politics," he said. "I like that."

Two Checkered Pasts

In his concession speech early this morning, Mr. Roemer spoke of Mr. Duke's appeal to voters without ever identifying his opponent by name. "I would not discount this state," he said. "There is a lot of anger and anxiety in America. It is something that must be dealt with, and politicians have to do a better job of that."

James Brady, chairman of the Louisiana Democratic Party, said today: "There is no doubt that people, particularly middle class whites, are frustrated with government in general. They don't see government as on their side. I think Duke capitalized on that, promoting every buzzword available."

Mr. Duke and Mr. Edwards had a chance encounter at the Louisiana Superdome today, where the New Orleans Saints were playing football. The two candidates were smiling and cordial with each other despite the fact that they represent radically different political views and constituencies.

Indeed, since the primary results put them in the runoff against each other both have repeatedly stated that they will refrain from personal attacks based on their pasts.

While Mr. Duke is trying to shed his Klansman's image, Mr. Edwards is trying to bury his image as a rapscallion figure who was a habitual Las Vegas gambler and who was twice tried, but never convicted, on Federal corruption charges in the 1980's.

Mr. Edwards said today, "I want it well understood that I will not run any kind of negative campaign. It is useless to dwell in the past."

But there is a fundamental difference between the two candidates that may affect how their pasts play out in the campaign. Mr. Edwards has held high elected office in this state many times, and many times the voters have overlooked the more rakish aspects of his character. Mr. Duke is now for the first time seriously contesting a position of major responsibility.

"Duke has been an easy protest vote so far," Mr. Renwick said. "But this time voting for Duke can't just be a protest. It will be a vote to make him governor of the state and to give him all the executive power of that office."

**Graphic**

Photos: State Representative David Duke after winning a spot in Louisiana's runoff for governor. (Associated Press) (pg. A1); Edwin W. Edwards, the former governor of Louisiana, will face State Representative David Duke in a runoff election for governor on Nov. 16. Mr. Edwards attended the football game between the Saints and Tampa Bay Buccaneers yesterday at the New Orleans Superdome. (Tomas Muscionicu/Contact) (pg. A13)

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[***Pennsylvania Senate Race Kicks Off, Presaging '92 Presidential Campaign***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YG10-000D-G4JV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHEL MARRIOTT,

By MICHEL MARRIOTT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29

**Body**

The only United States Senate campaign in the nation was joined today, with Dick Thornburgh and Harris Wofford trying out ideas and themes that both parties hope will enable them to gain ground in the 1992 Presidential election year.

Mr. Thornburgh, the former two-term governor, resigned two weeks ago as United States Attorney General and officially began his campaign today before jubilant supporters in a downtown hotel. Demonstrators delayed the rally for more than 30 minutes, protesting positions by Mr. Thornburgh that they said limited access to abortions and discouraged AIDS research and treatment. .

The Republican candidate, in what some political strategists said was a test marketing of themes for President Bush's re-election campaign next year, emphasized the positive, promising to fight for jobs, economic growth, good government and stronger efforts to combat crime and violence in the streets. But in an interview and other appearances, he honed another familiar Republican tactic -- criticism of his opponent as a "60's liberal" and a "tax-and-spend Democrat."

Battle on Domestic Issues

Mr. Wofford, named to the Pennsylvania Senate seat by Gov. Robert P. Casey after a midair plane crash killed Senator John Heinz in April, appears to revel in Mr. Thornburgh's call to compare the two men. A former adviser to President John F. Kennedy and former Pennsylvania State Secretary of Labor and Industry, Mr. Wofford is trying to forge a reputation as the candidate who is more moderate on abortion and better equipped to do battle on the domestic issues that matter to Pennsylvania voters: the creation of national health insurance, help to middle-class families sending their children to college, and more jobs.

Mr. Wofford, who has never held elective office, has sounded the charge of Democrat-as-crusading-outsider railing against more than a decade of Republican domination of the White House.

Borrowing from Thornburgh campaign rhetoric, Mr. Wofford said his opponent has, indeed, walked the corridors of power and knows Washington inside out. But Mr. Wofford said he prefers to "clean up the corridors of power and turn Washington upside down."

Yet, some political strategists said they believed Mr. Wofford, like any outsider, particularly one who is relatively unknown, was vulnerable to being defined by the more widely known opponent, particularly in the short time before the Nov. 5 election.

'A Big Problem'

"He has a big problem if the Thornburgh campaign is successful in defining him as a liberal and precluding him from defining himself in another way," said Michael L. Young, a professor of politics at Pennsylvania State University. Dr. Young said that he has been impressed with Mr. Wofford so far. Dr. Young said Mr. Wofford has tried to characterize himself not as a traditional liberal, but as a "practical politician, as a progressive Democrat."

Michael S. Dukakis, Dr. Young said, was not able to do this against the Republicans in 1988. He warned that Mr. Thornburgh's advisers would certainly try to "Dukakisize" Mr. Wofford in the weeks to come.

It will probably be the Democrats, said Dr. Young, who will use the Senate race to fashion new ideas and themes for the forthcoming general election next year. "That is the area the Democrats need the most work on right now," he said. "Wofford is calling himself a progressive Democrat," he said, adding that the candidate will need to define the phrase for voters.

"We'll find out what that is in this race and how it works to convey an understanding of ***working-class*** and middle-class values and concerns," Dr. Young said.

Both parties want control of Congress, and Pennsylvania may point the way to accomplish that. So the campaign that will be the state's shortest may also prove to be one of its most aggressive.

Mr. Thornburgh has hired the firm of Roger Ailes as his media adviser, and Mr. Wofford has turned to James Carville to head his campaign. The two strategists are known to hammer out tough campaigns.

Chris Bravacos, the political director for the state Republican committee in Harrisburg, sees the Democrats preparing to turn the campaign personal and negative.

Mr. Bravacos said he had already heard "personal things" about Mr. Thornburgh injected into the campaign. Mr. Thornburgh, in an interview this week, referred to Mr. Carville as someone who has shown himself to be a "pretty nasty guy over the years." Neither Mr. Bravacos nor Mr. Thornburgh elaborated on these statements.

Paul Begala, Mr. Wofford's campaign manager and a partner with Mr. Carville, said he understood Mr. Thornburgh's apprehension.

"There is a reason for the little beads of sweat on Thornburgh's brow," Mr. Begala said this week. "It is because of his record."

Earlier this week in Pittsburgh, Mr. Thornburgh, who is 59 years old, appeared relaxed.

Almost soft-spoken, he sat behind his desk in his law office, which overlooks downtown Pittsburgh, and explained how he viewed his campaign.

He said he believed that he would greatly benefit from his close association with President Bush. He indicated that he was hoping to increase his political profits in two scheduled campaign appearances with Mr. Bush next month and in early October.

Framed Photograph

A framed photograph of Mr. Thornburgh and his family standing with Presidents Ronald Reagan and Bush is displayed on a table behind his desk.

Moreover, Mr. Thornburgh and his campaign advisers have also been quick to start defining Mr. Wofford as a fiscal clone of Governor Casey, a "tax and spend" Democrat who has never held elected office. At the same time, Mr. Thornburgh has tried to remind voters of his record in the Governor's mansion, one in which he said he lowered taxes and attracted jobs to the state.

After referring to Mr. Wofford as someone whose political era has passed by, Mr. Thornburgh said that his opponent was badly out of touch with what state's voters want.

"The tax and spend policies that he appears to have supported in Gov. Casey's Administration don't resonate with Pennsylvanians," he said of Mr. Wofford. "I think that they much more find their comfort level with the kind of tax cutting and good management that I carried out when I was Governor."

But Mr. Wofford, at his news conference in his campaign office here, called the linkage to Governor Casey's tax policies silly. It is Republican policies in Washington, he said, that have increased the fiscal burdens on every state, county and city.

On the campaign trial, Mr. Thornburgh seldom mentions his opponent, who has, according to recent polls, less than a fourth of the Republican candidate's name recognition. He prefers to listen, wave, smile and shake hands on the stump.

"If you rest on your oars, you are dead in the water," he said after a morning tour of the construction site of a new airport complex in Pittsburgh. "You've got to keep the momentum going."

Raising Money

Mr. Wofford has kept a conspicuously low profile for the last two weeks. His son and spokesman, David Wofford, said the Democratic candidate has been holding a series of private meetings and raising money for the campaign.

Mr. Begala said the Wofford campaign would follow a two-prong attack: "raise money and raise hell." The campaign is in the first stage, soon to turn to the latter, he explained.

Today, hours after Mr. Thornburgh issued his widely anticipated announcement speech here, Mr. Wofford held a news conference to respond to reporters questions about the race.

Noting that the Senate race is the only one in the nation, Mr. Wofford, who is 65, said "we have a chance to send a wake-up call to Washington, a message that we want change and that's the choice."

Standing before a single microphone in a neck tie and shirt sleeves, Mr. Wofford, who was a founder of the Peace Corps, a colleague of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and president of a public and private college, said he intended to "roll all his strength into one ball and throw it out in a way I think the country will respond to."

One of those ideas, he said, will be a middle-income tax cut.

"I'm the only candidate in this race who has never raised taxes," he said, adding that he has paid a lot of taxes.

Mr. Wofford, when told about the demonstration that delayed his opponent's rally, said he believed everyone should have an opportunity to speak. He said he wanted Mr. Thornburgh to be heard because he "has tested issues I want to contest."

The protest was staged by about 25 members of AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power, more widely known as ACT-Up, and the National Organization for Women.

**Graphic**

Photos: Former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh, with his wife, Ginny, in Philadelphia after kicking off his campaign as the Republican Party candidate from Pennsylvania for the United States Senate.; Senator Harris Wofford at a news conference in Philadelphia yesterday where he welcomed the challenge by Mr. Thornburgh for the United States Senate seat that had been held by John Heinz. (Photographs by the Associated Press)

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[***ART VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XDD0-000D-G1B2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Seurat: The Enigma Behind the Luster***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XDD0-000D-G1B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Georges Seurat

BY MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

BY MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

A century after his death from diphtheria at the age of 31, Georges Seurat remains a mystery. In his personal affairs he was so intensely private that even his closest friends were surprised to discover when he died that he had had a child by a mistress, Madeleine Knoblock. The paintings and drawings he left behind in the so-called scientific style of brilliantly colored dots and dashes proved perplexing to mainstream French audiences and his death went largely unnoticed in the press, his works fetched only a few hundred francs, and it took until this year for his native city of Paris to honor him with the sort of major retrospective he deserves.

That exhibition has now arrived at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it opens in a revised form to the public on Tuesday, after a dozen days of members' previews. It is nothing short of ravishing, a provocative, thoughtful show, far more coherently and elegantly displayed than it was in the difficult spaces of the Grand Palais. It remains on view through Jan. 12.

From the early rooms of drawings -- which Seurat's friend and colleague Paul Signac may have been right to call "the most beautiful painters' drawings in existence" -- to the last gallery, in which hang two of the artist's late, great pictures, "Cirque" and "Parade de Cirque," the exhibition lays out the full scope and significance of what Seurat achieved during his brief career. The popular misconception that he left behind only a small body of work is dispelled once and for all by this selection of more than 200 of the many hundreds of paintings and drawings he produced during a decade of tireless productivity. After seeing "Seurat," one can readily imagine why even mature artists like Camille Pissarro decided for a time to throw aside what they had done before and follow in the young painter's radical footsteps.

The show is not without gaps, beginning with the absence of the work that established him, right off the bat, at the age of 23, as an artist of immense importance. How extraordinary the experience must have been for the Parisians who first encountered "Une Bai gnade, Asnieres" at the Salon des Independants in the spring of 1884, and no wonder critics had difficulty deciding on how to categorize the painting. In its arrangement of posed, statuesque, almost waxen figures, it recalled the Beaux-Arts tradition, and perhaps looked even further back, as T. J. Clark has suggested, to the work of Poussin. But it also echoed the self-consciously awkward classicism of one of Seurat's contemporary heroes, Puvis de Chavannes.

And yet it was the kind of work that characterized the art of the Impressionists, an image of men bathing at an unfashionable stretch of the Seine in the ***working-class*** area called Asnieres. Seurat monumentalized the everyday and everyday workers, and in so doing also endowed them with a degree of artificiality that seemed a commentary on modern life. Seurat's figures are more archetypes than individuals, isolated from one another even though occupying the same spaces, dignified but in a grave way that speaks to what the Seurat scholar Bernd Growe has called "the pathos of anonymity."

The exhibition includes numerous drawings and painted sketches for "Baignade" documenting the methodical process by which Seurat composed his major works. In an ideal world, the National Gallery in London would have lent the sorely missed "Bai gnade" to the show, just as the Art Institute of Chicago would have lent "La Grande Jatte," the Barnes Foundation near Philadelphia would have lent "Poseuses," and the Kroller-Muller in the Netherlands would have lent "Chahut." But for various legal and conservation reasons, these key paintings were not allowed to travel.

Their absence is made more conspicuous than it was in Paris by the fact that the Metropolitan has hung related drawings and paintings together. By so adroitly clarifying the relationships between preparatory works and final pictures, the museum has, paradoxically, also emphasized the gaps.

Yet the peerless drawings and the revelations in the last galleries of landscapes and other paintings largely make up for the missing works -- which in any case are discussed at length in the 450-page catalogue written principally by Robert Herbert, the American art historian, who has spent decades working on Seurat.

Mr. Herbert has organized the exhibition in collaboration with Francoise Cachin, Signac's granddaughter and the director of the Musee d'Orsay in Paris, Anne Distel of Orsay, and Gary Tinterow and Susan Alyson Stein at the Metropolitan. They have begun with the student drawings of plaster casts and live models, and copies from Old Masters, none of which reveal the style an exquisite touch that characterized the artist's maturity.

One can measure the distance his art traveled from these early works by comparing the tentative 1875 drawing of a sculpture from the Parthenon with the supremely suave and velvety rendition seven years later of the artist Aman-Jean, one of the great portrait drawings of the 19th century.

With his beloved Conte crayon in hand and a sheet of the heavily textured, milky white Michallet paper before him, Seurat brought into being a dark world of dark figures surrounded by eerie halos of light. It is amazing how much detail he conveyed with what seems like the most impalpable of means, and also how much feeling. He could bring to mind Goya's netherworld or Redon's Symbolism or the quotidian views depicted by Millet. He could be amusing, when borrowing a cue from the posters that he so admired and on which he relied heavily, or he could suggest the most private of emotions in a rendition of his mother intently sewing, a work that points the way toward Vuillard.

Throughout the show, even modest drawings rival the paintings. One is among the preliminary sketches for "La Grande Jatte," a rendition of a row of trees so stark and abstract it has something of the effect of a Barnett Newman zip painting. An amusing drawing of a bootblack and his client typifies Seurat's ability to create glyphs that crystallize and make memorable the most mundane transaction. And Seurat's manner of drawing is especially suited to scenes of music halls and concerts, with their abrupt darks and lights, which are dependent on Degas's cropped images and wry juxtapositions.

As with the drawings, the show lays out Seurat's course as a painter, from Beaux-Arts classicism through Barbizon and Impressionism to the technique he formulated, which the critic Feneon termed Neo-Impressionism. He lived in an era "when science seemed to be coming into its own and increasingly impressed wide masses with the unlimited possibilities of its discoveries," the Seurat expert John Rewald has noted, and so it is entirely in keeping that the science of color theory would appeal to him.

But the accusation, made during his lifetime and often repeated since, that Seurat was a technician who arranged colored dots on a canvas is completely discredited by even a perfunctory examination of the paintings in this show. There is nothing whatsoever mechanical about the depiction of the dense greenery that cascades down the hills toward the sea in "Port-en-Bessin" of 1888, or the thick cluster of creamy daubs that constitute a stretch of sand in the 1886 work "L'Hospice et le Phare de Honfleur." It was precisely the variety of Seurat's brushwork that gave his paintings what Meyer Schapiro has called their "vibrancy and soft luster."

Mr. Herbert concludes the catalogue's introduction by describing Seurat as a contradictory figure: "Sophisticated and naive, classical and primitive, conservative and radical, Seurat looked to the past and the future." He was championed by those who became adherents of the anarchist movement in the 1890's, and yet his political sympathies were never clear. He extended the French rationalist tradition going back to Poussin and David, although he doggedly and solemnly insisted that he was an innovator; instead of feeling flattered by the many imitators he inspired, Seurat was famously jealous. "The more numerous we are, the less originality we have," he once said.

Both as artist and friend, he defied simple description. What precisely did he intend by a painting like "Parade de Cirque"? For all its shimmering color and delicacy of tone, this image of entertainers and their audience provokes mostly sadness.

And he composed an unpeopled 1890 view of the channel of Gravelines at evening, one of the show's most poignant and radiant pictures, in such a way that, as with some of Friedrich's seascapes, the two anchors on the quay become metaphors of desolation and loneliness. Seurat went to lengths, in this case and others, to paint bustling harbors as empty, melancholic places. The painter of modern life, the proponent of color theory, was also a romantic. As this exhibition makes abundantly clear, he possessed not the hand of a pedant but the touch of a poet.

**Graphic**

Photos: Seurat's "Parade de Cirque" (1887-88) at the Met--dispelling more than one popular misconception (The Metropolitan Museum of Art) (pg. 1); A Seurat drawing of his mother doing embroidery--private emotions (The Museum of Modern Art/The Metropolitan Museum of Art); Seurat's "Circus"--brilliantly colored dots and dashes that proved perplexing to mainstream French audiences (Musee d'Orsay/The Metropolitan Museum of Art) (pg. 35)

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[***TALKING POLITICS: Bushwick and Williamsburg; In a Poor Hispanic District, Housing Is Voters' Priority***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43PF-R5G0-0109-T2K3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1742 words

**Byline:**  By MIRTA OJITO

**Body**

In just under a decade, Rafael and Milagros Hernandez have found in New York City many of the everyday comforts that eluded them back home in the Dominican Republic: clean water, reliable electricity, steady jobs and, in the last few years, safer streets for their children.

Like many others in the city, Democrats and Republicans alike, the Hernandezes attribute much of their good fortune to the administration of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, who is stepping down Dec. 31 at the end of his second term. Six men -- four Democrats and two Republicans -- are running for the job.

The Hernandezes, who hope to become United States citizens shortly so they can vote this fall, do not know the names of any of the six mayoral candidates or the promises they are making. Yet, after eight years in which their lives have improved -- crime is down, subways are cleaner, the landlord has just renovated their apartment -- the couple expect the next mayor to continue to better their lives.

The question, then, is what do they want the most?

"A three-bedroom apartment," said Mr. Hernandez, 39.

"Cheap," Mrs. Hernandez, 34, chimed in. "Cheaper than this."

The Hernandez family pays $550 for a tiny two-bedroom apartment on Scholes Street, in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Lack of space, for them, means not having a room for their boys, 11, 10 and 3, to play indoors on cold days, a place to put a desk for them to do homework or even to put a table to gather around for family dinner.

In their quest for a bigger and better apartment, the Hernandezes are hardly alone in this ***working-class*** slice of northwest Brooklyn, the area in the shadow of the J, M and Z subway lines in Bushwick and Williamsburg.

In dozens of interviews, residents talked about what they expected from the next mayor. Their biggest concern by far was housing: clean, spacious, cheap homes, free of mice and roaches.

It is a common request in a city where some people live in apartments that elsewhere would be considered oversized closets. But it is a particularly vexing problem for Bushwick and Williamsburg, where 70 percent of the population is Hispanic and many are on public assistance.

"I represent one of the poorest districts in the state," said Assemblyman Vito J. Lopez, whose district, the 53rd, includes Bushwick, Williamsburg and parts of Greenpoint. "Whoever is the next mayor of New York City needs to make a real commitment to delivering services to minorities in poor communities."

A little more than half of the residents in Mr. Lopez's district are registered to vote, but only 29 percent did so in the last mayoral election, compared with 40 percent citywide. Because so many of the potential Hispanic voters there are not registered, the 53rd District is ripe territory to nurture one of the fastest-growing segments of New York City: young Latinos who have inherited no political allegiances from their parents and whose loyalty is up for grabs. Mr. Giuliani did not carry the district in 1997, but it was close. He lost to Ruth Messinger by only 315 votes.

Many longtime residents in the district are Puerto Rican, but those who have arrived in recent years are from all over the Americas, including the Dominican Republic, El Salvador and Mexico. The district is not devoid of diversity: 13 percent of the population is non-Hispanic white, 8 percent is black and 5 percent Asian.

Mr. Lopez, a Democrat, boasts that, on his watch, 1,800 homes and apartments subsidized by the city and state have been built, with 500 more due to be built soon.

"And we can't keep up with the demand," he said.

Just a few years ago, few people wanted to live in the district. Crime was high. Drug dealers were recruiting customers alongside mothers walking their children to school. There were 1,500 abandoned buildings or empty lots in the area, the result of years of arson and looting that began after the citywide blackout in July 1977, Mr. Lopez said. The empty lots were a magnet for youth gangs, drug users and rats.

Today, he said, all but 50 of the lots have given way to new homes. Drugs, though still present, are no longer part of the daily landscape. For the most part, youth gangs have been chased away by aggressive policing. Many Bushwick residents said they were pleased that they knew the name or face of the police officer who patrols their streets every day on foot.

But some residents say they know them too well. Carlos Ramos, 34, was sitting with a friend on the steps of a building on Central Avenue. Asked what he wanted from the next mayor, Mr. Ramos quickly said, "To keep the cops off of us."

Mr. Ramos, who works as the manager of a health club, said the police had stopped him countless times. He was arrested once on trespassing charges, but those were dropped. He believes he is a victim of some sort of profiling. He wears a ponytail, a gold chain around his neck and gold hoops in his ears. He has a tattoo on his beefy left arm.

Echoing the comments of many of his neighbors, Mr. Ramos said he was not sure whom he would vote for this year. That he is Puerto Rican and a Democrat, he said, does not necessarily mean that he would vote for Fernando Ferrer, the Puerto Rican Bronx borough president who, polls show, is a favorite among Hispanics in the city. Some of the candidates have visited churches in Bushwick on Sundays this summer, but Mr. Ramos has neither seen them nor been inspired by their messages.

"I've got to see what they each bring to the table," Mr. Ramos said. "There are too many issues: schools are overcrowded, kids have nothing to do, there are not enough parks for kids to play in. Meanwhile, everybody is trying to make a better life for themselves, and they can't."

Ramon Rodriguez, 65, has lived and worked in a corner building at Broadway and Whipple Street in Williamsburg for 24 years. He runs a bridal shop on the second floor and lives with his son, Raymond, 14, on the third floor.

Mr. Rodriguez, who says he votes in every election, is distraught at the slow pace of progress. "Why don't they give away the old, abandoned buildings?" he asked. "The private sector can create housing for those who need it and we won't have to look at those abandoned lots anymore. Things are better than 10 years ago, yes, but not yet where they should and could be."

The improved neighborhoods and drop in crime have had an unintended effect, Mr. Rodriguez said. In some areas of the district, rents have gone up, forcing out residents whose incomes did not keep pace.

"Those who can, leave the neighborhood," he said. "Those who stay, don't have anything. So we are always dealing with the poorest of the poor."

Vicente Tarrax says he has no choice but to stay in a dilapidated, tiny apartment on Wilson Street in Bushwick. Retired at 65, after 27 years as a seaman, he said he had been unable to get his building's landlord to fix the water leaks that have stained his walls a dull gray and worsened his chronic arthritis. Last winter, the heat was cut off, he said.

In his shirt pocket Mr. Tarrax keeps pictures of his apartment, which he shows to anyone who cares to look at them. He said he had gone to several municipal offices looking for help, but to no avail. Still, Mr. Tarrax said, he likes what Mr. Giuliani has done for the city and for Bushwick.

"They say he has shown excessive force in dealing with the problems of the city, and that the police are out of control," he said. "But I have been to just about every country in the world and I have seen what an out-of-control police can do to its people, and this is not it."

Still, Mr. Tarrax said, he wished he had a better apartment to go home to after his daily game of dominoes and his occasional fishing outings.

"If I had the money, I'd never return to that place," he said.

Carlos Vega, 29, works two jobs as a security guard, in a public hospital and for a private security company. He said he and his wife, who works as a waitress, can hardly make ends meet with two children and a monthly rent of $800 for a two-bedroom apartment on Leonard Street in Williamsburg.

"And we've been told that it's going up to $1,200 at the end of January," Mr. Vega said, pulling family-size cooking-oil containers and liquid laundry detergent from his car. "How can they expect working families to continue to live in these neighborhoods?"

Mr. Vega, who said he disliked Mr. Giuliani for cutting the budgets of the public hospitals, says the mayor has done little for his community. Yes, the streets are cleaner and safer, but in the park where his children play, maintenance workers sweep up dozens of empty crack vials every morning. And his neighborhood fared less well than the rest of the city in the economic boom of the 1990's, he said.

Carmen Rivera, 40, agrees. A lifelong resident of public housing in Williamsburg, Ms. Rivera said she wished she could move out of the project, where she raised two children, now 19 and 16, and is raising a 2-year-old, but she cannot afford it.

"There is more housing, yes, but people can't pay for it," said Ms. Rivera, who works as an after-school-program coordinator in a public school and as a supervisor in a city-financed summer camp.

Ms. Rivera, who says she plans to vote but does not yet know for whom, has other concerns besides housing. She said the state of the public schools sometimes kept her awake at night.

"Teachers have lost all control of the students," she said, as she kept an eye on her charges playing in Lindsay Park, at Leonard and Boerum Streets. "And if you can't control the classroom, you can't teach. It's not like it was when I sent my two oldest to school."

Marlene Burey, 43, a nurse's assistant who just bought her first home in Bushwick, said her main concern was the poor state of the public schools. With four children, all of them still in school, Ms. Burey said she was particularly worried about the quality of the teachers.

"Giuliani didn't do enough for teachers," she said. "They get so little money that the best teachers get discouraged and go elsewhere." She suggested raising teachers' salaries.

Ms. Burey, who was born in Jamaica, plans to vote for the first time in this election, but does not yet know for whom.

Ms. Rivera does not have a favorite either, but may not need to. She has other plans. Asked what the next mayor should do for the schools, Ms. Rivera shrugged and said: "Hopefully, I won't be here to see what the next mayor will do. By the time my son is ready for school, I plan to be in Florida."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Flushing Avenue, left, and Broadway, from a platform of the J and M lines. Residents worry about the schools.; The Hernandezes, who want an apartment with room to do homework and play, are, from left, William, Rafael, Andrew, Raymil and Milagros. (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B6) Chart: "53rd Assembly District"Messinger vote in 1997: 50%Giuliani vote in 1997: 48% 2000Percent Hispanic: 70%Change from 1990: -3% Percent white: 13%Change from 1990: +3% Percent black: 8%Change from 1990: -21% Percent Asian: 5%Change from 1990: +16%(Source: Census Bureau, N.Y.C. Board of Elections)(pg. B6) Map of Brooklyn highlighting 53rd Assembly District. (pg. B6)

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[***Money Gives an Unknown an Introduction***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YDM0-000D-G2D7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

**Series:** Neighborhood Politics: Choosing the Council/An occasional look at the races for New York's new City Council.

**Body**

Buses rumbling through the rundown streets of the Lower East Side have carried bright new advertisements in the last two weeks, urging people to elect Philip K. Howard, who until recently was well known only in a few corporate boardrooms and among the upper-crust civic-minded set who fought big developments uptown.

The bus advertisements are testament to the power of money to create a viable candidate out of a relative unknown in this year's City Council election, in which political strategists say they believe a few hundred votes could swing a race.

Mr. Howard, a corporate lawyer from Gramercy Park who said he decided in early July to run because he was disgusted with the city budget, has in short order become a candidate to be reckoned with, riding a flood of campaign contributions from lawyers and investment bankers who do not live in the neighborhood.

In the last four weeks, Mr. Howard has raised and spent more than $85,000, twice as much as any of his competitors, according to campaign finance documents filed last week. His list of contributors reads like a Who's Who of New York's corporate and legal world, including several close associates of Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and even Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Mr. Howard's impressive fund raising has skewed the race in District 2, a polyglot community which stretches from the luxurious apartment buildings of Gramercy Park and Murray Hill to the projects along the East River where ***working-class*** Hispanic people and Orthodox Jews live. In between is the bubbling caldron of intellectuals, artists, students, anarchists, mainstream liberals and leftists known collectively as the East Village.

Things Change

Only a month ago, Councilwoman Miriam Friedlander, the 77-year-old die-hard leftist who has represented the neighborhood for 18 years, was believed to be facing her most serious challenge from Antonio Pagan, a moderate liberal with strong support from Hispanic voters, building owners and developers.

The other Democrat in the primary race, Hyman Dechter, a conservative criminal lawyer from the Jewish enclave on Grand Street, was considered a long shot.

That was before Mr. Howard, a 43-year-old product of Yale and the University of Virginia Law School, weighed in with a barrage of advertisements on radio and television and three mass mailings. Between Aug. 9 and Aug. 30, he raised $85,430. No other first-time candidate this year has come close to that level, and only a handful of incumbents could claim such large treasuries.

Political strategists say Mr. Howard's spending could seriously test the campaign finance program's ability to limit the influence of money in campaigns. Mr. Howard is not in the program, but Ms. Friedlander and Mr. Pagan are, which means under state law they are eligible to recieve $2 in public money for every dollar they raise.

"The question is, can someone buy an election?" asked Howard Hemsley, Mr. Pagan's campaign manager. "We're at a severe disadvantage."

Among Mr. Howard's contributors are John C. Whitehead, the former deputy secretary of state and co-chairman of Goldman Sachs, and Vincent Tese, the State Commissioner of Economic Development, who donated $5,600, Mr. Howard's largest contribution.

'You Have to Get the Message Out'

"I'm trying to win, and I'm trying to overcome an incumbent's advantage," Mr. Howard said, adding he favors the campaign finance program but entered the race too late to enroll in it. "When you don't have political clubs and the party machinery, you have to get the message out to the voters."

Ms. Friedlander has the recognition that comes only after nearly two decades in office, where she has earned a reputation for taking unwavering liberal stands on rent control, the homeless and women's rights.

"My record is one of activism," she said. "Proportionally I get a very large amount of money for my district."

Although an eloquent naysayer and conscience prodder, Ms. Friedlander is not viewed by City Hall insiders as an adept legislator who can cut deals. Her critics in the community also assert that she has stacked the local community planning board with liberals who resist gentrification by developers and in the process stifle construction.

'She's Done Very Little'

Ms. Friendlander has raised about $55,000 and spent more than $38,000, her campaign manager, Frieda Bradlow, said. She also received $26,253 in public money and stands to get another $13,000 from the Campaign Finance Board.

For Mr. Pagan, Mr. Howard's brimming campaign treasury is a larger threat. With some public financing, he has raised $54,000 and spent $39,000. Even the public matching money Mr. Pagan could receive might not be enough to offset Mr. Howard's advertising blitz, Mr. Pagan said.

Mr. Pagan, a 33-year-old lifetime resident of the neighborhood who heads a nonprofit organization that builds low-income housing, contends the best answer to the Lower East Side's problems is more housing for working- and middle-class people. He accuses Mr. Howard of having no record of service in the district's poor neighborhoods. And he accuses Ms. Friendlander of being an ineffective ideologue who has done little to help the small merchants and property owners whom he calls "the cloth of the society."

"For 18 years, she's done very little for this district," Mr. Pagan said. "All you have to do is walk down our streets. Look at the filth. Look at our buildings. We have vacant buildings, vacant lots. We're talking about effective leadership. Do we need 18 more years of rhetoric?"

Closing Tompkins Square Park

No issue has crystalized the conflict between Mr. Pagan's supporters and Ms. Friedlander's more than the closing of Tompkins Square Park and the eviction of the homeless who lived there. Mr. Pagan spearheaded the efforts to close the park, with an eye toward returning it to the taxpaying residents who live nearby.

Ms. Friedlander called the closing "absolutely outrageous," and accused Mayor David N. Dinkins of pandering to voters while sweeping the ugly problem of homelessness into vacant lots two blocks away. She favors establishing a drop-in center where the homeless could be coaxed into drug rehabilitation and housing programs.

Mr. Howard is running on a broad promise to cut waste, overregulation and inefficiency in the city bureaucracy. Before running for the Council, his main public service came when he headed efforts as a pro bono lawyer to stop the original Columbus Circle and Tudor City Park developments.

"You have to bring government back to the neighborhood level, and in the process of doing it, you also have to cut out 40 years of red tape," he said.

A Tough Race to Call

Mr. Howard's entry into the race has made the contest difficult to handicap. Although Ms. Friedlander is believed to be unbeatable in the left-leaning sections of the East Village, Mr. Howard is expected to do well in Gramercy Park and Murray Hill, an area Ms. Friedlander has never represented.

Mr. Howard could also hurt Mr. Pagan because Mr. Howard has the endorsement of City Council President Andrew J. Stein, who is popular among the 15,000 Orthodox Jews in the Grand Street housing projects. Mr. Pagan was expected to poll well in those projects because Assemblyman Sheldon Silver, a longtime foe of Ms. Friedlander, endorsed him. Mr. Stein's support could swing some Jewish votes to Mr. Howard.

Another unknown is who will win the support of the 14,870 Hispanic voters. Historically, Ms. Friedlander has overwhelmingly carried the Hispanic vote.

But political strategists say Mr. Pagan has managed to make peace among the various Spanish-speaking leaders, uniting them behind his campaign.

"It's a tossup," said one Hispanic strategist. "It's quite possible Pagan and Friedlander will capture their respective communities and this guy Howard could turn around and squeak in. No one community has a majority down there. Half of the district is new even for an incumbent."

**Graphic**

Chart: "The City Council Races: 2d District

THE CANDIDATES

Miriam Friedlander (D), 77 years old, veterna liberal Council member since 1974, graduate of New York University, chairwoman of the Council committe on women, believes biggest problem on Lower East Side is homelessness, strongly opposed closing of Tompkins Square park, favors increasing taxes on one- and two-family homes.

Philip K. Howard (D) 42, corporate lawyer, graduate of Yale and University of Virginia Law School, worked for Sullivan and Cromwell, the Wall Street firm, begore starting his own firm in 1983, worked pro bono to fight the orginal Columbus Circle and Tudor City Park developments, served on Community Board 6, was vice president of the Municipal Arts Society, treasurer of the industrial Development Agency of New York, opposes new taxes, wants to cut bureaucracy.

Antonio Pagan (D), 33, graduat e of University of Puerto Rico, masters from John Jay College of Criminal Justice, director of Coalition Housing Incorporated, a nonprofit group that Builds low- and moderate-income housing, member of Community Board 3, led fight to reform Third Street Men's Shelter to move the homeless out of Tompkins Square Park.

Hyman Dechter (D), 63, criminal lawyer, City College graduate, New York Law School, ran for Assembly in 1965 but lost, a politcal maverick whose base is in the predominantly Jewish Grand Street housing projects, wants to tighten welfare requriements.

FINGER IN THE WIND

Tough to call. Miram Friedlander is still the favorite because she is the incumbent, but much will depend on who can get his or her voters out in the greatest numbers, expecially if the turnout is low. (pg. 28)

Graphs show the breakdown of the population of the 2d District by ethnic groups for total population and for registered voters. (Source: City Districting Commission) (pg. 28)

Map of the 2d District.

**Load-Date:** September 7, 1991

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[***Good People Go Bad in Iowa, And a Drug Is Being Blamed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5JG0-0005-G122-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** NEWTON, Iowa, Feb. 16

**Body**

In this small town surrounded by corn fields, nothing but Sunday morning church bells ever made much noise, and the jail sat three-quarters empty most of the time.

And then about a year or so ago, things started to go haywire.

Crime began to soar, coupled with an outbreak of irrational behavior: a man with a spotless record pulled a string of burglaries; some parents suddenly became so neglectful that their children were taken away; a man fled his workplace to get a gun, terrified that helicopters were coming after him; motorists in routine traffic stops greeted the police with psychotic tirades.

Prosecutors linked all of these cases and many more in this town of 15,000 people to the influx of the drug methamphetamine, and its frequent side-effects of paranoia and violent behavior.

A problem for several years in California and other Southwestern states, the drug is now making its way across America, ruining lives and families along the way and raising the concern of policy makers in Washington.

"Meth seems to have taken control of these people," said Steve Johnson, the prosecutor here in Jasper County, where the 24-bed jail is now overflowing, and 90 percent of the inmates have a problem with the drug. "It's scary stuff. We're pretty frustrated and don't know exactly what to do to get it under control."

The drug, also known as crank or ice, is a stimulant that is swallowed, snorted or injected. It is much cheaper than cocaine, and its high lasts longer, the authorities say. Users may stay awake for several days at a stretch, feeling euphoric and full of energy before finally plunging into terrible depression and paranoia.

"This is the most malignant, addictive drug known to mankind," said Dr. Michael Abrams of Broadlawn Medical Center in Des Moines, where more patients were admitted during the past year for abuse of methamphetamine than for alcoholism. "It is often used by blue-collar workers, who feel under pressure to perform at a fast pace for long periods. And at first, it works. It turns you into wonder person. You can do everything -- for a while."

Crack, wicked as it is, cannot compare to the destructive power of methamphetamine, Dr. Abrams said. He said the drug, because of its molecular structure, is more stimulating to the brain than any other drug.

The effects of cocaine, whether snorted or smoked, might be gone from the brain in 5 or 10 minutes, Dr. Abrams said, while methamphetamine continues to work on receptors in the brain for 8 to 24 hours.

The price of the drug here might be $100 a gram, about the same as that for powdered cocaine, but would last a user for a week while the cocaine would probably be used in a day.

Cocaine, which comes from the coca plant, is a natural substance. Methamphetamine is purely synthetic. "The body has enzymes that break down cocaine," he said, "but not with methamphetamine."

Methamphetamine causes psychotic and violent reactions, he said, because the drug throws out of control the production of the brain chemical dopamine, which plays an important part in movement, thought and emotion, as is the case with schizophrenia. Over time, the drug damages the brain.

"A person addicted to this stuff looks and acts exactly like a paranoid schizophrenic," he said. "You cannot tell any difference."

He said that a crack addict could reach the same point of psychotic behavior but that it would take "much much longer and much more of he drug."

The drug, combined with the effects of sleep deprivation, can cause people to go mad, with ghastly consequences. In a case last July, a man in New Mexico, who was high on methamphetamine and alcohol, beheaded his 14-year-old son and tossed the severed head from his van window onto a busy highway.

The drug has already exacted a big death toll in Western states. In California, it was blamed for more than 400 deaths from overdose and suicide in 1994, the latest year with complete records on the drug. In Phoenix, it killed 122 people in 1994. the authorities said.

Here in Iowa, the ravages of the drug have reached what law-enforcement and health officials call an epidemic level. The police in Des Moines seized $4.5 million worth of methamphetamine in the last year alone.

And for the first time in Polk County, which includes Des Moines, arrests for drugs now surpass the number of arrests for drunken driving. Methamphetamine accounts for 65 percent of the drug arrests.

The drug is often manufactured in makeshift laboratories in rural areas, where the stench given off during its production is more likely to go undetected, and where law-enforcement agencies are more thinly spread.

Drug agents found seven such laboratories in Iowa last year. In the first six weeks of this year, they found five more. One of them, in a house trailer near the small town of Centerville, exploded and burned a man over 40 percent of his body.

The drug is also making its way into schools throughout Iowa, with some ghastly consequences.

One night about a year ago, 17-year-old Travis Swope of Waterloo sat down with his parents, Tim and Keely, and began to tremble. "I'm scared," the boy told them. He said he could not eat or sleep, and that he had been taking a drug called crank.

His parents, who had never heard of the drug, were shocked, but supportive. Mr. Swope, a maintenance worker at the John Deere Company, said his union insurance would cover drug treatment. The next day, however, Travis said he would quit on his own. And his parents believed him.

"I was in denial," Mr. Swope said. "I thought it was something he'd get through."

Travis, who was a first-rate athlete, seemed better for a while. But then he lost weight and looked pale, all the while insisting that he was not using drugs. Then his manner changed.

"He had never been disrespectful to us," his mother said. "But all of a sudden, he'd be like, 'I'll be home when I decide to come home!' That wasn't Travis. It was like he was a different kid."

At the end of September, there was a blow-up with his father, and Travis was told to leave the house.

On Oct. 6, Travis checked into a hospital, feeling as if he had a terrible case of the flu. In fact, the drug had broken down his immune system and he had developed a form of meningitis. Ten days later, he was dead.

"Learn about this drug, and sit down with your sons and daughters," said Mrs. Swope, her voice breaking with emotion as she talked with a reporter. "I learned way too late, and I feel like I failed him. Travis was a really good kid -- not a perfect kid. He made some wrong decisions, and this drug sucked him away."

Mr. Swope said there were times he avoided discussions about drugs with his son, because he feared it would lead to a confrontation. "But I would give everything to have him sitting here now," he said, "being mad at me."

While it seems puzzling why otherwise intelligent people would risk ruining their lives with this poison, drug counselors point out that stimulants have long held appeal in American culture. Going back more than a generation, students, athletes and workers have sought endurance by taking "uppers" or "speed" in tablets called Black Cadillacs or White Crosses.

The old country song by Dave Dudley, "Six Days on the Road," spoke in the voice of a long-haul trucker in a big hurry: "I'm taking little white pills, and my eyes are open wide."

Methamphetamine made inroads among many blue-collar people because it did not carry the stigma of being a hard drug, the authorities said.

"Crack has the stigma of being an inner-city drug, and powder cocaine is thought to be for affluent people," said Mike Balmer, the chief deputy sheriff in Jasper County. "But speed was a ***working-class*** drug. It's what people used to get them through a shift at the factory or keep up on a construction site."

Indeed, the use of methamphetamine goes back many years, perhaps to the 20' or 30's. But today's form is far more powerful, and deadly.

Years ago, the authorities said, a typical street dose of methamphetamine consisted of perhaps 20 percent of ephedrine, the ingredient that delivers the kick. New methods that emerged in the late 1980's and early 90's, often using a synthetic psuedoephedrine, have yielded a much more potent substance. Now the drug contains over 90 percent of the active ingredient.

Even before the big influx of methamphetamine, the use of stimulants were a problem in Iowa. A public health survey in 1993 found that the use of stimulants like amphetamines among Iowans was twice the national average, a finding that caused some scholars to wonder if an intense Midwestern work ethic was partly to blame.

The latest statistics show that more than 35 percent of the people going to Iowa prisons last year reported using methamphetamine. And 90 percent of the people being committed to the mental health facilities in Polk County have used methamphetamine.

In some cases, the psychotic behavior provoked by the drug becomes permanent. The drug also causes body sores, which are worsened by the incessant scratching by users who feel like bugs are crawling over their bodies.

To fight the drug, Iowa has begun a radio and television advertising campaign to warn people of the dangers. A new prosecutor has been added to the United States Attorney's office in Des Moines, just to concentrate on drugs. At least five counties in Iowa have hired extra prosecutors to deal with the rising tide of methamphetamine cases.

"They haven't seen much of this in the East Coast," said Tom Murtha, the director of the First Step-Mercy Franklin Center, an alcohol and drug treatment center. "But it's coming."

**Graphic**

Photos: Tim and Keely Swope feel that they failed their son, Travis, after he told them he had a problem with methamphetamine and died within a year. (Associated Press); Travis Swope, 17, died from the use of methamphetamine. (Associated Press)(pg. A19)

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[***Netanyahu Sees Enemies All Around Him - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W9J-2DX0-007F-G0DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, April 22

**Body**

There was a deserted quality to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu's offices last Friday afternoon, several hours before the Sabbath. It magnified the sense that Mr. Netanyahu, surrounded by bodyguards, is alone at the top.

Dressed impeccably, as always the most formal man in an informal country, Mr. Netanyahu looked coiled and wary as he received a reporter from behind his desk. He does not trust the press, which in Israel is uniformly hostile to him, and in these days of relentless campaigning he is reluctant to take a break.

It is four months since Mr. Netanyahu's Government was dissolved prematurely and he was forced into a tight race for re-election on May 17. In the streets, Mr. Netanyahu, who is nicknamed Bibi, is still held in passionately high regard by many admirers of his tough-talking Zionist stance, especially ***working-class*** Sephardic Jews and Russian immigrants.

But his circle of political allies has shrunk. And his small clique of advisers, like him, exudes a strong air of us against the world, even though Mr. Netanyahu trails his main rival, Ehud Barak, by only a couple of percentage points. That is because opposition tactics, driven by "antipathy, if not hatred for me," rely on "character assassination," Mr. Netanyahu said.

It is as if Mr. Netanyahu's world view has collided with his self-image: Like Israel, he too is surrounded by the "circle of hatred" he often describes. And it is not without reason. On the right, in the center and on the left, there are many Israelis hoping that he becomes a fluke of history. Even if he wins, he will have a hard time stitching together a stable government.

Tall, robust and aggressively self-confident, Mr. Netanyahu, 49, is a galvanizing force. "Like any leader that matters," he said, citing Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, he leaves few people "neutral or indifferent."

Those devoted supporters who chant "Only Bibi" until they are hoarse see him as "the last real goalkeeper on the Jewish national soccer team," said Ari Shavit, a writer for the newspaper Haaretz who specializes in analyzing Israelis' strong feelings about Mr. Netanyahu.

Those who reject him, according to the Prime Minister, do so not because he failed as a leader, betraying allies and principles in the interest of political self-preservation. That is his critics' view.

In the Prime Minister's view, they demonize him largely because they still hold him accountable for the assassination of former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin -- in Mr. Netanyahu's words, because they see him as "the culprit who did him in, who done him in."

Mr. Netanyahu led the opposition Likud Party when Mr. Rabin was murdered by a fanatic right-wing Israeli in 1995, after political opposition to the Israeli-Palestinian peace accord negotiated in Oslo escalated into vicious incitement against him.

"Somebody had to be guilty," Mr. Netanyahu said. "Guilty twice. Not only for the assassination but guilty of the collapse of the messianic dream of peace that developed after Oslo. It clearly didn't work. Buses were exploding in Israel. There were more casualties from terror than happened in the previous 10 years. The dream was in danger, and then the bearer of the dream was assassinated and somebody had to be responsible."

Many, in fact, do still believe that Mr. Netanyahu behaved irresponsibly in the months before Mr. Rabin's assassination, presiding over virulent rallies, such as one in which Mr. Rabin's image, in Gestapo uniform, was burned. But current attacks on Mr. Netanyahu focus rather on the supposed failures of character he demonstrated as Prime Minister.

Some of that opposition is quite fresh and drawn from firsthand experience. Two of his former Cabinet members -- the former Defense Minister Yitzhak Mordechai and the former Science Minister Benny Begin -- are running against him. And two others have joined the leadership of opposing parties -- the former Finance Minister David Levy with Mr. Barak, and the former Finance Minister Dan Meridor with Mr. Mordechai in the new Center Party.

Most of his critics, including Mr. Barak, describe Mr. Netanyahu as quick to betray his right-wing convictions in the name of ambition.

But the Prime Minister, in contrast, presents himself as a man of unyielding principle whose Government was undone by a "collusion" between the self-interests of the right and left. Although he never believed in the Oslo accord, he swore during his last campaign to uphold it as an international agreement, he said. When he signed the most recent peace memorandum, at the Wye Plantation in Maryland in October, he was doing just that, he said.

"The right attacked me on Wye," he said. "They said not that I wasn't keeping my word, but that I shouldn't have kept my word because it was only campaign rhetoric. So you had here this incredible alliance between the right, opposed to peace, and the left, which was supposed to give me a safety net for peace, all basically colluding to bring down a Government which went for peace."

The Labor Party, which had promised to hold a "safety net" under Mr. Netanyahu's Government, withdrew its promise when he froze compliance with the Wye agreement late last year. Citing Palestinian violations of the accord, Mr. Netanyahu refused to withdraw Israeli troops from additional land in the West Bank, and he has been criticized by the Palestinians and the Americans for stonewalling the process.

Defiantly denying that he bears the responsibility for the freeze, Mr. Netanyahu said he was ready to move forward at any time -- if, he said, the Palestinians take the appropriate steps toward cracking down on terrorism. But, Mr. Netanyahu said, Yasir Arafat, the Palestinian leader, is unwilling to move the process ahead.

"He's basically sitting on the sidelines waiting for the elections," Mr. Netanyahu said. "Arafat and the Palestinian Authority have made only a modest effort to hide the fact that they'd like to see Barak and a compliant Israeli Government."

Mr. Netanyahu said he believed that Mr. Arafat was suppressing terrorist activity during the election campaign because he understood that an act of terrorism would push the issue of security to the forefront, helping Mr. Netanyahu.

Asked if that did not portend a spate of terrorism in the event of his re-election, the Prime Minister said: "Quite the contrary. He'd know that he has to negotiate with a firm Government that's willing to give him things -- not on the scale of Labor -- provided he kept his side of the bargain."

Mr. Netanyahu said he believed that Mr. Arafat had matured from "a great practitioner of terror for many decades" into "not doing that any more." But Mr. Netanyahu indicated that he was reluctant to trust him as a partner in peace, and that he remains distrustful of the Palestinians' acceptance of Israel and of their motivations at the negotiating table.

"Does he eternally want to see not only the establishment of a Palestinian state but ultimately to view it as a base for the P.L.O. doctrine that calls for the ultimate destruction of Israel?" Mr. Netanyahu asked. "I can't tell you that or read his heart. I can tell you that in the Palestinian leadership a small part has generally made its peace with Israel in the fullest sense of the word. But a considerable part use the peace as an interlude, a step to the ultimate goal of seeing the dissolution of Israel."

Critics say that attitude is obstructionist and lacks the spirit for peacemaking. But Mr. Netanyahu believes tough skepticism works best at the negotiating table, and says he will lead Israel toward a final settlement with the Palestinians.

"What I envision is the Palestinians having all the power to govern themselves, and none of the powers usually associated with a sovereign state," he said. "What concerns us is the ability to import weapons freely and to make military pacts with regimes like Iraq, Iran."

Partly raised and wholly educated in the United States, Mr. Netanyahu runs an ethnic government, the writer Zeev Chafets jokes -- an ethnic American one. Yet he is seen here as having put the close Israeli-American relationship at risk over the stalled peace effort. Mr. Netanyahu, however, said the longtime relationship is based on "people to people" rather than government to government ties, and that his disagreements with the Clinton Administration echo those that his predecessors -- from David Ben-Gurion to Yitzhak Shamir -- had with former American Presidents.

Mr. Netanyahu declined to sketch his vision for the composition of a governing coalition if he wins. He said it would be "our old coalition plus anyone else who wants to join based on our principles." The old coalition, though, minus those who fled, would leave him with an unstable, minority government.

Wouldn't Mr. Netanyahu, then, need to form a unity government with Labor? The Prime Minister said he would welcome Mr. Barak into his government only "if he changes his principles." Mr. Barak, on the other hand and despite speculation to the contrary, said it was highly improbable that he would ever take Mr. Netanyahu into his cabinet if he wins.

Mr. Netanyahu is trying hard to campaign on what he sees as his economic successes, infuriated that Israelis are paying more attention to a minor two-point rise in unemployment than to the "miracle we've been performing here." He referred to growth in the stock market, to halving the deficit, to privatizing inefficient state industries and even to the fact that Israelis log more hours per capita on cellular phones than any other people.

He did not mention what many Israeli industrialists consider his key failing: that the paralysis in the peace process has slowed direct foreign investment and trade with the Middle East.

During the interview, Mr. Netanyahu looked uncharacteristically drained and red-eyed, although not too tired to suggest a stage direction: "he said with a wry smile." It was the end of a day that included another type of interview, with the Israeli police, who were investigating bribery accusations involving his Foreign Minister, Ariel Sharon.

Behind Mr. Netanyahu, a wall of bookshelves was fully stocked and organized by category -- biographies of world leaders, studies of terrorism, volume after volume of Bible interpretations. Closest at hand was "Self-Portrait of a Hero," an anthology of letters written by Mr. Netanyahu's oldest brother, Yonatan, who was killed in the hostage rescue operation in Entebbe, Uganda, in 1976.

On Tuesday, which was Memorial Day here, Mr. Netanyahu, in another uncharacteristic move, canceled news media coverage of his visit to his brother's grave on Mount Herzl.

He decided he wanted to go alone.

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

**Correction**

A front-page article yesterday about Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu of Israel misidentified the position formerly held by David Levy, who has joined a party opposing him in the May 17 election. Mr. Levy was Foreign Minister under Mr. Netanyahu, not Finance Minister.

**Correction-Date:** April 24, 1999, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photos: Mr. Netanyahu and his wife, Sarah, campaigning last month at the City Hall in Shefaram, an Arab town, received flowers from children. With them is the Mayor, Ursan Yassin. Mr. Netanyahu is second in the polls. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)(pg. A13); Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu in his office in Jerusalem. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** April 23, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW; A New Museum As Unconventional As Its Collection***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48M1-2S60-01KN-242D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:**  By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Dateline:** BEACON, N.Y.

**Body**

THE opening of Dia:Beacon on Sunday changes the landscape for art in America. "Have you seen it?" people in art circles have been asking each other for months. Now you can.

The museum, the largest one yet for contemporary art, enshrines part of a generation of big-thinking artists in a former Nabisco factory, a building with nearly a quarter of a million square feet of plain exhibition space. The place sprawls beside the Hudson River, a little more than an hour north of New York City.

The artists are European and American, Minimalists, Conceptualists and Post-Minimalists primarily, who came to maturity in the 1960's and 70's. Serialism, geometry and the grid are the leitmotifs of the work. The effect is subdued. The undercurrent, if you look with open eyes, is theatrical, and occasionally even joyous.

Many of these artists were poorly seen or shown only in out-of-the-way places over the years. There are 22 of them, a small, eccentric assortment, reflecting Dia's idiosyncratic roots, shifting priorities and sporadic collecting. Dia:Beacon is not a complete survey of any movement or era. Artists you might presume are here are not. The omission of Carl Andre is glaring. Few artists are presented in any depth. Most are represented by a few works, or just one. All are given room to breathe.

Some look great. Robert Ryman gets a retrospective of white-on-white paintings in three rooms. Fred Sandback's colored string sculptures should come as a revelation to people who don't know his work well enough. The same applies to Michael Heizer's sculptures and Blinky Palermo's paintings. Dia:Beacon makes stars of a few artists who deserve to be.

Others don't look as good. But the museum is clearly worth celebrating. It is a brilliant marriage of art and architecture. All the money has obviously gone into making the building look simple and unobtrusive so that you focus on the art, which is what museums are supposed to do. You admire the light and the atmosphere. The place can make you feel exalted.

The money, and much of the inspiration for it comes from Leonard Riggio, Dia's chairman. The artist Robert Irwin and the architectural firm Open Office collaborated with Michael Govan, Dia's director, and Lynne Cooke, its curator, on the renovation of the building. Mr. Riggio, Mr. Govan and Ms. Cooke deserve credit for the audacity, in a bad economy, to realize a gigantic museum about the accomplishments of a generation of artists who are not particularly popular but whose influence has been significant and generally underrepresented elsewhere.

How to measure influence? By the 1960's, European art was shaped for the first time, to a significant degree, by what artists were doing in the United States. The traffic of influence flowed from here to there as it hadn't before. These were not initially Dia's artists who made an impact. They were other artists who came to maturity during that same crucial decade between 1958 and 1968, when American art meant Pop, then Minimalism and Post-Minimalism. Before then, Europeans intermittently acknowledged what was happening here. Older artists like de Kooning showed at the Venice Biennale in 1954 but Europeans didn't pay particular notice. During the mid-1950's the influence of Pollock on French artists like Soulages, Fautrier and the group called Art Informel, highly debatable at best, was only marginally noteworthy anyway.

But by the late 1950's, the situation began to change. Pollock was already dead and Jasper Johns was in the Venice Biennale. One generation had been followed by another in America, although Europeans now often lumped the two together -- Pollock, de Kooning and Rothko with Johns, Twombly and Rauschenberg -- because all of them crowded the scene there, more or less simultaneously.

Their reception was not entirely good. But they were noticed. And quickly they were followed by Warhol and Lichtenstein, then in the late 60's by Donald Judd, Dan Flavin and Sol LeWitt, whose connections with, and influences on, European artists like Gerhard Richter, Joseph Beuys, Hanne Darboven, Bernd and Hilla Becher and Blinky Palermo constitute Dia's trans-Atlantic narrative.

Europeans who disliked the American invasion, and many did, sometimes equated Minimalism with American industrial and corporate power. It was the Vietnam era. That perception has lingered, misleadingly. The art can be forbidding. But it can also be delicate. Notwithstanding its use of fluorescent tubes and stainless steel, Minimal art exalted finish and precise, one-of-a-kind refinements, an approach that had little to do with the assembly line. Judd endorsed small enterprise and the poetry of plainspoken materials, not mass production. The patronage model was also European. Heiner Friedrich, Dia's founder, arrogantly or not, wanted Dia to emulate the Medicis.

Artists younger than Judd, like Mr. Heizer and Robert Smithson, then embraced heavy machinery. They moved dirt with bulldozers and blew up rocks with explosives. As Kirk Varnedoe puts it, this partly expressed the "romance of the new left for the old left," a 60's blue-jeans dream of reconciling "longhairs with hardhats." It was an urbane aesthetic of denial and detritus, making stripped-down art from scraps of rubber, rocks and broken glass. It entailed nostalgia for a bygone industry: the equation of ***working class*** labor with moral strength.

But even the use of steel and tar and bulldozers went formally toward addressing basic, traditional principles of art: weight, mass, scale. The longer you look at any good art the more you see a common formal language transcending materials and shifting tastes. For artists like Judd, looking was almost a moral matter -- the exchange of aesthetic values between viewer and the object viewed, which demanded that the object, like the viewer, be treated with respect: given space, considered individually. Every work of art had its integrity and also relationship to some group. Serial art was based on that simple principle. Look closely, make distinctions. Artists like Judd sought remote places to make and show their art, in part to restore to this experience of looking its full and rightful dignity.

Of course, artistic discrimination is the perk and privilege of an elitist culture, and looking at art, fortunately, is an equal-opportunity elitist occupation. Anyone can make discriminations who chooses to walk through a museum's front door with open eyes. The goal of Dia:Beacon, which distinguishes it from other museums, is to take its cues from artists like Judd and give their art the room they wanted so that the works are regarded one by one -- for better and worse.

The sculpture by Walter De Maria right at the entrance, a suite of stainless steel circles and squares on the floor of two adjacent rooms, each the length of a football field, is a disappointment. The work fades into vastness, undone by the space. Mr. De Maria is a better artist than this sculpture conveys.

John Chamberlain's crushed metal sculptures are gorgeous -- playful, crumpled objects of improbable lightness and variety -- but they tend to cancel each other out in the room. In an adjoining space, a mixed assortment of Agnes Martin's evanescent paintings suffer by their proximity to Mr. Chamberlain's brand of art.

Joseph Beuys occupies a corner of the museum with histrionic remnants of one of his famous performances and other eccentric autobiographic paraphernalia. As always, they poorly convey the shamanistic aura that strangely captivated many people.

Three of Robert Smithson's dirt, gravel and mirror sculptures look small and insignificant in a gallery together. Set slightly apart from them, his "Map of Glass," a pile of shards, suggests Caspar David Friedrich's "Sea of Ice," only dimly. Smithson was a writer and self-promoter who, it is increasingly obvious, with the exception of "Spiral Jetty" produced no sculpture of real distinction.

What Louise Bourgeois is doing at all in Beacon, aside from redressing an imbalance of the sexes, is mysterious. She occupies the attic, melodramatically. Some of her small sculptures from the 60's are vivid and original but the later work, including the familiar giant spider, is camp.

By contrast, Warhol's "Shadow" paintings, 72 of 102 multicolored variations on the same obscure image, fill a gigantic room: it looks fantastic. So does Ms. Darboven's "Cultural History, 1880-1983," a dizzy panorama of accumulated magazine covers, postcards, pinups, diagrams, drawings, photographs, exhibition catalog pages -- all identically framed in rows, covering the walls, with several folk sculptures and kitsch oddments on pedestals and hanging from the ceiling.

The results suggest a kind of Minimalist Wunderkammer, a wonder-cabinet of obsessive compulsion. The strict grid provides a formal structure for eclectic information, broken up, as if in syncopation, by the sculptures. The works can be read as documents and memorabilia or absorbed, formally, as shapes. The whole thing tries to contain messy history, a century's worth, if only to convey the absurdity of that endeavor. Ms. Darboven's deadpan eloquence derives from the tension between serene structure and chaotic content, a psychological subtext of much Minimal art.

You can also find it in Mr. Richter's suite of tilting sheets of reflective gray glass, which looked unmemorable in a smaller version in Berlin last year, but here is magisterial. The panes reflect the room in shifting patterns as you walk past. Like Ms. Darboven's art, the work is spectacularly theatrical.

Richard Serra's sculptures, both early and recent work, crowd the factory's train depot: several enormous "Torqued Ellipses," side by side. "Union of the Torus and the Sphere," also huge, is artfully wedged into another gallery, the snug fit stressing the work's mass and inducing vertigo, a pleasurable version of it anyway, when you try to squeeze through the room.

The most popular work here is bound to be Mr. Heizer's "North, East, South, West": geometric holes cut 20 feet deep into a concrete floor. The holes are made of steel in the shapes of a cone, a wedge, a double-square and an inverted cone. The work is cordoned off by a glass partition for safety; visitors will be allowed in only when supervised.

The combination of understated form and instigated fear, akin to the fear you might feel standing on the edge of a cliff, is the essence of this art, although Mr. Heizer would probably not say he means to scare you. Awe would be more like it.

Which, if you're in the mood, is also what you can feel in a gallery of Flavins, including an untitled red and white fluorescent sculpture, a work from 1970, propped beside a wall of windows, which is how Flavin originally devised it for Judd's bedroom. The sculpture is a grid of tall rectangles, stepped, diagonally, across a corner of a gallery.

It is like most art here -- big, improbably simple, bound up with the building. The colored fluorescents mix with sunlight, your interaction with the shifting light and the empty space being the object of the work, the epitome of Minimalist parsimony and insinuation.

"As plain and open and direct an art as you will ever find," Flavin said, which describes Dia:Beacon.

Breathing Room

Dia:Beacon, 3 Beekman Street in Beacon, N.Y., (845) 440-0100;[*www.diaart.org,.opens*](http://www.diaart.org,.opens) on Sunday.

Museum Information

HOURS: Thursdays through Mondays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

ADMISSION: $10; $7, students and 65+; free, members and children under 12. All tickets for opening day have been reserved.

Getting There

BY TRAIN: Weekend trains from Grand Central Terminal to Beacon run hourly. The museum is adjacent to the Beacon train station. Train schedule:   [*www.mta.info*](http://www.mta.info) or (212) 532-4900. Tickets: $11, one way.

BY CAR: From New York City, take the upper level of the George Washington Bridge New Jersey bound to the Palisades Parkway North. Take the parkway to the end and continue on 6 East/202 across Bear Mountain Bridge. Bear left onto Route 9D North and continue into Beacon. Travel three miles through the city; at the fourth traffic light, make a left turn onto Beekman Street. Continue past the train station and the overpass to the station's parking lot. The museum's entrance is the next driveway on the right.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Andy Warhol's 78-panel "Shadow" series fills a large gallery at the new Dia museum in Beacon, N.Y., which opens on Sunday. Below, another room displays "Monuments," Dan Flavin's series of neon light sculptures. (Top, Susan Stava for The New York Times; above, Associated Press)(pg. E29); Top, Louise Bourgeois's 1997 "Spider" (1997) in the attic space of Dia:Beacon. Above, "Cultural History 1880-1983," Hanne Darboven's panoramic grid of eclectic images. (Photographs by Chris Ramirez for The New York Times)(pg. E31)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Neighborhood Politics: Choosing the Council - An occasional look at the races for New York's new City Council;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YHH0-000D-G298-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Varied Interests Vie to Represent Brooklyn District***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YHH0-000D-G298-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 19, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1424 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW L. YARROW

By ANDREW L. YARROW

**Body**

Hussein Jaber, a Palestinian who moved from Jerusalem to Brooklyn 12 years ago, has creatively adapted himself to life in Sunset Park -- one of New York City's most ethnically diverse neighborhoods -- by hanging a sign in his bodega's window, which caters to the area's large Hispanic population, saying "Mexican grocery."

A few blocks to the north, along Eighth Avenue, a thriving community of recent immigrants from China have created New York's newest Chinatown, replete with dim-sum restaurants, Asian groceries and -- merchants uneasily acknowledge -- Chinese and Vietnamese gangs bent on extortion.

This rapidly changing polyglot community is the heart of the new 38th City Council District, created this spring by the city's Redistricting Commission. The ethnic mix is just one of the district's complications and contradictions.

The district -- which meanders along the waterfront from the edge of Brooklyn Heights south to Red Hook and Sunset Park and includes a substantial number of Irish-American, Italian-American and black residents -- has torn apart adjacent, traditionally close-knit neighborhoods, incorporating slivers of Park Slope, Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens, Windsor Terrace and Bay Ridge.

'It's Been a Wash'

All of which conspires against the expectation of the city's Redistricting Commission that a Hispanic candidate would be elected from the 38th District. A principal goal of redistricting, which will expand the City Council from 35 to 51 members in this fall's election, was to increase minority representation. Hispanic leaders have been particularly unhappy with the way district lines were redrawn, asserting that many districts like the 38th, intended as Hispanic, may not be represented by Hispanic Council members.

Although many City Council races have large fields of candidates, the field is particularly large in the 38th District, indicating the level of interest and the degree of jostling to shape the agenda for New York City in the 1990's.

Most of the nine candidates for the Sept. 12 Democratic Party primary and many district residents complain loudly about how redistricting has divided neighborhoods and pitted one ethnic group against another.

"The redistricting butchered communities," said Robert Acito, the district manager of Community Board 6, which represents the neighborhoods of Red Hook, Carroll Gardens and Cobble Hill, and is now divided between three City Council districts: the 33d, the 38th and the 39th. "And if the ideal was to promote minority participation in government, it's been a wash."

Mercedes Pagan, the director of Unidad Latina, a Hispanic community organization in Sunset Park, is also pessimistic that redistricting will bring new power to Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Mexicans and other Hispanic residents, who are most heavily concentrated between Fourth and Seventh Avenues in Sunset Park.

"Minority people just don't vote," she said, because they feel that city government cares little about them or their neighborhoods.

In District 38, statistics seem to bear her out. Of the district's 140,000 residents, 99,000 are of voting age. Just over 50 percent are Hispanic, about 30 percent are white, 11 percent black and 7 percent Asian. But among registered voters, Hispanic and white residents each account for about 40 percent of the population. Only about 10,000 people -- or roughly 10 percent of the electorate -- are expected to vote, most candidates and others in politics say.

The area was originally settled by Irish immigrants in the 1840's, who were followed by waves of Scandinavians and Italians drawn to the thriving waterfront at the turn of the century. Since the Depression, waterfront industry has slowly declined, and many descendants of these European immigrants have moved. They have been supplanted by Puerto Ricans, Chinese, Palestinians and Latin Americans.

As Few as 2,000 Votes

Among the candidates, three are Hispanic, one is black and five are white. Most have roots in Sunset Park or Red Hook -- the two intact communities within the district. Yet several have either recently moved into the district in order to run, or are creatively calling themselves Sunset Park residents despite their Park Slope or Windsor Terrace addresses.

The race could be close; a candidate may need no more than 2,000 or 3,000 votes to win. The favorite, even other candidates acknowledge, is Louis Valentino, an official with local 1814 of the International Longshoremen's Association, which still wields considerable power on the Brooklyn waterfront. Other candidates are Joan Griffin McCabe, an education lobbyist from Windsor Park who has been endorsed by much of Brooklyn's Democratic Party establishment, and Ann English, another longtime party figure.

The three Hispanic candidates are Pedro Velazquez, Javier Nieves and Ismael Morces, all involved in community activities. Beatrice Byrd, the president of the Brooklyn chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is the one black candidate. The two other white candidates are John Kennedy O'Hara, a lawyer and unsuccessful candidate for the State Assembly, and Martin Krongold, a political newcomer.

Candidates and residents generally agree on the major issues. At the top of the list are drugs and crime, the need for affordable housing for the district's largely poor and ***working-class*** population and the future of the decaying industrial waterfront.

Drugs in Sunset Park

"This community's in bad shape," said Julio Torrez, a barber at the Park Barber Shop on Fifth Avenue near 44th Street in Sunset Park, and one of many Puerto Ricans who settled in the community a generation ago. "There are drugs and vandals all over."

Areas like Fourth Avenue between 59th and 61st Streets and Fifth Avenue near 49th Street have become prime areas for drug dealers, attracting suburban buyers coming over the nearby Verrazano Narrows Bridge -- much as Washington Heights' proximity to the George Washington Bridge has made that upper Manhattan neighborhood one of the city's most drug plagued.

"Several years ago, a lot of middle-class suburban kids started coming over the bridge looking for safe neighborhoods like Sunset Park to buy drugs," said Tony Giordano, the president of the Sunset Park Restoration Committee and Mr. Velazquez's campaign manager. "The more customers who come, the more suppliers who show up, and the crime rate has soared."

Crime is also an issue in the burgeoning Chinese community near Eighth Avenue. In the last five years, tens of thousands of Chinese immigrants have poured into Sunset Park, opening restaurants, groceries and other shops along the avenue and transforming the area into New York's third Chinatown, with Manhattan and Flushing, Queens.

Prisons, Garbage and Prostitutes

"This area has been growing so fast because Manhattan's Chinatown is too crowded and unsafe," said Danny Tsoi, the owner of the Ocean Palace restaurant on Eighth Avenue and 55th Street. "But the Chinese and Vietnamese gangs see this area as a golden goose" for extorting money from merchants.

There are other festering issues: a Federal prison proposed at Third Avenue and 29th Street, a city garbage-processing plant proposed in Red Hook, noisy truck traffic serving waterfront industries and warehouses, a concentration of prostitutes between the Gowanus Expressway and the waterfront and schools that are overcrowded even by New York City standards, because of the number of large Hispanic families, community residents say.

"It's a shame what they're trying to throw down our throats," said Mr. Velazquez, the president of the United Democrats of Sunset Park, whose redistricting proposal was largely adopted by the city.

But issues like crime and education have become somewhat overshadowed by mudslinging, much of it at the frontrunner.

Mudslinging and Lie Detectors

Several candidates have charged that Mr. Valentino is only running to protect waterfront jobs controlled by his union, which has previously been tied to organized crime.

A New York State Commissioner for labor affairs in the 1970's, Mr. Valentino testified at the 1979 trial of Anthony Scotto that he took a $50,000 cash contribution from Mr. Scotto for Mario M. Cuomo's unsuccessful 1977 mayoral campaign. Mr. Scotto, a leader of the Brooklyn longshoremen's union, was convicted of racketeering and served three years in prison.

But Mr. Valentino has denied the allegations against him, offering to take a lie-detector test and vowing, "If I fail, I'll buy a suit for every man, woman and child in this district."

**Graphic**

Photos: Beatrice Byrd, Ann English, Martin Krongold, Joan Groffin McCabe, Ismael Morces, Javier Nieves, John Kennedy O'Hara, Louis Valentino, Pedro Velazquez.

Graphs: "The City Council Races 38th District" shows voting age population and number of registered divided by race. (Source: New York City Districting Commission) (pg. B2)

Chart: "THE CANDIDATES"

Beatrice Byrd (D) 49; lives in Red Hook. Is president of the Brooklyn N.A.A.C.P. Is focusing on waterfron development, crime and interracial harmony.

Ann English (D) 53; state committeewoman from Sunset Park. Is focusing on education, drugs and the future of the waterfront.

Martin Krongold (D) 33; banker from Sunset Park. Political newcomer. Is focusing on taxes and business development.

Joan Griffin McCabe (D) 35; education lobbyist from Windsor Terrace. Is focusing on crime, drugs, education.

Ismael Morces (D) 42; community activist from Sunset Park. Is focusing on education, housing and drugs.

Javier Nieves (D) 33; architect and community organizer from Sunset Park. Is focusing on education and drugs.

John Kennedy O'Hara (D) 30; lawyer and community activist from Sunset Park. Twice was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Assembly. Is focusing on crime and day care.

Louis Valentine (D) 56; Red Hook resident. Business administrator of Local 1814, Internationl Longshoremen's Associateion. Is focusing on jobs and education.

Pedro Velazquez (D) 48; community activist and president of the United Democrats of Sunset Park. Is focusing on drugs, crime, education and the elderly.

(pg. B2)

Map of Brooklyn showing location of Greenwood Cemetery (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** August 19, 1991

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[***THE TALK OF BENSONHURST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GXD0-0008-N4BN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***AFTER SYNAGOGUE FIRES, BENSONHURST TRIES TO RETAIN CALM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GXD0-0008-N4BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** By ARI L. GOLDMAN

**Body**

The morning after a fire destroyed the synagogue that housed his yeshiva in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, Rabbi Yaakov Mosbacher received offers from other Bensonhurst schools, synagogues and even churches for classroom space.

But the rabbi turned them all down. He said he wanted to move the yeshiva, with its 45 students, out of the neighborhood altogether. The fire, which the police said was set early Halloween morning by an arsonist, destroyed more than a building. It wounded the pride of Bensonhurst, where the large Jewish and Italian groups have lived together in harmony for decades.

Both Christian and Jewish leaders were quick to condemn the arson. They called it ''an isolated incident'' clearly not indicative of the generally good relations that prevail in the community. But the next day, an attempted arson occurred at a synagogue two blocks away.

Arson that destroyed Mapelton Park Hebrew Institute upsets Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, where Jews and Italians have lived in harmony for decades; photos; neighborhood, lately invigorated by newly arrived Italian and Russian Jewish immigrants, remains 93% white (M)

The second fire was swiftly put out, and no damage was done. The first incident, however, left an ugly scar. The four-story building, the Mapelton Park Hebrew Institute at 2022 66th Street, was gutted. The floors had collapsed on one another, seven Torah scrolls were burned, and only the shell of the 65-year- old building remained.

Over the doors to the synagogue the inscription in Hebrew was still visible. It read, ''This is the gate of the Lord.''

''It's so heartbreaking,'' said Freda Prinz as she walked by the ruined building the other day. ''I've lived here 40 years, and I've never seen anything like this.''

A few blocks away, at St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church, an assistant pastor, the Rev. Peter Vaccari, said, ''It's a horror, it's a disgrace for this to happen to a shul.'' The priest used the Yiddish word for a synagogue that is generally used by regular synagoguegoers.

Father Vaccari said the conscience of everyone in the neighborhood had been touched. ''At a prayer meeting in the church yesterday,'' Father Vaccari said, ''we began to pray for an end to the violence in Ethiopia and India, when somebody said, 'Hey, we don't have to look so far, it is happening right here in Bensonhurst.' ''

A Jewish leader in the neighborhood, Dr. Seymour Lachman, said the synagogue attacks had brought Christians and Jews closer together. ''We are setting up an interreligious coalition that will condemn these attacks,'' said Dr. Lachman, who is also a dean at the City University. ''Everyone feels that an attack on a house of worship is the ultimate outrage.''

Rabbi Mosbacher moved his school, Yeshiva Yesod Hachaim, from the adjacent Borough Park area to Bensonhurst two years ago. He said he enjoyed a good relationships in the neighborhood, but was at times subject to harassment by some ''local delinquents.'' He said yesterday that he was negotiating with a synagogue in Flatbush area for space.

But he does not want to relocate in Bensonhurst. ''Did you see what they did to that building?'' he asked. ''It's scary to even think about it.''

Bensonhurst has long been known as a solid, ***working-class*** community. ''The Honeymooners,'' the still-popular television series with Jackie Gleason and Art Carney, was set in the area, even though the fictional street address, 328 Chauncey Street, is in the Bushwick section.

And a good part of the John Travolta movie ''Saturday Night Fever'' was filmed under the elevated subway tracks along 86th Street. On Saturday nights, teen-agers in big cars still ''cruise'' the street, talking to friends through open windows and tying up traffic.

But Bensonhurst is changing. The sons and daughters of the older residents have move away and have been replaced by new waves of immigrants from Sicily, the Soviet Union and China. There has also been an influx of Orthodox Jews from Borough Park.

At a program for the elderly in the Bensonhurst Jewish Community House the other day, Dorothy Benson and Lillian Sanders, two women with 74 years of living in Bensonhurst between them, were talking about the neighborhood.

''Bensonhurst is changing, but it is still a good community,'' said Mrs. Benson, whose children live in California and New Jersey. ''Everybody moves away.''

Mrs. Sanders praised the newcomers, especially the new Italian immigrants and Orthodox Jews. ''They've have brought back the baby carriages,'' she said.

Through all the demographic shifts, very few blacks have settled in Bensonhurst, even though they have settled in surrounding communities. According to the 1980 Census, 93 percent of the neighborhood is white.

Dawn Wilensky, editor of The Brooklyn Graphic, a local newspaper, said he believed there was an ''unspoken alliance'' between Jews and Italians to keep the neighborhood white. Others, however, say that there is no such conspiracy and that there is no discrimination in Bensonhurst.

A unit of the police, fire marshals and Federal agents has been put together to investigate the Bensonhurst incidents. The head of the group, Capt. Charles J. McGowan of the police, said, ''We're pursuing some leads, but we still haven't got anything concrete.''

Captain McGowan said investigators did not believe the two synagogue incidents were related. The first, he said, was ''rather professional,'' with the arsonists spreading gasoline or another accelerant around the building. The second - at Congregation Talmud Torah, 2025 64th Street - appeared to be a ''mischievous act'' by someone wanting to ''jump on the bandwagon.''

The hub of the Italians in Bensonhurst is 18th Avenue, which is locally known as ''the real Little Italy.'' ''Mulberry Street can't touch us,'' said one merchant.

There are the Trunzo Brothers Meat Market, Pescheria Italiana, Polizzotto Realty, Coraci Travel and social clubs that bear the names of towns in Italy.

At the Sciacca club, named for a sea town in Sicily, men gather over cards, cigarettes and espresso to talk about fishing. But hardly anyone fishes. ''On the other side, we were fishermen,'' said Sebastian Montalbano. ''here we work in construction or as longshoremen.''

''Some guys talk about going back to Italy,'' Mr. Montalbano added, ''but most stay here.'' Bensonhurst, he said, becomes their world.

Many Jewish families live near Bay Parkway, and the Jewish Community House on 79th Street serves as their cultural and social center. Synagogues also play an important role in the communal life. There are 22 synagogues - 20 Orthodox, 1 Conservative and 1 Reform.

In accordance with Orthodox traditon, the community house is closed Saturdays, but beginning next Saturday night and through the winter it will offer Saturday-night hours at the pool and gymnasium. This is because during the winter, the sun sets earlier, determining an earlier end to the Sabbath and, therefore, a longer Saturday night.

''Basketball is of top importance in Bensonhurst,'' said Bill Balter, the health and physical education director at the Jewish Community House. Among the trophies and pictures of old teams, Mr. Balter stops by a 1951 photograph of past champions. ''There's Sandy Koufax,'' said Mr. Balter, pointing to a skinny lad in basketball shorts. ''Now, that's before the world found out he could pitch.''

The center serves the growing number of Soviet immigrants in Bensonhurst, and that has led to some shifts in emphasis. The weight-lifting and swimming departments have become more popular, but the Russian youngsters are taking to basketball, Mr. Balter said.

At the Roman Catholic Church of St. Finbar, Bensonhurst's oldest parish, the Rev. Anthony J. Failla said that the church had taken on social programs that it would not have dreamed just a few years ago.

He said 90 volunteers ran a church residence for homeless men. The homeless stay in the church from four to six months while the program helps them ''get back on their feet,'' Father Failla said, by assisting them in getting apartments, bank accounts, jobs or public assistance.

Volunteers are also the key to the Jewish Community House's Russian program, which has helped thousands of new immigrants. The program offers social events, language lessons and ''acculturation'' classes, where people learn how to open bank accounts or read leases.

Last month, the immigrants honored 50 neighborhood volunteers who had helped them get started.

''See,'' the executive director of the community house, Philip J. Cohen, said, ''there are good things happening in Bensonhurst.''

**Graphic**

photo of Rev. Anthony Failla; photo of Italian Sciacca Club; photo of Jewish Community House; photo of students

**End of Document**



[***School Districts Reeling In Weakened Economy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YWP0-000D-G2V3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,

By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CENTRAL FALLS, R.I., May 30

**Body**

After years of stretching meager budgets, the Central Falls School Department this school year pinched the last penny it could.

The district, chronically poor because of a limited tax base, had trimmed expenses by using textbooks so long they were falling apart, by turning basements into classrooms and by purchasing $300 used cars.

Despite the cost-cutting, the school system of 2,700 students had to get $1 million in emergency state aid this year, and in March it did something no other school system in the United States had ever done: It asked the state to take it over, a request Rhode Island officials are expected to approve in the next few weeks.

Control Within Districts

American communities cherish a centuries-old tradition of ruling their own school districts. Except for heeding certain requirements for educating disadvantaged students, and accepting supplementary funds from state or Federal sources, they have staunchly resisted outside interference in school affairs.

"There is a certain amount of fear over the loss of local control with a state takeover," acknowledged Maureen Chevrette, the school superintendent. "But without the takeover, we couldn't open next year."

As goes Central Falls, so may go many of the nation's school districts because of the current recession and the inability to raise taxes -- compounded in some instances by fiscal mismanagement. From Massachusetts to California, growing numbers of school systems required emergency state aid to finance the closing days of this school year, and many more will need assistance to reopen their doors next fall.

In Ohio, 49 of the state's 612 school systems needed emergency aid this year, and state officials expect the number to at least double next year. California reports 25 school systems with severe budget problems, up from 7 last year.

In some cases, school districts have tapped cash reserves, spending on daily operations money that had been intended for long-term projects like building programs.

"This is clearly the toughest situation for school districts since World War II," said Thomas A. Shannon, executive director of the National School Boards Association. "The system is out of harmony with the economic realities."

Reasons abound for the fiscal calamity. School systems have been squeezed by laws that limit how much taxes can be increased in a single year. Schools have also hurt themselves through fiscal mismanagement. That was what produced the bankruptcy filing this spring of the Richmond, Calif., Unified School District, according to a scathing report issued Monday by a grand jury investigating the district's failure.

But the biggest factor affecting school districts may well be the current recession. Although the 1981 and 1974 recessions hurt schools, this one has been close to catastrophic, according to education officials in several states.

Thirty-eight states have budget deficits because of sharply diminished revenue from a variety of taxes this fiscal year, which have forced Draconian school budget cuts. And in the hardest-hit areas, like the Northeastern states, the recession has reduced property values, upon which local school taxes are based.

The fiscal fallout has had ripple effects well beyond the classroom. Moody's Investor Service, an organization that rates the creditworthiness of corporations and governments, recently downgraded the credit ratings of four California districts, including Richmond, making it more difficult for these systems to borrow money or issue bonds. Several states have also initiated efforts to merge school systems to save money and improve academic programs.

Recession's Impact on District

Central Falls, a ***working-class*** community of 17,637 residents about 5 miles northeast of Providence, is emblematic of the grim fiscal climate for public schools. At the start of this school year, Central Falls school officials said they realized they were fighting a losing battle, despite getting $1 million in state aid to supplement an $11.5 million budget -- already reduced from $13.5 million.

Largely because of the recession, state aid to Rhode Island school systems was cut by $33 million for the 1992 fiscal year beginning July 1. In Central Falls, efforts to make up for that loss by generating other types of revenue have been difficult.

A state law prohibits local jurisdictions from raising taxes more than 5 1/2 percent a year. Even without increases, Central Falls already levies the highest tax rate in the state -- $54.75 for every $1,000 in property value. Yet it remains the poorest of Rhode Island's 37 school systems. The town's tax base is limited and cannot be expanded because the 1.2-square-mile town is bordered by other communities on every side and cannot grow.

Moreover, James R. Martin, the school system's business manager, said, "State aid has not kept pace with the Federal and state mandated programs," like special classes for the handicapped or those who do not speak English. Rhode Island's system of reimbursing local school systems for state-mandated programs has not been amended to keep up with the cost of supporting growing numbers of pupils who need the expensive special programs, Central Falls school officials said.

Like many school systems in the country, Central Falls has had to accommodate growing numbers of handicapped and minority pupils, who represent roughly 25 percent and 44 percent respectively of the system's 2,700 students. Required programs like bilingual education and classes for children with hearing or vision impairments now account for 30 percent of the system's budget, school officials said.

The district has attracted growing numbers of poor and minority families, many of them recent immigrants from Central American counties, in part because of its reputation of accommodating youngsters with special needs. Indeed, state officials said that Central Falls's reputation as a district attuned to its residents was one reason the state responded quickly to the district's call for help.

But the pressures of educating these children, while keeping up academic offerings for most of the students, finally led the system to ask that the state take it over. The district will lose virtually all of its local control in finances and operations. Staffing, already reduced this year through employee contract buyouts and early retirements, is expected to remain about the same.

Although the cost of the takeover to the state is still undetermined, state officials said they would try to allow current programs to continue, like an entire elementary school dedicated to preschool and kindergarten pupils with learning disabilities. The state will manage the system indefinitely.

"We need all the help we can get," said Linda Colvin, an elementary school music teacher.

If demographics and a tax-rate ceiling helped hobble Central Falls, the recession has largely undone the public schools in Holyoke, Mass.

Cutbacks in Holyoke

The school system has laid off teachers and reduced academic offerings, like foreign language classes, and extracurricular activities, including sports at the middle-school level. District officials worry that next year Holyoke might not have the money to comply with special education requirements and desegregation programs mandated by state and Federal law.

The district's $29 million budget is in danger of being reduced next year because the City of Holyoke does not have enough money to maintain its $24 million contribution to it. The district may even have trouble staying open for the 180-day school year next year, said George Counter, the Superintendent of Schools.

"I think it stinks," he said of the potential for more program reductions. "Nobody seems to care. They just say, 'Cut the budget.' "

Harold Raynolds Jr., the Commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Education, said: "We really are in a kind of catastrophic situation."

But for all the external factors buffeting school budgets, financial problems sometimes simply reflect mismanagement. After the Richmond bankruptcy filing in April, a grand jury investigating the district's finances attributed much of the blame to Walter L. Marks, the former superintendent of schools, who was dismissed last December, and who has refused to comment on the situation.

The Contra Costa County grand jury reported on Monday that the district's failure was the result of "inexperience in fiscal management, inability to evaluate faulty proposals and projections presented to the board by administrators, a reluctance to refuse demands by unions and community groups and a large dose of wishful thinking."

Although the grand jury does not identify Mr. Marks by name, it said he greatly enlarged his staff and overrode cost procedures. The report said: "No legal penalties are provided for such failure, nor are there legal penalties provided for the superintendent and his associates for their mismanagement of the school system. The price is paid largely by the students of the district."

**Graphic**

Photos: The chronically poor Central Falls, R.I., school district, having run out of money despite severe cost-cutting, has asked the state to take it over. At Central Falls High School, students grappled with broken window drapes so they could watch a film strip in a science class.; "There is a certain amount of fear over the loss of local control with a state takeover," said Maureen Chevrette, the school superintendent. "But without the takeover, we couldn't open next year." (Photographs by Bill Powers for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 5, 1991

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XWG-5X81-2PBB-22S8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS: THE SQUEAKQUEL' (PG, 1:28) The singing male chipmunks return, and this time three singing female chipmunks are on hand as well. Chipmunk love is in the air as the two trios compete in a rock contest to try to win money to keep a school music program alive. The kiddies may love it -- they certainly turned the 2007 original into box office gold -- but grown-ups won't find their childhood memories here; mostly they'll be annoyed. (Neil Genzlinger)20100225

'AJAMI' (No rating, 2:00, in Arabic and Hebrew) The Israeli nominee for the 2010 Oscars is a tough, multistranded crime drama set in a mostly Arab neighborhood of Jaffa. (A. O. Scott)20100225

'ANTICHRIST' (No rating, 1:49) Women: evil or just misunderstood? Leave it to Lars von Trier to ask the tough question, and to provide answers that are both incoherent and appalling. (Scott)20100225

'AVATAR' (R, 1:58) Denzel Washington plays a road warrior of a type in a dystopian tale from Allen and Albert Hughes that is notable for its striking visuals, some fine performances (Michael Gambon) and miscues (Mila Kunis). (Manohla Dargis)20100225

'THE BLIND SIDE' (PG-13, 2:00) Sandra Bullock does good, and then does good some more in this true story of a rich white family that adopts a homeless young African-American football prodigy. (Scott)20100225

'BLOOD DONE SIGN MY NAME' (PG-13, 2:08) This earnest drama tells the story of a racially charged murder in North Carolina in 1970, and is fairly effective in spite of clumsy storytelling and stiff performances. (Scott)20100225

'THE BOOK OF ELI' (R, 1:58) Denzel Washington plays a road warrior of a type in a dystopian tale from Allen and Albert Hughes that is notable for its striking visuals, some fine performances (Michael Gambon) and miscues (Mila Kunis). (Dargis)20100225

'BROKEN EMBRACES' (R, 2:08, in Spanish) Exuberant melancholy from Pedro Almodovar. A blind writer (Lluis Homar) is pulled back into his past, when he was a filmmaker in an ill-fated love affair with an actress played by Penelope Cruz. (Scott)20100225

'IT'S COMPLICATED' (R, 1:59) Meryl Streep stars in a pleasurable, daffy if at times daft September-September romance from Nancy Meyers about a successful restaurateur who starts an adulterous affair with her ex-husband (Alec Baldwin). (Dargis)20100225

'CRAZY HEART' (R, 1:51) An old country song -- whiskey, women, second chances -- about an old country singer, played with sly, exquisite craft by Jeff Bridges. (Scott)20100225

'CREATION' (PG-13, 1:48) Played by Paul Bettany, Charles Darwin, in the throes of writing ''On the Origin of Species,'' trembles and suffers and quarrels with his wife, Emma (Jennifer Connelly). He is also haunted and comforted by the ghost of his beloved daughter Annie. A potentially fascinating story is bogged down in histrionics and muddy thinking. (Scott)20100225

'DAYBREAKERS' (R, 1:38) Written and directed by Peter and Michael Spierig, this impressively styled thriller envisions a world where vampires rule, and humans are a rapidly dwindling resource. A cadaverous Ethan Hawke is the vampire hematologist charged with finding a blood substitute; Willem Dafoe is the wary human with an alternative plan. Together they navigate a landscape thronging with yellow-eyed commuters and homeless vamps panhandling for O negative, charged with persuading bloodsuckers that forever is a long time to be counting calories. (Jeannette Catsoulis)20100225

'DEAR JOHN' (PG-13, 1:42) Two attractive lovers (Amanda Seyfried and Channing Tatum) separated by war. Utterly hokey and impressively effective tear-jerkery. (Scott)20100225

'EDGE OF DARKNESS' (R, 1:52) Mel Gibson plays a bereaved dad seeking vengeance after the murder of his daughter. Nothing new or especially interesting, though Ray Winstone and Danny Huston improve things when they show up. (Scott)20100225

'AN EDUCATION' (PG-13, 1:40) Jenny, a London schoolgirl in the early 1960s -- played with verve and brass by Carey Mulligan -- learns the ways of the world at the hands of an older gentleman (Peter Sarsgaard), who turns out to be sleazier and less worldly than he seems at first. Adapted by Nick Hornby from a memoir by Lynn Bradley and directed by Lone Scherfig, this film is a bit too charmed by its own period atmosphere to take account of the uglier implications of the story it tells. (Scott)20100225

'EYES WIDE OPEN' (No rating, 1:30, in Hebrew) This spare, observant drama, set in an Ultra-Orthodox section of Jerusalem, captures the tension between religious devotion and sexual desire without sentimentalizing or condemning either impulse. (Scott)20100225

'FANTASTIC MR. FOX' (PG, 1:28) A children's adventure story or a Wes Anderson movie. Both, of course, and Mr. Anderson, using a painstakingly old-fashioned stop-motion animation technique, turns Roald Dahl's slender fable into his most satisfying film since ''Rushmore.'' (Scott)20100225

'FISH TANK' (No rating, 2:02) A young girl coming of age and looking for a way out of a grim British housing project. Bleak social realism, yes, but thanks to the director Andrea Arnold's bracing lyricism and the lead performance by a nonprofessional actress named Katie Jarvis, it rises above the drab conventions of the genre. (Scott)20100225

'FROM PARIS WITH LOVE' (R, 1:35) The most that can be said of this empty-headed, preposterous, possibly evil melange of gunplay and high-speed car chases on Parisian boulevards is that it produces a caffeinated buzz. (Holden)20100225

'THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN' (No rating, 1:45, in French and Hebrew) A seductive drama, inspired by real events, from Andre Techine, about a young Frenchwoman (Emilie Dequenne) who pretends to be the victim of an anti-Semitic attack. With Catherine Deneuve. (Dargis)20100225

'THE GOOD GUY' (R, 1:30) This acidic comic study of despicable Wall Street yuppies may feel a little behind the curve. But it is still fresh enough to provide the voyeuristic kick of glimpsing the frenzied lifestyle of aspiring masters of the universe at a time when unlimited greed was rewarded with unlimited opportunity. (Holden)20100225

'HOUSE' (No rating, 1:27, in Japanese) A 1977 haunted-house freakout from the Japanese director Nobuhiko Obayashi about seven teenage girls, who, during an increasingly violent and surrealistic trip, encounter a hungry piano and a bouncing severed head. (Dargis)20100225

'THE HURT LOCKER' (R, 2:10) In this tense, insightful film about a United States Army bomb-disposal squad in Iraq, Kathryn Bigelow has made a crackerjack action picture that is also a drama of character, psychology and ideas. Jeremy Renner, as a soldier who approaches danger with the conviction of an artist and the compulsiveness of an addict, is simply amazing, and the rest of the cast, notably Brian Geraghty and Anthony Mackie, is nearly as strong. (Scott)20100225

'THE IMAGINARIUM OF DOCTOR PARNASSUS' (PG-13, 2:02) The most recent circus to pop out of Terry Gilliam's head is a full three-ring affair, complete with puffs of smoke, glitter and grunge, some hocus-pocus, mumbo jumbo and Heath Ledger's final screen performance. (Dargis)20100225

'INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS' (R, 2:32) Quentin Tarantino signs up for giggly duty in this bloated, self-satisfied World War II fantasia. The Nazis, in specific, a charming SS officer brilliantly played by the Austrian actor Christoph Waltz, win. (Dargis)20100225

'INVICTUS' (PG-13, 2:14) Clint Eastwood's film, with Morgan Freeman as the newly elected South African president Nelson Mandela and Matt Damon as Francois Pienaar, the captain of the country's rugby team, is a stirring story of athletic triumph and racial reconciliation. It is also a subtle and intricate study in political leadership. (Scott)20100225

'THE LAST NEW YORKER' (No rating, 1:30) The best thing about this tiny independent film about a proud deadbeat of retirement age is its evocation of the relentless speed with which New York City tears down and rebuilds itself, driving out older, less affluent residents. (Holden)20100225

'THE LAST STATION' (R, 1:52) Tolstoy (Christopher Plummer), in the twilight of his life, bickers with his wife (Helen Mirren), who fights with her husband's disciples (led by Paul Giamatti), all of it witnessed by a young secretary (James McAvoy). If you like to purchase acting in bulk and literary prestige at a discount, this is the picture for you. (Scott)20100225

'LEGION' (R, 1:44) Recycling motifs from ''The Birds,'' ''Near Dark,'' the ''Terminator'' films and other apocalyptic fantasies, Scott Stewart's leaden film convenes a collection of stereotyped strangers at a diner in the Mojave Desert, where they must play their part in the apocalypse. (Mike Hale)20100225

'THE LOVELY BONES' (PG-13, 2:19) Adapting Alice Sebold's best-selling sentimental Gothic about the afterlife of a murdered girl, Peter Jackson and his collaborators have created a brightly colored fantasia that is visually arresting but emotionally incoherent. (Scott)20100225

'THE MESSENGER' (R, 1:45) Ben Foster and Woody Harrelson are Army officers with the grim task of informing the families of soldiers that their loved ones have died overseas. Samantha Morton plays a widow who takes the news with calm sorrow. The terrific performances complement Oren Moverman's sensitive, understated direction and the rich, observant script he wrote with Alessandro Camon. (Scott)20100225

'MY NAME IS KHAN' (PG-13, 2:25, in Hindi and English) Shah Rukh Khan plays a Muslim man with Asperger's syndrome who marries a Hindu woman (Kajol Devgan) in San Francisco. Then 9/11 happens, and the trouble begins. Karan Johar's film -- attacked by the fundamentalist Shiv Sena party because of Mr. Khan's support for allowing Pakistani cricketers to play in India -- is an effective tear-jerker and a hopeful plea for tolerance. (Rachel Saltz)20100225

'NORTH FACE' (No rating, 2:01, in German) This German mountain-climbing drama, set in 1936 and based on fact, is transfixing in the way that well-told life-and-death adventure tales inevitably are. It is the film's more mundane elements that are problematic. (Holden)20100225

'OCTOBER COUNTRY' (No rating, 1:20) Michael Palmier and Donal Mosher's documentary, about Mr. Mosher's family in upstate New York, is a tough, sad, ultimately elusive portrait of ***working-class*** America. (Scott)20100225

'THE OSCAR NOMINATED SHORT FILMS 2010' (No rating; running time for each program: 1:41) Three of the five live-action nominees deal with children in peril, which means that the other two don't have a chance. The animated field features the return of Wallace and Gromit, who, as usual, leave everyone else in the dust. (Scott)20100225

'PERCY JACKSON AND THE OLYMPIANS: THE LIGHTNING THIEF' (PG, 1:59) Greek mythology barges into the sanitized ethos of ''High School Musical'' in the screen adaptation of Rick Riordan's popular 2005 novel, ''The Lightning Thief,'' part of the Percy Jackson and the Olympians series for young adults. Because it is the first in a five-novel series, can a franchise be far behind? Think of it as a cut-rate attempt to repeat the success of ''Harry Potter.'' (Holden)20100225

'PHYLLIS AND HAROLD' (No rating, 1:24) Delving into the photographs, home movies and long-kept secrets of her parents' quarrelsome, 59-year marriage, the filmmaker Cindy Kleine never communicates a point, about either midcentury sexual mores or stifled suburban wives. Instead, this latest my-family-was-messed-up-and-I need-to-share project is no more than an impossibly self-involved portrait of a union far more commonplace than its offspring seem to believe. (Catsoulis)20100225

'PRECIOUS: BASED ON THE NOVEL ''PUSH'' BY SAPPHIRE' (R, 1:49) This potent blend of naturalism and melodrama, directed by Lee Daniels, unites a cast that includes the pop stars Mariah Carey and Lenny Kravitz, the comedian Mo'Nique and a fearless newcomer named Gabourey Sidibe in the story of an abused Harlem teenager struggling for dignity and survival. Ms. Sidibe, in the title role, is the key to the film, and her steady, moving performance is a revelation. (Scott)20100225

'THE PRINCESS AND THE FROG' (G, 1:35) It's not easy being green, as the heroine of this polished animated fairy tale -- the first from Disney with a black heroine -- discovers on kissing a frog. But to judge from how this period movie deals with race, it is a lot more difficult to be black. (Dargis)20100225

'THE ROAD' (R, 1:59) How does the world end? Not with a bang or a whimper, but with polite applause for this noble, earnest adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's novel, and something stronger for Viggo Mortensen's performance as a father trying to help his young son survive a postapocalyptic nightmare. (Scott)20100225

'A SERIOUS MAN' (R, 1:45) Old Testament mishigas from Joel and Ethan Coen, who retell the Book of Job as a suburban shaggy-dog story about a harmless physics professor (Michael Stuhlbarg) whose life comes unraveled. The usual Coen brothers' whimsy, with its edge of nihilism, takes on a surprising metaphysical resonance. You don't have to be Jewish to like this movie, but it will hurt more if you are. (Scott)20100225

'SHERLOCK HOLMES' (PG-13, 2:05) Reimagining the great Victorian detective as a swaggering action hero is not a crime, and Robert Downey Jr. (with some help from Jude Law as his sidekick, Watson) makes it fun for a while. But a dull story and Guy Ritchie's preening, hyper-active, half-wit sense of style kill the fun long before the crimes are solved. (Scott)20100225

'SHUTTER ISLAND' (R, 2:18) Spoiler alert! Spoiler alert! It's Martin Scorsese's weakest movie since ''Bringing Out the Dead.'' (Scott)20100225

'A SINGLE MAN' (No rating, 1:39) Colin Firth, with a magnificent depth of feeling, plays the grieving, closeted gay professor of the film's title in Tom Ford's ambitious and touching adaptation of the 1964 landmark novel by Christopher Isherwood. (Dargis)20100225

'THE SPY NEXT DOOR' (PG, 1:32) Jackie Chan, perhaps warming up for the revived ''Karate Kid,'' takes on baby-sitting duties along with his stunts. There are not enough of those, and the comedy-pathos blend is wan and clumsy even by the low standards of the action-star-minding-the-young'uns genre. (Scott)20100225

'TERRIBLY HAPPY' (No rating, 1:42) In its depiction of a small town whose residents are bonded in corruption and guilt, this diabolical comedy might be described as a contemporary Danish answer to Michael Haneke's ''White Ribbon,'' but stripped of historical and political subtext and wearing a smirk. (Holden)20100225

'THE TOOTH FAIRY' (PG, 1:42) Woe to the grouchy sports hero who dares to tell children to stop believing in magic and give up their dreams. When a fading ice hockey star (Dwayne Johnson) scoffs at the young daughter of his girlfriend for believing in the tooth fairy in this cutesy, saccharine family comedy, the powers-that-be in Fairyland decide to teach him a lesson. (Holden)20100225

'UP' (PG, 1:30) The latest Pixar animation, a story of a 78-year-old widower (voiced by Ed Asner) who takes flight with the help of a bouquet of balloons, soars during its creatively liberated opening stretch before coming down to earth. Pete Docter directs. (Dargis)20100225

'UP IN THE AIR' (R, 1:47) A laugh-infused stealth tragedy from Jason Reitman about a corporate assassin (George Clooney) whose life is upended both by a no-nonsense colleague (Anna Kendrick) and a seductively high-flying female executive (Vera Farmiga). (Dargis)20100225

'WHEN IN ROME' (PG-13, 1:31) Stay home. (Scott)20100225

'THE WHITE RIBBON' (R, 2:25, in German) Germany before World War I: child abuse, class resentment and other seeds from which Nazism will sprout, presented in gorgeous black and white and with dour self-importance by Michael Haneke, the most be-laureled scold in modern European cinema. (Scott)20100225

'THE WOLFMAN' (R, 1:31) Hah! I'd like to meet his tailor. (Scott)20100225

'THE YOUNG VICTORIA' (PG, 1:44) As the young Queen Victoria, Emily Blunt flounces, frowns and finally swoons for Rupert Friend's Prince Albert in a frivolously entertaining portrait directed by Jean-Marc Vallee and written by Julian Fellowes. (Dargis)20100225

'YOUTH IN REVOLT' (R, 1:30) Michael Cera takes on two roles -- an American teenager and his suave French fantasy -- in this sweet, slight, often charming coming-of-age tale directed by Miguel Arteta and adapted from the novel by C. D. Payne. (Dargis)20100225

Film Series

FILM COMMENT SELECTS (Friday through Thursday) The second and final week of this wide-ranging series organized by the editors of Film Comment magazine offers, among many other titles, Luc Moullet's lighthearted look at the violence of rural France, ''The Land of Madness'' (Saturday, 4 p.m.); the newly restored, 237-minute version of Edward Yang's seminal Taiwanese film of 1991, ''A Brighter Summer Day'' (Sunday, 1:30 p.m.); Eric Rohmer's 1981 movie ''The Aviator's Wife'' (Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.); and the closing-night presentation, Paul Greengrass's ''Green Zone,'' with Matt Damon as an Army officer searching for weapons of mass destruction in the early months of the Iraq war (Thursday, 8:30 p.m.). Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center , (212) 721-6500, filmlinc.org; $12. Series passes available from $20 to $129. (Dave Kehr)20100225

KRIMI X 2 (Friday and Saturday) The last few years have seen emerging cult interest in the black-and-white crime films produced in West Germany in the early 1960s, of which Fritz Lang's ''Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse'' is the most distinguished example. This double bill, presented on Friday and Saturday, consists of two lesser-known films, both from 1964: Edwin Zbonek's ''Monster of London City,'' an updated Jack the Ripper story with Hansjorg Felmy and Marianne Koch, and Franz Josef Gottlieb's ''Phantom of Soho,'' in which a murderer stalks the strip clubs of London. Both will be shown in English-dubbed, 35-millimeter prints. At 7 and 9 p.m., Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village , (212) 505-5181, anthologyfilmarchives.org; $9. (Kehr)20100225

MEET THE OSCARS, NEW YORK (Friday through Thursday) Courtesy of Kodak, New Yorkers will have an opportunity to mingle with a selection of little golden men in various stages of completion, among them the actual Oscar to be given to the winner in the best actress category on March 7, and even be photographed -- tearfully, gratefully -- clutching one. The Shops at Columbus Circle, Time Warner Center, Level 2, 10 Columbus Circle , oscars.org; free. (Kehr)20100225

OSCAR SHORTS (Sunday) On Sunday the Museum of Modern Art hosts the five nominees in the best documentary short category. At 5 p.m., Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters , (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)20100225

'THE MAD DOCTOR' (Tuesday) Elliott Stein's revelatory Cinemachat series continues with a rare screening of this 1941 thriller by Tim Whelan, a crypto-queer story about a psychiatrist (Basil Rathbone) who murders wealthy widows with the help of his mysteriously close personal assistant (Martin Kosleck). With Ellen Drew and John Howard as the representatives of hetero-normativity. At 6:50 and 9:30 p.m., BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn , (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $12. (Kehr)20100225

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO: 'Ajami': This Israeli movie, one of the five Oscar nominees for best foreign-language film, is an unsentimental portrayal of a rough, mostly Arab neighborhood in Jaffa, where bonds of family and friendship can be both sustaining and fatal. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BOAZ YEHONATAN YAAKOV/INOSAN PRODUCTION, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS)

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**End of Document**



[***DISPUTE OVER QUOTAS AT STARRETT CITY; COMPLEX MIX OF PRINCIPLE AND POLITICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J430-0008-N14X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1469 words

**Byline:** By WALTER GOODMAN

**Body**

Just as a long conflict over the use of a racial quota at the Starrett City housing project seemed to be resolved, the Reagan Administration intervened last month in an attempt to upset the arduously achieved compromise. The dispute at Starrett City, one of the country's largest publicly supported housing projects, is over the legality of a quota adopted to keep the 46- building Brooklyn development integrated. The case exemplifies the clash of principles and politics involved in the complex issue of racial quotas.

While some people known as opponents of quotas have supported the one at Starrett City, some groups that generally support quotas hve opposed it - but emphatically disassociate themselves from the opposition represented by the Administration.

Starrett City was built in the early 1970's by private developers who received a $307 million loan from the state, as well as a mortgage interest subsidy from Washington and tax exemptions from New York City.

Analysis of dispute at Starrett City, one of largest publicly supported housing projects in US, over legality of quota adopted to keep development integrated; photo (M)Nearly 6,000 Apartments

When the middle-income project's management began to rent its nearly 6,000 apartments in 1975, it set aside 70 percent of them for whites and 30 percent for members of minority groups. That was soon changed to a 65-to-35 ratio.

Robert C. Rosenberg, the project's general manager, calls the quota approach ''the only one with a real chance of success in today's society.''

But the large number of blacks seeking apartments meant that minority applicants had a much longer wait than did whites, and in 1979, several black applicants sued Starrett City and the state's Division of Housing and Community Renewal. The suit accused them of violating Federal antidiscrimination laws by restricting the number of minority tenants.

Last May, an agreement was reached under which Starrett City would make an additional 175 apartments available to minority families over the next five years, and 86 other state-assisted middle-income developments would work toward 20 percent minority occupancy within 15 years.

Justice Dept. Challenge

The accord also said that Starrett City would be permitted ''to maintain racial integration through controlled tenant selection on the basis of race.'' It is this provision that the Justice Department challenged last month in Federal District Court in Brooklyn.

The department's complaint is much the same as that of the original lawsuit - that racial quotas violate the Fair Housing Act of 1968. But the Administration goes further, arguing that all such quotas - whether designed to increase the number of minority-group members in schools or hold down their number in housing projects - are illegal. Now the civil-rights groups who brought the original suit find themselves allied with the Starrett City management in defending an agreement that contains a quota system that they do not much like.

The seemingly inconsistent positions of some of those involved in the suit are personified by Morris Abram, the chief counsel for Starrett City. Mr. Abram, a Reagan Administration appointee to the United States Civil Rights Commission, is known for his stand against quotas.

'I Am a Lawyer'

Asked to reconcile his positions, Mr. Abram emphasized: ''I am a lawyer. As a lawyer, I've represented many clients with whom I don't agree. I don't wish to say whether I agree or disagree in this case, but I believe that Starrett City's position is supported by the law.

''The legislative history of the Fair Housing Act is clear, to produce integration. And no one has found a way to produce this result without some form of managed rent-roll occupancy. Nobody has suggested this project isn't superb. Nobody can suggest that it's antiblack. But if you're going to have integration, you have to respect the 'tipping' problem.''

He was referring to what he said was a tendency for a housing project to become populated predominantly by minority group members when some balance of tenants is upset and white residents depart.

By Mr. Abram's account, the Starrett City developers were concerned that without a quota, their project, in eastern Brooklyn between white ***working-class*** Canarsie and the poor black East New York section, would soon become all black.

Other critics of quotas for jobs and school admissions also support the Starrett City quotas. Among them is Nathan Glazer, a professor of sociology at Harvard University.

''I think we cannot be absolutist on these issues,'' he says. ''It's a question of achieving a balance of goods.''

Question of 'Public Action'

Professor Glazer emphasizes that Starrett City is a privately run project. That is important to his position, because he holds that race may not be taken into account by a Government agency or in any ''public action.''

But, he adds, ''the definition of 'public action' should not be extended beyond reason. Imposing such a principle on anyone supported by Government funds in any way is too broad a definition.''

He argues that preferential treatment always brings a set of costs. In the case of school admissions, he suggests, these might include: ''How will the less qualified students do? Will the reputations of the preferred minorities suffer when they get into the job market? Will the program exacerbate conflict?''

But in the case of Starrett City, as Professor Glazer sees it, good is being achieved at a very small loss. ''Here,'' he says, ''the issue is one of pragmatic social policy.''

Betty Hoeber, director of the Open Housing Center, one of the groups that brought the original suit, sees a difference between what she calls ''exclusionary'' quotas and ''good quotas that open things up.''

'Stigma on Being Black'

The Starrett City quota, she says, ''is not a device for opening housing opportunities.''

''It closes them,'' she adds. ''Based on the concept that blacks are unacceptable as neighbors and therefore will be tolerated by whites only within certain limits, it places a stigma on being black.''

She rejects Starrett City's contention that a quota is needed to prevent tipping as ''an argument that is simply used to create objections to civil rights.'' She adds, ''It's a hypocritical stand, a self-fulfilling prophecy.''

Nevertheless, five years after the suit was begun, her organization accepted a settlement that retains a quota system. From Mrs. Hoeber's point of view, the virtue of the settlement is the state's pledge to open more housing to blacks.

In an interview shortly after the Justice Department entered the case, William Bradford Reynolds, the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, said he had decided to intervene because the agreement would have prevented a full judicial consideration of the quota issue.

Position is Reiterated

In its suit against Starrett City, the Federal Government takes the same position the civil-rights organizations took in their original suit. Mr. Reynolds interprets the Fair Housing Act this way: ''It is not designed to eliminate the opportunity of individuals to move into houses of their choice. It is not designed to reorganize neighborhoods. It is designed to stop discrimination based on race.''

He draws attention to the fact that last year the Justice Department sued another apartment management firm, in California, for using a quota system to hold down the number of black tenants.

Although she shares Mr. Reynolds's interpretation of the law, Mrs. Hoeber describes the Administration's intervention in the Starrett City case as ''malicious.''

''Their purpose is not to protect minorities,'' she said. ''It's to use this case to get a ruling in the direction they're going, against all affirmative action.''

'Perfectly Consistent'

Mr. Reynolds does not disagree. He said the Justice Department's complaint against Starrett City was ''perfectly consistent'' with the Administration's position on quotas in general.

''We reject the notion of racial quotas in employment, schools and housing,'' he said. ''We don't think numerical solutions by race are permissable under the law.''

That, of course, is a critical point of conflict between the Administration and civil-rights groups.

Mr. Reynolds dismissed Mrs. Hoeber's distinction between ''exclusionary'' and ''inclusionary'' quotas.

''One person's exclusionary is another person's inclusionary,'' he said. ''In employment, quotas are pernicious because they become a ceiling on minorities. Once they reach the quota, no more are hired. I think that employment quotas keep out qualified blacks.''

As for the danger of tipping, Mr. Reynolds called that a ''natural consequence'' of an open housing market.

''The law,'' he said, ''never contemplated achieving racial balance. If Starrett City becomes predominantly one race, that does not violate the law.''

**Graphic**

photo of Starrett City

**End of Document**



[***ANIMATION AGAIN A PRIORITY AT DISNEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HMG0-0008-N2DP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Aljean Harmetz

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 26

**Body**

After nearly 30 years of throwing its energies into amusement parks and movies and television programs featuring live actors, the studio founded by Walt Disney is turning back to the brush strokes of its youth. Because of recent changes in the entertainment industry, including the arrival of video cassettes, animation has become a priority once more at the empire built by Mickey Mouse.

''The Black Cauldron,'' the most complex and expensive animated feature ever produced by Walt Disney Studios, will be released next summer. This medieval Welsh fable, based on a series of award-winning children's books by Lloyd Alexander, was filmed in 70 millimeter at a cost of $25 million. The film's Horned King villain is one of Disney's most sinister characters. The boy hero must find the Black Cauldron before the Horned King uses it to bring back dead warriors from past wars and gather an invincible army. It is conceivable, said Ron Miller, president and chief executive officer of Walt Disney Productions, that the movie will be the first Disney cartoon to get a PG rating.

Article on Walt Disney Productions again placing high priority on animated films; notes that The Black Cauldron, most complex and expensive animated feature ever producted by Disney studios, is to be released in summer of 1985; illustration (M)

The studio is also at work on a Sherlock Holmes mystery played out by some mice who live in an apartment below the famous detective. This $13 million movie, ''Basil of Baker Street,'' will follow ''The Black Cauldron'' into theaters in 1987. A year and a half later, there will be another animated feature. Two top candidates are a version of ''The Three Musketeers'' starring Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy and Jose Carioca, and T. H. White's ''Mistress Masham's Repose.''

''Animation is more important to us now than it has been for at least 20 years,'' said Mr. Miller, the late Walt Disney's son-in-law, who has always had a soft spot for animation, which he considers the heart of the studio.

Animation Is Profitable

Pay cable, the growth of video cassette recorders and the vast merchandising bonanza created by the ''Star Wars'' movies show how animation can be financially as well as psychologically important to Disney. Disney's revenues from merchandising characters and publishing increased from $41 million in 1978 to $111 million in 1983.

Mr. Miller also likes to speak of ''synergism'': the studio's research- and-development arm is considering a ride based on ''The Black Cauldron'' for Disney's theme parks; a series of new 2l-minute animated shorts will be released theatrically, then sold on video cassettes; these will have a third life on The Disney Channel, the studio's pay-cable network.

''We have to keep our characters alive and create new characters for consumer products,'' said Mr. Miller, who has been trying to ignore Disney's current corporate problems. For the last six months Disney has been beset by corporate raiders. After paying $325 million to Saul P. Steinberg last June to end a takeover threat, Disney, 10 days ago, backed out of the purchase of a greeting card company, Gibson Greetings, to pacify some members of the board and Irwin L. Jacobs, another outsider who now owns 6.9 percent of Disney stock.

The studio hopes ''The Black Cauldron'' will entice consumer pocketbooks with products based on Creeper, the dwarf gofer of the evil Horned King, and Gurgi, a furry coward who speaks in rhyme and aids Taran the Assistant Pig Keeper, the movie's hero.

Success in Home Video Field

Although video cassettes are more a rental than a sale market, cassettes for children have been an exception. And the Disney name, which has been spurned at movie theaters by teen- agers over the last decade, is, nevertheless, magic in the field of home video. Disney has had considerable success with its seven Limited Gold Edition cartoon classics on video cassettes, selling 500,000 cassettes at $29.95 apiece.

Now, the studio is preparing to release one of its animated features on video cassettes at Thanksgiving and a second next Easter.

Much of Disney's strength rests on its library of these features, which have never been shown on television and which are released in theaters to a new generation of children every eight years. Last year ''Snow White'' brought Disney $14.5 million in film rentals and became the 50th most successful movie of all time, earning a cumulative total of more than $41 million in film rentals.

''We have 17 animated features that aren't touchable, but a few are marginal,'' said Mr. Miller, who declined to name the marginal films that will end up on video cassettes. ''We can make between $6 million and $10 million per film on cassettes, give the film exclusively to The Disney Channel, and then make a hell of a deal with a television network.''

So the emphasis at Disney is now on what Mr. Miller calls ''a new inventory of animated classics.'' Between ''Snow White'' in 1937 and ''The Lady and the Tramp'' in 1955, the year Disneyland opened, Disney produced an animated feature every year and a half. Since then the rate has been one every three years. In order to return to one feature every year and a half, Disney first had to build a new inventory of animators.

Key Animators Walk Out in '79

''My world collapsed on Sept. 13, 1979,'' said Ed Hansen, vice president of animation who started at Disney 32 years ago as a novice artist on ''Peter Pan.'' For nearly a decade, Mr. Hansen had helped groom a new stable of animators to replace those who were aging and led by the famous Nine Old Men who had worked together since ''Snow White.''

Then Don Bluth, the leader of the new young animators, walked out in 1979, taking 10 key members of the animation department with him to form his own company. He said at the time that he was protesting a lack of training programs and a lack of interest in quality animation. The walkout delayed ''The Fox and the Hounds,'' the animated movie then in production, for six months.

''The most talented animators at the studio left,'' said Joe Hale, the producer of ''The Black Cauldron.'' ''Two years ago I would have hired them all back. Today, I wouldn't hire any of them. We've got a new group and we've laid them over an anvil and beaten the Disney style into them. I'd hate to bring in the portfolio that got me a job here 33 years ago. It wouldn't get me hired.''

But there are still some thorns. ''The professional background of our young artists today exceeds the background of those who started 60 years ago, but they're not a Heaviside layer yet,'' Mr. Hansen said. ''They lack the necessary hands-on experience.'' While the seasoned animators on ''Lady and the Tramp'' created five feet of animation a week, the less proficient animators on ''The Black Cauldron'' create two and a half feet, according to Mr. Hale.

Because of the new emphasis, the animation division is bursting with 270 people performing functions from full animation to grinding paint. That is double the number in the division a decade ago; 233 of the employees have been at Disney less than 10 years.

There are also other changes. Computerized cameras are used, and scenes are prepared by being shot 10 or 12 times on videotape.

Women Taking on Major Jobs

When Mr. Bluth left, taking with him several women, he said: ''The atmosphere at Disney is oppressive to women. For years women have been assistant animators at Disney, but they've rarely let them get higher.'' Now, 4 of the 28 full animators who breathe life into the characters are women.

''For many many years, we figured only women could do the monotonous ink-and-paint work well because men were too creative; women had no chance even to become assistant animators here,'' Mr. Hale said. ''On 'The Black Cauldron,' women are doing not the small, cute characters but the Cauldron-born deathless warriors. Twenty years ago we would have given those characters to guys who were 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighed over 200 pounds.''

While ''Basil of Baker Street'' is a cheerfully simple Disney film with a light musical score and the voice of Vincent Price as the villainous rat, ''The Black Cauldron'' is a reach for something more sophisticated.

''The pacing of the story in 'The Black Cauldron' is contemporary,'' said Rick Rich, one of the movie's directors. ''We don't stop for a lot of the cute things we've done in the past.''

There are no songs to interrupt the plot, and the hero has a ***working-class*** English accent. ''We didn't want that standard cultured British voice that sounds wimpy to American kids,'' Mr. Hale said.

**Graphic**

Photo of scene from ''The Black Cauldron''

**End of Document**



[***JAROSLAV SEIFERT, CZECH POET, WINS NOBEL LITERATURE PRIZE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H6G0-0008-N0YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1378 words

**Byline:** By JO THOMAS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** STOCKHOLM, Oct. 11

**Body**

The Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Jaroslav Seifert, a Czechoslovak poet, the Swedish Academy announced today.

The award to Mr. Seifert, who is 83 years old and considered his country's national poet, cited work which, ''endowed with freshness, sensuality and rich inventiveness, provides a liberating image of the indomitable spirit and versatility of man.''

Mr. Seifert, the first Czech to win the award for literature, is greatly loved and respected in his own country, the academy noted, and has begun to achieve international recognition as well, in spite of the disadvantage of writing in a language that is little known outside his country. His work is translated and he is regarded as a poet of current interest. Nearly 30 volumes of his collected poems have been published.

Swedish Academy announces that Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Czechoslovak poet Jaroslav Seifert; award to Seifert, who is 83 years old and considered his country's national poet, cites work that 'provides a liberating image of indomitable spirit and versatility of man' (M)

In the United States, he is known only to a handful of scholars and translators. His works are available almost nowhere except through the Czechoslovak Society of Arts and Sciences in Flushing, Queens.

Award Worth $190,000The 18 academics who interrupted their work of editing a dictionary of the Swedish language this afternoon to disclose their choice for the award, which is worth $190,000, once again passed over the often-mentioned names of Jorge Luis Borges, Graham Greene and G"unter Grass, as well as the French novelists Marguerite Yourcenar and Claude Simon, who were believed to be front- runners for the 1984 prize.

The academy's deliberations are kept secret, and the names of the runners-up are not disclosed.

Mr. Seifert was born in a ***working***- ***class*** district of Prague in 1901 and supported himself as a journalist until 1950, when he turned to poetry as a freelance writer.

His early work, drawing from folk songs, familiar speech and everyday life, was enthusiastic about the promise of the Soviet revolution, an enthusiasm that faded after a trip to the Soviet Union in 1925. He broke with the Communist Party in 1929 to join the Social Democratic Party.

During the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Seifert's poetry embodied patriotic themes. In the postwar period his poetry was criticized as disloyal, bourgeois, escapist and a betrayal of his class. During the thaw of 1956, he criticized his Government's cultural policies, and in 1968 he condemned the Soviet invasion and was one of those who signed Charta 77, an appeal to the Government for greater freedom.

The Academy's Description

In its announcement, the academy described the poet in these terms:

- Mr. Seifert has never become a writer with a Party program. The state is there for the people and not vice versa. There is an element of anarchy in his philosophy of life - a protest against everything that cuts down life's possibilities and reduces human beings to cogs in some ideological machine or yokes them to the harness of some dogma.

- His method is to depict and praise those aspects of life and the world that are not governed by dogmas and dictates, political or otherwise. He paints in words a world other than the one various authorities and their associates threaten to squeeze dry and leave destitute.

- He praises a Prague that is blossoming and a spring that lives in the memory, in the hopes of the defiant spirit of people who refuse to conform.

- He conjures up another world than that of tyranny and desolation - a world that exists both here and now, although it may be hidden from our view and bound in chains, and one that exists in our dreams and our will and our art and our indomitable spirit. His poetry is a kind of maieutics - an act of deliverance.

'The Greatest Benefit'

The literature prize is one of five awards established under the will of Alfred B. Nobel, the Swedish industrialist and inventor of dynamite. Nobel, who died in 1896, directed that prizes should be awarded annually for peace, literature, medicine, physics and chemistry to those who during the preceding year ''shall have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind.'' An economics prize was added in 1969 by the Bank of Sweden.

Last year's literature winner was the British novelist William Golding.

Nobel stipulated that the literature prize should go to a person who had produced the most outstanding work ''of an ideal tendency,'' which the academy has taken to mean a striving for the good of mankind, for humaneness, common sense, progress and happiness.

However, there have been sharp differences of opinion on exactly what an ''ideal tendency'' is, and Lars Gyllensten, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, has explained that when considering candidates nowadays, this expression is not taken too literally.

Poet Overjoyed

PRAGUE, Oct. 11 (AP) - Mr. Seifert was overjoyed when told in his hospital room that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, according to the Swedish ambassador, who brought him the news. The poet's worried wife seemed less pleased, however.

''He was overjoyed,'' Ambassador Olof Skoglund said. ''That's the only thing he could say. I don't think he was expecting it.''

But the poet may be too ill to receive the prize in person in Stockholm in December, the Ambassador said.

Wife's ReservationsThe author's wife, Marie, who is 85, was asked whether she was happy about the award. ''I can't think I am,'' she replied in an interview at the couple's three-story villa in a Prague suburb. ''I would be happier if he were healthy. He is traveling from hospital to hospital. Of course he will be glad. Had it only come 20 years earlier.''

The couple have been married since 1928.

CTK, the official Czechoslovak press agency, reported the award today after a 3 1/2-hour delay and praised Mr. Seifert for his ''positive attitude to man's struggle for social justice.''

At Prague's Vinohrady Hospital, Ambassador Skoglund read the academy's award citation to the poet. Mr. Seifert, speaking haltingly through a translator, expressed his joy several times throughout the brief conversation, the Ambassador said in a telephone interview.

''I could see he was very tired,'' Mr. Skoglund said. ''He is very old and very weak.''

Jana Seifertova, the poet's daughter, said her father was suffering from a heart ailment and had been ordered to rest. She said his illness was not critical, ''but at that age, anything is serious.'' A doctor, who asked not to be identified, said Mr. Seifert also suffers from diabetes.

'Poetry Is With Us From the Start' By The Associated Press Following are two poems by Jaroslav Seifert, samples of the work that earned the Czech poet the 1984 Nobel Prize for Literature. The first, from the cycle ''Sonnets on Prague,'' was translated by Jan Herzfeld. The second, from a volume entitled ''The Plague Column,'' was translated by Ewald Osers. Sonnet Number 15 on Prague Prague! Like a draft of wine her savor, Though she should lie in ruins round me, Though fate from hearth and home should hound

me, And choke her soil with blood. Oh, never Will I forsake, though all forsake her! Here with the dead I'll wait, unbending, From early spring to winter's ending, Mute at the door till time awakes her. Though screech-owls call down death and

mourning, Though God avert His eyes above, One tear upon His lashes burning Charms from our roofs the hovering curse. All my heart's burden, in this verse, I have brought and sung for you, my love! And Now Goodbye To all those million verses in the world I've added just a few. They probably were no wiser than a cricket's

chirrup. I know. Forgive me. I'm coming to the end. They weren't even the first footmarks in the lunar dust. If at times they sparkled after all it was not their light. I loved this language. And that which forces silent lips to quiver will make young lovers kiss as they stroll through red-gilded fields under a sunset slower than in the tropics. Poetry is with us from the start. Like loving, like hunger, like the plague, like war. At times my verses were embarrassingly foolish. But I make no excuse. I believe that seeking beautiful words is better than killing and murdering.

**Graphic**

photo of Jaroslav Seifert

**End of Document**



[***FILMS ARE THE STAR OF VENICE FESTIVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HH00-0008-N2SG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1369 words

**Byline:** By E.

**Body**

J. DIONNE Jr.

VENICE, Sept. 7 - The Venice Film Festival always seems to suffer in comparison with other great events in movies.

Like most film festivals outside the United States, its awards simply cannot match the Oscars in the power they wield in the dominant American film market.

In the field of buying and selling, Venice makes no claims for competing with either the Cannes Film Festival or the American Film Market show. And Cannes seems to have gotten a jump on Venice in winning international attention and in displaying films that further a public image.

All this is not without advantages for Venice. The lack of frenetic commercial activity means that the films the festival showcases really are the center of attention. The scene tends to be a lot more relaxed, less encumbered by the chains of status and style. Though purists don't take to the idea, Venice has begun showing rock videos as part of its fare, a sign of its relative lack of stuffiness.

Money From Television

But for the moment, Venice must bear a heavy burden. The Italian cinema is supposedly in a crisis. The money is no longer there, and a lot of the power in Italian film making has moved to the television networks, which can put up the cash required. Of the six Italian films in the competition, five received at least some money from RAI, the state television network.

The crisis made this year's Venice Festival, which ended Friday, the focus of a good deal of acrimony, a symbol of the crisis. Critics, who can unsheathe their sharpest knives at film festivals, were on the attack when the festival opened on Aug. 27.

At the beginning, critics attacked the whole enterprise as a bore, a collection of mediocre films that in no way represented the film industry's best.

The discussion tended to focus on what became known as the French four R's, films by the four French directors Eric Rohmer, Jacques Rivette, Alain Resnais and Jean Rouch. There was even a fifth French entry, ''Les Favoris de la Lune,'' offered by the Russian director Otar Iosseliani.

Emphasis on French Films

The heavy emphasis on French films was only one target of the criticism aimed at the festival's director, Gian Luigi Rondi. He also came under assault because 6 of the 24 films in competition were Italian, too many even for most Italians. It was, said some, a way of showing that the Italian cinema still existed.

And other critics noted acidly that the United States was represented only by a film from a Russian director, Andrei Konchalovsky's ''Maria's Lovers,'' in which Nastassja Kinski plays a young girl of Russian descent living in a ***working-class*** town.

Nobody, in good or bad faith, can claim that the program of this 41st International Film Festival could really be considered representative of the worldwide production, said Giovanni Buttafava of L'Espresso.

Not content with taking the films to task, some in the movie community even attacked the selection of the prize jury. How, they asked, could people as different as the German writer G"unter Grass, the American novelist Erica Jong, the Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the Spanish author Rafael Alberti and the jury chairman, Michelangelo Antonioni, ever agree on anything? And why so many literary types?

Jury's Choices Praised

Mr. Rondi was forced to answer that question in a long article. Naturally, it wasn't easy to put together a jury of this type, he said. The idea was to have an interdisciplinary group that would emphasize the way in which cinema is more and more worthy of being associated with the other art forms.

The explanation did not necessarily appease Mr. Rondi's tormentors, but the jury's decisions did - at least a little. Giovanni Grazzini of Corriere Della Sera called the jury's generally popular choices the miracle in the Lagoon.

The unanimous decision to award the top prize, the Golden Lion, to Krzysztof Zanussi's ''Year of the Quiet Sun'' reflected a wide consensus among festivalgoers.

The film tells the story of a Polish mother and daughter who have lost everything in the chaos and huge land-transfers that followed World War II. An American official befriends the two women, falls in love with one of them and tries to get both to immigrate to the United States. But the plan fails. Maja Komorowska and Hanna Sharzanka won particular praise for their performances as mother and daughter.

The Artist Building Bridges Mr. Zanussi saw his winning as something of a victory for detente in a period of deep freeze between East and West.

''I'm happy, so happy, because it was very difficult to put this film together,'' the Polish director said. ''I have done it in a moment when relations between Poland and the rest of the world were tense.''

When politicians find themselves before a wide gap, he said, it is the artist who must build bridges to bring them together.

The biggest news out of the festival, though, was that politics can easily dig a wide gap between groups of artists. The attack by Mr. Yevtushenko, Mr. Grass and Mr. Alberti on Pasquale Squitieri's ''Claretta'' as a movie sympathetic to Mussolini and Fascism was front-page news in the Italian press.

When Mr. Yevtushenko spoke of the 20 million people killed by Fascism in the Soviet Union, it brought out every sort of cold war argument - and also defenses of Italy and assaults on ideological determinism.

Ideological Arguments

The most ridiculous thing in this Venetian scene, wrote Giorgio Bocca in Saturday's issue of the left-leaning La Repubblica, is that protesting in the name of ideology against a film, therefore against a work of art - or something that claims to be - are three people who in different ways have always imposed ideological engagements on their readers, ideological opportunism and, in the case of Mr. Yevtushenko, ideological servility.

Still, Eastern Europeans did not do badly in Venice. Another of the jury's popular choices was its award of the special jury prize to Mr. Iosseliani's ''Favoris de la Lune,'' a film set in an old Paris house about a thief who covets just about everything.

Among the four R's, Mr. Rohmer's ''Full Moon in Paris'' won the best actress prize for Pascale Ogier. In the film, praised as witty and entertaining, she plays a woman who likes relationships with men - lots of them - and likes to keep all of them more or less under her control. She ends up surprised by the idea that she might actually love someone.

The best actor prize went to Naseeruddin Shah for his performance in Goutam Gosh's ''Paar,'' a socially conscious Indian film about the caste system. The Silver Lion award for young film directors went to the French-Canadian Micheline Lanctot for her disturbing film ''Sonatine,'' about the tribulations of two well-off adolescent girls.

One Italian Winner

The only Italian winner was Pupi Avati's ''Noi Tre'' (''We Three''), yet another look at a part of Mozart's life. The film focuses on Mozart as a 14- year-old living near Bologna, his friendship with a young boy and his adolescent love for a 15-year-old girl.

Three other films drew particular notice. The International Critics Jury gave its award to Edgar Retz's 16- hour epic ''Homeland,'' which traces the history of a West German town from 1919 to 1982, from defeat in World War I through Nazism to the ambiguities of the postwar situation.

Richard Lowenstein, an Australian writer and director who is only 24 years old, won some favorable comment for his ''Strikebound,'' a film about a coal strike in the 1930's. And Uri Barbash's ''Beyond the Walls,'' an Israeli film in which Palestinian and Israeli prisoners in one of Israel's jails unite during a prison uprising, drew comment for its willingness to treat an enormously sensitive theme.

In the end, though, given the state of Italian cinema, several Italian critics argued that the real competition may have been only marginally related to the films.

They noted that the real winner of the festival was the national television network RAI One, which had bought or co-produced five of the most popular films at the festival. Its rival, RAI Two, had less precience. But RAI Two had one advantage: It was a co-producer of Mr. Squitieri's movie which, thanks to its critics, was the festival's real attention-getter.

**Graphic**

Photo of Maja Komorowska and Scott Wilson in role; Photo of Krzysztof Zanussi; Photo of Otar Iosseliani

**End of Document**



[***WHAT'S DOING IN; Rotterdam***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43FM-RJN0-0109-T0F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1844 words

**Byline:**  By TRACY METZ; TRACY METZ is a journalist based in Amsterdam.

**Body**

When German bombers circled over the Netherlands on May 14, 1940, they left Rotterdam devastated. And that was just the beginning of five years of war and occupation. No wonder that some see the choice of Rotterdam as Cultural Capital of Europe this year, with Oporto in Portugal, as entirely fitting. The city has succeeded not only in rebuilding itself physically but also in resuscitating a lively cultural climate in which experiment is welcomed.

Rotterdam, the nation's second city and with one of the world's largest harbors, has always been a hard-working, unpretentious place, where shirts are sold with the sleeves already rolled up, as the joke goes. It even turned the destruction of its historic center into a selling point, using the opportunity to reinvent itself as a modern metropolis, in contrast to the picture-postcard charm of Amsterdam.

These changes are reflected in its ethnic diversity, with more than 150 nationalities represented, and in the slogan of the Cultural Capital activities, "Rotterdam Is Many Cities." The Rotterdam Cultural Capital visitors' center is at Mauritsweg 5; phone, (31-10) 402-2001; www .rotterdam2001.nl.

Aside from the economic strength of the harbor, the city's infrastructure has been reinforced in recent years with several important cultural institutions: the Netherlands Architecture Institute, the Netherlands Foto Institute and the Kunsthal Rotterdam for temporary exhibitions. Since its completion in 1996, the Erasmus Bridge has done a great deal to bring the formerly deprived southern bank of the Maas River (Kop van Zuid, "head of south") into the orbit of the lively north, resulting in a surge of new development.

For general tourist information, call (31-10) 414-0000, fax (31-10) 413-3124, or see [*www.vvv.rotterdam.nl*](http://www.vvv.rotterdam.nl) /engels. The Rotterdam City Development Corporation also has an informative site,   [*www.obr*](http://www.obr) .rotterdam.nl.

Events

Each night through Aug. 4, the Leuvehoofd quay, near the north end of the Erasmus Bridge, is being transformed into an open-air theater for the multimedia spectacle "Coat of Rotterdam." Around 11, the quay fills with walls of water cascading down shipping containers, onto which film, video and laser images are projected, accompanied by sound, music and lighting for a voyage through the city's past, present and future. It's all meant to make spectators feel at home, as if the city fits them "like an old coat," according to the old Dutch expression.

V2, Institute for the Unstable Media, Eendrachtsstraat 10, (31-10) 206-7272, [*www.v2.nl,*](http://www.v2.nl,) has organized "Grounding 2001," with exhibitions and workshops exploring the role that art and media technology play in the rapidly changing urban landscape. As part of the project, the visual artist Joep van Lieshout built AVL-Ville, Keilestraat 34E and Vierhavenstraat, an open-air museum of functional art works: living and working areas that can be easily moved, a canteen, even a field hospital for simple operations. AVL is also a "free state" with its own flag, constitution and currency -- and there's no admission, so it's truly free. Open daily; (31-10) 244-0971,   [*www.avl-ville.com*](http://www.avl-ville.com).

The Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Museumpark 18-20, (31-10) 441-9100, on the Internet at boijmans .rotterdam.nl, shows "Pieter Breughel the Elder, Master Draftsman," through Aug. 5, then an exhibition of 30 works by Hieronymus Bosch, Sept. 1 to Nov. 11. Admission, $4.80, at 2.6 guilders to the dollar.

"Organ Music on the Maas" is a tribute to Rotterdam organists and composers of the last two centuries, and Felix Mendelssohn of Germany, who taught many of them, on the three-keyboard Van Vulpen organ in the Dutch Reform Hoflaan church, Hoflaan 1 in the Kralingen neighborhood. Performances are July 20, Aug. 3, 17 and 31 and Sept. 14. Tickets, $3.85, from (31-10) 412-2646.

Under the title "At Home in Rotterdam," the Dutch tradition of public housing is on display until Sept. 23 in 24 homes, all examples of innovative 20th-century residential architecture, including a ***working-class*** home from early in the 1900's; Tuindorp Vreewijk, an example of a garden city (small, leafy housing developments that were predecessors to suburbs); and redeveloped harbor locations. A pass for all 24 houses is $3.85 at the Rotterdam 2001 center, Mauritsweg 5; [*www.thuisstad.nl*](http://www.thuisstad.nl).

One of the venues is the recently renovated Huis Sonneveld next to the Netherlands Architecture Institute, Museumpark 25. This modernist 1930's villa was the home of A. H. Sonneveld, director of the Van Nelle tea, coffee and tobacco factory. The house is open Tuesday to Sunday; (31-10) 440-1200; [*www.nai.nl*](http://www.nai.nl). A ticket for the Architecture Institute, $7, includes Huis Sonneveld .

Until Sept. 9, the Architecture Institute will showcase the work of J. J. P. Oud, one of the best-known Dutch architects of the 20th century, with an installation by the architect Philip Johnson. Closed Monday; admission, $3.40; (31-10) 440-1200.

Although not yet officially open, Las Palmas, on the Wilhelminapier on the south bank of the Maas, (31-10) 201-0035, [*www.thuisstad.nl,*](http://www.thuisstad.nl,) will be host through Sept. 23 to "Six and a Half Million Houses!" The title refers to the number of dwellings in the Netherlands. Design your own home in the Laboratory of Future Housing. Admission, $3.85; open daily.

Sightseeing

The Erasmus Bridge, designed by Ben van Berkel, is an impressive sight: a swooping structure with one large bending pylon to which the deck is anchored by cables. The pylon gave the 800-meter bridge its nickname, the Swan.

Until it was usurped by the bridge two years ago, the symbol of Rotterdam was the Euromast, Parkhaven 20, (31-10) 436-4811, and www .euromast.nl, a thin tower 328 feet high built in a park in 1960. Ten years later, the Space Tower added 246 feet, bringing it to 607 feet. If you have the heart for it, you can slide down the original 100 meters on a rope, slowly or as fast as 10 seconds ($19 or $29). Open daily, $6. The restaurant, open Tuesday to Saturday, offers a fine view, but with only eight tables, reservations are a must.

A new generation of buildings has sprouted on the south bank, designed by renowned architects like Renzo Piano (the Belvedere building for KPN Telecom, Wilhelminakade 123, with a video wall with 896 green lights showing constantly changing messages) and Sir Norman Foster (the World Port Center, Wilhelminakade 909).

Rotterdam's cultural axis leads straight from the main rail station along the Mauritsweg. Within walking distance are the Rotterdam Art Foundation, which holds forth in a small hall in the back of Cafe De Unie, a bistro in a replica of the building by J. J. P. Oud that once stood on the same spot at Mauritsweg 34, (31-10) 411-7394, and the Van Gennep bookstore (with a separate Rotterdam section) at Oude Binnenweg 131-B, (31-10) 433-0592.

The axis leads past the Witte de Withstraat, the street where the Netherlands Foto Institute is situated, as well as the Witte de With Center for Contemporary Art. Across the street lies the Museumpark, around which are grouped the Architecture Institute, the Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, the Kunsthal, the Nature Museum and a white modernist villa devoted to the Rotterdam painter Hendrik Chabot.

Spido boat cruises tour the Eem and Waal harbors on 75-minute trips that leave daily 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. from Leuvehoofd at the northern base of the Erasmus Bridge. In July and August, there are longer cruises to the industrial hinterland: the Botlek harbor, the Europoort and the flood barrier, and to the series of sea dams called the Delta Works. Tickets, $6.35 to $34. Information: (31-10) 275-9988; [*www.spido.nl*](http://www.spido.nl).

For a short trip across the Maas, take one of the tiny wooden shuttles that run between the Veerkade on the north bank and Hotel New York; $1.75 each way.

Rotterdam prides itself on its industry, going so far as to organize tours to sites like the fruit terminal, the Shell refinery and the center where thousands of cars are prepared for transport throughout Europe. Information: (31-10) 411-9855, fax (31-10) 413-0124; www .industrieeltoerisme.rotterdam.nl. Most cost from $10.50 to $15.20.

Where to Stay

Hotel New York, Koninginnenhoofd 1, (31-10) 439-0500, fax (31-10) 484-2701, is an inspiring reuse of a 1922 Art Deco building, originally the headquarters of the Holland America Line, which brought so many immigrants to the New World. Each of the 72 rooms differs in color and furnishings. Doubles from $65 to $155, plus 5.5 percent city tax.

Budget: The 28-room Hotel Bazar, Witte de Withstraat 16, (31-10) 206-5151, fax (31-10) 206-5159, takes its inspiration from its multicultural surroundings, with one floor having rooms with an Arabian Nights theme, the other South American. Doubles: $50 to $95 with breakfast and city tax.

Hotel Baan, Rochussenstraat 345, (31-10) 477-0555, fax (31-10) 476-9450, [*www.hotelbaan.nl,*](http://www.hotelbaan.nl,) is small family hotel with a homey atmosphere three subway stops from the city center. There are four floors and no elevator. But the 16 rooms, 10 with baths, have TV's, phones, and hair dryers, for $33 to $62, including breakfast.

Luxury: The 254-room Hilton, Weena 10, opposite City Hall, (31-10) 710-8000, fax (31-10) 710-8080, [*www.hilton.com,*](http://www.hilton.com,) offers traditional design but executive floors are modern. Doubles: $175 to $215, plus tax.

Bilderberg Park Hotel, Westersingel 70, (31-10) 436-3611, fax (31-10) 436-4212, [*www.bilderberg.nl,*](http://www.bilderberg.nl,) features both classic and modern decor in the 189 rooms. Doubles: $175 to $215.

Where to Eat

At Kip, Van Vollenhovenstraat 25, (31-10) 436-9923, fax (31-10) 436-2702, the name means chicken, but the restaurant's specialty is actually Dutch blue guinea fowl, which is roasted and served with a truffle sauce. The atmosphere is formal in the dark, salonlike interior. Dinner for two with wine is about $75.

Restaurant Parkzicht, Kievitslaan 25, (31-10) 436-8888, is in a restored naval officers' club in the park around the Euromast. It offers a choice of French food upstairs (five-course menu $42), which looks out over a more international brasserie downstairs (three-course menu $22). When the weather is nice, there is dining on the terrace.

Zilt, Cargadoorskade 107, (31-10) 290-9091, fax (31-10) 290-9094, is on the developing south bank, on the Entrepot harbor basin. It lives up to its name, which means "briny" -- it is right on a marina, with maritime decor and outdoor dining. Specialties include fish, like grilled tuna, and homemade ice cream and creme brulee. Dinner for two, with wine about $85.

Loos, Westplein 1, (31-10) 411-7723, a block from the river, is a spacious and pleasant Parisian-style brasserie with a cafe section and a separate restaurant with white tablecloths. A specialty is the poached wolffish (loup de mer) in a sauce of cockles and crawfish. The three-course menu is $21 each.

In the center of town a more informal meal (including great fries) can be had at Dudok, Meent 88, (31-10) 433-3102, a light and spacious cafe. Specialties include the homemade apple pie and baked red mullet fillet with orange, coriander and saffron. Dinner for two, $65.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A walkway offers a close-up of the Erasmus Bridge. Spido tour boats, with the Willems Bridge in distance. Dudok: light, spacious and great fries.; The Kunsthal Rotterdam, on the grounds of Museumpark. (Photographs by Otto Snoek/Hollandse Hoogte, for The New York Times) Chart: "Vital Statistics" lists travel information and statistics on Rotterdam. (Sources: Netherlands Board of Tourism, local businesses) Map of Rotterdam shows tourist attractions and points of interest.

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[***A Painter and Her Art Trade Places;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VND-VH70-007F-G3MN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Change in Style, and Provocative Works Find Success***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VND-VH70-007F-G3MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JUDITH H. DOBRZYNSKI

By JUDITH H. DOBRZYNSKI

**Series:** Artist at Work: An Inside Look -- This is the first in a series of articles examining the creative process.

**Body**

After more than an hour of art talk one recent day, Lisa Yuskavage, 36, a painter whose often shocking work deals with sex, misogyny and self-loathing, got up from the couch in her studio above a used-furniture warehouse in TriBeCa and fetched the secret of her latest success.

She held up two plaster sculptures of oddly misshapen, fleshy female nudes, each about 10 inches high. She described how she had made them and three similar statuettes and used them to experiment with composition and lighting. She would find poses she liked, take photographs, make drawings from the photographs and paint small studies from the drawings. Only then did Ms. Yuskavage put pigment on canvas.

And what paintings they are: provocative depictions of loose, blase women in colors that glow or sometimes scream. Many have salacious titles. Critics have described the works, usually in praise, as "anatomically impossible bimbos, nymphets and other female travesties" and "demonically distorted Kewpie-doll women" that are "perversely entertaining" and "visual spectacles." Ms. Yuskavage once said she captured the "far-out extension" of male sex fantasies. To question prevailing views about women and sex is not enough; she wants a reaction, as so many artists of her generation do.

Still, one wonders why Ms. Yuskavage (pronounced you-SKA-vidge) went through the drawn-out artistic process. Her recent works, which sold out at prices of up to $30,000 at the Marianne Boesky Gallery in SoHo last fall, are directly descended from two series she made a few years ago called "Bad Babies" and "Big Blondes."

Back then she simply painted, conjuring up her "sinister and precocious" (another critic's label) creations the way a child might invent imaginary friends. Those paintings made her reputation and created a following among top curators like Robert Storr of the Museum of Modern Art and influential collectors like Charles Saatchi, the British advertising magnate.

But as Ms. Yuskavage, a voluble woman who seems to be making up for the long hours she spends alone in her studio without even a phone, spoke about the often studied but still elusive creative process, she was clear about the reasons for her new method.

"It's a way of making sure that painting is not dead," she said. "Paintings of nudes have been done, so I asked, How can it be done differently?"

She quotes Jasper Johns's famous self-instructional sketchbook note: "Take an object. Do something with it. Do something else with it."

In her earlier works, Ms. Yuskavage's figures often floated, apparition-like, in color fields. Her newer creations set the same sort of woman in more complex backgrounds, sometimes with references to art history or psychiatry.

Whatever her theory or process, things do seem to be working right now for Ms. Yuskavage. No less an artist than Chuck Close has called her work "beautifully painted." Gary Garrels, the chief curator at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, explains the appeal this way: "The images are extremely seductive in terms of color and her use of light, yet I find her paintings extremely unsettling and uncomfortable. And it's the combination of the seductive and the unsettling that makes them so interesting. They are very haunting and very poignant paintings, and they are brave paintings."

Her work was not always so well received, as Ms. Yuskavage tells it. Born into a ***working-class*** family in Philadelphia, she "found art" when she was about 12, partly to be different than her older, "smarter" sister, who became a doctor.

"Even before I wanted to be an artist, I remember sitting at my grandmother's table with a tablet -- that's what we always called a pad of paper -- and drawing," she recalled. "I always drew naked people, and then I tore them up. I was always only ever interested in people."

After earning a bachelor's degree at Temple University and a master's at Yale University, she started showing her paintings in group exhibitions. But she was not happy with her mild depictions of large-eyed girls looking away from the viewer.

Then two things happened. Ms. Yuskavage visited the Sonnabend Gallery in SoHo to see a Jeff Koons show: 18 kitschy objects inspired by soft porn, rock music, movies and television and made according to Mr. Koons's instructions, but not by him.

"It wasn't that I liked it," she said. "It was an affront. But it was like getting smacked in the face. It was nasty work, but it was better than what I did because it was affecting me."

A Suggestion And a Breakthrough

Some time after that, another breakthrough occurred during a conversation with her husband, Matvey Levenstein, who is also a Yale-educated painter. At the time, "my personality was too much for people -- I was too provocative," she said. "I felt no one liked me because I was too wild."

She leaped to an odd conclusion: "I told my husband I think I should not paint anymore; painting is the problem," she said. "I was very original, very take it or leave it. I felt I was more original than my work."

Mr. Levenstein, she said, suggested that she exchange places with her work, toning down her ribald personality while allowing her paintings to become more abrasive.

"I thought for a year: What would it take to make my work the opposite?" she said. "And I realized I could do it. So I made those 'Bad Babies' paintings of angry demons. I let them be dirty and lazy." Her series of "Big Blondes," who smoked, squatted and did things unprintable in a family newspaper, followed.

Most days, Ms. Yuskavage went to her studio and simply painted, with few preliminaries. "I knew how to draw bodies out of my head," she said, "and I understand how light works." She has always, she added, loved paintings "where light became the theater of the painting, almost the subject of the painting." And her best work, she said, incorporated the female body and dramatic lighting.

It was in the art classes she sometimes teaches at Princeton University and Cooper Union, as she told her students how Tintoretto placed wax sculptures in a box and used candles to play with the light, that Ms. Yuskavage was inspired to embark on her new way of working.

Creative Process Becomes Elaborate

Initially she fashioned sculptures from Hydrocal (an artist's clay that hardens into a lightweight plaster), made a box for them and used lights to simulate daylight, candlelight, theatrical light and so on. "I felt I was giving myself fluidity," she said. "I felt my earlier work was one-dimensional."

Since those sculptures were exhibited and sold, Ms. Yuskavage has made the process more elaborate. She asked friends to model, rented a photography studio and hired makeup artists and equipment assistants. Voila: a photo shoot.

"I had to get it done in eight hours, and it was the hardest thing I ever did," she said, getting excited all over again about the experience. "Everyone was asking me what to do." Which was a 180-degree turn from her usual solitude. From those photographs, Ms. Yuskavage made sculptures and drawings and oil studies before painting.

"One reason she does all this is that she always wants to move forward," said Marianne Boesky, her dealer, "and when she gets too good at something, she feels like she's cheating and she has to start again."

Ms. Yuskavage will sometimes ruminate for weeks before starting a new body of work, and her ideas can come from anywhere. "I have a lot of ideas backed up," she said. "I keep a lot of them in my head. I'm a list maker, too, but if it's important, you never forget it."

In her studio, a no-frills white rectangle messy with paint, brushes, containers and canvases in various stages of completion, Ms. Yuskavage tends to listen to the radio, generally a public station that has some talk so she feels "connected to the world," though she does not really hear much of what is said.

She rarely starts painting right away. Instead, "I look at what I have done, I make a list of what needs to be fixed on a painting, then I may work on something else," like a watercolor. "It's like a warm-up for an athlete," she said. "I enter a different level of thinking after a few hours of working."

Once at this level of "alertness," as she terms it, "I'm not confused; I'm the master of my domain," she said. "It's not mystical. But you don't paint with your hands, you paint with your head."

Ms. Yuskavage once said in an interview with Mr. Close that when she paints, "I allow all sorts of things to run through my head." She mentioned dirty songs, a passage about urinating from James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist," Shirley Temple movies and the light in a Giovanni Bellini painting.

"Some of it's base; some of it's elegant," she said. "It's a Frankenstein way of putting a painting together. The parts of the corpse come from different bodies."

'That's the Fun': Shifting Boundaries

Like almost all artists, Ms. Yuskavage is reluctant to put specific meanings on her paintings. "Viewers are always trying to get it one way, and it's not like that," she said. "It changes. Within one painting, it can change from top to bottom. It's like dreams, the way dreams work, starting out one way and ending up another way. Artists play with shifting boundaries, and that's the fun."

A self-described "ornery" person, Ms. Yuskavage deflects more detailed probing about her thought processes. Still, she acknowledges an element of self-portraiture in her work. She has also said that her works are about misogyny and bad habits like social climbing and self-deprecation. Critics have commented on those things as well as on the anger in her creations and the conflict between self-love and self-loathing.

Ms. Yuskavage agreed that in a cultural climate where anything not only goes but might even seem necessary to gain attention, the temptation is to grow ever more provocative. But she said she would not take that road. Citing a 1995 work called "Rorschach Blot," which depicted a nude woman, standing, with her legs spread apart, she said, "That was the painting in which I answered how low will I go, how vulgar."

Her newer work, a bit more subtle but ever sexual, has a little more context, though narrative remains minimal. One painting, "Honeymoon," poses a long-haired blond woman, clad in a peignoir, at a window overlooking a mountainous landscape. Another, "Loved," is a seductive nude with strategically placed flowers.

"One way to enlarge a small idea," Ms. Yuskavage said, "is to really jump into it. You inhabit it, turn over every rock."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Lisa Yuskavage experiments with sculptures, photographs and drawings in preparation for her paintings of women. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

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[***The Dead and the Naked***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PWT-65R0-TW8F-G0GM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Chapter 6: The Naked Quarry

Gene Gill had arrived at the island of Treekape on Tuesday, Sept. 7, four hours before the first ferry arrived. Arrogant and entitled, and possibly drunk, he had not waited for the ferry. He had helped himself to someone's motorboat and headed out to sea. Early that morning, G. G. arrived at his destination but without the boat. For, whisked in by the tide, G. G. was dead.

This scenario had been surmised from a Boston Whaler found broken up on the rocks and a yellow Post-it discovered at its empty mooring:

<0> <0> <0> <0> <0> 9/7

<0> <0> <0> <0> <0> No time to wait --

<0> <0> <0> <0> <0> the price of liberty!

<0> <0> <0> <0> <0> G. G.

Early one morning soon after G. G.'s body was found, Miss Skattergoods examined a photocopy of this communication. Beside her on the granite bench facing the ocean was the young detective, Lyndon Oakwood. ''Now, what was the price of liberty, again?'' she asked. ''Ah, yes, eternal vigilance.''

''Andrew Jackson,'' Oakwood said. He collected president cards instead of baseball cards as a child. He looked at her proudly, expectantly, like a student with a polished apple. When there was no response, he frowned. Then: ''Well, what do you think of the note? Suspicious, isn't it?''

''You are suspicious,'' she said. ''The note is suspect. Don't they teach anything at all anymore? Never mind,'' she added, perhaps noticing his expression. ''That was very impressive, that Andrew Jackson reference. Now. Have you read Dick's book? 'The Time of Day'?''

For a moment Oakwood despaired. He had confided in Miss Skattergoods with enthusiasm. She was a mystery writer. She had witnessed the appearance of the body. But not only did she make him feel and act like a schoolboy, he also noticed in her an unfortunate tendency to drift away from the topic. Had he misjudged her? Was she, perhaps, the tiniest bit senile? But he reminded himself that little old ladies in mystery novels often seemed disoriented and dreamy, while all along they were intuitively solving the crime.

''No,'' he said to his little old lady. ''I haven't read it. Yet.''

''I just started it. Fresh and unpretentious -- utterly unpretentious.'' She shook her head. ''Not like its author, and not like this fellow, this G. G. and his affectations!'' she said in her high-New England accent. ''Really! Crossing his seven in the European way! One stops crossing one's sevens before being graduated from university, surely.''

''He didn't go to college,'' Oakwood said, thinking with amusement that Miss Skattergoods's diction was far more affected than G. G.'s crossed seven.

''Ah,'' she said. ''Well, that explains it.''

And Miss Skattergoods left the detective sitting in the sun.

A little later, Carol Grey set out for a walk in the glorious morning sunlight, the white clouds overhead, the moist air fresh with the spray of the sea. She was agitated, thoughtful, forgetting occasionally to walk like a lady and, in those moments, striding with the abandon of a long-legged, big-kneed horse. It was her custom to walk in the morning, saving the rest of the day to work. The light didn't matter to Carol -- afternoon, morning, night, her paintings were always done in artificial light. It was constant, artificial light was. And, best of all, it was artificial. Carol had strong feelings on the relationship between artifice and art.

Carol Grey walked and walked, noticing the sea, which was so much calmer this morning, a lacquered blue, noticing the scrubby plants leading to its edge, noticing Dick Treekape out in his very uncharacteristic cigarette boat (which had once, he claimed, belonged to George Bush the elder, adding, ''Now, there, whatever else, was a gentleman''). But mostly she noticed that she was walking among all this beauty all alone.

She had still not gotten a chance to spend any real time a deux with Spenser. After last night's dinner, she found him in his music studio, poking disconsolately at the piano, and she stroked his bald head and toyed with the short sleeve of his polo shirt. He kissed her hand, which was encouraging, but then he apologetically sent her off so he could work. He was a devoted composer, of course. But that was small consolation to Carol as she walked brusquely, breaking a sweat, swinging her arms loosely now that she was out of range of any observers, now that she was all alone.

Alone, she said to herself in a firm, instructive voice, means free. But she did not feel free. She felt haunted, haunted by memory, by circumstance, by her own excruciating isolation in this irrelevant beauty around her.

She walked far from the gray stone mansion, far from the neat white cottages, trying to get somewhere, she told herself, somewhere else, when she noticed a path turning away from the beach. She followed it through the brush, through the shaggy dark pines, up a small muddy incline, up a rocky slope, down again to a hollow surrounded by delicate birch, and then, before her, embraced by a circle of young, white saplings, she saw a small body of water in a basin of craggy granite.

Unlike the neighboring islands studded with shingled mansions that had lured vacationers since the 19th century, Treekape Island had always been home to the ***working class***. This was owing to a geographical oddity: Treekape was made entirely of granite. Up and down the Eastern Seaboard, pillars of Treekape granite, mined from quarries owned by Dick's great-great-grandfather, graced the nation's churches and courthouses. But building practices changed, and civic and spiritual construction eventually turned away from this dot off the northern coast of Maine. When the demand for granite came to an end, the island relaxed back into its sea mists, forgotten by most of the world. There were still quarries, to be sure, but they were abandoned quarries, open to the skies year after year until they were deep and fresh with rainwater.

In some of the old quarries, the locals, descendants of the original quarry workers, had carved steps into the steep sides and attached metal handrails in order to go swimming on hot summer days. There was one abandoned quarry, however, a particularly secluded and beautiful one, in which no local had set foot for many years. More than half a century ago, a child drowned there, and ever since, rumors of witchcraft attached themselves to the spot. The island's collective memory, though vague, was powerful, and the members of the tightknit community stayed away from what was known as the Naked Quarry, an icy pool nestled in a wood on the Treekape estate.

On its banks, if the steep, rocky sides could indeed be called banks, soil had gathered and nurtured slender birches, vines of wild roses, a youthful weeping willow, a scattering of wildflowers. It was here that Carol found herself in the fluttering shade of the birch leaves, bees making their heavy, dazed round of the roses, the willow draping lightly over the water. The water, Carol thought: in its undisturbed depth, the water was a perfect, infinite black.

The warmth of the sun gently touched her skin, touched the water, touched the rocks, the world, she thought, sighing. She stood for several minutes, confused.

Then, at last, it came to her: I am alone and I am happy!

This instant, in this place, by myself, I am happy, thought the astonished Carol Grey. Happy.

Carol had told herself she was alone and happy so many times, had tried to teach herself to believe it so many, many times, that now, for this moment when the lesson was learned, when the words felt true, when they were true and real and immediate and profound, she felt tears in her eyes and held her arms out in simple joy.

''My God!'' she said out loud. ''My God!''

''Indeed,'' answered a soft voice from the basin below her. ''You may well believe in him in a place like this!''

Carol pulled her arms down to her sides. She glared toward the voice. There, within a shadow formed by the rock and the willow, a head was bobbing, green eyes were blazing in a sudden shaft of sunlight and a wrinkled skinny face was peering up. Her short gray hair was disheveled and matted, as if she were wearing an old drowned cat on her head, Carol thought, burning with shame, as well as anger, at what she silently referred to as ''the intrusion.''

She glared at the swimmer, indignantly, irrationally. How did that geriatric hag ever find me here? In my place?

To Carol's horror, the wet head wearing the dead cat revealed itself to be attached at its other end to a wet, naked body that now climbed with a complete lack of self-consciousness and a surprising agility onto a sunbaked rock where it stood in all its glory.

''Sorry,'' Carol said, turning quickly away. ''I've disturbed you, Miss Skattergoods.''

''Not at all, my dear.''

Miss Skattergoods, having pulled on only an enormous floppy straw hat, unfolded a previously hidden beach chair and sat down.

''Beautiful, isn't it?'' Miss Skattergoods said, stretching herself comfortably. ''I feel so at home here; it brings back such memories. The innocence, the freedom of a child. I wandered up here quite by accident. Accidents and fate. . . . I've never been able to tell the difference myself.''

Carol sat down on a rock, trying not to look at the naked drowned-stray-cat person sitting near her. She tried to imagine Miss Skattergoods as a child. Impossible, though a damp, struggling kitten in a burlap bag did come to mind.

The awful Miss Skattergoods here! In her place! It was an outrage. For this was her place. She had decided that at once. This one spot on earth -- with its bright clear sky and clear dark depths, with its light so sharp it cut into her heart. Clarity, an irresistible, irrepressible, defined clarity. She would bring her paints after breakfast. It was true that she had never liked painting in the open air. Never. But here -- here it would be like painting in the freedom of her own head.

''Have a swim,'' Miss Skattergoods said. ''Nobody here but us chickens.''

Chicken is right, Carol thought with distaste as Miss Skattergoods, looking alarmingly like plucked poultry, divested herself of her hat and slipped back into the water.

''Come on!'' the old woman called genially. ''They call it the Naked Quarry, you see.''

Carol saw, and she objected. In the pure morning air she saw a proprietary intruder, a wrinkled crone who refused to mind her own business, whatever business such a person could possibly have. Hadn't this ancient drain on Social Security been made aware of assisted living? There were some lovely facilities these days, she'd heard.

From the water, the skinny arm waved, gesturing for her to jump into the cool, dark depths.

Carol smiled her best superior, urbane, cosmopolitan, devastatingly dismissive smile.

''I'm afraid not,'' she said, drawling in what she always described to herself as a desultory manner. ''For I don't know how to swim.''

After a troubled sleep brought on by too many glasses of wine, the ghost of Gene Gill and, worst of all, a vivid sense of his own mediocrity, Spenser stood in the doorway of his cabin, looking out at the beauty that spread before him in every direction. Now is the time for all good men to be inspired, he thought. He sighed. Then he saw Carol emerging from the pine woods, saw the unmistakable, ungainly, consciously mincing gait, saw the flash of her thrift-shop mauve halter, the short shorts and the high-wedged espadrilles laced too tightly up her white calves. He ducked back into the shadows. It was too early in the morning. He couldn't bear her questions, her insinuations, her simple, looming physical proximity. It had all been a terrible drunken mistake, years ago, another era, another artists' colony. He had tried this time to be friendly, and only friendly. But there was no friendly with Carol. There was only a leering coquettish grotesquerie that a bottle of wine preceded by a bottle of Jack Daniels did much to mitigate. Or had done much to mitigate years ago. But did that distant event tie him to her forever?

He would skip all his meals if he had to, but he could not face her. He would give up delicious lobster bisque, fish caught that morning, vegetables picked from the kitchen garden, blueberry pie made with blueberries from the bushes in the meadow. Blueberry pancakes. Oysters, yes, even oysters -- he would give it all up. He would wait until the others were enjoying their mouthwatering repast (he got suddenly, achingly hungry thinking about it), and he would sneak to the music studio and lock himself in.

Just then, with a scurrying, scratching commotion, the screen door was flung open. Spenser stood, stunned, as an enormous horsefly smashed into his face; the yapping dog, Tipsy, tried to scramble up his leg after it; and Carol, walking by, caught sight of all three of them.

He swatted at the fly, which wobbled uncertainly in the air, changed direction and wobbled back out the open door, the dog following on two legs.

''Hello, Spenser, darling,'' Carol said, posing languidly in the doorway. ''Why aren't we out in the fresh Maine air?''

Could he swat her away, like the giant horsefly? ''Headed for the studio,'' he said instead, almost meekly.

''Oh, marvelous! Shall I come and inspire?''

Spenser pushed out his lips, as if he were thinking. ''Mmmm . . . not today . . . need to be alone. . . . ''

She said nothing. He saw her lower lip tremble. Oh, God, give me strength, he thought. And patience. And swift legs and strong lungs, he added, imagining himself sprinting across the lawn away from Carol Grey.

''Well,'' she murmured.

He looked at the glossy white floor, but he stood firm.

''See you at breakfast,'' she said finally, waving in an exaggeratedly idle manner.

He tried to smile. Damn that dog, he thought. Then, much as the damn dog had done, he lurched past Carol, who lingered still in the doorway, and he ran, truly ran, across the broad green lawn through the bright morning sun.

Miss Skattergoods floated on her back in the cool dark water of the quarry. She was sorry for Carol. A clownish young woman, but obviously unhappy. Lovely that she too had discovered this delicious place, this secluded, heavenly pool of tranquillity. Here, she thought, I can think in peace. Here, I can remember.

Or not.

She pictured Gill's drowned corpse borne on a surge of waves. Lucky she had been there. Why had she been there? She'd gone to the inlet as if by instinct. Surely she had been there before. She had been so many places in her long life. She thought back to her childhood, to mornings spent like this one, floating on her back, the sky blue and bright above her. She felt the sun on the top of her thin white body, the cold of the water on the bottom. It was like being in two places at once. The past and the present, cool water and warm sun, memory and oblivion, time and time again. . . .

Dick Treekape was not what she had expected.

Treekape Artists Colony was very much what she expected.

She had not expected a death.

Cold air moved lightly across the surface of the water, lightly across her skin. She climbed out of the pool of water and settled herself on her beach chair, her leathery skin pressed against the webbing. The Post-it that Oakwood had shown her, the ''borrowed'' boat -- it all pointed to an accidental death by a foolish, imperious man. Yet Detective Oakwood remained. Why? Did he have a feeling, an empty, echoing feeling of doubt? The way she did?

She slipped back into the water and ran through it all again.

Dick was not as she expected, Treekape Artists Colony was just as she expected, she had not expected a death, no one expects death. . . .

She floated peacefully in the quiet water.

No one, she thought, expects murder, either.

Next week: A surprising piece of evidence emerges -- a call from G. G.'s cellphone.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Last week: Detective Oakwood started questioning the artists about the death of Gene Gill. And Miss Skattergoods revealed that she is related to Dick Treekape. (Photograph by Thomas Hannich)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2007

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[***GOODEN A MODEL OF POISE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JB30-0008-N4WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1314 words

**Byline:** By William C. Rhoden

**Body**

ST. LOUIS

D WIGHT GOODEN, the Mets' 19-year-old fastball pitcher, leaned back in the visitors' dugout the other night and thought about the toughest hitter he had faced so far.

Mel Stottlemyre, the Mets' pitching coach, had suggested that Darrell Porter of the Cardinals was the only batter who had consistently got around on Gooden's awesome fastball.

''Porter?'' Gooden said the other night, his eyes dancing with a humorous disbelief. ''He didn't get a hit off me!''

It was noted that Stottlemyre had said that Porter had got around on Gooden's fastball and tagged it for a long outs. ''I don't care if a guy hits the ball all the way to the warning track every time up, as long as it's caught,'' Gooden said.

''Mel Hall, he's the toughest so far. I was throwing him great pitches, but it seemed like he hit everything I threw at him.''

Perhaps it's an indication of the surprising success of Gooden and the Mets this season that Hall was traded out of the National League last week, going from the Chicago Cubs to the Cleveland Indians.

''I guess when you're hot, you're hot,'' Gooden said, with a laugh.

With less than a month remaining before the break for the All-Star Game, Dwight Gooden is one of the hottest names in the National League.

He has won 6 games and lost 3 in 13 starts, one complete game and one shutout, with a 2.61 earned run average. His most recent victory came Saturday night, when he pitched seven innings as the Mets beat the Cardinals, 4-1. Last month against the Dodgers he struck out 14 batters to set a Met record for most strikeouts by a rookie and the most by any Met pitcher since 1974.

He is second to Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers in strikeouts this season with 96.

''The thing about Dwight is his poise,'' said Stottlemyre. ''He's not going to beat himself. Other young pitchers panic or lose control in tight situations. He'll never do that. Man on third, no out, he usually makes the big pitches. That's a very unusual trait.''

Saturday night, Gooden struck out only three batters, but got two of them on special occasions. With Porter on third after reaching on an error by Mookie Wilson in center field and no one out, Gooden fanned Steve Braun before Porter scored the only Cardinal run on a groundout. In the seventh, with two out and runners on first and third, he fanned George Hendrick with three outside fastballs.

His fastball invariably goes exactly where he wants it, and on the occasions when it lacks its sting, Gooden has shown patience.

''My first year in pro ball, I thought if I didn't have my best stuff I had to overthrow to make it come,'' Gooden said. ''I learned that you can't make it come. In junior high school, I had a coach, Billy Reed, who showed me how to grip the ball differently to make it move.''

The speed of Gooden's fastball is the only thing about him that is rushed or hurried. His manner is so easy - the way he talks baseball, the way he plays it, even the way he interacts at its different levels - that it seems as if he has been at the ball park all his life.

''Well, in a way he has,'' said Dan Gooden, the pitcher's father, who played semipro baseball.

''I was carrying him around with me when he was 3,'' said the father, who stopped playing baseball at the age of 26 because of an arthritic condition. He later coached a semipro team in Tampa, Fla., for several seasons. ''Some of the guys remember how he'd come around and they'd toss the ball to him and he'd roll it back.''

Dwight Gooden was born on Nov. 16, 1964, the youngest of Dan and Ella Gooden's six children, which include three older brothers and two sisters.

He grew up in Belmar Heights, a predominantly black ***working-class*** section in East Tampa.

Dan Gooden recalled taking Dwight to Lakeland, Fla., near Tampa, to watch the Detroit Tigers in spring training.

''Al Kaline was his idol. Boy, you couldn't tell him nothin' about Al Kaline,'' Dan Gooden recalled. ''First time Dwight saw him play, Kaline hit two balls out the park. Dwight said after that, he wanted to be a major league ballplayer and play the outfield.''

Gooden started out as an outfielder in the Belmar Heights Little League at age 10, but quickly moved to third base, where his unusually strong arm was a greater assest.

''At 10, he was so good he could have played with the 14- 15-year-old team and started at third when our junior team played Taiwan in the Little World Series,'' said Reed, Gooden's Little League and high school coach.

''Funny thing is, he didn't want to pitch. He liked to play the outfield and he loved third base.''

Gooden began pitching at 12, and by 14, according to Reed and his father, he had one of the best young arms in Tampa. His only rival was 15-year- old Vance Lovelace, who is now a pitcher in the Los Angeles Dodgers' organization.

''Everyone, including me, thought Vance would be the first one to make it,'' said Dwight Gooden, who added that he began seriously considering a major league career at 15.

Gooden did not play at Hillsborough High School in Tampa as a freshman. He intended to go out for the team as a sophomore, but his father had to leave his job as a security guard because of his worsening arthritis condition.

''I had to stay around the house more,'' Dwight said. ''No time for practice.''

He joined the school team in his junior year and was on a staff that included Lovelace and Floyd Yeoman. Yeoman is now with the Mets' Class AA farm team at Jackson, Miss.

''No matter what the situation, Dwight always kept his head,'' Reed said. ''Never argued, never lost temper. Vance was a little more excitable.''

Gooden said he learned an early lesson about control. ''I used to always get mad and always ended up making a fool of myself,'' he said. ''When I was 14, I felt I was supposd to get everybody out. I got hit hard once, and lost my temper. I banged my hand up against something and hurt it, which messed me up even more. That's when I learned about control.''

Gooden's composure has been tested twice already in the major leagues. The first time was in Chicago against the Cubs on April 13. It was his second start and the Cubs chased him after three and one-third innings on the way to 11-2 victory.

''They tried to show me up,'' he said. ''I was making great pitches, they were just hitting them. But they were going on like it was the World Series. They were giving each other high fives, acting really hyper. Maybe it was because it was opening day at home. I didn't like it.''

The next time he faced them, Gooden beat the Cubs, 8-1, on May 1 in a stunning exhibiton of speed and control. He struck out 10 batters in 7 innings.

The second test was on June 6 in Pittsburgh when Gooden's no-hit bid ended in the eighth inning on a single by Doug Frobel. ''There was a time that I would have gotten rattled, maybe given up more hits, more runs,'' Gooden said. ''My attitude was just get the next batter.'' The Mets went on to win that game, 2-1, in 13 innings.

Bob Feller was 17 when he came from Van Meter, Iowa, to the Cleveland Indians in 1936 with a fastball that couldn't wait.

Feller, now 65, saw Gooden pitch in Tidewater, and said he was impressed.

''He pitched like a veteran then,'' Feller said. ''I think he has more control than I did when I was his age.'' As a 19-year-old, Feller struck out 240 batters but walked 208.

''I never got tired, but I was careless,'' Feller said. ''I always had a good curve, but I just walked a lot of batters. It took me four years to learn how to pace myself, to find out what hitters I didn't have to strike out.''

''This kid seems to be ahead of the game,'' Feller added. ''He's patient, he has poise to know that sometimes your good stuff leaves early, sometimes it comes late.''

Gooden, typically, isn't rushing anything. Money and fame can wait.

''All that'll come,'' he said. ''Right now I'm just concentrating on learning the hitters. I'm not a great pitcher yet. I haven't proven myself.''

**Graphic**

photo of Dwight Gooden

**End of Document**



[***THEATER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48FH-SKT0-01KN-20YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy Broadway and Off Broadway shows this weekend. Approximate running times are in parentheses. \* denotes a highly recommended show.

+ means discounted tickets were at the Theater Development Fund's TKTS booth for performances last Friday and Saturday nights.

++ means tickets were at the booth for last Friday night only.

Broadway

\*++ "A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG." Portraying Bri and Sheila, the parents of a severely disabled child in Peter Nichols's comic drama from 1967, Eddie Izzard and Victoria Hamilton generate the kind of freshness that comes only when a performer's affinity with a role is like a blood tie. Using jokes to bandage wounds and to stop up the holes in a sinking marriage, they're a truly, spontaneously funny couple: so funny that they break your heart. Working their way through the sharp thrusts and parries of Mr. Nichols's script, they're like Astaire and Rogers skating through a perilously waxed ballroom. The big difference is that while Fred and Ginger were figures of romantic perfection, Bri and Sheila are dancing from desperation. The director, Laurence Boswell, brings out the genuine warmth in the artifice of Mr. Nichols's script. And the fine supporting cast includes Madeleine Martin, Margaret Colin, Michael Gaston and, as Bri's cozily sufocating mother, the redoubtable Dana Ivey (2:45). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $40 to $65 (Ben Brantley).

"LIFE x 3." Yasmina Reza, the author of "Art," may describe a world filled with snarled ambiguities, but her plays are as orderly as an obsessive-compulsive's sock drawer, suggesting reassuringly that human depths can, after all, be calculated with a slide rule. Unfortunately, Ms. Reza's American fans are unlikely to derive much comfort from the awkward New York production of "Life x 3," directed by Matthew Warchus and starring Helen Hunt and John Turturro. This fuguelike consideration of two haute bourgeois couples, who act out three different versions of the same disastrous dinner party, is in many ways the usual ingratiating Reza-ish cocktail of middlebrow comedy and highbrow references. But aside from the invaluable Linda Emond, the cast members, who also include Brent Spiner, do not make the subtle adjustments of character required to match Ms. Reza's shifts of perspective. After the funny opening sequence, you can feel the audience furrowing its collective brow in bewilderment (1:30). Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $80 (Brantley).

++ "NINE." David Leveaux's glamour-saturated revival of Maury Yeston's musical look into a movie director's mind isn't big on momentum or coherence. But it definitely has a point of view: a cool, gauzy vision of a mod, mod world. To watch this hyperelegant production, which stars Antonio Banderas in his Broadway debut, is like flipping through a Diana Vreeland-era Vogue. You enjoy the hair styles, the clothes, the elaborately applied eye shadow and the occasional nonfashion feature, in the form of a gorgeous song or a witty cameo performance. This is a "Nine" for an MTV-bred generation, used to experiencing songs as image bites. More conventional-minded theatergoers can take comfort in Mr. Yeston's sumptuous score and scintillating abbreviated star turns from Jane Krakowski and Chita Rivera. As for Mr. Banderas, he turns out to be a disarming (if somewhat passive) pocket Adonis, a sweeter variation on the old-style Latin lover (2:15). O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $61 to $101 (Brantley).

\*+ "TAKE ME OUT." Playing a socially challenged money manager named Mason Marzac, Denis O'Hare shines with the gloom-dispelling wattage that comes when a first-rate actor meets a role he was born to play. When Mason talks about baseball (yes, baseball) in Richard Greenberg's comic drama, directed with verve by Joe Mantello, the show emanates the dewy, delirious passion of a "Boheme" for the ESPN set. This story of pride and prejudice in professional sports, seen at the Public Theater last fall, has been advantageously shaved and streamlined for its Broadway incarnation. But in tracing the impact of a godlike baseball player (the perfectly cast Daniel Sunjata) who declares his homosexuality, Mr. Greenberg winds up sacrificing fully developed characters and plotting to Ideas with a capital I. Those notorious shower scenes remain, just so you know. But it's Mr. Greenberg's infatuation with baseball, ecstatically channeled by Mr. O'Hare, that makes this a show to cheer about (2:45). Kerr, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66 to $81 (Brantley).

+ "URBAN COWBOY: THE MUSICAL." A conclusive demonstration that it's possible to be vulgar and bland at the same time. Based on the 1980 movie and set largely in an oversexed Texas honky-tonk, "Urban Cowboy" suggests "Cabaret" by way of Branson, Mo. Featuring a rote book by Aaron Latham and Phillip Oesterman and a patchwork of new and recycled country-and-western songs, the show exudes the mechanical air of something dutifully assembled according to a low and specific assessment of audience expectations. The songs are delivered in a shiny, anonymous twang. And as directed by Lonny Price, the young, bottom-twitching ensemble members, attractive in a "Baywatch" sort of way, have little in the way of personalities to call their own (2:25). Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66.25 to $96.25. (Brantley).

+ "A YEAR WITH FROG AND TOAD." No acrid airs of irony, condescension or frantic salesmanship hover over this gentle, agreeable musical for children, which presents episodes in the friendship of two slime-free amphibians. In its intentions and execution, "Frog and Toad," which stars Jay Goede and Mark Linn-Baker, is as clear as a rural stream in the pre-industrial age. Based on Arnold Lobel's beloved series of books, the show speaks specifically to boys and girls who have yet to reach the age of personal cellphones and Avril Lavigne CD's. Directed by David Petrarca, the show features eminently hummable songs by Robert and Willie Reale and enchanting sets by Adrianne Lobel (daughter of Arnold). Would I recommend it to adults unaccompanied by children? Honestly, no. But in these days of artistically uncertain productions created by corporate committee, it's gratifying to find a musical that knows exactly what it's doing (1:30). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7 p.m.; Fridays at 7 p.m.; Saturdays at 12:30, 3:30 and 7 p.m.; Sundays at 2 and 5 p.m. Tickets: $26.25 to 91.25 (Brantley).

Off Broadway

"AS YOU LIKE IT." This six-actor rendering of Shakespeare's comedy of coupling is directed by Erica Schmidt, whose previous show was "Debbie Does Dallas." Happily, she renders the play with the hormones-on-a-rampage sensibility muted. Well, somewhat. Rosalind, as portrayed by Bryce Dallas Howard, has her moments of hysteria and heavy breathing as she contemplates Orlando (Lorenzo Pisoni). But mostly, this is a production that the director has well under control, and that's especially impressive because it is staged with some derring-do. The six actors, who are playing 14 roles, are constantly running on and off the mostly bare stage floor and re-emerging as other characters; morphing in an instant from actors into stagehands and back again; and tossing around the props that identify the characters -- like a hat and an apple -- as if they were well-trained carnival jugglers. And Mr. Pisoni evidently was trained as a gymnast, a talent he shows off to considerable effect (1:45). Public, 425 Lafayette Street, (212)239-6200. (1:40) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $45 (Bruce Weber).

\* "AVENUE Q." The inspired brainchild of the songwriters Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, this canny toy chest of a musical takes its stylistic cues from "Sesame Street," from its cheery urban set to its singing puppets of assorted colors and dispositions. And in doing so it becomes the first mainstream musical since "Rent" to coo with such seductive directness to theatergoers on the fair side of 40 in their own language, in which irony is less a mind-set than a loosely worn style. Directed by Jason Moore, with a book by Jeff Whitty, the show applies the coaxing, learning-is-fun attitude of children's educational television to the R-rated situations of post-collegiate life in the big city. Featuring a pitch-perfect ensemble of live performers and oversize hand puppets, "Avenue Q" is to "Sesame Street" what Mel Brooks's "Producers" is to vintage Broadway musicals, a connoisseur's tribute to what it only seems to send up (2:00). Vineyard, 108 East 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 8 p.m. Tickets: $20 to $55 (Brantley).

\* "STONE COLD DEAD SERIOUS." If you're interested in playwriting talent and want to see it muscling toward maturity, you'll find no more fascinating example than this sharply acted production of Adam Rapp's latest exploration of his overall subject, coming of age in the heartland. This is not unfamiliar territory, yet Mr. Rapp's attitude toward his characters is not the familiar mixture of pity and disgust. It is Mr. Rapp's shrewd conviction that a life with evanescent warmth, the promise of warmth or ineffectual warmth in it is far more heartbreaking and dramatic than one that is frozen through and through. The play focuses on 16-year-old Wynne Ledbetter, a computer wiz and video game champion in a suburb north of Chicago, who, with noble intentions but dubious means, is out to save his family, which is not so much dysfunctional as disfigured. And though the play is full of the author's excesses and experiments, it is notable for, among other things, its rendering of the shared language of loved ones that illustrates how families can remain intimate even when they are in shards. Its depiction of a ***working-class*** America that is unable to dream of anything beyond enduring is as sincerely sad a commentary on our culture as you'll find on stage. And its fear for young people is, unfortunately, deeply convincing (2:30). Chashama Theater, 135 West 42nd Street, (212) 206-1515. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8 p.m. Tickets: $40 (Weber).

+ "TALKING HEADS." Alan Bennett's monologues of quietly desperate lives, originally written for BBC television, are exquisitely modulated and veddy English exercises in dramatic irony. Raise the speakers' voices, literally or figuratively, and you risk turning them from sly character studies into comic gargoyles. The cast members of Michael Engler's stage adaptation of six of the "Talking Heads" playlets (performed as two separate evenings) are largely American, and it often seems as if the characters are being impersonated instead of incarnated. This means that while the jokes almost always go over, they can feel like cartoon captions instead of involuntary hiccups of personality. Still, as spoken by top-flight performers who include Kathleen Chalfant and Christine Ebersole, the monologues consistently hold your attention. And Lynn Redgrave's portrait of a woman with an obsessive interest in smart shoes (in "Miss Fozzard Finds Her Feet") is superb (each program 2:00). Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, (212) 307-4100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 3 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $35 to $65 (Brantley).

\*+ "ZANNA, DON'T!" Bubble gum rock? Now? Well, why not? This chirpy new musical has a pop score that aims to be nothing but catchy and a message that says nothing but that people should love each other. The well-constructed book, candy-flavored melodies and especially deft lyrics are by Tim Acito, and it all feels like the work of a young man rather gracefully avenging a tortured adolescence. Set in a high school roiling with hormones, the show wants you to think of "Grease," but with a difference. This is a world in which homosexuality is the norm and heterosexual love is the kind that dare not speak its name. It is gleefully gay in spirit, but Mr. Acito is a cagey enough writer to concoct a plot that invites heterosexuals into the world of the show (1:40). Houseman, 450 West 42nd Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m. Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $65 (Weber).

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Mark Linn-Baker, left, and Jay Goede in "Frog and Toad." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 25, 2003

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[***Begrudging The Neighbors Their Good Luck;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VM4-Y3F0-007F-G045-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Suit by Newly Rich Oneidas Stirs Up Other Resentments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VM4-Y3F0-007F-G045-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

By DAVID W. CHEN

**Dateline:** VERONA, N.Y.

**Body**

Five years ago, people in this quiet, rural community gazed with envy and amazement at the instant success of the Oneida Indian Nation's new Turning Stone Casino, an economic juggernaut that created thousands of jobs and lured millions of visitors to this desolate area halfway between Syracuse and Utica.

A few grumbled that it was unfair that the Oneidas did not have to pay taxes on their new wealth. A few others complained that the casino was crowding out small businesses. Yet on balance, most tolerated the incongruously mammoth Oz-like resort here, perhaps rationalizing that the Oneida Indians deserved a leg up after suffering years of poverty and discrimination.

But that was before it got personal.

Last month, the Oneidas and the Justice Department announced that they wanted to include 20,000 landowners as defendants in a long-stewing lawsuit to reclaim 270,000 acres from New York State. And almost immediately, the peaceful coexistence was shattered, as landowners flocked to meetings, hinted at violence and snubbed Oneida businesses.

"You'll never catch me buying their gas or going to their casino again," said Rosemary Canaguier, 60, who was combing the golden curls of a longtime customer, Bette V. Button, at the hair salon Ms. Canaguier runs in her house in Canastota. "There's a terrible, terrible dislike now. I don't think you'll ever see the people here ever trusting them again."

There is more, however, to this slide from empathy to enmity than just the fear of losing land that is roughly equivalent to the areas of New York City, Washington and Boston combined.

For many, the land-claim dispute has brought to the surface a latent sense of frustration and jealousy over the phenomenal success of the Oneida Indian Nation, which, like all federally recognized Indian tribes, does not pay taxes. Just like that, it seems, the Oneidas have rocketed from poverty to affluence, from being the have-nots to the haves, while everyone else in a ***working-class*** area stocked with grind-it-out dairy farmers has seen income stagnate.

So for many non-Oneidas, watching the Oneidas ask for the most prized of possessions around here -- one's land -- is tantamount to watching the rich squeeze the not-so-rich. And the Federal Government's decision to side with the Oneidas, many people say, only compounds their outrage.

"It smacks of nothing more than greed, and people feel betrayed because we've given them every advantage that every private businessman would die for," said David Wood, an Oneida County legislator. "For God's sake, how much is enough? Not only do we feel threatened, we're offended that our neighbors would do this."

That cocktail of anger and vulnerability figures to intensify in the coming months, residents say. On March 29, Judge Neal McCurn of Federal District Court in Syracuse is expected to hear arguments on whether to include the landowners in the Federal lawsuit. Judge McCurn is also expected to decide soon whether to appoint an arbitrator to do what the Oneidas and New York State officials have failed to do for more than 13 years: hammer out a compromise.

In 1970, the Oneidas filed a lawsuit in Federal court saying that New York State and local governments had illegally acquired Oneida lands in the late 1700's and early 1800's through illegal and coercive treaties. Fifteen years later, the United States Supreme Court upheld the Oneidas' argument.

At that point, the state began to negotiate with the Oneidas. But for years, nothing happened -- nothing, that is, until December, when the Oneidas and the Justice Department, seeking to pressure the state into a settlement, moved to name the 20,000 landowners as defendants.

"We have to use a tool of discomfort, and that we regret," said Ray Halbritter, nation representative and chief executive of the Oneida Indian Nation.

Mr. Halbritter said that the Oneidas did not want to evict anyone. Instead, he said that he would push for a creative solution that would benefit all parties.

The Justice Department has echoed that position. So, too, has the state. In a statement last month, Gov. George E. Pataki said, "We are going to make sure no one loses their homes, no one loses their property."

So far, though, such assurances have only bred more cynicism and mistrust in the land-claim area of northern Madison and western Oneida Counties.

At a forum in Verona, Michael Gaiser, owner of a bed-and-breakfast in Vernon who said his business has been severely clipped by the Oneidas' casino hotel, captured the bunkerlike mentality.

"The Justice Department is the one standing there telling us they're going to sue us, and you're telling us that we're not going to be giving up our land," said an exasperated Mr. Gaiser, his voice billowing with a timbre reminiscent of Jimmy Stewart. "Well, I don't know if I believe you!"

Mr. Gaiser was one of 350 people to attend the meeting, organized by Ralph J. Eannace Jr., the Oneida County Executive. Many belonged to a vocal landowners' group, Upstate Citizens for Equality, which was founded two years ago to challenge the Oneidas' tax-free status but has swelled in recent weeks to 1,000 members because of the land-claim dispute, said its president, Scott E. Peterman.

Mr. Eannace had invited the public to quiz a panel of state and county lawyers involved in the negotiations. But the mood was often testy, as speaker after speaker dismissed the relevance of something that happened 200 years ago, accused local politicians of being beholden to Oneida campaign contributions, and blamed the Oneidas -- now the area's largest employer, with 3,000 jobs -- for the souring fortunes of dozens of local businesses.

A few people even donned Colonial-era garb and displayed a sign that read, "What About Our Rights?"

Tim Thomas, 51, of Vernon, stoked the passions midway through the three-hour meeting when he told organizers that they had forgotten to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. So everyone stood up, pledged, then applauded vigorously.

"Our Constitution protects us from segregation and discrimination, so that no one person or group can hold sway over any other person in this nation," said Mr. Thomas. "And I say to you, that is exactly what is happening here with the issue of taxation with the Indians."

To the Oneidas, though, these complaints about unfair competition and basic rights betray a lack of perspective. For many years, the Oneidas were relegated to a 32-acre parcel dotted by abandoned trailers donated by the Federal Government. At one point, only a few Oneidas lived on the reservation; others had moved to Wisconsin and Canada.

But in recent years, the Oneida Indian Nation, flush with casino cash, has purchased 7,000 acres in the area, opened five gas stations and financed cultural and housing projects for a local Oneida population of 500 that continues to grow, Mr. Halbritter said. The Oneidas do not disclose how much Turning Stone earns, but industry analysts say that the casino, one of the country's most lucrative, generates annual revenues of hundreds of millions of dollars.

That money has helped the area economy as well as the Oneidas, Mr. Halbritter said. Since 1996, the Oneidas have contributed about $812,000 to school districts and municipalities. And Zogby International, a Utica-based research firm, recently concluded that the Oneidas' economic muscle had, among other benefits, helped convince Wall Street to upgrade Oneida County's municipal bond rating, saving taxpayers $3.2 million in borrowing costs.

But that has done little to assuage the populist anger, which Mr. Halbritter said emerged only after the Oneidas became wealthy.

"Should we take every ethnic group and allocate a certain amount of success so that the blacks don't get too rich, or the Italians, or the Irish, or the Asians?" said Mr. Halbritter, who grew up poor in central New York and worked his way through Harvard Law School. "It's the kind of racism that they don't even know is racism."

Inevitably, perhaps, the bad blood has begun to taint the smallest transactions in life.

Customers have abruptly left restaurants, their meals unfinished, when Oneida leaders have entered. Some people are boycotting Oneida businesses. Some are even averting eye contact with the Oneidas, Mr. Peterman said.

And Paula Eddy, a member of the Oneidas' Turtle clan, says she has overheard some people talk about violence against the Indians. So, fearful of identifying herself, she has shied away from using her tax-exempt card, which entitles her to tax-free purchases on Indian-owned lands. Her 12-year-old son, meanwhile, has stopped wearing his favorite T-shirt at school. It says "Oneida Indian Nation."

"He's afraid that someone will say something to him," said Mrs. Eddy, who works at the Turning Stone Casino as a games manager.

On Jan. 30, the Upstate Citizens for Equality plans to hold a motorcade that would roll past the Turning Stone Casino. So far, 2,000 residents have expressed an interest in participating, said Leon R. Koziol, a Utica-based lawyer who represents the group.

The landowners also plan to ask Judge McCurn for permission to join the lawsuit as a class and to challenge the Oneidas' gambling compact with New York State, Mr. Koziol said. And they say they plan to do whatever else is necessary to defend the landowners' rights. The land-claim dispute, Mr. Peterman said, is the last straw with the Oneidas.

"You have a lot of working stiffs that are subsidizing the rich, and the galling thing is that the Indians are rubbing it in our faces," said Mr. Peterman, a personable, earnest engineer who before the escalation of the lawsuit had never been active in civic affairs. "If they push this through, I think you're going to see people kill each other."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: His head in his hands, Michael Gaiser, who says his inn has been hurt by the Oneida casino hotel, listened to a neighbor question lawyers. Land claims by the Oneida Indians have unsettled their neighbors around Verona, N.Y. "I don't think you'll ever see the people here ever trusting them again," said Rosemary Canaguier as she styled the hair of a customer, Bette V. Button. Paula Eddy, an Oneida casino worker, says the new animosity toward the Indian nation has made her fearful. (Photographs by Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Ray Halbritter, leader of the Oneida Indian Nation, says that complaints about the Indians' success with their new casino is a form of racism. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)(pg. B8)

Map of New York State highlighting Verona; The Oneidas are suing for 270,000 acres of land around Verona. (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** January 22, 1999

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[***Is This the Woman to Rescue Harper's Bazaar?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:437P-2JN0-0109-T53G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 10, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 9; Column 1; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1804 words

**Byline:**  By CATHY HORYN

**Body**

FOR nearly all of her career, Glenda Bailey, the new editor in chief of Harper's Bazaar, has had the distinction of being a thorn among roses. Though smart, with a belligerent truthful streak that has helped propel her to the top of fashion publishing, she has suffered, especially in her native England, from not looking more fashionably smart. Prominent teeth flash with intermittent bursts of laughter, and her country-girl face is framed by dense, reddish curls that she has refused to straighten.

Furthermore, Ms. Bailey speaks in a northern British accent devoid of almost all grace notes. To an American ear, more charmed than put off by regional ways of speaking, her Derbyshire accent -- the sharp, flinty twang, the vowels that flatten words like "right" to "rat" -- seems no more grating than a Texas drawl. But in England, where class is betrayed by accent and people will skewer someone over it with almost comedic ruthlessness, Ms. Bailey's accent was frequently snickered at by her peers when she was editing British Marie Claire in the 1990's with dazzling commercial success.

"In England," said the writer Vicki Woods, who was Ms. Bailey's counterpart at Harper's & Queen from 1990 to 1993, "background counts for everything. It always counts."

Even Ms. Bailey's friends concede that her unglamorous look and her indifference to fashion's classic snobberies like appearing aloof present a problem for her. "I think the odd thing about Glenda is that she's obsessed with fashion, and yet she's not a person who looks like she should be editing a fashion magazine," said Tim Mellors, a friend of 20 years, who is chief creative officer of Grey Advertising in London. "And that disappoints people." Mr. Mellors, who also comes from Derbyshire, added: "I think people even in Derby, as proud as they are of her success, feel somehow slighted. They expected that once she made a name for herself in London, she would become glamorous, because that's what fashion is. What they are not seeing is that she is incredibly able."

Perhaps the best way to understand the unlikely success of Glenda Bailey, the daughter of a manual laborer, is through an American parallel, another woman whose unknown reserves caught many by surprise -- Katharine Graham of The Washington Post. It is not such a stretch if you think about it. For though her background is different, Mrs. Graham, in the 1960's, seemed utterly lacking in charisma when she took over her family's newspaper. So people made a common mistake: They consistently underestimated her.

Ms. Bailey, 42, takes the helm of Bazaar -- fourth in ad pages behind Vogue, In Style and W, and seventh in circulation among the top 10 women's lifestyle titles -- at a time of enormous flux in the magazine industry. She succeeds Katherine Betts, a seemingly capable fashion insider who after two years of struggling to give Bazaar a more vigorous identity -- one that turned out to be not all that different from Vogue's, where she had been an editor -- was fired on May 31. For Hearst, which owns Bazaar, the identity crisis is compounded, because it's been only a decade since Liz Tilberis tried to give the magazine a fresh look. And in the interim, of course, other magazines, notably O: The Oprah Magazine and Ms. Bailey's fast-growing American edition of Marie Claire, have swept in and excited readers in unexpected ways.

"Basically, you want to be able to shop these pages," Cathleen Black, the president of Hearst's magazine division, said last week, giving a clue why she replaced Ms. Betts with Ms. Bailey, who was known for stocking Marie Claire with layouts like "101 of the Best Bikinis" while including more thoughtful features on women's issues, like rape and genital mutilation in Africa. "I think Glenda just has a great ability to be completely in touch with her readers."

Ms. Black declined to discuss where she thinks Ms. Betts went wrong, saying, "I'm not going to revisit the past." But clearly, one of Ms. Betts's obstacles was her own lack of experience. Worse, fickle readers -- and impatient publishers-- can sniff out lack of confidence in an editor's vision.

As Ms. Black said when asked why she thought Ms. Bailey could make the leap from Marie Claire, with its formulaic covers trumpeting hair and sex, "I would be surprised to find out that Glenda had only one note." She added, "No one should underestimate Glenda -- just her sheer guts to be a big success."

Last Wednesday, in the same corner office once occupied by her Bazaar predecessors, Ms. Bailey, dressed head to toe in black Calvin Klein, displayed some of the confidence that first made her, from 1988 to 1995 in Britain, a real thorn in the sides of her competitors. "I know exactly what I want at Bazaar and how to achieve it," she said. Though she declined to give specifics about her plans for her first issue, in November ("By telling you," she said cheerily, "I'll be telling the world, and I'd like it to be a surprise"), she sounded so sure of herself it was almost corny. Not arrogant at all.

"Of course, one thing you will definitely see in my Bazaar is just more merchandise -- more ideas, more suggestions," she said. "It's all to do with treatment. You've got to know your reader. You've got to know exactly what she wants." She smiled and continued: "We can go on and on and say how fashion is reflective of society and so forth, but at the end of the day, a woman wants to go out and buy the latest bag of the season. She wants to know what to buy and how to wear it. She wants to participate in that lifestyle." She added, giving a glimpse of her northern English grit: "Of course, other editors say very similar things. But again, it's in the interpretation. And that's the key difference between an experienced editor and perhaps one who thinks she knows how to achieve that."

In England other editors rolled their eyes when Ms. Bailey agreed to pose for an American Express advertisement, a move that made her a household name in Britain while further raising the visibility of Marie Claire. Ms. Woods, who now writes for American Vogue, suggested that readers' interest is directly related to the confidence level they perceive in a magazine. "Some magazines dribble onto the newsstands, others droop and flop," she said. "But Marie Claire under Glenda flung itself onto the newsstand."

Nicola Jeal, who was the editor of British Elle during that period and is now at The Evening Standard newspaper of London, agreed. "Glenda's completely focused on the reader," she said. "And although other editors say they are, the truth is their focus is 50 percent on their peer group, rather than 100 percent on readers, Which should be the norm."

Ms. Bailey graduated from Kingston University, near London, with a fashion degree and had almost no magazine experience when she talked her way into the top job at British Marie Claire in 1988. She is so apparently focused that a staff member there once observed her sketching out a year's worth of issues, including cover lines, on a notepad.

And such confidence has not been lost on American advertisers. Last Sunday, while having brunch at La Goulue with her boyfriend of many years, Steve Sumner, an artist, Ms. Bailey ran into John Dempsey, the president of M.A.C., a division of Estee Lauder cosmetics. Although M.A.C. advertises in Vogue and W, Mr. Dempsey said in an interview that the company had not been in Bazaar lately because he "didn't know what the magazine's purpose was anymore." But when he saw Ms. Bailey last Sunday, he told her he wanted M.A.C. ads in her first issue.

"It's blind faith in what she's doing," he explained last week. "She has an innate sense of what people want to read." That was proved at Marie Claire, whose American circulation climbed 80 percent under Ms. Bailey to 948,000.

But does she have the sophistication to make Bazaar not only a must-read, but also as informed in its visual authority as Vogue or W? The typical reader of her new magazine -- around 40, very affluent, for whom "fashion is her passion," Ms. Bailey said -- is different from the reader of Marie Claire, who is 30, less monied and balancing interests in fashion with interests in social issues.

"I know her well, but not quite well," Karl Lagerfeld said about Ms. Bailey. Bazaar's new editor says Nicole Farhi, Donna Karan and Jean Paul Gaultier are among those with whom she has a close relationship. But for her Marie Claire readers, "not quite well" was sufficient when it came to many of the biggest guns in couture.

"She's very enthusiastic, lively and she is not pretentious," Mr. Lagerfeld said. "Those are all good qualities, but we don't know about the rest. The question is open."

Although Ms. Bailey and her exceptionally loyal team of editors -- among them Michele Lavery and Jenny Barnett, who have stuck like glue to her since her London days -- have won awards for their coverage of women's issues, her former British competitors point out that while articles on gang rape and genital mutilation are certainly pertinent, they also contain a tabloid sexiness. "It would never be the dull foreign story," as Ms. Woods said. "It would always be a sexy foreign story."

Ms. Bailey shrugs off comments about her tastes and background. "Well, Carmel Snow was renowned for her Irish accent," she said, referring to Bazaar's legendary editor. Ms. Bailey continued, more enthusiastically, "Oh, I love it when people say I can't do something, because, of course, I'm going to make absolutely sure that I do."

Yet while she prides herself on editing by instinct, she has yet to prove she can make the broader connections to high society, as her rival Anna Wintour, the editor in chief of Vogue has done -- or even if those connections still matter to a generation of women now accustomed to "shopping pages" with dress-by-number guides.

"There's something ineffable about American Vogue," Ms. Woods said. "Anna calls it 'the Vogue sensibility.' It's the right kind of bloodlines, references and breeding. She understands that segment of society that runs along with fashion. Her editing is much more magical -- you can't dissect it the way you can with Glenda's."

But while Ms. Bailey may favor the practical, enlivened by her reputation for being inventive -- sending celebrities off to build igloos, for instance, instead of making them sit for 40 dull questions over blackened tuna -- something in her flinty ***working-class*** character clearly understands that the world is going increasingly democratic in its tastes.

And that should give every other editor pause.

As the longtime Bazaar photographer Patrick Demarchelier, who has worked with Ms. Bailey at Marie Claire, said: "People will be surprised by how good she is, especially at Vogue. They may be laughing now, but they won't be laughing a year from now."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: CONFIDENCE FIRST -- Glenda Bailey, who has yet to unpack her bags at Harper's Bazaar, talks the top-editor talk, even if an English North Country accent and lack of pretension lead some to underestimate her.; COMPETING VISIONS -- Glenda Bailey's sunny Marie Claire showed grateful readers how to dress by the numbers (right); Harper's Bazaar under Katherine Betts, whom she is replacing, took a darker, less accessible approach, as in a layout about 'survival chic' (left). (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. 1); PORTRAITS OF CHANGE -- Katherine Betts's first Harper's Bazaar cover, left, and the one that kicked off Liz Tilberis's tenure a decade ago.; OUT OF FOCUS -- Katherine Betts couldn't halt Bazaar's image crisis. (Associated Press)(pg. 2)

**Load-Date:** June 10, 2001

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[***Worshiping Paris***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PV9-CX90-TW8F-G0J7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 2377 words

**Byline:** BY ELAINE SCIOLINO

ELAINE SCIOLINO is chief of the Paris bureau of The Times.

**Body**

FROM the outside, St.-Francois-Xavier Church just might be the ugliest church in Paris. A 19th-century hulk, it drips with decades of brownish-gray grime. There is not one memorable feature on its facade. Although the gold-domed Invalides with Napoleon's Tomb is only a few blocks away, St.-Francois-Xavier stands on a loud, traffic-clogged intersection leading to the Montparnasse train station, facing some of the worst of recent Paris architecture.

But one Sunday morning, I find myself lurking in its vestibule, waiting for the 10:15 Family Mass to let out. Using head-bowing and tiptoeing rituals learned from the nuns of my childhood, I nudge my way through the departing faithful. Seeing no one in authority, I rush through a side door behind a gaggle of white-robed altar boys. There are no tourists here, and even the regular parishioners don't stop by.

I have entered the church's ''wedding sacristy,'' an unfurnished space that seems to have no other purpose than to store vestments in locked oak cupboards. The two stained-glass windows need cleaning, the parquet floor polishing, the walls a good paint job.

But there, framed in gold and hanging nonchalantly under slim fluorescent lights, is a 16th-century ''Last Supper'' by the Venetian painter Tintoretto. The only Tintoretto to hang in a Paris church, the 8-by-11-foot painting found its way from Venice to this destination as a gift from a French baroness a century ago.

You have to find just the right spot -- the far back of the room, slightly to the right -- to make the reflections of light disappear from the canvas. A square, rather than long, table captures the intimacy and urgency of the reaction of Jesus' disciples just after his shocking announcement that one of them will betray him. Judas, in the foreground, hides a bag full of 30 pieces of silver behind his back. The stark white of the tablecloth is even brighter than the golden rays behind Jesus' head.

For a moment, the painting is mine.

Paris ordinarily defines itself to visitors as a city of museums, monuments, neighborhoods and shopping-and-eating opportunities. But there is another way into the history, culture and daily fabric of this city's life, a voyage of discovery into a world overlooked even by Parisians themselves: its nearly 100 churches.

Seeing Paris through its churches -- its ''vast symphonies of stone,'' to paraphrase one of Victor Hugo's descriptions of his beloved Notre Dame -- is to be thunderstruck. The surprises range from the hallucinatory (the intricately carved, lofted arch-screen of the 16th-century St.-Etienne-du-Mont Church next to the Pantheon) to the culinary (the basement stone crypt of the 17th-century Polish church Notre-Dame-de-l'Assomption that serves as a restaurant offering pickled herring and pork schnitzel).

Certainly, Paris is not Rome, where the Vatican competes to dominate the landscape, and every corner seems to have a church swarming with priests and nuns. There, it seems perfectly natural to wander in and out of churches, knowing that sooner or later you are bound to happen on a treasure.

Paris, by contrast, gives off the air of the sophisticated and the secular. This is, after all, the country that in 1905 codified into law such a complete separation between church and state that even today, census takers are forbidden to ask citizens to reveal their religions.

Churches are silent survivors, witnesses to successive upheavals in France. The most dramatic was the violent anti-clericalism following France's 1789 revolution that stripped churches of their riches, transforming them into ''temples of reason'' in the service of the new secular republic. Churches were razed; stained-glass windows broken; altarpieces and statues smashed; tombs emptied; church bells melted to make cannons; gold chalices sent to the mint.

The remains of St.-Genevieve housed in St.-Etienne-du-Mont were burned, as was the celebrated library of St.-Germain-des-Pres; St.-Joseph-des-Carmes was turned into a prison for insubordinate clerics who were massacred just outside. Notre Dame Cathedral was so badly defaced and desecrated that by the end of the 18th century, radicals called for its demolition.

Miraculously, many works of art were inventoried and carted away for safekeeping. Paintings were considered part of France's heritage -- not vile religious objects -- and were largely spared destruction. So were the tombs of the French kings at the St.-Denis Basilica just outside the city limits.

When Napoleon rehabilitated the Catholic Church and it came time to return the objects, a high-stakes free-for-all followed as well-connected and culturally savvy priests fought to secure the best objects for their own churches.

So how to start on this journey of discovery? It is easy -- essential, really -- for the first-time visitor to make pilgrimages to Notre Dame (the No. 1 tourist destination in town) and Sacre Coeur (No. 2), ahead of the Louvre (No. 3) and the Eiffel Tower (No. 4).

Deciding what else is worthy of discovery is harder, in part because there is no coherent unity to Paris churches.

They fall into distinct historic categories: medieval structures like Ste.-Chapelle, one of the world's most glorious examples of Gothic architecture; French Renaissance structures that blend imposing Gothic proportions with tiny classical detail like St.-Eustache near Les Halles; 17th-century Baroque and Classical churches that sprang up with the expansion of Paris like the Jesuit showstopper of St.-Paul-St.-Louis; neo-Classical grand temples that came a century later including the Pantheon; and finally, the 19th-century wedding cake extravaganzas built with iron columns and girders like St.-Augustin, the product of Baron Haussmann's 19th-century urban renewal that razed entire neighborhoods, churches included.

Another challenge is that some of the more intriguing if little-known churches are unaccustomed to accommodating tourists. English-language tours that focus exclusively on churches are unreliable, so you have to love lonely wandering. Without an understanding of words like ''chancel,'' ''rood'' or ''iconostasis,'' guidebooks can seem impenetrable.

Some time ago, when I started visiting churches randomly -- both to light candles for my ailing (and very Catholic) mother and out of curiosity -- I discovered serendipity.

Many churches have only natural light so their moods change with the time of day. The painting of ''St. Etienne Preaching to the Angel'' in St.-Thomas-d'Aquin, an elegant, well-scrubbed structure hidden in a square off the rue du Bac, is luminous in the morning, dull in the afternoon. So is ''The Transfiguration'' on the ceiling above the altar, the only original decoration to remain after revolutionaries emptied the church of its treasures.

Visitors might head to St.-Sulpice in the chic part of the Sixth Arrondissement to see two paintings and a fresco by Eugene Delacroix and find them wrapped in darkness. A more striking -- and better-lit -- Delacroix (''Christ in the Garden of Olive Trees'') hangs above a doorway in St.-Paul-St.-Louis in the Marais on the other side of town.

A church can change with the neighborhood according to the day of the week. From Monday through Saturday the southwest corner of the rue du Bac in the Seventh Arrondissement belongs to shoppers at La Grande Epicerie, Paris's largest upscale food emporium. Sundays, the store is closed, and Notre-Dame-de-la-Medaille-Miraculeuse next door takes over. Miracle-seekers from around the world converge on the site of this chapel, where, in 1830, a young novice named Catherine Laboure was said to have had visions of the Virgin Mary, who told her to have a devotional medal made. The beggars are regulars, with jealously guarded fixed positions on the street. A stocky woman with smooth skin, dyed black hair and a permanent perch just outside the entrance kisses the hands of children who drop coins into her hand.

Churches are also refuges. There is no better way to escape the crush of tourists maneuvering around the cafe tables in front of Deux Magots on the Boulevard St.-Germain than to dash into the cool, quiet dampness of the Church of St.-Germain-des-Pres across the street. And you don't have to buy a $5.50 espresso in exchange for a place to sit.

Unless a church is a destination, it can be overlooked. You can get so worn out visiting the Louvre that you skip St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois Church, across the street from the museum's Cour Carree. One of Paris's oldest churches, it is the resting place for many of France's poets, architects, painters and sculptors, the site of one of Paris's most beautiful church organs -- and the church where the basketball star Tony Parker and the ''Desperate Housewife'' Eva Longoria were married in July.

And you can spend so much time trekking up hundreds of stairs to the top of Montmartre to Sacre Coeur (nicknamed by Emile Zola ''the basilica of the ridiculous'') that you don't take the short walk along a cobblestone path to St.-Pierre-de-Montmartre, the last vestige of the 12th-century grand abbey of Montmartre.

Meandering doesn't always deliver, and it's easy for the uninitiated to walk into a fabulous church and miss the best parts.

In the vast St.-Eustache, you can be so put off by the scaffolding and the loud pounding of renovations that you don't notice ''The Life of Christ.'' A bronze triptych bathed in a white gold patina by the American artist Keith Haring, it sits unannounced in a side chapel.

Haring, who died of AIDS in 1990, began to create the work after his disease was diagnosed two years earlier, and his foundation gave copies to the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine in New York, Grace Cathedral in San Francisco and the city of Paris. Paris's ended up in St.-Eustache, whose former pastor, the Rev. Gerard Beneteau, ran projects to help AIDS victims.

Some churches are secret and unassuming, open only for weekend services or by appointment. My favorite is St.-Seraphin-de-Sarov, a Russian Orthodox church on a ***working-class*** street in the 15th Arrondissement. Only a small plaque on a painted green door announces its presence behind a locked gate at the far end of a courtyard.

The church -- an unlit, one-room structure made of wood -- was built in its present form in the 1970s around two trees, whose trunks within sit as pillars of nature of a sort. Russian icons grace its altar, transporting visitors far from Paris. ''You have entered paradise,'' announces the Rev. Nicolas Cernokrak, the Croatian-born pastor, as he ushers me in one afternoon.

Visitors are invited to services on Saturday evenings and on Sundays, when coffee and tea are served in an overgrown, tranquil garden. Otherwise, the church can be visited by appointment with a painter who lives in a house on the site, and who will be happy to invite you in to look at his watercolors (all for sale).

Perhaps Paris's most overlooked religious gem, given its size and importance, is the St.-Denis Basilica. In the working- and lower-class suburb of St.-Denis outside of Paris, it's easily reachable on Metro line No. 13 and a perfect outing on Sunday morning.

According to one legend, after St. Denis was decapitated near Montmartre during a persecution of Christians, he picked up his head, washed it off and carried it about five miles to the north before he collapsed. A shrine was built, replaced by the basilica, which became the place of burial for France's kings from Clovis and Dagobert I to Louis XVIII (with royals like Catherine de Medici, Maria Theresa of Austria, Henri IV, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI along the way).

Unlike Notre Dame, Paris's star Gothic church that glitters from years of sandblasting, cleaning and polishing, much of St.-Denis's Gothic facade hides behind black soot. I find its cool, pillared burial crypt the perfect place for children to play hide and seek (respectfully). Sculptural details delight: the feet of Blanche de Navarre resting on two dogs, those of Charles Comte de Valois on a lion.

Just a few hundred yards from the serenity of the basilica is an outdoor market with the feel of a raucous Middle Eastern souk -- with vendors hawking cheap fabrics, piles of clothing, costume jewelry and running shoes, even mousetraps and zippers -- and a covered glass-and-metal food market.

There are other discoveries in Paris churches: the 8,000 square feet of stained glass of Ste.-Chapelle; the medieval facade of St.-Julien-le-Pauvre; the view from the back chapel deep in St.-Roch toward the front of the church, a sort of theatrical-religious stage set through a series of archways; a Zurbaran painting of Joseph walking with Jesus as a child in St.-Medard; a sculpture of a hauntingly beautiful Virgin Mary with Jesus by Antonio Raggi, who worked in Bernini's school, in St.-Joseph-des-Carmes.

There is power as well. I wander into St.-Gervais-St.-Protais in the heart of the Marais late one Saturday afternoon and by chance it is the time of the Vespers service. The voices of the white-robed nuns and monks fill the space with such sweetness that it seems perfectly plausible that the choir at Vespers one Christmas in Notre Dame could have suddenly moved the youthful Paul Claudel, the 20th-century diplomat and writer, to become, as he wrote later, a believer.

That sort of happening helps explain the mystery of Paris churches. They are static, beautiful museums, certainly; they are also vibrant parts of the everyday lives of their communities, places of music and ritual and prayer where infants are baptized, believers take Communion and the dead are mourned.

And so it seems normal that one Saturday afternoon, while looking for that Delacroix in St.-Paul-St.-Louis, I suddenly find myself witness to a wedding.

In front of me is the bride, Emmanuelle, in white satin and long curls, flanked by a maid of honor in layers of peach. There is the groom, Bertrand, a young man wearing glasses and the look of a banker, in gray tails. They exchange their vows, she grinning, he struggling to stay serious, both of them looking hopeful. Altar boys burn incense, a woman who may have been one of the mothers gets teary. And the tourists study their guidebooks.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT A staircase in St. Etienne-du-Mont

a window there

praying St. Denis Basilica

a ceiling in St.-Francois-Xavier

a portrait of Jesus and Mary in Notre-Dame-de-l'Assomption

a choir in St. Eustache. (pg. TR1)

LARGE PHOTO AT RIGHT The intracately carved interior of St.-Etienne-du Mont, in the Fifth Arrondissement. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT The exterior of St.-Denis Basilica

a ceiling fresco in Notre-Dame-de-l'Assomption

icons and a living tree trunk in St.-Seraphin-de-sarov

a bronze triptych by Keith Haring, at right, in St.-Eustache

a ''Last Supper'' by Tintoretto in St.-Francois-Xavier

view through the archways of St.-Roch. (pg. 9) (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED ALCOCK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) MAP: Map of Paris marking locations of historic churches in Paris.

**Load-Date:** April 30, 2009

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[***Our Town Could Be Yours***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5640-KBX1-JBG3-6559-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 15, 2012 Sunday

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**Byline:** By MAGGIE JONES

**Body**

Around 10 on a clear May morning in 2008, two black helicopters circled over Postville, Iowa, a town of two square miles and fewer than 3,000 residents. Then a line of S.U.V.'s drove past Postville's main street and its worn brick storefronts. More than 10 white buses with darkened windows and the words ''Homeland Security'' on their sides were on their way to the other side of town. Postville's four-man police force had no forewarning of what was about to happen. Neither did the mayor.

The procession of S.U.V.'s, buses and state-trooper cars were descending on Agriprocessors, the largest producer of kosher meat in the United States and Postville's biggest employer, which occupies 60 acres on the edge of town. Several silos clustered together like old, overgrown tin cans behind the plant's chain-link fence. Low-slung, rusted metal buildings -- one with a 10-foot menorah mounted on its top -- contained hundreds of workers, chickens and cattle.

The early shift at Agri, as Postville residents call it, had been under way for several hours when dozens of agents from U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement, dressed in black flak vests, stormed the plant's buildings. Workers shouted, ''La migra, la migra'' (immigration police), dropped their butcher and boning knives and fled from their jobs at the cutting and grinding machines. A group of women ran to a bathroom and locked themselves in the stalls before I.C.E. agents forced them out. A couple of men scaled Agri's fence and hid in the cornfield across the street, where they remained until the next morning. Others climbed onto the roof near the smokestack of the chicken-processing building. From there, one man called a friend from his cellphone: ''Take care of my children,'' he pleaded.

Fermin Loyes Lopez, a 27-year-old father from Guatemala who had been living in Postville for five years, found his wife, Rosa Zamora Santos, who worked the same shift, cutting chicken meat off breast bones. One of their daughters, a toddler, was with a baby sitter; the other, a 5-year-old, was in kindergarten. After a quick call to the baby sitter, Lopez counseled his wife: ''Tell them the truth,'' he said, referring to the I.C.E. agents, just before he was arrested. ''Tell them your real name. Tell them we have children.''

Meanwhile, several blocks away, on Lawler, the town's main street, Elver Herrera, a former plant worker who ran the local bakery, hid Latinos in an apartment above his store. The head of the local Catholic Church's Hispanic ministry raced to a nearby apartment complex where many Latino families lived and handed out printed information about undocumented immigrants' rights, while a school counselor went door to door, telling families to stay away from the plant.

Within hours of the raid -- which I.C.E. had planned for months, based on evidence that large numbers of Agri's employees used suspect or false Social Security numbers and that plant managers hired minors and violated other labor laws -- I.C.E. agents detained 389 undocumented workers, most of them Guatemalan. (Agri employed more than 900 workers, over three shifts.) The agents handcuffed the wrists of the men and women and loaded them into the Homeland Security buses. With one state-trooper vehicle in front of each bus and another behind, they drove 75 miles to Waterloo, Iowa. There, I.C.E. had transformed an 80-acre fairgrounds, the National Cattle Congress, into a temporary processing center for the workers. Many of the detainees, including Lopez, were then sent to prisons throughout the country, where they would spend five months before being deported to Guatemala.

Back in Postville, about 400 residents poured into St. Bridget's Catholic Church, which would become the town's de facto relief center in the months to come. Women, men and children ate at the church and slept in the pews, afraid I.C.E. might be waiting for them at home.

On almost any other May evening, Guatemalan families, many of whom had lived in Postville for years and were a tight-knit group from two villages in Guatemala, would have been outside, pushing strollers down Lawler Street, stopping for tacos at the Mexican restaurant, Sabor Latino, and for ice cream at the Sweet Spot. Instead, downtown was empty. At the Tidy Wave laundromat, washers and dryers were filled with clothes. No one ever came to claim them.

Some families packed their cars in the middle of the night and drove to other meatpacking towns in Iowa or to another part of the United States altogether. Others turned to a van service, run by a local Guatemalan-American, that would eventually shuttle more than 100 people to O'Hare Airport in Chicago for one-way flights to Guatemala City. Children stopped going to school. Within weeks, roughly 1,000 Mexican and Guatemalan residents -- about a third of the town -- vanished. It was as if a natural disaster had swept through, leaving no physical evidence of destruction, just silence behind it.

Postville -- a town with no stoplights, no fast-food restaurants and a weekly newspaper that for years featured the ''Yard of the Week'' -- had been through one of biggest single-site immigration raids in U.S. history. For 20 years, this community of schoolteachers, town officials, farmers and others had lived diversity up close, through influxes of Orthodox Jews, Guatemalans and Mexicans, in ways many people in large cities never do. The raid might have pushed that diversity out of Postville. Instead, the post-raid, post-Latino years would create a more complex community and more big-city challenges for tiny Postville than anyone could have envisioned.

Like many Iowa towns, Postville was hit hard by the Midwest farm crisis in the 1980s. Small farms folded, businesses shuttered and people moved to bigger cities for better opportunities. Then, in 1987, Postville, it seemed, got lucky: the Rubashkin family, part of the Chabad-Lubavitch sect of Hasidic Jews, extended its meat business from a butcher shop in Brooklyn, N.Y., to a defunct factory in Postville. It was part of a trend of major meatpacking plants moving to the Midwest, closer to livestock and lower-paid, nonunion workers. Even among these new destinations, though, Postville stood out. While many rural meatpacking towns have populations of 30,000 to 60,000, Postville's population was just 1,400 when Agri arrived.

Initially, Russians and Ukrainians worked at the plant. But as they moved on to better jobs and other towns, Mexicans and later Guatemalans took their place. Tensions in Postville -- where intermarriage was a Swede marrying a Norwegian -- ran high at times. The newcomers were largely single men with ''too much time on their hands on the weekends,'' according to Michael Halse, the Postville police chief. Some longtime residents grumbled that Guatemalans took jobs from white Iowans; a rumor spread that Mexicans killed dogs for meat.

Not everyone was pleased with the presence of Orthodox Jews, either, many of whom were managers and rabbis at the plant. About 100 Jewish families ultimately moved to Postville, where they opened a synagogue and schools for their children. Dressed in black felt fedoras and black suits with tzitzit, or tassels, hanging from their shirts and sometimes shtreimels, large fur hats, the Orthodox men stuck out among others walking down Lawler Street. The Jews were remote, some complained; they drove as if they still lived in New York City; they let their grass grow too high.

But by the mid-2000s, time and experience had softened Postville's mood. Latinos, Jews and longtime Iowans were still largely segregated socially, but tolerance was the norm. It helped that many of the single Guatemalan and Mexican men had moved on or settled down, often bringing their families from back home. The public schools had a new fine-arts building, developed a K-12 bilingual program and hired additional staff members. New businesses sprouted: a Mexican restaurant and grocery store, a Guatemalan restaurant and the Guatemalan-owned Tonita's Express, where workers lined up on Saturday mornings to wire hundreds of dollars back to villages in Guatemala and bought phone cards, Spanish-language CDs and DVDs, tortillas and birthday cards.

By that time, Aaron Goldsmith, an Orthodox Jew, had won a seat on the Postville City Council. And volunteers organized an annual food festival downtown, where, along with cotton candy, funnel cakes and hot dogs, the booths featured falafel, tacos and Ukrainian blinchiki, while the entertainer Uncle Moishy -- flown in from Brooklyn -- performed Yiddish songs.

In 2005 Herrera, the former Agri worker, who had been a teacher in Guatemala, took over the Postville Bakery -- a town fixture since the late 1800s -- and transformed it into a spot where old-time farmers lingered over doughnuts and coffee and Latinos bought pan dulce, tostadas and conchas. A new welcome sign went up on the edge of town, declaring Postville ''Hometown to the World.''

Among the many who benefited economically from the immigrant population was Candy Seibert. She and her husband bought a handful of apartments to rent to workers; she opened the laundromat Tidy Wave and the Sweet Spot ice-cream store, while her husband worked in construction and ran a cabinetmaking business. When she wasn't managing cabinet orders, Seibert was scooping ice cream, picking up a few Spanish words, collecting rent and fielding phone calls about dripping faucets. She knew almost all of the town's newcomers. She liked watching Latino kids, some of whose parents had never finished elementary school and didn't speak English, graduate from high school. ''We didn't know how good we had it,'' she says.

During my first trip to Postville two years ago, Seibert and I sat in her real estate office one morning, in a converted garage two blocks from Agri to the east and two blocks from downtown to the west. Dozens of keys hung from the wall, and a dry-erase board listed needed repairs at her properties.

Seibert is 43, with long blond hair that she hastily pulls into a ponytail, a wardrobe of jeans and zip-up hoodies and a no-nonsense manner. ''It takes some mothering,'' she said of being a Postville landlord, which she likened to the decade she spent bartending in a biker bar. ''And I have to yell a lot.''

Her mini-empire of ***working-class*** housing includes apartment buildings and clapboard single-family homes divided into units. Following the raid, she also began managing dozens of properties for a bank when a major landlord went bankrupt.

But in the immediate aftermath of the raid, Seibert and many local business owners struggled to stay afloat. Mexican-owned grocery and clothing stores shut down, along with Restaurante Rinconcito Guatemalteco. Business at Seibert's laundromat and several other local shops dropped by at least 50 percent.

Down the street, Agri was collapsing, too. Most of the work force was in jail or had left town. In the best of circumstances, meatpacking is bloody, exhausting and dangerous work. It draws the desperate: undocumented immigrants, refugees with limited English skills and a smattering of U.S. citizens thin on luck. Agri's conditions were worse than most. About 75 percent of its workers -- some of them minors -- were undocumented, and many earned only $6 to $7 an hour, often without overtime. Female workers reported being sexually assaulted by managers, and workplace accidents were not uncommon, including broken bones, eye injuries, hearing loss and grisly mishaps that resulted in amputations.

The raid itself did nothing to improve conditions. In subsequent days, one Iowa job agency, Labor Ready, provided 150 replacement employees for Agri, then pulled them out about a week later, complaining that the plant was unsafe. A group of Native Americans from Nebraska and students from Kyrgyzstan also quit shortly after starting. Mysterious ads -- Agri officials denied placing them -- appeared in newspapers and on telephone poles in Guatemala City, pitching meatpacking jobs for $8.50 an hour in Postville, ''a technologically developed town with a friendly atmosphere, pretty green areas, public schools and family recreation areas.''

Then, in one of its most desperate moves, Agri recruited 170 people from the Micronesian island of Palau -- whose status as a former U.S. protectorate means its citizens can work legally in the United States. In September 2008, the Palauans traveled 72 hours and 8,000 miles on planes and buses before arriving in Postville with little more than flip-flops and brightly colored shorts and tops.

Meanwhile, Agri hired other job agencies that recruited Somali refugees from Minnesota and bused in homeless people from Texas, with promises of a hiring bonus and a month of free housing. The once-quiet town entered its ''inner-city, homeless phase,'' Seibert said. The Postville police chief added more officers -- the department was used to dealing with stray animals, locked cars and bar brawls -- to the Friday and Saturday night shifts. Arrests went up during the fall and winter of 2008. Drug problems spiked. There was a double stabbing downtown.

In the midst of this upheaval, Sholom Rubashkin, the chief executive of Agri, was charged with providing funds for fake ID cards for workers; later, he was also charged with defrauding banks of millions of dollars. (He is serving a 27-year prison sentence for 86 counts of financial fraud, including money laundering and bank, mail and wire fraud. Other managers received prison sentences for bank fraud and helping immigrants get false work papers.) The same month Rubashkin was arrested, a bank began foreclosing on the plant, and the company suspended hundreds of employees without pay. Work at Agri slowed to a crawl. With few workers to slaughter the animals, hundreds of turkeys, stuck in cages on tractor-trailers outside the plant, began dying. The smell of decay seeped into the neighborhood.

Agri stopped paying its property taxes to Postville, and the town's two biggest landlords -- Seibert was not yet among them -- folded shop, leaving behind thousands of dollars' worth of unpaid water and heat bills, as well as hundreds of angry, out-of-work tenants.

Many of the laid-off workers fled immediately, including several from a house that Seibert showed me one afternoon. On the outside, paint peeled, and the porch sagged from rot. Several windows were cracked, and one was completely shattered. Inside, beer cans, cups and plastic bags littered the kitchen counters and floors. Upstairs, a toilet tank was cracked down the middle. Seibert -- who ended up managing the building after the tenants left -- guessed that either someone smashed the toilet or it froze when the heat was shut off. In a bedroom, a pair of flip-flops lay next to a bare mattress, as if its occupant had been too rushed to pack.

Some workers had little choice but to stay put. One winter evening in 2008, Herrera, the manager of the bakery (which would be destroyed by fire the following year), arrived home and greeted his wife: ''Baby,'' he said, ''I have some company.'' He had several Palauans with him. Herrera had found them on the street with their suitcases, no money and nowhere to go. Four of them spent several months in Herrera's basement before moving on to other cities and better opportunities.

Of course, the raid was not directly responsible for the treatment of the Palauans and everything else that happened that year: for too long, Postville had been dependent on a corrupt plant and a largely illegal, exploited work force. Still, the raid upended a careful balance in Postville and left chaos in its place.

One Friday afternoon, Seibert took me to meet some of the workers who had come to town since the raid. They gathered at an apartment with wood floors and a small kitchen on Lawler Street. It was the social club for dozens of Somalis in town. Several men sat on metal chairs, watching CNN. Others talked in the kitchen where a stand-alone freezer held the meat of three goats and half a cow. The sign taped to the wall read: ''Private club. Members and their guests only. See Abdirahman Dagane for membership. $1 donation for refreshments appreciated.''

Drawn mostly by word of mouth, the men had come to Postville from Minneapolis, Kansas City, Buffalo and other cities. As Abdullahi Hassan offered me a cup of sweet Somali tea, others talked about the downsides of small-town life: the lack of English classes, job-placement agencies and translation services. One man said he heard that if you talked to the mayor about problems at the plant, you would lose your job. ''I don't even know where the mayor's office is,'' Jama Guhat said. (It was across the street and a few storefronts away.) Guhat, who moved to Postville several months earlier from Minnesota, was long and lanky and wore a dark brown suit, a Marlboro dangling from his fingers. On Saturdays -- the Jewish Sabbath, when the plant closes -- Guhat and many Somalis leave Postville for Minneapolis, a three-hour drive, to spend their paychecks on trunks full of halal meat, which meets Islamic standards, as well as seasonings and tea.

Though some Somalis showed up to fill jobs immediately after the raid, many more had come to town since late 2009, after a Canadian businessman named Hershey Friedman bought the Agri slaughterhouse out of bankruptcy court. He renamed it Agri Star and invested millions in revamping the plant. Offering starting wages of $8.50 an hour, Friedman has increased Agri Star's work force to its current level of about 600 workers from about 300 after bankruptcy.

Like the first Guatemalans, many Somalis in Postville are single: either unmarried or with spouses waiting in Minneapolis or other cities while the men decide if Postville will become home. Others have wives and children still in Kenyan refugee camps. There are about 150 Somalis in town today -- down from roughly 250 in 2010 -- and no other group in Postville has stood out quite so much: Somali women dressed in head coverings and flowing hijabs shopping in the IGA supermarket; tall, dark-skinned Somali men, smoking cigarettes and speaking Arabic outside a store that they rent for their mosque, two doors down from Club 51, the town's lone bar.

Mark Grey, an anthropology professor at the University of Northern Iowa and director of the Iowa Center for Immigrant Leadership and Integration, says the raid resulted in waves of new immigrants not only in Postville but in other meatpacking towns in the Midwest as well. Many meatpacking companies have increasingly steered away from hiring Latinos -- even though they may be in the United States legally -- because they fear government scrutiny, says Grey, who is an author, with Michele Devlin, a colleague at Northern Iowa, and Aaron Goldsmith, the former Postville councilman, of ''Postville, U.S.A.: Surviving Diversity in Small-Town America.'' Instead, they have recruited African and Burmese refugees and other non-Latino immigrants, who, while they may be legal, also challenge communities with new cultures and new languages. ''People can scream about the illegal work force, but a legal work force will also be more ethnically diverse,'' he says. ''In these towns, I have people whispering in my ear, 'I miss my illegal Mexicans.' ''

Seibert says she hopes that the Somalis will make Postville their home. As a landlord, she likes that they are family-oriented and that most don't drink alcohol, in keeping with their Muslim beliefs. Among her favorites is Abdirahman Dagane, who ran the Somali social club. Dagane is 26, exceedingly polite, with boyish looks and outfits of buttoned-up white shirts, khakis and sweater vests. He was 11 when fighting broke out in his Somali village. Playing with friends at the time and unable to find his family before they fled town, he spent the next couple of years living in the back of a village restaurant. Eventually he made his way to Kenya, where he found one of his brothers in a refugee camp. After moving to Minnesota as a refugee, he spent less than a year in 10th grade before dropping out to earn money for himself and his family.

Dagane has heard the talk around town that Somalis don't work as hard as the Guatemalans. ''With Somalis, if the supervisor yells, they aren't going to take it,'' Dagane said. ''The Guatemalans always kept working because they don't have papers.''

We were sitting in his kitchen on a rainy Saturday a year ago, while lamb boiled on the stove and a five-pound bag of basmati rice sat on a chair next to us. Upstairs, in the three-bedroom apartment that Dagane shared with four other Somali men, the furnishings included little more than a TV, a couple of tables and mattresses on the floor.

While many Somalis were in Minneapolis for the day, Dagane -- whose car bumper sticker reads ''One who prays but does no work is as one who shoots without a bowstring'' and who lists his activities on Facebook as ''work and making something better'' -- preferred to stick around in Postville, doing errands, enjoying the quiet of the town. He hoped to make more money, marry and raise a family there.

Dagane had orchestrated a meeting at the local mosque to identify people who could serve as liaisons between the Somali community and Postville leaders. He and his friends also had plans to open a tea shop. It would be the only Somali-run business in town and a step toward making Postville their own.

Not long after I last saw him, Dagane called me with some news. Dagane, his best friend and three others had left Postville, lured by manufacturing jobs with Whirlpool in Amana, Iowa, that paid $12 an hour, had better health insurance and offered more time off. Guhat, the Somali of the brown suit and the Marlboros, also left, along with several other Somalis, for a meatpacking plant in Kansas with higher starting wages. This is the story of meatpacking towns: if workers can move on, they usually do.

And while the opening of a Costco or another large retail business might create a more stable work force for Postville, local leaders don't count on that happening, given the economy and Postville's size and remote location. ''The town feels fortunate to have a meatpacking plant,'' Mark Grey says, ''even if it creates its own set of problems.''

Those problems were relatively minor, so it seemed, before the raid. Many residents refer to that time as Postville's ''golden years.'' Guatemalans had settled and invested in Postville, in part because they liked its safety and small-town atmosphere. Many, though, were undocumented -- and afraid. With no papers and scant education and English skills, few could walk away from even the lousiest jobs. Their limitations created Postville's sense of stability.

Some of those Guatemalans have now returned. Rosa Zamora Santos, whose husband was deported following the raid, was part of a group of Agri women who reported sexual harassment and other workplace violations to law-enforcement authorities. The women were allowed to stay as government witnesses, with GPS tracking devices strapped to their ankles for months. Then, two years ago, Santos became one of more than three dozen other women and children who were awarded U-visas, given to victims of crimes committed in the United States. That allowed her to finally bring her husband back to Postville last year. Other Latinos -- some legal, some not -- have moved in, too, along with a few African-American families escaping crime-ridden neighborhoods in Chicago and other cities. The work at Agri is still grueling; wages are low (Agri Star, like Agriprocessors before it, is not unionized), and some of the old managers from Agriprocessors are still in place. Yet over all, most people think Agri Star is an improvement.

New shops have also opened in Postville in the last two years, including a Mexican convenience store, a Dollar General store and, last year, a kosher store to replace one that folded after the raid. Tzvi Bass originally considered using a Hebrew name for his new grocery before settling on Glatt Market, which he hoped would attract more non-Jews. (The Jewish population has declined to about 50 families from 100 in 2008.) And though Somalis still head to Minneapolis to visit friends and buy Somali food in bulk, a Somali wanders occasionally into Glatt Market shopping for spices, canned beans and meat (kosher meat meets halal standards) among the aisles of eggs, milk, challah, gefilte fish and cold cuts. ''It was easy to destroy this town,'' Bass told me a few weeks ago. ''It's harder to rebuild. But I see it slowly, slowly coming back.''

Seibert sees it gradually growing, too, albeit in a different -- and still-to-be-defined -- form. Some Somalis have settled down with families, including Abdi Kassim, who has lived in Postville for three years and in June married a Somali woman, whom he met at Agri. ''I plan to grow old here,'' he told me last month.

As for Abdirahman Dagane, the Whirlpool job did not last. Not long after he started, the company began a round of layoffs: as the last hired, Dagane and his friends were the first let go. He returned to Postville a couple times in the last year to visit friends and toyed with the idea of moving back. But this spring he found a job driving a taxi in Des Moines. ''I love Postville,'' he told me. ''But in America, if you find a job, you gotta go. And I'm not starting over again at Agri for $8.50 an hour. Somalis go where the jobs are. We are pastoralists. We don't stay in one place too long.''

Correction: July 29, 2012, Sunday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: An article on July 15 about Postville, Iowa, misspelled the last word in the name of a restaurant. It is Restaurante Rinconcito Guatemalteco, not Guatemaltecoa.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTOS (MM34

MM35)

Post-Postville: After a federal immigration raid in 2008, about a third of the town, including many Guatemalans, vanished within weeks. (MM37)

Trickle Down: Candy Seibert, above, became a landlord to succeeding waves of workers. Elver Herrera, right, is a former plant worker who later ran a bakery in Postville. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOE STRAUSS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM38)

**Load-Date:** July 29, 2012

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[***Not One Drop Of British Reserve***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6NS0-0005-G0RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Carol Kino has written about art for The Atlantic Monthly, Artnews and the British magazine Modern Painters.

By CAROL KINO;   Carol Kino has written about art for The Atlantic Monthly, Artnews and the British magazine Modern Painters.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

DAMIEN HIRST PUTS CUT-UP COWS in formaldehyde. Rachel Whiteread makes inside-out casts of furniture and rooms. Marc Quinn is best known for a self-portrait bust, cast in his own blood. Mona Hatoum has led viewers through her own intestines aided by an endoscopic camera.

The media these artists use include painting, sculpture, assemblage, photography, collage, installation, video and a few that haven't yet been named. Some of these works take the artist's own life for inspiration; others are propelled by a fashionably streetwise esthetic. In still others, lyricism or history are driving forces. And throughout there is a none-too-subtle undercurrent of anomie and sex.

These artists are young, mostly under 35, and live and work in London. Left to their own devices in a climate of deep recession and intense social change, they've created a scene that is putting London back on the map as an iconoclastic international art center. And starting today, work by 22 of them can be seen in " 'Brilliant!' New Art From London," at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

Some of the pieces have appeared in shows before: Sarah Lucas's 1993 "Concrete Boots," a Doc Martens look-alike, and Sam Taylor-Wood's 1994 photograph "Slut," a self-portrait showing her neck covered with love bites. Others are fresh from the studio, like Jake and Dinos Chapman's fiberglass sculpture "Ubermensch," which perches Stephen Hawking, the wheelchair-bound physicist, on top of a rocky crag.

At first glance, the London art scene appears to be a kind of social club of artists who studied together, many at one or another of the city's 10 art schools, and who still often share studios and socialize at the same boozy, smoky openings. They operate spaces to show one another's work, appear together in group shows and sometimes work together on projects. "They have this kind of rivalry and camaraderie at the same time," said Victoria Miro, a London dealer who has four artists in "Brilliant!"

Another dealer has a somewhat different view. "This is a group of artists who have emerged in the post-Thatcher era, with a mentality of 'You can get what you want if you club together,' " said Jay Jopling, the 31-year-old London dealer whose tiny commercial gallery, White Cube, in Piccadilly, is viewed by many as the club's salon.

At second glance, the milieu is also one of savvy marketing and individual chutzpah. Mr. Hirst, Mr. Jopling's most celebrated artist, has alienated many art followers by using what some regard as a particularly trendy brand of nihilism to turn himself into an art star. Five years ago, Mr. Hirst created an unsettling life cycle in a glass box: a rotting cow's head, a pile of maggots and a bug zapper to kill the flies that hatched. For his "Natural History" series he filled more glass boxes with formaldehyde and added such things as a shark, a bisected cow and a fluffy white lamb. Though Mr. Hirst makes other sorts of assemblages, as well as paintings, his continued use of dead animals has made him a favorite of the tabloid press.

Mr. Jopling defends such tactics. "I don't call it shock value," he said. "For years, arts editors of national newspapers have lambasted contemporary art in this country. Artists have had to fight that much harder to have any attention paid to their work."

Besides, he pointed out, people tend to forget that Mr. Hirst is a team player. He first came to public notice when, as an art student in 1988, he helped curate "Freeze," a polished and successful group show held in a warehouse. And while he has gone on to a vigorous solo career, Mr. Hirst still insists on showing as part of a group, sometimes alongside freshly minted art school graduates.

Mr. Jopling, for his part, has risen to prominence as a sort of freelance ringmaster, helping artists put together temporary, often site-specific shows in the floating gallery scene that began to flourish in London during the late 1980's. The collapse of the art market in the early 1990's, which practically decimated the city's tiny gallery world, conveniently coincided with a depressed real-estate market that left plenty of atmospheric warehouses, slaughterhouses and office buildings empty.

Floating galleries took off on roughly the same schedule as acid house parties and raves, and, like them, depend as much on the experience of being there as on the actual work presented. For many, the job of extracting marketable artifacts from this scene sometimes became a work of art in itself. Two years ago, Tracey Emin, a 32-year-old Londoner, sought investors in her "creative potential," offering four letters a year as collateral.

Mr. Jopling gave Ms. Emin a show at White Cube and has been marketing her life-as-work pieces ever since. At a recent art fair, he installed her in a bed, covered by a quilt -- which promptly sold -- that Ms. Emin had made from old clothes and other mementos. In "Brilliant!" she will exhibit a tent appliqued with the names of all those with whom she has ever shared a bed.

Are these artists and dealers cynically exploiting a gullible public for their own gain? Or do they display an admirable seat-of-the-pants creativity of the sort that is desperately needed to recharge a depressed climate? In Britain, which remains comparatively socialist, that is the kind of major moral quandary provoked by Thatcher-style entrepreneurism.

If many of the marketing tactics seem to be born of Thatcherism, what appears to bind the work together thematically is a reaction against it. When British Pop Art boomed more than 30 years ago, its artists (like Richard Hamilton and David Hockney) were the product of a more cohesive society, a spirit of playful cross-class experimentation and a fascination with consumerism.

THE CURRENT SCENE finds inspiration in the dour notion that British civilization has reached the end of its road. A lively obsession with mortality and decay can be seen across the board, starting with that famously rotting cow's head and even echoing through an older generation perhaps best illustrated by Lucian Freud's mordant and fleshly nudes.

For a recent gallery opening, Anya Gallaccio festooned the walls with Pop Art-like daisy chains and left them to decompose, a project she is repeating at the Walker. Work like Mr. Hirst's and Ms. Gallaccio's is often said to refer back to the "memento mori" tradition, bespeaking an unblinking, fundamentally healthy acceptance of death. But blink another way, and it looks like a political response to consumerism, which tends to promote itself by promising everlasting youth.

Many young artists in Britain are similarly fixated on domestic life, community and civic planning, all totems of the partly dismantled welfare state. Two years ago, in an installation called "I Love You," Rachel Evans stenciled a lace curtain on a gallery window in Vaseline and filled the air with the scent of Vicks. Abigail Lane, whose work appears at the Walker, constructs art from media like ink pads and stamps and crime photographs, the evidence of an increasingly intimidating police force.

Ms. Whiteread, probably the best known of the "Brilliant!" 22, is celebrated for her simple, elegiac casts of domestic objects like sinks, cabinets and mattresses. In 1993, she won the Turner Prize, Britain's major contemporary art award. The same year she also made a monument using as her mold the interior of an entire Victorian row house.

Yet politics, for the young British artist, offers endless ironies. While Ms. Whiteread's inside-out "House" was praised as a paean to vanishing notions of community and public housing, it reportedly sat less well with the ***working-class*** people who had to live alongside it.

Ms. Whiteread, like many of her colleagues, received a major career boost when she was discovered by Charles Saatchi. Mr. Saatchi, a founding partner of Saatchi & Saatchi, the giant advertising company that helped lever Mrs. Thatcher's Tory Party to power, has long been a major collector of contemporary British art, some of which he presents to the public in a privately run gallery.

But perhaps the most curious contradiction of all is that the British press and the public, both of which have long been renowned for their dislike of contemporary art, have recently begun to embrace it. Last month alone, three art events attracted large crowds and mostly enthusiastic reviews.

In an installation by Cornelia Parker in Hyde Park, Tilda Swinton, the star of the 1993 film "Orlando," reclined in a glass vitrine alongside other vitrines holding objects like one of Queen Victoria's stockings and the pillows from Sigmund Freud's couch.

With the support of Artangel, a charity that organizes several site-specific events a year, the director Robert Wilson mounted a work called "HG," a rabbit warren of mysterious, stunningly theatrical installations in some medieval dungeons beneath London Bridge.

And those old provocateurs, the always well-dressed performance artists Gilbert and George, displayed brightly colored photomontages depicting their naked selves and their own bodily waste. Though this show, installed in a Government-financed gallery, could have been expected to raise hackles, two weeks into its run only two written complaints had been received.

Today, with the opening of its first major museum show, an art movement apparently born of social dissent seems to be verging on public acceptance. Maybe in the end, it will turn out to cohere not around transient change but around deeply rooted tastes: the national passion for theater, the appreciation of style for style's sake and a longstanding love of nose thumbing. Or perhaps what binds it together is the simple fact that, as Gilbert told a visitor recently: "There's a kind of anarchic atmosphere underneath, in London. And that's where art is."

**Graphic**

Photos: The London artist Damien Hirst wielding a knife--A perennial tabloid favorite. (Damien Hirst 1995 by Nigel Parry) (pg. 45); "The Acquired Inability to Escape, Inverted," a 1993 assembly by Damien Hirst in the "Brilliant!" show. (Courtesy of White Cube, London) (pg. 46)

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**End of Document**



[***PAPAL ENCYCLICAL URGES CAPITALISM TO SHED INJUSTICES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-02V0-000D-G2FF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1636 words

**Byline:** By PETER STEINFELS

By PETER STEINFELS

**Body**

In a major encyclical addressing the economic questions raised by the upheaval in Eastern Europe in 1989, Pope John Paul II warned capitalist nations yesterday against letting the collapse of Communism blind them to the need to repair injustices in their own economic system.

The encyclical, "Centesimus Annus" ("The Hundredth Year"), includes the fullest, and in many ways the most positive, treatment of the market economy in any papal document. But praise is typically followed with qualifications and ringing reminders about economic failures in both developing and developed countries.

The point of departure for much of the 25,000-word document is the collapse of Communism in Pope John Paul II's native Poland and other Eastern European countries and the moral and philosophical lessons that those events hold for rebuilding the economies of Eastern Europe and confronting economic inequities throughout the world.

'Human Needs' Beyond Market

"The free market is the most efficient instrument for utilizing resources and effectively responding to needs," the Pope said. "But there are many human needs which find no place on the market," he immediately added, and many people without the purchasing power to meet their needs through the market. [Excerpts, page A10.]

Posing the question whether, "after the failure of Communism," the market economy should be the goal of Eastern European and third-world countries, the Pope said, "The answer is obviously complex."

"If by 'capitalism' is meant an economic system which recognizes the fundamental and positive role of business, the market, private property and the resulting responsibility" and creativity, "then the answer is certainly yes," he said.

But if capitalism means an economic system not firmly circumscribed by a framework of laws and rights and an "ethical and religious" understanding of human freedom, "then the reply is certainly negative," the Pope said.

The encyclical was issued to mark the 100th anniversary of an encyclical by Pope Leo XIII, "Rerum Novarum" ("Of New Things"), which addressed the impoverished conditions of the industrial ***working class*** at the end of the 19th century. "Rerum Novarum" is considered the beginning of official Catholic social teaching in the modern era.

Encyclicals are major papal statements of theology and policy, although the exact degree of adherence that they ask of Catholics may vary from topic to topic. From "Rerum Novarum" to the present, encyclicals on social and economic questions have seldom received blanket acceptance among the faithful.

Besides dealing with economic issues, the new encyclical stresses the need for the world to find an alternative to war for resolving disputes. The Pope refers to his appeals against military action in the Persian Gulf, and he urges imitation of the nonviolent protests in Eastern Europe that brought down a Communist order that many had believed "could only be overturned by another war."

The Pope does not appear to have abandoned the traditional Catholic position that there can be just wars, said the Rev. J. Bryan Hehir, an adviser for many years to the American Catholic bishops on international affairs. "But this pontificate is committed to narrowing the legitimate use of armed force," Father Hehir added, and the encyclical "presses the point with entirely new strength."

The collapse of Communism in 1989 also confirmed the condemnation of socialism found in "Rerum Novarum," John Paul said. He attributed the collapse to the rejection of Communism by workers, its economic inefficiency, the stifling of national rights and the "spiritual void brought about by atheism."

Lesson for the Third World

For the third world, the Pope said the 1989 events had a lesson for believers whom "the sincere desire to be on the side of the oppressed and not to be cut off from the course of history" had led to seek "an impossible compromise between Marxism and Christianity."

But exploitation, neglect and "quasi-servitude" as harsh as in the days of "Rerum Novarum" remained rampant throughout the third world, the Pope said. Economic aid to Eastern Europe was needed lest accumulated problems "re-explode after the collapse of dictatorship," but these efforts "must not lead to a slackening" of aid to the third world.

"Enormous resources can be made available by disarming the huge military machines which were constructed for the conflict between East and West," he said. He also urged that if repayment of foreign debt by poor nations would mean "hunger and despair for entire peoples," the debts should be deferred or canceled.

Despite the risk that a "radical capitalist ideology" might take the place of discredited Communism in Eastern Europe and elsewhere, the Pope has high praise for what he preferred to call a "market economy" or "free economy" rather than capitalism.

Private Property Defended

Catholic social teaching has always defended private property and implicitly preferred moderate forms of capitalism to socialism. But papal documents also emphasized cooperation rather than competition in economic affairs and have been more concerned with questions of distributing wealth equitably than of producing it.

In recent years, many have felt that the church's social teaching was inching toward the ideals of European social democracy, if not outright socialism.

"Centesimus Annus," however, acknowleges the role of profit and the wisdom of harnessing rather than suppressing self-interest in the service of economic production. Among virtues that have not been stressed in such documents previously, it includes "initiative and entrepreneurial ability" and "courage in carrying out decisions which are difficult and painful but necessary" for the survival of a business.

The encyclical also puts less emphasis on the distribution of material benefits than on the mobilization of what it recognizes as the "decisive factor" in modern production -- scientific knowledge, technology, organizational skills and the "ability to perceive the needs of others and to satisfy them."

Alienation a Reality

But while rejecting the Marxist idea that alienation could be eliminated only under collectivism, the Pope said alienation remained "a reality in Western societies."

"Consumerism," he said, ensnares people "in a web of false and superficial gratifications," and working life is often marked "by destructive competitiveness and estrangement," with workers "considered only a means and not an end." Widespread drug use was "a sign of a serious malfunction in the social system," he added, as was widespread abortion.

The acquisitive excesses of capitalism threatened both the natural and the human environment, including the stability of family life, the Pope said. "There are collective and qualitative needs which cannot be satisfied by market mechanisms," he said. "There are goods which by their very nature cannot and must not be bought and sold." To think otherwise is a form of "idolatry of the market," he said.

George Weigel, a Catholic layman who is president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, said: "It would be wrong to reduce this to a statement about economics. It is a splendid reflection on what is required for human beings to be truly free in conditions of modernity."

Many Claim Support

As often with papal documents, different parties in the church said they believed that the encyclical provided support for their viewpoint. Richard John Neuhaus, a neo-conservative theologian and writer, said yesterday that the encyclical challenged the premises of the American bishops' 1986 pastoral on the American economy, citing the Pope's affirmation of capitalism and economic growth.

Archbishop Rembert G. Weakland of Milwaukee, who presided over the drafting of the pastoral, said, "The Pope's approach to capitalism is exactly the one we took, to accept its good qualities but also to insist that it needs to be controlled and limited by other forces in society outside it."

Further differences of interpretation will undoubtedly arise from the Pope's style of balancing one point against another, sometimes at different places in the text. He clearly favors economies providing extensive systems of social security, education and job training, unemployment assistance and cultural enrichment.

But the encyclical also warned that an overextension of the welfare state "leads to a loss of human energies and an inordinate increase of public agencies, which are dominated more by bureaucratic ways of thinking than by concerns for serving their clients."

Similarly the Pope said that the state cannot "directly ensure the right to work for all its citizens" without controlling the entire economy. But he added that the state "has a duty to sustain business activities by creating conditions which will ensure job opportunities." Earlier the encyclical declared that a society in which the right to employment is systematically denied "cannot be justified from an ethical point of view."

Although enthusiastic about the strong support the encyclical ofers to trade unions, Msgr. George Higgins, a former adviser to the American bishops on labor questions, expressed disappointment that it contained only one sentence referring to the special economic problems encountered by women.

But the Pope does appear to settle some internal Catholic disputes. He stressed, for instance, that the church's engagement with social questions was an essential part of its task of preaching the Gospel. Supporters of an older view have sometimes maintained that such concerns should be only preparatory or supplementary to administering the sacraments and concentrating on salvation after death.

The Pope also reminds Catholics that "the social message of the Gospel must not be considered a theory, but above all else a basis and motivation for action."

**Graphic**

Photo: Pope John Paul II signing an encyclical that he issued yesterday at the Vatican. The document, referring to the collapse of Communism, qualifies praise of the market economy with caution about its injustices. (Associated Press) (pg. A10)

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**End of Document**



[***MOMENTS OF TRUTH COME BY MAIL FOR SENIORS AT GREAT NECK SOUTH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JXM0-0008-N37B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 20, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1300 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINERIP, Special to the New York Times

**Series:** Third article of a series appearing periodically about the senior year at Great Neck South High School on Long Island

**Dateline:** GREAT NECK, L.I., April 19

**Body**

The letters from the Harvard and Princeton admission offices looked too thin for comfort.

''They're both here,'' said Brian Chizever, his hands shaking as he opened Princeton.

So much of what Irwin and Joyce Chizever had wanted for their son Brian was in those envelopes. When Mr. Chizever wrote checks to pay Brian's application fees last fall, he had been thrilled just to look at those names.

Letters from Harvard and Princeton made Mrs. Chizever think of a thousand trips to the Hillside Library's Young Reader's Club long ago and the care she had taken to see that Brian turned into a boy who loved books.

Third article in series appearing periodically about senior year at Great Neck South High School on Long Island; article focuses on students waiting for letters of acceptance from colleges; students and their parents comment (M)

The letters in Brian's hands reminded the Chizevers of moving to Great Neck from their old ***working-class*** neighborhood, so their three boys could attend Great Neck South High School.

Mr. Chizever was in awe of a public school that would send its chess team to California. ''Not a football team,'' Mr. Chizever said. ''A chess team.''

Just waiting for such letters was a commentary, the Chizevers felt, on how Brian had flourished, ranking 11th in his class and scoring as high as 790 of 800 on his college-entrance examinations.

And now that they had arrived in the mail, those long-awaited letters from Harvard and Princeton, they looked too thin.

For many seniors this single mail delivery was the measure of all they had been pushing for the last two years. By the time the postman arrived, the sword of Damocles seemed a butter knife by comparison.

''This is a big thing,'' a senior, Michelle Lebow, said. ''It's not like deciding what colors to wear to the prom.''

Even at Great Neck South, which sends many students to top colleges, the odds dictate there will be more bad news than good. Although 8 in the two previous classes were accepted to Harvard, 30 were rejected.

When it ends in joy, it is a thing of beauty.

''You did it, babe,'' Steve Salee's mother shouted as they sat in the lobby of their apartment building, reading his large, thick ''congratulations'' folder from Brown.

First she hugged him, then she kissed him. Steve read out loud to her, not skipping a thing. '' 'Dear Mr. Salee,' '' he began, '' 'you have been admitted to the 221st class to enter the college of Brown University.' ''

In their excitement, mother and son kept thanking the mailman, Eugene Johnson. They thanked him eight times in five minutes.

Was the pressure rough? Steve was asked. ''It was getting anticlimactic,'' Steve said.

''Oh,'' his mother, Juliet, yelled, ''you were off the wall. Don't tell me you weren't off the wall.''

''I was off the wall,'' Steve said.

Competition at Great Neck South can be fierce, and there are teachers, such as the chairman of the English department, Dr. Alfred Ruesch, who believe that it has become fiercer in recent years, as societal values have shifted in a traditional direction.

Dr. Ruesch has had students with 99 on a test spend 10 minutes in class begging for the extra point. Some cry when he says no.

During the busy season, he turns down 10 to 15 requests a week to tutor students for the Scholastic Aptitude Test, limiting himself to one student at a stretch, at $40 an hour.

''A mother will call,'' he said, ''and I'll tell her, 'Mrs. So-and-So, your son can sit down and do what I'll do for him on his own. I have no magic formula.'

''They don't want to hear that.''

A senior, Pam Davis, last year spent six nights a week until 10:30 at the Stanley H. Kaplan SAT Preparatory Center. She said she still didn't do that well on her S.A.T.'s. ''I got so nervous, you know?'' she said.

Effects of Competition

Eleven years ago, when an alternative school at Great Neck South was formed, students wanted a noncompetitive atmosphere, where learning was valued for its own sake and where grading was pass or fail.

At one point, 90 students joined. Next year there will be 17, the lowest ever.

Parents in Great Neck often are aggressive about their children's futures, and that is both good and bad, according to teachers.

The good shows when the guidance department announces its annual college-planning conferences for juniors, and 70 percent of the parents are on hand.

The bad shows when parents force children to become something they are not. Several teachers met with the parents of one senior this year because the teachers felt the boy was being pushed too hard to get into an Ivy League school.

''We tried to tell the parents the boy was having a nervous breakdown,'' Richard Powell, a teacher, said.

Students Know the Numbers

The principal, Gilbert Blum, seeks to play down competition. On April 30, 81 of his students will be recognized at a school board meeting not only for excelling in academics and sports, but also for service to the Hispanic and Projectionist Clubs.

Yet human nature cannot be remade, he says, and the students themselves fuel competition.

Students know the numbers they need. A junior, Greg Bruell, said he must bring his S.A.T.'s up 300 points for the Ivy League.

Juniors have been worrying for months. ''That's what I'm doing right now, worrying,'' said Danny Blitz, who was researching colleges in a computerized data bank.

He has two Regents tests coming up, three achievement tests, the S.A.T.'s and two Advanced Placement Tests for possible college credit. Danny was entering number codes into the computer to figure which colleges might interest him. He punched ''381'' to find schools with swimming teams, ''141'' for schools that require S.A.T.'s over 500 and ''97'' for coeducation. That narrowed his choice to 984 colleges.

The Tension Mounts

When it has all finally been boiled down and seniors get the verdict, they do not take it lightly.

At a meeting of the staff of the literary magazine April 4, a senior, Russell Marcus, couldn't concentrate on even the superficial poems. He had heard that one of his classmates, Danielle Geller, had been accepted at Swarthmore, which meant there was a letter waiting for him at home. ''I ran out of the room and ran around the school twice to calm down,'' Russell said.

At 3:20 he ran out again, to the pay phone outside the principal's office and called home. His sister said the Swarthmore envelope was thick. Open it, he said.

''I screamed at the top of my lungs,'' Russell recalled. ''Twenty administrative people came out of the office. The nurse said, 'Are you all right?' ''

Never better. ''They had to peel me off the ceiling,'' he said.

This was what Mr. and Mrs. Chizever had hoped Brian would find in those Harvard and Princeton envelopes. It wasn't that everything rode on it - Brian had been accepted to three good colleges, including the California Institute of Technology.

It was just that Mr. Chizever had grown up in Brooklyn, gone to Brooklyn College, and he knew this: ''If someone is from Harvard and someone else is from Brooklyn College, the one from the Ivy League school has the most opportunity.''

'They're Always Form Letters'

Mrs. Chizever, who grew up in Queens and attended Queens College, had slightly different reasons. ''It's important to try for the best schools,'' she said. ''You never know how good you are until you try to be the best.''

First Brian tore open Princeton, then Harvard. ''They look like form letters,'' his father said nervously.

''They're always form letters,'' Brian said.

As they feared, the letters were too thin to be good news. Brian said quietly, ''I thought I'd get in.''

Then his father told a story about a man he knew in business, a Harvard graduate, whose son had been No. 5 in his class, and even he didn't get into Harvard.

''To get into Harvard,'' Mr. Chizever said, ''you have to go to one of those prep schools.''

**Graphic**

photos of Great Neck, L.I. students

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[***POP MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0890-000D-G1J0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In Trinidad, 'Calypso Diplomacy' With a Beat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0890-000D-G1J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DAISANN McCLANE; Daisann McLane, a former calypso singer, writes about Latin and Caribbean music.

By DAISANN McCLANE; Daisann McLane, a former calypso singer, writes about Latin and Caribbean music.

**Dateline:** PORT OF SPAIN, Trinidad

**Body**

When the rebel leader Yasin Abu Bakr and his followers captured Trinidad and Tobago's House of Parliament and broadcasting studios in an attempted coup last July, one of the first things they did -- after taking the Prime Minister and his Cabinet hostage -- was turn Trinidad's television station into a calypso MTV. Until the authorities jammed their broadcasts, the rebel group Jamaat al Muslimeen ran continuous videos of politically aware calypso singers like David Rudder, Watchman and Cro Cro in between Mr. Abu Bakr's running commentary.

Mr. Abu Bakr's stint as revolutionary video host demonstrated what Trinidadians have long known: calypso (and soca, the modern multitrack studio version of this traditional music) is as important as politics in this lively, noisy, multi-ethnic Caribbean democracy.

Since Trinidad's independence from Britain in 1962, the messages of calypso have influenced the speeches of prime ministers and the decisions of judges, and calypso records have helped parties win -- and lose -- elections. In using the music as a political tool, Mr. Abu Bakr was following a time-tested Trinidad formula (in fact, one of his top advisers was a former calypso promoter).

Despite his "calypso diplomacy," Mr. Abu Bakr's revolution failed to attract popular support, and the attempted coup resulted in dozens of deaths, a wave of looting that destroyed several blocks of the capital, as well as five months of martial law.

Mr. Abu Bakr, who is now in prison, may have failed in his purpose, but he helped revitalize the nation's music. This skipping, syncopated Caribbean pop has made some inroads in the American market, but in past years it has sounded as spent as the petrodollars that used to overflow from Trinidad's treasury.

Every year, calypsonians write and record new songs timed to Carnival season. But because of the coup, this year's releases have an added resonance: they try to make sense of it all by examining the economic and social issues that provoked the unrest. The songs of last month's Carnival were equal parts psychic housecleaning, national catharsis and political analysis. Indeed, for the non-Trinidadian, this season's releases by Cro Cro, Watchman, Superblue, Black Stalin and David Rudder provide a lively seminar on Caribbean history and current events -- with a beat.

The biting anti-Government commentary of Cro Cro and Watchman often seems crude: both calypsonians refer in their songs to a reported incident during the July siege in which the rebels allegedly shoved a female minister's underpants down the Prime Minister's throat. But the rough language and barbed cynicism of both singers reflect post-coup public sentiment -- a profound anger over economic mismanagement and alleged corruption in the Government of Prime Minister Arthur N. R. (Robbie) Robinson; there's also a certain sympathy for Mr. Abu Bakr's intentions, if not for his methods.

Cro Cro, one of the best lyricists of Trinidad's younger generation, presents an elegant, well-tooled argument that captures street-level opinion about Mr. Abu Bakr. His "Say a Prayer for Abu Bakr" (from "Still de Best"; Strakers 2338; cassette and LP), delivered in a low-key tenor spiked with irony and softened with wit, also demonstrates that the calypso form is one of the last repositories of English-language rhetoric in the 20th century: "In this democratic society/ The coup was wrong without a doubt/ If all o' you was so against Robbie/ Why de hell didn't you vote him out?/ But then again if you wait til election/ Man might have had to start eating man/ So don't blame Abu Bakr, don't fuss/ Bakr did it for all of us."

The title of Watchman's top song of this season, "Attack With Full Force" (from "The Watchman"; Musik Kraft; cassette only), is lifted from a statement issued by Mr. Robinson to the Trinidad military during his imprisonment by the rebels. But Watchman, a student leader at the University of the West Indies, turns the tables and takes the Prime Minister's order as a mandate to attack the Robinson administration. Watchman, still in his 20's, is the brashest and most critical voice in calypso today. (It was his video that Mr. Abu Bakr played on national TV in the early hours of the coup attempt.) And Watchman knows how to use symbolism to maximum effect: he performed "Attack" wearing the camouflage fatigues of the Army special forces team that captured the rebels.

In Trinidad, dissent in music is business as usual. During the six-week Carnival period, calypsonians speak the unspeakable -- and politicians put up with it, perhaps because this ritual serves to diffuse discontent that might otherwise find more turbulent channels. As the calypsonian David Rudder explains: "Calypso helps keep our society on an even keel. The songs become our violent acts. We kill each other with song."

Nevertheless, when it comes time for the state-sponsored Calypso Monarch competition, an annual event to select the best calypso composition, moderation rules. For the Feb. 10 contest, which was nationally televised, Cro Cro censored his line about the infamous panties. And when the ballots were tallied, he and Watchman (who kept the underwear in) had been defeated by the calypso veteran Black Stalin, whose coup composition, "Look on the Bright Side" (From "The Bright Side"; Strakers 2337; LP and cassette), was a masterpiece of ambiguity. The song never explains whether the "bright side" is a return to normalcy or the hoped-for electoral defeat of Mr. Robinson.

Stalin, a Rastafarian in his early 50's with waist-length dreadlocks and a gleeful, insinuating rasp, usually pitches his commentary to the left of center; a three-time Calypso Monarch, his is the voice of the Trinidadian ***working class***. But this year, Stalin threw a curve. His other song of the season, "Black Man Feel to Party," bounced and "wined" -- Trinidad slang for hip rotation -- its way up the dance charts to become one of the season's top-three party tunes. Trinidad audiences delighted at the sight of the politically conscious Stalin hamming it up on stage as a rheumatic, middle-aged husband, urging his wife to come out and dance "like we used to do before the children come."

"Feel to Party," with its bubbly, scat-sung groove, is an example of the most important, and lasting, effect the coup has had on calypso. Over the last four years, the party records produced by Trinidad's calypso stars had come under increased fire for their musical predictability and repetitious "jam and wine" topics. But now, after the traumatic experience of the coup attempt, Trinidadians seem to have lost patience with empty lyrics.

All the top dance-hall soca records of 1991, even the ones not specifically political, had a clever twist, a story or a slangy series of puns to tickle the public imagination. In Bally's "Calypso Coup" (from "Calypso Fire"; Love People; LP and cassette), "back back," a hip motion, becomes "back-Bakr." In David Rudder's love song "Nuff Respect" (from "Rough and Ready"; Lypsoland Cr014; LP and cassette), the woman calls the shots -- highly unusual in this macho culture.

As is always the case when major events shake Trinidad, there was one perfect song: Superblue's "Get Something and Wave" (from "Superblue and the Love Band"; Charlie's BCR3538; LP and cassette). A tour de force of socio-political pop, "Wave" uses the off-center drumbeat of Trinidad's African-derived Spiritual Baptists and taps into religious symbols.

Superblue's joyful exhortation to wave something galvanized a country in which flags are a key element in the rituals of three important local religions: Shango, Hindu and Muslim. (Mr. Abu Bakr's coup occurred on Hosay, an Islamic holiday usually marked by a parade with small flags.) The thousands of fluttering cloths that burst out of nowhere every time "Wave" was played at Carnival weren't just a fad -- the flags represented an affirmation of Trinidad's multi-ethnic culture and a determination to bind the wounds of the coup. Or, as Mr. Rudder explains: "Calypso is an art form that laughs at pain. That's the way we deal with our blues. We begin to heal ourselves immediately, through our culture and our music."

*Caribbean recordings are found in world-beat bins at record stores. The record company Strakers is at 242 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11213 (718-773-9506); Charlie's Records is at 1273 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216 (718-783-8336).*

REFLECTIONS ON A COUP: A LYRICS SAMPLER

Boy, hush your mouth and don't say a

thing

Robbie and de boys might be

listening

Well if they are, they must realize

That people still cussin' that they

survive

But I say if Bakr did shoot them down

This year I'd have had nobody to

pound . . .       -- From "Attack With Full Force" by Watchman

The nation's economy will build

Lift the curfew and wait until

Steel band and calypso echo through

the land

91 is to celebrate

Peacefully and without hate . . .

Violence in Jerusaleum, life in

Kuwait is more problem

Roll the bum bum bold and brave

Pick up something and wave . . .        -- From "Get Something and Wave" by Superblue

Copyright © 1991, Wayne Hade (Watchman); Austin Lyons (Superblue)

**Graphic**

Photo: The calypso singer Superblue--trying to make sense of the economic and social issues that provoked the rebellion (Marcelo J. Duek/Retna for The New York Times)

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[***Wielding New Studies, Landlords Ask Albany to Undo Rent Laws***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0GS0-000D-G405-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By IVER C. PETERSON

By IVER C. PETERSON

**Body**

With rents slipping and vacancies on the rise, a loose coalition of landlords and university housing experts is preparing a challenge to New York's 43-year-old system of rent regulations, which is facing renewal this spring in Albany.

Studies and papers challenging the underlying justification for the law have been prepared over the last few years, arguing that the rules, which control everything from rent increases to the frequency of paint jobs, benefit well-to-do renters most, let housing deteriorate, and cost the city taxes.

Every three years, when the rent rules come up for renewal, landlords appear in Albany fighting to have them repealed. But this time, they are hoping that their academic backers and the current housing slump will give new force to their argument.

And even if they are not able to kill the system -- which they admit they are unlikely to do -- they hope that an unusual circumstance this year will give them a chance to weaken the rules.

"I don't think we have ever had a more opportune time to structure major changes in the rent regulation system," said John J. Gilbert 3d, head of the Rent Stabilization Association, the city's biggest landlord group.

Survey Not Performed

The unusual circumstance is that a crucial housing survey was not performed. For the rules to be renewed, the state must find, every three years, that the city is still in the grip of the housing availability crisis first declared in 1947 when the law was passed -- that is, that there is a rental vacancy rate below 5 percent.

But last year the Census Bureau was too busy with the national head count to do its three-year vacancy survey for the city, which is due on April 1. The most recent survey, covering a sampling of 19,000 apartments, was done in 1987. It found a vacancy rate of 2.46 percent.

Since then, real-estate brokers have been reporting what many pleasantly surprised newcomers to the city have found -- that renting an apartment is no longer a frenzied competition among would-be tenants in which owners offer "take it or leave it" terms. More vacant apartments has meant that many tenants now are able to choose among vacancies or bargain lower rents.

The city and the state, without proof of a continuing emergency, favor extending the law for only one year. Landlords hope they can use that interim to weaken it.

Defenders of the law maintain that, while it may not perfectly fit today's market, there is still no reason to attack its underlying purpose -- limiting rent increases and regulating relations between landlord and tenant.

Armed With Studies

"There are imperfections in the system, and inequities," conceded Alexander B. Grannis, chairman of the State Assembly's housing committee. "But the flaws are not of a magnitude that mandates dismantling the whole system to get at them."

To strengthen their case, landlords have gone to Albany armed with studies. Among them are the following:

\*A study by the Joint Center for Housing Studies at Harvard University found that the rent rules may benefit rich New Yorkers more than poor ones. In poor neighborhoods, some landlords are already charging less than they are legally entitled to, while in Manhattan's wealthiest neighborhoods, rent regulations save affluent tenants hundreds of dollars a month over what they would pay for similar apartments at market rates, the study found.

\*A study by the chairman of the Hunter College Planning and Urban Studies Department comparing New York rental housing with that of other cities found that the rent rules reduced incentives to maintain housing so much that New York buildings had, on average, more broken boilers, outmoded wiring, cracked walls and other problems than other cities' buildings did.

\*A study by the accounting firm of Peat, Marwick concluded that the city would collect $370 million more a year in real estate taxes by dropping protections for tenants earning over $40,000 a year, since the taxable value of the buildings these renters live in would rise with higher rents.

Defenders Dismiss Studies

The Harvard and Peat, Marwick studies were paid for by Mr. Gilbert's group, and defenders of the rent laws dismissed them.

"I would not expect the landlords to commission a report that didn't support their position," Assemblyman Grannis said. "It's like the cigarette company research that spent years telling us tobacco wasn't responsible for sickness."

Mr. Gilbert and other landlord representatives acknowledge that the chances that the system would be allowed to die are extremely slim.

Rent controls are an emotional issue with a huge constituency, and for many politicians, the issue is simply taboo. Nearly three million people -- about 40 percent of the city's population and a huge voting bloc -- live in the city's roughly one million rent-regulated apartments. Buildings with fewer than six rental units are exempt from the law, as are thousands of unsold co-op and condominium apartments that have been turned into rentals in the current market slump.

The Dinkins administration, with its political ties to neighborhood groups that most strongly defend rent protections, had asked for the law's renewal, without amendments, said Valerie Jo Bradley, assistant housing commissioner for public affairs.

Deregulations Sought

Some members of the Republican-controlled Senate, which refused to grant the one-year extension last year, are thinking of voting to agree to it this year in return for changes in the vacancy-rate survey that would test whether rent controls help the rich.

Landlords' groups, aware that opposition is strong, are determined to use this bending of the rules to seek some changes.

They would like the most expensive apartments, once vacant, permanently deregulated. Alternately, they would like means tests used to reserve vacant lower-rent apartments for tenants with lower incomes.

They are not seeking, the landlords insist, that any of these changes be applied to apartments now occupied.

Rules Favor Long Tenancies

There are about 840,000 rent-stabilized apartments in the city, whose maximum rent increases are set annually by the Rent Guidelines Board. Another 155,000 rent controlled apartments, whose tenants must have been in residence since 1971, have increases figured on a one-by-one basis using a system which takes operating costs into account. These units become rent-stabilized when they are vacated.

In the Harvard study of rent stabilized apartments, Henry O. Pollakowski, a researcher at the Joint Center for Housing Studies and editor of The Journal of Housing Economics, used figures from the 1987 vacancy survey to conclude that, outside Manhattan's richest neighborhoods, stabilized rents and market rents are about the same, so rent rules produce very little benefit.

His study shows that the difference in rents between similar regulated and market-rate apartments in Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens amounted to less than $40 or $50 a month. But in the wealthiest parts of Manhattan, the Upper East and West Sides, he found that stabilized rents were consistently far lower than rents for similar apartments offered at market rates.

Rent regulations favor long tenancies, so that the longer a renter stays, the more slowly the rents will rise. Poor and ***working class*** people tend to move more often, while the middle class generally enjoys more stability in employment and stays put.

In the South Bronx, where Mr. Pollakowski found an average family income of $26,200, 59 percent of the apartments were stablized. Their rents were only $39 a month different from comparable market rate housing.

'Rather Large Subsidies'

But on the Upper East Side -- Mr. Grannis's district -- the average income was over $40,000 and 83 percent of the apartments are stabilized. There, rent-stabilized tenants paid, on average, $337 a month less than they would have for comparable market-rate apartments, the study found.

"What I found is that there are these rather large subsidies in the affluent Manhattan locations and in the rest of the city rent stabilization is pretty much a wash," he said.

Meanwhile, Peter Salins, head of the Hunter College Urban Affairs Department, used Federal housing studies to show that New York rental units are in much worse shape than in other cities, even old ones. He blames rent regulations for discouraging owners from maintaining their properties.

"On every index of housing quality -- all of which are related to maintenance -- New York fares badly," he wrote in a recent article. "Twice as many apartments in New York have cracked walls, broken plaster, holes in the floor and exposed wiring than other American cities. A quarter of New York apartments have broken heating systems, compared with less than 10 percent in other American cities." He found that in Chicago, for example, housing was better maintained than in New York.

**Graphic**

Photos: Alexander B. Grannis, chairman of the State Assembly's housing committee, is a defender of New York City's rent regulations (The New York Times); Henry O. Pollakowski, left (Jim Bourg for The New York Times), whose research found that many stabilized rents have reached the level of market rates. Peter Salins blames rent regulations for discouraging owners from maintaining their properties. (Neal Boenzi/The New York Times) (pg. 30)

Table: "Rental Housing: Comparing the Quality," compares rental units in New York, Chicago and all cities, indicating percentage of units with various repairs that are needed, from a 1985 survey. (Source: Peter Salins, from U.S. Commerce and Housing Department data.) (pg. 30)

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[***A VISIT FROM THE POPE: THE FAITHFUL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6WT0-0005-G1F9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Vibrant Parishes Find Strength in Diversity***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6WT0-0005-G1F9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JOE SEXTON

**Body**

The parish demographics have changed wildly, even weekly, in the nine decades since German immigrants built St. Aloysius Roman Catholic Church in Queens. Last Sunday, a young Filipino woman's voice rang out from the Ridgewood church's choir loft, while down below a Vietnamese grandmother rocked her infant grandchild. Hispanic and Indian schoolchildren stood together, and older Polish and Italian men knelt with their thick arms and rosary beads hanging before them.

"Mass here can feel like Sociology 101," Msgr. Eugene McGovern, the pastor at St. Aloysius, said.

While St. Aloysius has multilingual priests, there are so many immigrant groups at the ***working-class*** church that it is not possible to create separate masses for each. The celebration and instruction that takes place at the parish's main Sunday Mass, then, is done in only one language -- English.

"I often wonder how much they are taking in," Monsignor McGovern said of the single language for his great variety of parishioners. "My hope is that each person takes a bit. But there is such diversity that we can't offer that complete kind of parish life."

It was Pope John Paul II who once said that "culture must become faith, and faith must become culture," and as he travels through the New York City region this week, the Pope will see many churches like St. Aloysius that are living through all the joys and travails of carrying out his dictum. For the Catholic Church in the city, the latest, spectacularly varied surge of immigrants has at once reinvigorated and enriched parishes while straining the church and its resources to their limits.

Immigrants, with each group harboring its own special notions of the spiritual, political and economic role of the Catholic Church, have turned to parishes across the city looking for help and healing, security and education. And that does not even include salvation.

That kind of searching by Catholic immigrants -- a good number of them undocumented -- has become more urgent in light of what many of them perceive as a nasty turn in the country's political climate, one they say they think has turned them into targets.

"In the Catholic Church, there is no need to have a visa or a passport," said the Rev. Ronald Marino, who runs the Catholic Migration Office in Brooklyn. "You are not asked where you came from or if you are legal."

Even in New York City, the Diocese of Brooklyn, which includes Queens, stands out, with the largest immigrant membership among its 1.6 million parishioners.

"In Brooklyn and Queens, we have a microcosm of the whole world and thus a microcosm of the universal church," Father Marino said. "It goes beyond language and whether or not you can do Spanish bingo. And so with that kind of pressure, the challenge to minister is great. We do some things well, and some things need a lot of work."

The impact of immigrants on the church in the city, and the simultaneous effect of the church on the immigrants, can be measured in all sorts of ways, straightforward and subtle. To make the best use of its priests with foreign-language skills and immigrant backgrounds, the diocese has created 18 separate apostolates in the two boroughs to be spiritual and practical outposts for specific ethnic groups, from Haitians to Pakistanis. At the Most Precious Blood Church in Astoria, Queens, the special-language Mass schedule for Sunday reads: 10:45 Croatian; 12:30 Italian; 5:00 Filipino; 6:30 Brazilian.

In upper Manhattan, more than 20,000 Catholics, almost all of them Hispanic, fill churches that had been imperiled by the flight of European Catholics from the city. "Our 10 churches here, without the Dominicans, would be empty," said Msgr. Joaquin Beaumont, pastor of St. Elizabeth, where 3,700 people turn out for Sunday Mass. In Flushing, Queens, Korean immigrants raised $5 million to build their own church, St. Paul Chong Ha Sang. The 4,000 people who attend Mass every Sunday make up the largest Korean Catholic community outside of Korea.

This Catholic migration in the city at times takes surprising turns. For instance, St. Frances de Chantal, a traditionally Italian parish that had seen its numbers dwindle and its school shut, faced possible closing several years ago as the Borough Park section of Brooklyn became populated almost exclusively by Orthodox Jews.

But many of the Jews hired Catholic Polish women to be their house cleaners, and those women began attending Saturday evening Mass at St. Frances. Other Poles followed. Now, 3,000 Polish immigrants go to Mass every weekend. Last Saturday, as the moon appeared in the night sky and the Orthodox walked by with their children, light and music poured out of St. Frances and onto the streets of Borough Park.

Inside, the air was thick with perfume, and there were two weddings and a pair of baptisms taking place in addition to Mass. The faces in the pews, encompassing every generation, were out of some old Solidarity poster. The collection baskets contained only single bills, but they were filled to the top.

With the Pope's Mass before thousands of the city's immigrants at Aqueduct Racetrack on Friday, only days away, a group of St. Frances parishioners spoke of the mixed blessings of the Catholic Church in America. Halina Nowakowicz, 52, said that "after six days of work, I couldn't imagine not hearing a Polish homily." Jacek Kaczocha, a 19-year-old theology student, said that "everywhere you look in New York are people who have abandoned the church," and that he believed the Catholics back in Poland were "closer to God."

But the power of the weekly experience at St. Frances meant everything to Kazimierz Nojewodka, 42. "I am only a handyman, and I hear bad words spoken at me, words that humiliate me," he said. "Here, I get my identity back. I am a child of God again."

That redemptive sense of identity suffused the basement church at St. Jerome's on Newkirk Avenue in Brooklyn last Sunday. More than 600 Haitian immigrants had emerged from subways and car-service vehicles to be a part of the 7:45 A.M. Creole Mass. There were horns and drums in the church, and the elderly and the 8-year-olds didn't mind kneeling on the hard floor.

The Haitians, who fight the hardships of immigration politics and racial prejudice, sang strenuously and laughed frequently. The Catholic Church -- a complicated institution in Haiti that has served both as an ally of dictatorships and a champion of the poor -- seemed on this Brooklyn morning a place of unity.

"My faith was strong in Haiti, but it got stronger here," Gertrude Crevecoeur, an office administrator, said. "Haitian people believe."

Of course, the dynamics and phenomena produced by immigrants and the church in the city are often complex, the successes shaded. After 26 consecutive years of declining enrollment at Catholic elementary schools in the Brooklyn and Queens diocese, there have been three straight years of increases. But in many instances, only a fraction of the children attending the schools are Catholics.

And in the case of Catholics who have come to the city from India, many of whom get together for Mass once a month at Holy Family Church in Brooklyn or Our Lady of the Snows in Floral Park, there has been a more muted sense of vitality and shared experience. "The numbers are increasing, but I think most are disappointed," the Rev. Paul Vazhapilly said. "The knowledge of the faith, the practice of the faith, seems to be less for everybody here."

In certain instances, the experiences for immigrant Catholics in the city have been rich but isolated from the larger church. For other immigrants, the experiences have been troubled by the political tensions carried here from their native countries.

The Koreans in Flushing have set up what amounts to an old-style national parish -- St. Paul Chong Ha Sang -- serving exclusively immigrants from Korea. Because traditional church life in Korea was built on the strength and involvement of lay people, the parishioners in Flushing have managed well despite the shortage of diocesan priests and the near absence of priests who speak their language. The parish boasts 27 prayer groups and a credit union with $20 million in assets.

At the Church of the Transfiguration in Chinatown, recent immigrants from the Chinese countryside, people who belonged to the "underground" Catholic Church in China, have brought life and numbers and energy. But they have also found themselves wary of other parishioners and priests they believe belonged to the government-sanctioned "patriotic" Catholic Church in China. So great is their suspicion of native Chinese priests that it is not uncommon for the new immigrants to go to the Rev. Raymond Nobiletti, the American-born pastor, and ask him to rehear confessions that have been heard by Chinese priests.

"We run an obstacle course here," said Father Nobiletti, "and every couple of months I have to get up and remind everyone that this is the United States, and that we don't discriminate."

Church officials say they believe that the multiple challenges are going to be more daunting in the future. Immigrants will keep coming, and they will always be mostly poor.

"We don't pretend to meet all their demands, but we do what we can," said Bishop Joseph Sullivan, executive vice president of Catholic Charities for Brooklyn and Queens. "What we must try and do is create a human environment for them to pursue their destiny."

Many Hispanic Catholics, who have been arriving in New York for decades, adapting themselves and changing the church in the city as well, think they have part of the answer to the task ahead.

"The nature of the Catholic parish in America is changing," said Antonio Stevens-Arroyo, a scholar and the director of the Program for Analysis of Religion Among Latinos. "The clergy can't run everything. There are not enough of them. A home-based spiritual life built around the family and a dedication to the community is the parish of the future. And Puerto Ricans and Dominicans and others have been doing it for decades."

**Graphic**

Photos: "Mass here can feel like Sociology 101," Msgr. Eugene McGovern said of a mix of immigrants filling the pews at St. Aloysius in Queens each week. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); At Brooklyn's St. Frances de Chantal, the Rev. Marian Kencik baptized Samantha Gunkowska, whose parents, Jan, in suit, and Bozena, in stripes, as well as the godmother, Edyta Zareba, are Polish immigrants. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times) (pg. B6)

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[***Where There's No Smoke, Altria Hopes There's Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XNY-KTC1-2PBB-24G3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

FOR years, Altria, home to Philip Morris and its popular Marlboro cigarette brand, was a corporate pariah blamed for the deaths of millions of people and sued for hundreds of billions of dollars by attorneys general in every state. After eventually acknowledging, like others in its industry, that cigarette smoking was, indeed, addictive and caused disease, Altria went a step further. It broke from the Big Tobacco pack and began supporting legislation that would ultimately put the company under the regulatory thumb of the Food and Drug Administration.

Altria's motives for submitting to strict oversight have long been a mystery. Did the company and its executives, who were internally pursuing a strategy of ''societal alignment,'' suddenly embrace a true partnership on public health? Or was this a case, as its longtime foes and competitors have argued, of Altria seeking to generate good P.R. or lock in its market dominance by cozying up to a regulator that could restrict rivals from marketing new products?

Another possible answer was highlighted this month, as the federal government began fine-tuning aspects of a law that President Obama signed last summer that gives the government sweeping new powers to regulate the production and marketing of tobacco products.

A series of letters that Altria submitted to the F.D.A. as part of that process argues that the government should, effectively, sign off on the notion that smokeless tobacco products are less harmful than cigarettes -- and that Altria and other companies should be allowed to market them as such to consumers.

It is a pivotal and divisive claim. While public health doctors agree that the smokeless products are far less hazardous to individuals than cigarettes, they still have concerns because all tobacco products contain nicotine and carcinogens. They also contend that promoting smokeless products -- some in tiny packages in the shape of cigarette packs -- would attract new, perhaps younger customers and maintain the addiction for smokers who might otherwise quit. They note that Altria is adding flavorings to its smokeless products that have long been used in candy.

Furthermore, critics say, Altria's suggestion to the F.D.A. that it be allowed to market its products as less risky is part of an effort to dodge indoor-smoking laws (which are credited with encouraging more smokers to quit) and to encourage smokers to use oral tobacco products as supplements.

''If you look at how they're marketing smokeless now, they're marketing for dual use, and to protect the cigarette market, which is their big money maker,'' says Stanton A. Glantz, a professor of cardiology and a specialist in tobacco research at the University of California, San Francisco.

UNDER its gregarious chief executive, an occasional smoker named Michael E. Szymanczyk, Altria is treading carefully when it comes to talking about its business strategies or its relationship with the F.D.A. After its letters to the regulator made headlines this month, the company canceled interviews for this article with top executives at its headquarters in Richmond, Va.

An Altria spokesman says the executives declined to comment because ''we don't want to be perceived as leading the discussion'' on the regulatory front.

Brendan J. McCormick, another Altria spokesman, says the company supported the legislation enacted last summer because it believed that the F.D.A. offered the best way to settle the debates about tobacco use and marketing, which have raged for decades. He says the company believes that F.D.A. standards will create more predictability in the industry and a level playing field for competitors.

Moreover, he says, the F.D.A. provides a forum to evaluate products that are potentially less harmful -- and if the agency agrees with its argument, the company could market them with a federal imprimatur.

Mr. McCormick says Altria doesn't agree with criticisms that the new tobacco law and the company's willingness to work closely with its regulator cement its market dominance. ''This is a dynamic industry,'' he says.

And Altria is a changing company. It spent $11.7 billion last year to acquire UST, formerly the United States Tobacco Company and home to popular snuff brands like Copenhagen and Skoal.

The merger made Altria the biggest cigarette and chew company in the country, controlling 50 percent of the cigarette market and 55 percent of the smokeless market.

The deal also solved several quandaries facing the company. The biggest was that, after its spinoff of Kraft Foods and the less-regulated, faster-growing Philip Morris International units in recent years, Altria had become a stand-alone domestic cigarette company in a declining industry. Bans on indoor smoking, along with rising federal and state excise taxes, have accelerated a long-term decline in the volume of domestic cigarette sales.

Volumes may be declining, but cigarettes remain Altria's biggest business by far, accounting for $14.4 billion in revenue in 2009. (Smokeless brought in $1.2 billion.) Cigarette profits are growing thanks to price increases and a customer base of people who haven't kicked the habit. About 70 percent of the nation's 46 million smokers say they want to quit, government surveys show, and about 40 percent try every year. But only 2.5 percent succeed, the surveys say. The government estimates that 400,000 Americans die of smoking-related diseases each year.

Critics and public health officials contend that in focusing the F.D.A.'s attention on smokeless products, a much smaller but growing industry, Altria and other tobacco companies are diverting regulators' attention from the source of the real public health problem: cigarettes.

Consider so-called light cigarettes, which have captured nearly 90 percent of the United States market, based largely, analysts say, on the false perception among consumers that they are safer. (Many studies have shown that smokers inhale those cigarettes more deeply.) While manufacturers are required by the new law to drop words like ''light,'' low'' and ''mild'' from their labels by this summer, the companies may still be able to use pale blue, green or silver packaging, which critics say signifies the same thing to consumers.

''They're taking the F.D.A. debate and making it on smokeless rather than 'light' cigarettes, which is where the real harm is,'' says Gregory N. Connolly, a professor at the Harvard School of Public Health who was head of tobacco control for Massachusetts. ''It's brilliant, in a way.''

WHEN Mr. Szymanczyk joined Philip Morris as head of sales in 1990, the company was No. 2 on Fortune magazine's list of America's ''most admired'' companies. Four years later, it had fallen to No. 204, after taking a bashing in court and in the press.

Mr. Szymanczyk, who started his career selling bar soap at Procter & Gamble, faced a huge clean-up job when he was handed the reins to the domestic cigarette business in 1997.

He grew up in Lansing, Ill., a ***working-class*** town not far from the steel mills of Gary, Ind. Physically imposing at 6-foot-8, he attended Indiana University on a basketball scholarship.

He graduated from college in 1971, married and started a job at Procter & Gamble -- all in the same week, according to court testimony he provided during the tobacco wars. He is a veteran of those battles. One Christmas, an anti-tobacco choir led by Michael Moore, the documentarian, decorated a tree outside his home with Marlboro boxes.

Shortly after Mr. Szymanczyk was named head of the domestic cigarette business, Philip Morris and other major tobacco companies signed a master settlement agreement with states, which imposed strict restrictions on cigarette marketing and advertising and required the companies to pay $206 billion to state governments over 25 years.

The settlement left him facing three major challenges. First, he needed to repair Philip Morris's badly tarnished image. To address that, the company began acknowledging that cigarettes were harmful, executives pursued the ''societal alignment'' strategy emphasizing good corporate citizenry, and the parent company eventually rebranded itself as Altria.

Mr. Szymanczyk also needed to maintain the company's cigarette market share, even though the industry could no longer use mass advertising on billboards and products like hats and T-shirts. So the company focused more on direct mailings, store signs and shelf space.

And, finally, at the most fundamental level, he needed to make the business grow. As for that hurdle, Mr. Szymanczyk initially chased after ways to develop a less-harmful cigarette, but even after years of research little progress has been made on that front.

Then the company headed down the smokeless route, developing its own brand of Marlboro snuff, which was dropped from test marketing after the acquisition of UST. It then worked on several iterations of a spit-free smokeless pouch called snus (rhymes with ''loose'') that is placed under the upper lip and has been popular in Sweden.

Last week, Altria told its distributors that Marlboro Snus would move out of test marketing and be available nationwide in March. But some analysts say that there have been very few successful new product introductions in the tobacco industry for decades, suggesting that snus is up against steep odds.

''It's a pipe dream,'' says David Adelman, an analyst at Morgan Stanley, of the prospects for snus.

While Altria tried to buy growth with the UST deal, the merger has been a disappointment so far. Even as the company has cut costs by combining cigarette and snuff sales forces and distribution, Mr. Szymanczyk is struggling to get the financial returns he initially promised in the deal.

Some of this is because UST's higher-priced premium snuff brands have struggled against aggressive, less-expensive competitors. But a great deal of Altria's woes have to do with how the UST acquisition was financed. A week after the merger was announced in September 2008, the Wall Street investment bank Lehman Brothers filed for bankruptcy and the banking system clammed up. Altria wound up paying interest rates of as much as 10.2 percent to borrow the $11 billion it needed to get the deal done.

''They needed to raise debt at a bad time in the world,'' says Christopher Growe, an analyst at Stifel Nicolaus, the investment bank.

Like other analysts, Mr. Growe says smokeless could be a business with strong potential growth for Altria. ''There's an opportunity that, in the long run, the F.D.A. could treat smokeless tobacco differently than cigarettes,'' he says.

That, of course, is exactly what Altria is betting on.

EARLY this month, Mr. Connolly, the Harvard public health professor who is also a dentist and an adviser to the World Health Organization, fired off an e-mail message to 48 leading scientists, doctors and other people who have long tracked the tobacco debate, to alert them to the letters Altria had filed with the F.D.A. The letters have fueled a firestorm over Altria's position on ''reduced-harm products.''

Among other things, Altria wants the F.D.A. to allow it to promote snuff and other smokeless products as being less harmful to their users. An Altria official wrote in one of the letters that the company planned to market its smokeless products ''to complement proven prevention and cessation strategies, not to compete with them.''

Big Tobacco's push with the F.D.A. is setting the stage for more big battles between tobacco companies and public health experts.

On one side are people like Matthew L. Myers, president of Campaign for Tobacco-Free Kids, an advocacy group in Washington, who argues that there is no evidence that smokeless products are effective tools to help people quit smoking. On the contrary, he says, there is ''a serious increase in youth smokeless use'' with no corresponding evidence of a decrease in smoking. A federal survey last year found smokeless products gaining popularity with 10th and 12th graders.

On the other side of the debate are people like Dr. Joel L. Nitzkin, chairman of a tobacco control task force of the American Association of Public Health Physicians and a consultant in New Orleans. Dr. Nitzkin, who supports the tobacco industry argument on this issue and adds that he has never been paid by the industry, says the new law places unfair burdens on companies like Altria because it makes it too hard for them to promote smokeless products as safer alternatives to cigarettes.

Altria, he said, realizes that there is growth potential and less health risk in smokeless products. ''We have to give Altria some credit for doing their homework,'' Dr. Nitzkin says.

Altria is making similar appeals to the F.D.A. In its letters, Altria has written that the nation would enjoy ''a significant public health benefit'' if the government allowed more ''truthful information'' to be made available to adult consumers of smokeless tobacco -- meaning that the company would be allowed to make such claims in its marketing.

One of the letters included a chart showing a range of risks that placed cigarettes on one side of the scale and smokeless products on the other, near pharmaceutical nicotine replacement products and quitting. The letter cited a 2009 report in Tobacco Control, a research journal, by a group of 26 experts inside and outside government who spent two years examining the merits of various arguments about reducing the harm from tobacco. The report recommended, among other things, that the government explore the use of less-harmful tobacco products.

But Mitch Zeller, the public health expert who was co-chairman of that group, accused Altria of misrepresenting the report's conclusions. The key consensus, said Mr. Zeller, a lawyer who was a top federal official on tobacco issues in the Clinton administration, was that people should be directed to the cleanest and safest form of nicotine delivery. That, he said, is medicinal nicotine products -- ''not smokeless.''

Mr. McCormick, the Altria spokesman, said that Altria did not misrepresent data from the report and that the company's letter to the F.D.A. cited the full report in a footnote.

Mr. Zeller says he further believes that the F.D.A. needs to focus on reducing addictive nicotine in cigarettes. ''The companies,'' he says, ''have not wanted us to focus on nicotine.''

The F.D.A. is just starting to dig into all these issues. It is setting up its new Center for Tobacco Products, led by Dr. Lawrence R. Deyton, a longtime Veterans Affairs public health physician who was not involved in the decades of political wrangling over tobacco regulation. The F.D.A. principal deputy commissioner, Dr. Joshua M. Sharfstein, was an aide to Representative Henry A. Waxman, Democrat of California and a critic of the industry, as the legislation was being written.

Dr. Sharfstein, viewed by some as having a closed mind on issues of smokeless tobacco, said in an interview that that perception of him was wrong. ''The law provides a path for the approval of those modified-risk tobacco products that are supported by evidence,'' he said, in one of his first public statements on regulating tobacco. ''We look forward to basing our decisions on the careful evaluation of scientific data and then monitoring the impact of these products on public health.''

Once a new product is introduced, the F.D.A. can require companies to extensively study how it is actually used, after which the agency can review the product further.

ONE early sign of the F.D.A.'s stance on smokeless tobacco could behow it regulates flavored snuff. Flavors have emerged as a huge growth market for smokeless tobacco. In fact, the leading mint-flavored products have 50 percent more menthol flavoring, on average, than Tic Tacs, Altoids and other popular candy products, according to research published last month in the journal Food and Chemical Toxicology.

Altria's Skoal and Husky wintergreen products had eight times as much methyl salicylate flavoring (better known as wintergreen) than Wint-O-Green Life Savers, the research showed.

Flavors account for 56 percent of Altria's smokeless sales, Mr. Szymanczyk said in a speech last September to analysts and shareholders. And the company sees even more prospects for growth in that market with a new Copenhagen wintergreen product and the introduction of snus products in peppermint and spearmint flavors.

''They're clearly trying to make the product more palatable and more appealing to a broad audience,'' says James F. Pankow, a professor of chemistry and engineering at Portland State University in Oregon who was a researcher involved in preparing the journal report.

That audience, public health experts say, includes children. ''The flavors are designed to attract kids,'' says Kenneth E. Warner, dean of the University of Michigan School of Public Health and a founding director of its Tobacco Research Network.

Altria says that while it supports all efforts to prevent underage tobacco use, it doesn't have any research indicating whether such flavors would appeal to young consumers more than the traditional tobacco flavor.

Mr. McCormick says Altria adds such flavorings to smokeless tobacco products in response to market opportunities and to create ''products that are meant to address the preferences of adults who are interested in smokeless products.'' He says Altria is evaluating findings about mint and wintergreen flavorings and had no immediate comment on them.

Smokeless products are coming under fire in some communities. Last October, local officials in New York City moved to ban sales of fruit-flavored snuff in the city, considering them enticing to children. The ban -- which excludes menthol, mint or wintergreen flavors -- is supposed to go into effect in late February, but two subsidiaries of Altria have filed a lawsuit in federal court in Manhattan to block the ban, arguing that it is superseded by federal law and F.D.A. regulation. The case is pending.

Critics point to Altria's marketing for its Marlboro Snus to buttress their argument that the company's smokeless push with the F.D.A. is intended to keep regulators focused on a less dangerous and less used product while protecting a bigger and more lucrative business: cigarettes.

Ads for snus position it as a convenient alternative when a smoker can't light up in a public place, something that provides a bridge from the last cigarette to the next. ''Whenever smoking isn't an option, reach for new Marlboro Snus,'' states one ad that shows a small foil packet of the product, complete with the Marlboro logo. ''The foilpack fits perfectly alongside your smokes.''

A marketing brochure for snus states: ''Marlboro when you want it.''

Mr. Connolly, the Harvard public health professor, says Altria's arguments for smokeless tobacco present a public health threat if either the F.D.A. or the public health experts end up agreeing with them.

''It is worth noting that for every pack of snuss sold in the U.S., about 3,000 packs of lights are sold,'' he wrote in his message to public health experts this month. ''Maybe we need to better understand our priorities for F.D.A. regulation.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(BU1)

Marlboro Snus is smokefree and comes in flavors. Its packaging looks more like that of cigarettes than chewing tobacco. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSHUA LOTT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Michael Szymanczyk, Altria's chief, supported regulation of tobacco but is urging the government to allow more marketing of smokeless products. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG BEULEIGN/ALTRIA, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS)

An Altria direct-mail flier, which was sent to adults, suggests that smokers use Marlboro Snus in situations where lighting up is prohibited. (BU5)

**Load-Date:** January 31, 2010

**End of Document**



[***HOMETOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD…***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B570-0007-H55F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 3031 words

**Byline:** By PRISCILLA ANN SMITH; Priscilla Ann Smith is a writer based in New York.

**Body**

Ritterize (RIT'ter-ize) An attempt to rescue a brokerage house from scandal or other unseemly plight by sending in what appears to be a hard-hitting, competitive, straight shooter -often named Rittereiser - to take command.

LAST June, when E.F. Hutton & Company was reeling from the worst scandal in its history, its beleaguered chairman went outside the firm to hire a president who would, he hoped, pull the company back together.

Robert Rittereiser, at the age of 47, seemed the perfect elixir for a suffering Hutton. Widely known around Wall Street as a straight shooter and a Mr. Clean, he was Merrill Lynch's chief administrative and financial officer, top operations man and, some believed, a contender for the president's job. He was known for his ''direct, aggressive manner of handling problems,'' the sort of executive whose approach to challenges is ''Let's do it, let's not be afraid,'' said William G. Morton, Jr., chairman of the Boston Stock Exchange.

As it turned out, Bob Rittereiser went to work digging Hutton out of its morass, just as his older brother, Fredric W. Rittereiser, was tapped for a rescue mission of another sort. The 49-year-old ex-cop, who has held a host of jobs in the brokerage business, took the assignment of vice chairman of First Jersery Securities last fall. His major task: to improve the tarnished image of the big, fast-growing firm that has been hurt by repeated charges of stock manipulation made against it and its chairman and founder, Robert Brennan, by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Mr. Rittereiser's presence is already being felt there. In the latest version of First Jersey's television commercials, for example, Mr. Rittereiser and the firm's president, Jack Dell, are shown getting into a helicopter with Mr. Brennan - a break with previous commercials that showed only Mr. Brennan.

''Robert Brennan was First Jersey and now Fred Rittereiser will be First Jersey,'' says Scott Emrich, publisher of the Unlisted Market Guide, which charts over-the-counter stocks, a market that First Jersey dominates. Mr. Brennan himself says that Mr. Rittereiser's presence will allow him to play a ''less significant'' role in First Jersey and to concentrate on his other investments, which include racetracks, race horses and real estate.

Thus, within a few months of each other, the brothers took on two of Wall Street's toughest jobs. Finding siblings in such high-level positions would be curious enough in the old blue-blood families that have long filled Wall Street's top ranks. But for a blue-collar family from Manhattan's Yorkville section, where stickball not racquetball was the sport of choice and education came from the street not the parlor or prep school, the Rittereiser phenomenon is an aberration -even in a nation that treasures its Horatio Alger tales.

And there is yet a third brother, Thomas, 46, who also earns more than $500,000 as a brokerage executive. As a first vice president at Cantor, Fitzgerald Securities Corporation, he is not, however, in a hot seat as his two older brothers are.

That pair has already left a mark on Wall Street. They ''are superb executives,'' says Kenneth R. Leibler, president of the American Stock Exchange, echoing the views of many on Wall Street. ''They are sensitive to the major forces in our industry, particularly technology, and the fact that they are so successful and in the same family is truly remarkable.''

The head of that family, Fredric Rittereiser, their 77-year-old father, says quite simply that his sons' success ''scares me.''

The Rittereiser boys, and their younger sister, Liz, were raised in the blue-collar work ethic. Their father was a truck driver; their mother, Elizabeth, a housewife. The three boys juggled part-time work and played ball in the streets, turning down college scholarships to get jobs that paid steady wages. Until they married in their early 20's, they handed over half of their earnings to their mother. Only Bob graduated from a four-year college, and he did that in seven years by working days and going to school at nights. Fred had a two-year City College ''police science'' course before going to work as a New York City policeman.

''You see ***working-class*** families where everybody is successful, where there are a lot of kids who are all overachievers,'' says Paul D'Arcy, senior consultant psychologist for Rohrer, Hibler & Replogle Inc., which psychologically screens people for executive jobs. But, he adds, they often do not fit into corporate roles or meet corporate requirements. THE Rittereiser brothers, he said, appear to have had ''a good mother and a good home. But they also may have gotten something special from their father. He sounds like a free spirit and a risk taker who may have caused their mother a few gray hairs but taught the children to look beyond the ordinary ***working-class*** boundaries and be willing to go far from home to bring the bread in.''

Adds First Jersey's Mr. Brennan: ''I know the brothers and they are remarkable; the whole family is remarkable. But when you know the father, you realize that when you plant beans, you get beans.''

Still, the Rittereisers seem conscious of their lack of credentials on Wall Street. ''I couldn't join the political camps, and I wouldn't have joined them,'' Bob says. ''There is no question I was chosen on merits. My mother believed the world was a meritocracy.'' Added Fred with characteristic bluntness: ''There was the old boy network and I never got in. But my knowledge of telecommunications allowed me to penetrate management.''

The street smarts did not hurt, either. ''I fear that higher education makes a man too civilized to face what he has to face,'' says Fred. ''Growing up like we did, I can feel a hoodlum, smell him.''

If the Rittereisers were barred at first from the powerful clubs and networks that dominate Wall Street, they formed one of their own. In 1958, Bob took a lowly job as a margin clerk at Merrill Lynch, and even before his 27-year career there took off, he laid the groundwork for his brothers' careers.

''Bob was doing well at Merrill, Lynch and he brought his brothers both into the firm,'' said their father. Five years after Bob started at Merrill, Fred joined as an assistant trader in the over-the-counter department. And five years after that, Tom started as an operations clerk but later moved into bond trading. In fact, the family network was so strong that the job Tom left to go to Merrill - at Emery Air Freight -was one that his father, who was a truck driver there, had gotten him. At Emery, Tom worked up to operations manager at Kennedy Airport and ''when I left, my father was working for me,'' he said.

During his years at Merrill, Bob moved steadily - and aggressively - through the ranks. But by the time Robert Fomon called last summer asking for help at Hutton, Mr. Rittereiser appeared more than ready to jump ship. ''Nineteen eighty four was a difficult year,'' he said. Among other things, he watched his mentor, Roger E. Birk, chairman of Merrill Lynch & Company, take early retirement. Mr. Birk had been instrumental in many of Mr. Rittereiser's career moves at Merrill, including his assignment to save Goodbody & Company, a large brokerage house that was nearing collapse when Merrill took it over in 1970.

Goodbody was Bob Rittereiser's first experience with crisis management - and within 18 months, he said he helped dissolve the firm and make whole its former customers. But Hutton was a much tougher challenge. As he put it when he arrived: There was an atmosphere at Hutton ''where the ball could roll through the third baseman's legs and then the left fielder's legs, and the center fielder could say, 'It's not my problem.' ''

Now, he says, his major challenge is to restore morale, a task that he says is made more difficult by all the investigations. ''We must be the most thoroughly investigated firm in history,'' he said.

Hutton's problems seem to have resulted from independent regional offices, where some officers apparently were inflating the cash flow of their units by overdrawing bank accounts and making illegal profits on the float. Top management said it was unaware of what was going on.

One of the first things Mr. Rittereiser sought to remedy, he says, was Hutton's loose structure. He also has tried to realign Hutton's financial operations, including establishing a new internal cash management system and appointing a new chief financial officer.

Financially, Hutton seems to be on solid ground now. Although its earnings last year dropped 17 percent, to $43.7 million, largely as the result of a writeoff for a possible loan loss, they rose sharply in this year's first quarter. And as Mr. Rittereiser reorganizes the firm, he is keeping it close to basics: It does not plan to convert itself into a financial cafeteria as many of its Wall Street competitors have, offering customers everything from credit cards to home mortgage loans. Instead, Bob Rittereiser says, Hutton will continue to offer a number of financial products that will all relate in some way to investments.

Although his job is far from done, Mr. Rittereiser, whose salary exceeds $800,000 plus stock options, appears to be taking charge smoothly and ruffling surprisingly few feathers. ''It's hard to believe someone from outside Hutton could move in so smoothly,'' said Michael Castellano, a senior vice president at Hutton, who found himself suddenly reporting to a new chief financial officer brought in by Bob Rittereiser. Added Robert Fomon, Hutton's chairman: ''I lucked out. He is much more than I ever anticipated.'' FRED RITTEREISER, for his part, may have the more complicated of the two brothers' jobs. There has been a steady stream of negative articles on Mr. Brennan and First Jersey as a result of press and Securities and Exchange Commission investigations into transactions of the company. ''First Jersey is becoming too big a company to have this kind of negative press,'' says Mr. Emrich.

The S.E.C. basically charged that First Jersey had violated securites laws, in effect, through manipulation of the prices of various stocks. Mr. Brennan and has denied those charges, but in 1984, without admitting or denying the allegations, he agreed to an injunction against certain future securities law violations.

In some instances, Mr. Brennan's private investments have been in companies whose stock was later sold, all or in part, to First Jersey customers - generating big profits for him. Mr. Brennan has contended that these transactions are legal because he has disclosed them in public filings with the S.E.C.

Last month, after another probe, several lower-level officers of First Jersey were charged with obstruction of justice and perjury. And the S.E.C. is continuing investigations into other First Jersey activities.

Despite its problems, First Jersey continues to grow. It is one of the nation's biggest mass marketers of stocks, particularly small-capital, so-called growth stocks. According to Fred Rittereiser, it now has $85 million in assets and $45 million in net capital. With 1,200 sales representatives in 38 offices nationwide and between 550,000 and 600,000 retail clients, it adds new clients at the pace of 5,000 a month, he said. In 1980, he said, there were fewer than 100 account executives and fewer than 50,000 clients, and ''12 or so offices.'' Net capital was below $5 million. By his own admission, First Jersey's Mr. Rittereiser, who said he now earns more than $500,000 a year, has little retail marketing experience. He was tapped for the First Jersey job after serving as president of Instinet, which operates a computer network for institution-to-institution stock trades. His earlier experience was in over-the-counter stock trading, where he had the reputation of being shrewd and clean. In fact, when he was trading at G.A. Saxton & Company, he was named to one of the first committees set up by the National Association of Security Dealers to look into some questionable First Jersey transactions in the late 1960's. Results of the investigation were inconclusive, Mr. Rittereiser says, and were later turned over to the S.E.C., which continued investigation.

HOW does a Rittereiser-run First

Jersey differ from a Brennan-run First Jersey? In addition to beefing up its research department -it has 10 people now instead of two -Fred Rittereiser is trying to lead the firm further into investment banking, which would give First Jersery a major source of income not dependent on retail customers and provide a new area of potential growth.

Although First Jersey has brought public a number of new issues, underwritings to generate added capital for existing companies would be a new source of income for the firm, says Mr. Rittereiser. He cites one recent transaction that he devised, involving Imatron Inc., which he says is the model for ''five or six other'' deals that he is planning.

First Jersey has become involved with Imatron, a medical-equipment company whose stock is traded over the counter, in several ways. It purchased about 20 percent, or more than 4 million of the company's shares, for sale to its customers. First Jersey also arranged to become co-underwriter for Imatron to raise funds in the future, probably through private placements of equity units, which might include warrants or various forms of stocks. For now, First Jersey's newly expanded research department has put out a 12-page report on Imatron that recommends purchase of its shares.

The April 11 research report to customers does not mention First Jersey's underwriting arrangement nor its 4 million share purchase of Imatron's stock. That, says Mr. Rittereiser, is covered adequately in the standard boilerplate disclaimer that is pre-printed in small type at the bottom of the research report's first page Many Big Board firms, as a matter of policy, include such specific information in their research reports. But legally, according to a National Association of Securities Dealers attorney, Mr. Rittereiser may be right -the boilerplate may protect a firm against any failure to make a material disclosure. First Jersey is not regulated by the New York Stock Exchange; instead it falls under the bailiwick of N.A.S.D., an industry-supported regulatory organization. It is also regulated by the S.E.C.

With so much limelight on First Jersey, how are Mr. Rittereiser and Mr. Brennan getting along these days? ''I understand him,'' Fred Rittereiser says of his boss, pointing out that Mr. Brennan grew up as a street kid in Newark. But, he continued, Mr. Brennan ''will have to prove himself on the playing field.'' Then he pauses. ''I never trust anyone I haven't known a very long time.''

IN THE OFFICE: MOM KNOWS BEST

Judging from conversations with the Rittereiser brothers, the Yorkville row house where they grew up in the 1940's was something of an informal business school. And the dean of the Rittereiser school of management was their mother, Elizabeth, who died in 1967. Here are a few of the lessons.

Creative problem solving: The brothers recall that their mother got their father to return from Alaska, where he had gone to operate - at high pay -a bulldozer and to avoid the three around-the-clock jobs (truck driver, building superintendant and, with his small sons, laundry deliveryman) needed to keep his family going in New York.

''We were sitting in a movie, 'Purple Heart,' and tears were streaming down my mother's face,'' recalls the eldest brother, Fred. ''That night she had me write a letter to my father in Alaska, begging him to come home. She dictated. She had me enclose a cutting from my hair. Ninety days later he was home and at work in a local slaughterhouse.''

The boys learned their skills early. When young Bob was trying to build a case to be considered grown up enough to take communion in the Catholic Church, he apparently invented a few sins to beef up his prospects. A friend from the old neighborhood said he was standing outside the confessional when the priest blew his top. Bob, age 8, was confessing to the sin of ''adultery,'' presumably because it sounded adult and bad.

Management by committee: ''It's hard to keep your problems private when six people live in five rooms,'' says Fred. At home their mother made the decisions, but she took everyone's views into consideration - and since everyone always heard all that was going on, everyone always had a view. ''I think that's how all three of us manage today -hands on, and we listen to what everyone has to say, then we make our decisions,'' says Fred.

Cooperation from mom; competition from dad: Their mother had a rule that they could not play against each other in school sports. But even she could not do much about street games. ''You play a little harder when you are up against your brother, who is four years older. And Bob wasn't about to let his little brother beat him,'' says Tom.

A premium on curiosity and investigation: Their mother was an avid reader who encouraged her children to be the same. ''If there was a cereal box sitting on the table, the children would each pick it up and read it,'' says their father. Their mother spent two hours each day reading books aloud and going over homework.

Their curiosity and urge to investigate almost led all three boys into law enforcement. Bob was accepted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Tom by the state troopers, but in the end only Fred went into law enforcement. For the first six years of his career he was a New York City policeman, spending most of his time on a joint police and FBI task force on organized crime.

Board games and sports as life: Fred and Bob recall heated competition over Monopoly, where they made up their own rules and ''went for blood.'' Rittereiser Monopoly involved trading properties and issuing more money from the ''central bank'' when trading slowed. ''It was a good lesson in investing in an inflationary economy,'' says Fred.

Then there were the ballgames. ''In basketball, Bob was best on the defensive, Fred on the offensive. And it's still that way,'' says Tom. And switching sports, their father adds: ''Bob always went for the base hits and Fred for the long shots.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Fred, Tom and Bob Rittereiser in mid 1940's; Photo of Tom Fred and Bob Ritterseiser today (NYT/Barton Silverman) (page 25); Photo of Mrs. Rittereiser in the 1940's (page 25)

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[***'TELL ME THE PLOT,' I HISSED, BUT HER LIPS WERE SEALED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JYW0-0008-N0CX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Maureen Dowd

**Body**

MAUREEN DOWD

T he city had the look of hard wet rain. Early spring clouds piled on top of skyscrapers. The office was quiet, which was O.K. because I was new at the job and had a lot of catching up to do. I was getting ready to go to lunch when my boss, who runs this stable of cultural sleuths, handed me a a job that really rocked me. Get out there, he said, and don't come back until you've got the plot of the movie Woody Allen just finished filming. All he could give me to work with was the title, ''The Purple Rose of Cairo,'' and the news that it was the 13th film Allen has directed, due next winter.

It sounded like a screwy case. Woody Allen is a notoriously secretive guy who always warns his associates not to squeal about his films. But New York is a gossipy town. Someone was going to talk.

First I checked out his usual gin mills. Elaine's, the Russian Tea Room, Michael's Pub. No soap.

Maureen Dowd article on attempting to discover plot of film Woody Allen is making called The Purple Rose of Cairo; photo (M)

I tried his producer's on West 57th, a girl named Gail Sicilia who handles his publicity. ''Can you fill me in on some details, angel?'' I lit two cigarettes and gave her one. She didn't smoke. Her mouth looked like a steel trap. ''My lips are sealed,'' she said. ''My job is to keep everything quiet until the movie opens. It makes Woody's life easier this way.''

Her tone wiped my grin away. Silence and smoke hung between us for a long time. ''I'll tell you this much,'' she said with a cool, level stare. ''Woody's not in it. He's directing. Mia Farrow's in it. And Jeff Daniels, the guy who was in 'Terms of Endearment.' And Danny Aiello.''

I walked over to Alexander H. Cohen's office. I had gotten a tip that the talkative Broadway producer had a part in the picture as a talkative movie producer. Cohen was shut up like a clam. ''My lips are sealed,'' he said. That answer was beginning to give me a headache.

Next I tried Karen Akers, the nightclub singer who plays a nightclub singer named Kitty Haynes in the movie. ''Hello, kid, what's cooking?'' I said. Her face went as white as marble but her voice stayed smoothly husky. ''You look like a shamus, or maybe a reporter,'' she said, studying me with her dark, mysterious eyes. She told me that the cast included Zoe Caldwell, Van Johnson, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, and that she sings original songs by Dick Hyman that sound like torch numbers from the 30's.

''What about Mia?'' I asked.

''Mia plays a girl who is very sweet and somewhat naive,'' she said, her teeth torturing her mouth. ''I can't say any more. I don't want to alienate Woody. I'd love to become one of his people.''

I got in my blue Chrysler roadster and drove up to a town in Westchester called South Salem. There was a rumor floating around that Woody had shot a scene there at a joint called Le Chateau. He'd been there, all right. The owner, John Jaffre, said the director had made the place over 1930's-style, with carriage lamps and 15 vintage cars out front. ''It's the story of a waitress living in a small town on the Hudson,'' Jaffre said. ''She's dreaming of other things that she wants to be and places she wants to go, if she only had the money.''

That one got a low whistle out of me. Jaffre pointed me in the direction of Piermont, a small town on the Hudson in Rockland County. Allen had been there in December. He'd remade Piermont to look like a Depression town. In a parking lot, Woody had built a movie theater called the Jewel, its name flickering in yellow lights, showing a movie called: ''The Purple Rose of Cairo.'' I remembered a piece in The New York Times about how the town was remade for the movie, but there wasn't much about the plot. I kept going.

I stopped at a spaghetti joint called Theresa's. Theresa turned out to be a woman who liked talking to anyone who liked to talk. ''I fed him every day,'' she said. ''He didn't eat anyplace else in Piermont but Theresa's. That's a fact.''

I dragged deeply on my cigarette and watched the gray haze swirl off the windows. Theresa kept talking. ''The man has an ulcer. Did you know? And coming into an Italian restaurant! He couldn't have anything. I made him pasta with a special Marinara sauce. Chicken without wine. Did he like cherry pie? Forget about it! I made it for him to take home.''

''Did he mention the plot?'' I asked.

''It was top secret,'' she said. ''Woody should work for the C.I.A. I didn't even know who was in the movie. Do you know?''

Clearly, Theresa was more familiar with Allen's stomach than his storyline. The rain was coming down harder than ever as I drove back to the city. The wipers moved fast, and my mind kept up with them. I stopped by Bensonhurst in Brooklyn. Woody had been hanging around Seth Low Intermediate school in the Jewish- Italian ***working class*** neighborhood.

I rapped on the door of John Gatto, an assistant principal at Seth Low who played an extra in a scene shot last month. Excitement glittered in his eyes. His mouth flew open and the words rattled out.

''The year was 1936,'' he said. ''We were told that our scene, shot at the old Bond Disco at Times Square, was a movie within a movie that was being shot in black and white. We waltzed. The decor was Art Deco with huge silver palms and champagne in coolers. The men wore white tie and tails. The women had the Joan Crawford look - dresses cut on the bias, lots of rhinestones. People smoked Camels. And the women had to wear girdles. That kind of threw them. The older ones hadn't worn them in a long time and the younger ones had never worn them.''

We were getting off the track. ''What about Mia?'' I asked.

''All the principals - Mia, Jeff Daniels, Van Johnson, Zoe Caldwell, the Hemingway girl - came into the restaurant and sat at a large table,'' he said. ''Everyone in the group except Jeff and Mia was in evening wear. Jeff had on a safari suit and Mia had a mousy brown hairdo and out-of-town-looking floppy hat and street dress.''

Gatto got out a journal he had kept of his day with Woody, describing his feelings. ''I felt very alone and vulnerable,'' he read. ''Cold marble and cold brass railing. But after awhile I met some very nice people. Woody only talked to the principals in a very soft voice. But Van Johnson stopped to talk to us. 'Yes,' Johnson told us, 'I do see Esther Williams and she's still beautiful.' ''

''Is there anything in there about the plot?'' I interrupted impatiently.

''I was too thrilled to ask any questions,'' he said. ''I hate my job. I've been an assistant principal for 15 years. I want Woody to discover me. Can you help me?''

Morning brought a clearing sky. The sun hit me like a baseball bat. I broke out a fresh pack of Luckies. I tried to think, putting bits together and adding pieces where the holes were. Finally, it all clicked.

I walked over to the phone. ''O.K.,'' I told my boss. ''Here's the story. It's a fable. Jeff Daniels plays a big movie star in the Depression era. Mia Farrow is unhappily married to Danny Aiello and to escape him, she constantly goes to the movies. While Mia is watching a romance adventure film, 'The Purple Rose of Cairo,' the lead character, portrayed by Daniels, literally steps off the screen and starts talking to her. They fall in love. Then other stars start stepping off the screen in theaters all around the country where the film is showing. Alexander Cohen plays the producer who has a fit over these fictional mugs stepping into real life. He thinks it's a Communist plot, and spends a lot of time trying to talk them back in.''

''How does it end?'' my boss asked. I could tell he was hooked. ''I don't think I'll tell you,'' I said, feeling a little like one of Woody's people. ''Maybe, if I keep my lips sealed, he'll put *me* in his next movie.''

**Graphic**

photo of Allen and Farrow

**End of Document**



[***Two Newcomers Make Waves in Ayckbourn Play***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XHR0-000D-G43H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Gillian Anderson; Brenda Blethyn

By ALEX WITCHEL

By ALEX WITCHEL

**Body**

It couldn't have happened any better for Gillian Anderson if Schwab's Drug Store were still in business. A 1990 graduate of the Goodman School of Drama in Chicago, the young actress moved to New York six months ago, found an apartment in Greenwich Village and, when she wasn't auditioning, worked as a waitress at Dojo, a Japanese health food restaurant on St. Mark's Place. She made barely enough money to cover her rent, and the only theater she saw was a performance of "Lettice and Lovage" with Maggie Smith, where she says she practically got a nosebleed in the back of the balcony.

When Mary Louise Parker dropped out of "Absent Friends" because of illness, Ms. Anderson's agent sent her to audition for the part of Evelyn, a sullen young mother in Alan Ayckbourn's black comedy about a group of friends who console an acquaintance on the death of his fiancee. (The play runs through March 17 at the Manhattan Theater Club.) Ms. Anderson's first reading warranted a callback "to make sure it wasn't a fluke," said the director, Lynne Meadow, and when the second reading went well, the actress was hired on the spot. It was her first job in the theater, and the rest of the cast had started rehearsals a week earlier.

A Veteran Colleague

Now, in this dreariest of theater seasons, Ms. Anderson is one of two actresses, both in the same play and both new to New York, whose performances are causing some excitement. And if Ms. Anderson is the Pauper of professional experience, Brenda Blethyn is the Princess. A 16-year veteran of London's National Theater, she has won a SWET Award -- the British equivalent of a Tony -- for best supporting actress in "Steaming," and nominations for best actress in both "Benefactors" and "The Beaux' Stratagem." She has paid dues on top of dues, touring England in everything from "A Doll's House" to "Troilus and Cressida," playing catch-up for the 10 years she spent working as a secretary before getting up the nerve to audition for drama school. It was Mr. Ayckbourn himself who recommended Ms. Blethyn for "Absent Friends." Ms. Meadow had never heard of her.

Ms. Blethyn plays Diane, a warm-hearted housewife who gave up her own goals for a husband who cheats on her. Speaking of her casting choice in a telephone interview last week, Ms. Meadow said, "It's hard to be articulate about what I needed for the role." The director has long been a champion of Mr. Ayckbourn's plays and has arranged for Manhattan Theater Club to produce one each season for the next five years. "I was looking for someone who could handle Ayckbourn's very light comedy as well as his depths. I spoke with Michael Blakemore, who had directed Brenda in 'Benefactors,' and he said she would be fabulous. So I called her and we started to talk about the character.

"Brenda said, 'Poor Diane, you don't know whether to laugh or cry,' " Ms. Meadow recalled. "I said 'Both' and she said 'Yes.' That was it. It was a crazy instinct, like it was meant to be."

Ms. Blethyn was telling the story one morning last week as she and Ms. Anderson had coffee in the dressing room they share. "Lynne called me her 'mail-order bride,' " Ms. Blethyn said. "It was wonderful of her to take the chance, sight unseen. Even though Alan recommended me, there was no guarantee it would work. Then it looked like I wouldn't be able to come at all because my mother, who is 86, was very sick. But her doctors told me to get on with my life, that she would be fine in a nursing home." She laughs. "She'll be bragging now to the old people about my being here. She's thrilled to bits."

So is Ms. Blethyn. "It's like a dream, really, to come here and be appreciated. Quite wonderful, isn't it, Gillian?" she asked blithely.

The British Rubs Off

Ms. Anderson, who was giving her first interview, was pale and looked a bit queasy. When she spoke it was with a vaguely British accent, which comes partly from having lived in London until she was 10 -- her father attended the London Film School, then stayed on -- and partly, she said, from being around Ms. Blethyn. She spoke about herself haltingly, with much of the deadpan quality that her character has in the play.

"When Lynne had my resume in her hand and said, 'Is this all you've done?' I didn't know what she meant," Ms. Anderson said. "I thought I had done a lot. But once I was hired, a big fear of mine was letting Lynne down. She was taking a big risk, and I didn't want her to find out she'd made a mistake."

Ms. Meadow said: "I didn't realize we would find someone quite this green. But it is one of those great stories, where someone is cast purely on ability. Gillian's background is improvisational and she took those instincts and put them into the highly technical style Alan Ayckbourn writes in, which is not free-flowing at all. It has to be played the way it's written, so our work was extremely specific, concrete."

Her approach with Ms. Blethyn was different. "Her instrument is so finely tuned, she's open to try anything," Ms. Meadow said. "Because she's done Ayckbourn before she understands that the life and humor of the piece is based on reaction. Ayckbourn writes people, not gags. If you create the people the way he painted them, if you paint authentically, they are completely universal kinds of people and the humor becomes more than British humor. But you have to trust him. If you try to comment on what he's already done it doesn't work."

An American Who Understands

Ms. Blethyn added: "It's hard enough to do Ayckbourn in England. It's so easy to go only for the comedy, which is the biggest mistake with him. Lynne is doing a wonderful job as an American doing a British play."

The youngest of nine children, Ms. Blethyn was raised in Ramsgate in Kent, southeast of London. Her father was a mechanical engineer, her mother worked "doing kitchen stuff."

"We were not well off at all," she says. "Being an actress in America was my dream from childhood. But I became a secretary because I thought, 'No one is interested in me; don't be silly.' Then I was into my 20's and I thought 'If I don't try now, I'll spend the rest of my life regretting it.' So I auditioned for drama school at Guilford and, touch wood" -- she turned to find some -- "I've never been out of work since."

She started in 1974 with the Bubble Theater, a summer touring company. Then she did "a lunchtime show at the Open Space Theater in London, which was really a shop window."

After one performance, Annie Robinson, the casting director from the National Theatre, came backstage and introduced herself. "I promptly spilled a cup of coffee on her," Ms. Blethyn recalled, "and she said: 'Quite all right. Would you like to work at the National?' When I told my mom, she said, 'If you do your acting all day long, when do you earn your money?' "

'A Great Deal of Faith'

It's a funny story, but staying employed is every actor's concern. Ms. Anderson says: "There is a slight fear this will be my first and last job for a while, but that's in every actor's mind as long as they live. I tend to have a great deal of faith that wherever my life goes, its the best thing for me."

Ms. Blethyn's attitude is less mellow, probably because she has been around longer. "My constant fear is whether another job will come along. But I also wonder if I will be as good as I was in the last job and not cheat the audience. That I won't turn out the same old thing, which is ultimately not satisfying to me or the audience. And also to retain the respect people have in me. If I'd come here and not done well I'd be mortified to have let the Manhattan Theater Club down. That would be even greater than my own disappointment" -- she starts to laugh -- "but that just might be my ***working-class*** background coming out."

Ms. Anderson is quick to compliment her. "It's so wonderful to watch you and Lynne work together," she said to Ms. Blethyn. "The silent understandings they have about the character, and the way they can verbalize what's missing, what they need. The thought-instinct process is so precise." She sighs. "That's one thing that only experience gives you. For me it takes quite a lot longer to come up with what's happening."

"As long as you come up with it, dear," Ms. Blethyn said without missing a beat. And they both laughed.

**Graphic**

Photo: Gillian Anderson and Brenda Blethyn on the set of "Absent Friends," a black comedy by Alan Ayckbourn at the Manhattan Theater Club. (Jack Manning/The New York Times)

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[***Union Leader's Easygoing Style Blamed in Part for His Fall***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V7P-F0W0-007F-G37F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Body**

In 1969, nearly two decades before Stanley Hill became head of New York City's largest municipal union, he made his first big leap in union politics.

He won the presidency of a local representing 10,000 social workers because, supporters from the 1960's say, he was so likable, he was revered for being an all-city basketball player and he was one of the few social work supervisors who refused to cross another union's picket line.

But after serving two years, Mr. Hill was voted out of office -- for some of the same reasons he was pushed out of his job on Monday as District Council 37's executive director by the parent union.

Then, as now, Mr. Hill was brought down partly because he looked the other way when associates gave themselves large raises and took other self-serving actions, even some of his supporters say. But this time, many union officials say, Mr. Hill must have done more than just look the other way.

They say he must have at least known about, if not approved, efforts to fix a 1996 contract ratification vote and excessive spending by officials in union locals, including $685,000 in overtime to Charles Hughes, who was expelled from the presidency of a local representing 25,000 crossing guards and school cafeteria workers.

Mr. Hill has repeatedly contended that he is innocent of any wrongdoing, insisting he was at worst ignorant of any misdeeds by associates.

John Talbutt, a close friend who was Mr. Hill's vice president at the social workers' local, gave an explanation of the 1970 defeat that could just as well be applied to his current problems: "He allowed people who were around him to take advantage of him. He was loyal to people who would do things that he would never do. I don't think he had good judgment of character."

Those weaknesses contributed to this week's developments. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees took direct control of District Council 37, which bargains for 120,000 city workers in 56 locals, and sent Mr. Hill on an unpaid leave of absence.

Many union members admit to being perplexed about Mr. Hill and say they do not know what to believe of their leader. He boasts about going to bat for poor workers, yet he has hardly objected to Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's huge workfare program, which has welfare recipients doing the work of city employees in exchange for their benefits. He can chat comfortably for 20 minutes with an $11,000-a-year cafeteria aide, yet he has increased his salary to $292,000 and approved opulent spending at the council.

Monthly board meetings are catered with cold whole salmon and London broil. More than 700 officials from the council and its locals flew to Hawaii for the parent union's convention last August. And for years the clerical workers' local rented a penthouse apartment at council headquarters for the local's president, Albert Diop, another close ally of Mr. Hill.

"When I see Stanley, he doesn't dress rich, he doesn't drive an expensive car, but he and the executive board ran a candy store that aided and abetted Charlie Hughes and others to run away with a lot of goodies," said Mark Rosenthal, president of a motor vehicle operators' local.

The parent union pushed Mr. Hill aside on Monday amid growing turmoil in the district council: Mr. Hill said that the 1996 ratification vote was rigged and that two of his aides admitted participating in the fraud; one union leader was expelled after a union panel found that he had stolen more than $1.7 million, and the Manhattan District Attorney subpoenaed records of all 56 locals as part of a corruption investigation.

The parent union's move was a humiliating blow for Mr. Hill, who was catapulted from a ***working-class*** boyhood on the Lower East Side to a position that placed him at the center of the city's interwoven worlds of labor, government and politics.

During Mr. Hill's 12 years running District Council 37, he displayed considerable strengths: an ability to stay in tune with the rank and file, an eagerness to fight for New York's poorest, and an impressive stamina enabling him to work from 6:30 A.M. to midnight day after day.

Whether or not he is ever linked directly to the accusations of wrongdoing, many colleagues say, he was too congenial -- some say too weak -- to run the sprawling union.

"Stanley's a nice guy, probably too nice a guy," said Victor Gotbaum, the once mighty head of District Council 37 who picked Mr. Hill as his successor. But Mr. Gotbaum and Charles Ensley, president of the social workers' local that Mr. Hill once headed, say Mr. Hill's problems go deeper. They say Mr. Hill could hardly have been ignorant of the vote rigging for the 1996 contract -- which includes an unpopular two-year wage freeze -- because two of his top aides acknowledged being involved.

And some union leaders say Mr. Hill is not blameless for the financial misdeeds in the council's locals because he approved some of the spending. Mr. Hill said he signed off because the local's board had approved the payments. But in expelling Mr. Hughes last June, an internal union panel found that the overtime requests were transparently fraudulent.

Professing his innocence, Mr. Hill said that he had been powerless to control the deeds and misdeeds of officials in the council's locals.

"There are 56 locals with a tremendous amount of autonomy," he said in an interview last week before he was pushed aside."I could not just go into a local to say, 'I want to see your books.' "

He said he did not know about the vote fraud, even though two of his closest aides resigned after confessing to vote tampering. As for the $685,000 in overtime payments, he said he approved them only after Mr. Hughes had convinced him that the executive board of his local had authorized them.

Mr. Hill's supporters point to some important accomplishments on the positive side of the ledger. He helped win his members three years of job security, he has occasionally persuaded mayors to forgo planned layoffs, and he has persuaded the State Legislature to enact improved pension legislation.

His downfall was especially upsetting to many blacks not just because he was District Council 37's first black executive director, but also because he was the city's most powerful black trade unionist. He was deeply popular with the union's largely black membership, but because he usually spoke out on union matters and rarely on racial ones, he was always perceived more in the city as a union leader than as a black leader. As a result, blacks outside of the union never rallied around him.

"Stanley was certainly one of the two or three most powerful black leaders in the city, but he might not be in the top 10 of most popular black leaders," said Bill Lynch, Deputy Mayor under David N. Dinkins.

The past week's developments are a startling comedown for Mr. Hill after his rise to power. He was born in the Bronx 62 years ago, the son of a mechanic and a homemaker, and grew up on the Lower East Side, a melting pot that he said taught him how to live with those of different races.

He was a basketball star at Central Commercial High in Manhattan, and then starred on the Iona College team. In the 60's, he became a social worker, and then was elected president of the social workers' local.

After Mr. Hill lost his re-election campaign, Mr. Gotbaum snatched him up for the council's staff. Over the next decade, Mr. Hill solidified his reputation as a rousing speaker and a workaholic who maintained strong rapport with workers.

"He has great interpersonal skills," Mr. Ensley said. "Nobody worked harder than Stan."

By the mid-1980's, Mr. Gotbaum was grooming Mr. Hill to succeed him. Explaining why he chose Mr. Hill, Mr. Gotbaum said that his successor was an excellent No. 2 who he hoped would grow into a strong No. 1, and that it was time the mostly black council had a black leader.

But Mr. Hill has fallen short of Mr. Gotbaum's expectations. Mr. Hill is as easygoing and conciliatory as Mr. Gotbaum was abrasive and forceful, and as a result, Mr. Hill has had a far harder time reining in officials from the council's locals.

According to lawyers knowledgeable about the District Attorney's inquiry, at least eight of the council's 24 executive board members are being investigated on allegations of a range of activities: embezzling money, receiving kickbacks from caterers, taking girlfriends on union-financed trips and skimming off money when buying Thanksgiving turkeys for members.

But Mr. Hill said it was unfair to tar the whole council as corrupt. "Yes, there were some bad eggs," he said. "But most of the locals are honest."

Some council officials said Mr. Hill was insecure about his power and was thus loath to crack down on the corrupt leaders of locals, especially large ones. In the charitable view, he just did not see the wrongdoing around him, but according to a less charitable view, he did not move against venal officials because he feared they would conspire to topple him.

That, some union officials say, is why he was slow to move against Mr. Hughes, even as Mr. Hughes, who headed the largest local, one the council lent more than $5 million, spent freely on conferences, cars and overseas trips.

"This stuff spread out under Stanley," said Larry Glickson, vice president of the social workers' local. "He was very well aware of the power of the presidents of the largest locals. He knew he had to get along with them."

One of Mr. Gotbaum's most stinging complaints is that Mr. Hill never became a strong leader and remained a No. 2 at heart. In citywide negotiations, Mr. Hill took a second seat to Barry Feinstein, who was president of a teamsters local one-sixth the council's size. And, Mr. Gotbaum said, Mayor Giuliani called the shots in negotiations by getting Mr. Hill to accept a contract with a two-year pay freeze.

Former Mayor Dinkins said: "I find his coziness with Giuliani perplexing. I feel he succumbed to the Mayor and the Mayor's style."

Mr. Hill has insisted that he did not knuckle under in accepting a contract with a two-year pay freeze. He defended the accord, noting that he won three years of job security and beat back the Mayor's proposal to require workers to pay more for health insurance.

"In the 1970's I saw a lot of members lose their jobs, and I said that would never happen to me," Mr. Hill said. "I made sure people would keep their jobs. I fought for job security."

**Graphic**

Photos: Stanley Hill, left, in 1971 with Victor Gotbaum, the leader of District Council 37. Mr. Gotbaum would later groom Mr. Hill to succeed him. (Edward Hausner/The New York Times)(pg. B4); Stanley Hill, right, as executive director of District Council 37, joined other Democrats in endorsing Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani in 1997. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

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[***Cash to Get By Is Still Pawnshop's Stock in Trade***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PNC-9KN0-TW8F-G16N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MANNY FERNANDEZ

**Body**

The gold hoop earrings were $250, more than a third of Michelle Maynard's rent. She bought them anyway, and treasured them, but wore them for only two months.

One rainy afternoon in April, she decided to give up the earrings to get something back, and took them to Jay Rosado. He examined them for a moment, then set them on a scale. Minutes later, Ms. Maynard was handed $80.

Mr. Rosado runs a pawnshop in the South Bronx. It is easy to think the worst about someone who walks into a New York City pawnshop, long supposed to be a den of thieves, addicts and the downtrodden, and the swindlers who take advantage of them. But the New Yorkers who frequent pawnshops often want something as legitimate as it is simple: quick cash to help get by.

Ms. Maynard, 44, used the $80 to buy groceries, a MetroCard to get to and from work on the subway, and a dinner of pizza for her three sons. She needed the money because she had given her father all she had -- she makes $19 an hour as a social worker -- to let him take the boys to Walt Disney World. She covered some of the expenses; her father paid the rest.

The boys -- 13, 11 and 9 -- had no idea that they would soon be headed to Disney World. They also had no idea that their mother had pawned some of her favorite jewelry to enable them to go.

The shelves and safes in Mr. Rosado's pawnshop are stocked with such secrets: Ms. Maynard's hoop earrings, the diamond-studded watch that Danny Bautista turned in to pay parking tickets on his truck, the two gold bracelets Martin Baez gave up to pay his cable bill.

Pawnshops thrive in the Bronx; 65 of the city's 162 licensed pawnshops are there, the most of any borough, according to the city's Department of Consumer Affairs. The stores have multiplied not only in the Bronx but across the city and the country.

The number of pawnshops in the United States has grown to about 12,000 today, from 4,800 in 1986, according to John P. Caskey, an economics professor at Swarthmore College who is the author of ''Fringe Banking: Check-Cashing Outlets, Pawnshops and the Poor.'' The increase is part of the spread of check-cashing outlets and other alternative financial services that have become ad hoc banks for the so-called unbanked -- the millions of Americans who do not have a bank account.

New York City recently began to offer needy residents no-fee starter accounts and $50, through a partnership with eight banks and credit unions.

In the South Bronx, where census data puts the median household income at $21,088, the pawnshop is a neighborhood institution. It is where people with jobs but neither checking nor savings accounts seek cash for an unexpected bill. Where people with debt or bad credit go for an immediate loan of a few hundred dollars without a credit check. Where people go to put their jewelry to work for them, sometimes pawning the same item over and over again.

''Most of the people that come in here live paycheck to paycheck,'' said Mr. Rosado, 40, the co-owner of Mr. Pawnbroker, at 1016 Longwood Avenue.

''They're all ***working-class*** people,'' he said. ''They can't manage their money properly, or because of the economy the way it is, they can't seem to catch a break. Pampers, light bills, the rent is due, car payment, oil bill. It's for a mountain of things.''

To spend time behind the counter of Mr. Pawnbroker is to glimpse the commerce of the city at its most primitive and fluid. For a place filled with small, precious things, the pawnshop and its customers carry heavy burdens. The story of Ms. Maynard's earrings and their eventual fate -- like the hundreds of thousands of other items that pass in and out of the city's pawnshops each year -- illustrates the murky ground between financial help and sentimental regret, between luxury and necessity, that the stores occupy.

A Shop With a Difference

Mr. Rosado's establishment is nothing like the seedy stereotype of a New York City pawnshop. It is a brightly lighted storefront in Longwood, near the hum of the Bruckner Expressway.

On a wall behind the bulletproof glass that separates the public area from the back office, Mr. Rosado keeps pictures of his wife and three children. He seems prepared for the worst (16 digital security cameras, a panic button to summon the police, a center counter reinforced with a steel plate) but eager for the best (decorating for Christmas, inviting friends and relatives for visits).

Mr. Rosado -- his given name is Radames, but everyone calls him Jay -- is a husky, goateed former construction worker, a Bronx-born New Yorker who, in June, took his first vacation in 11 years. He and his wife, Ana, were married on Valentine's Day 2004; the next day, he was back at the shop. He has fired two workers over the years, one of whom was a young woman who regularly showed up late and who happened to be his eldest daughter.

He got his first job when he was 9. He pestered his father to buy him a pair of sneakers, and his father, a building superintendent, took him not to a shoe store, but to a grocery. His father wanted him to earn the money for the shoes by running errands at the store.

Mr. Rosado stumbled into this line of work. He had struck up a friendship with the owner of a Bronx jewelry store, which led to his working at and eventually managing a pawnshop on Southern Boulevard. ''I thought I'd work there for like a week or so,'' Mr. Rosado said. He stayed about nine years before opening his own shop in 2003.

Many of Mr. Rosado's customers on Southern Boulevard followed him to Mr. Pawnbroker. His one business is for two kinds of patrons: those interested in buying jewelry and those interested in pawning it.

The front of the shop is for buyers. It resembles a typical jewelry store, with rings, necklaces, earrings and other pieces laid out in glass counters, on the walls and in a window display. Mr. Rosado deals only in jewelry, as do most pawnshops in the city.

On display in recent months were a $500 necklace, a $6,500 diamond engagement ring and an elaborate rendering of the Last Supper on a hollow 10-karat gold medallion. There was a diamond-encrusted charm in the shape of a grenade and another with the skull logo of the comic book character the Punisher. There were earrings with images of Jesus Christ and rings emblazoned with the flag of Puerto Rico.

Help for Life's Ups and Downs

Like much of New York, the pawnbroker and his customers are locked in a daily game of winning and losing. Someone brings a piece of jewelry to Mr. Rosado. He determines its worth and gives the customer a cash loan, usually about one-third of the item's resale value. The item sits in one of Mr. Rosado's three safes in the back office, waiting.

The customer has four months to pay back the loan and interest. The National Pawnbrokers Association, of which Mr. Rosado is a member, says that the typical pawnshop loan is $75 to $100. State law limits interest rates charged at pawnshops to 4 percent per month for four months. Mr. Rosado charges 3 percent of the original loan per month.

With Mr. Rosado's rates, someone who received a $100 loan would owe $119 in four months -- $12 interest plus a $5 service fee and a $2 vault charge. In other states where pawnshops flourish, like Florida and Texas, the interest rates are much higher. As a result, the number of licensed pawnshops in New York City is considered low by industry standards.

If a customer does not repay the loan after an additional two-month grace period, Mr. Rosado takes ownership of the item.

The customer's loss is also measured in more subtle, personal ways.

One day, a young man in need of money walked into Mr. Pawnbroker and pawned the medallionwith the image of the Last Supper. It was round and encircled with cubic zirconias, and the man pawned it reluctantly, Mr. Rosado said. The medallion sat in the back office for months. The man never returned.

Mr. Rosado eventually put it out for display, and a woman from the neighborhood bought it for $650. ''She wears it every day,'' Mr. Rosado said.

The cheapest items at Mr. Pawnbroker are 25-cent sweets in the candy dispensers that occupy one of the shop's corners. The most valuable item sits on a spinning mirror in the window display, bathed in light.

It is a palm-size, intricately detailed 14-karat gold motorcycle that Mr. Rosado spent a month building. The headlight has a tiny diamond in the center. He is so proud of the item, a replica of a custom-made motorcycle featured on the reality television series ''American Chopper,'' that he put a close-up snapshot of it on his business cards. He figures the piece is worth $10,000, but is reluctant to sell it at any price. Someone offered $20,000 for it, but Mr. Rosado said he turned the offer down.

The public area glitters like a 24-karat mirage. At first glance, the jewelry seems out of place in the South Bronx, home to some of the city's highest rates of unemployment, crime, drugs and poverty. But the desire for pricey jewelry is as prevalent among the tenements of the South Bronx as it is in any neighborhood of the city.

The pawnshops, jewelry stores, retail businesses and residents seem to feed off one another, in an endless cycle of buying, selling, bartering and pawning.

The hoop earrings Ms. Maynard pawned did not travel far: she had bought them at a jewelry store on Southern Boulevard blocks from Mr. Rosado's pawnshop, which is within walking distance from her apartment on Longwood Avenue.

Paying Bills and Going Broke

Late one Friday afternoon in April, a 59-year-old woman who lives around the corner from Mr. Rosado's shop stepped inside, pawned one of her necklaces, walked down a few doors to the dry cleaners and paid for her clothes with some of the cash she had just received. ''You pay all your rent, you pay all your bills, and then you're broke,'' explained the woman, a day care center cook who did not want to give her name.

Another day, a 30-ish woman came in looking for a diamond ring that she said her brother, a drug addict, had stolen from their mother's house. Mr. Rosado, who keeps a computer copy of customer IDs, found the ring and showed it to her. Seeing it, she calmed down, and said she would work it out with her brother.

Mr. Rosado examines jewelry for signs that it was pulled or yanked off someone's wrist or neck, and he often turns away people whose demeanor, items or stories of how they came to possess the jewelry make him suspicious. One man tried to pawn a $120,000 Breitling watch, and he refused it.

''You can't trust a person 100 percent,'' Mr. Rosado said.

All but a handful of the borough's 65 pawnshops are concentrated in the 16th Congressional District, which includes the South Bronx and several neighborhoods to the north. According to 2005 census figures, it is the poorest Congressional district in the country, with 41.6 percent of the population living below the federal poverty level. Here, the ancient symbol of pawnbroking-- three hanging gold balls -- is almost a common sight.

Some of Mr. Rosado's customers frequent several pawnshops in the area. Others visit only Mr. Rosado. These loyal regulars drop in often, and have become as close to their pawnbroker as some people are to their priest or rabbi. He has attended about a dozen funerals for his customers.

He has also, for his regulars, kept jewelry for months after the six-month holding period, making it easier for them by giving them more time and by freezing the interest.

When Mr. Rosado opened his pawnshop in 2003, Leticia Flores was his first customer. She had been one of his steady clients at the pawnshop on Southern Boulevard. ''I always asked for him,'' she said. ''I never gave my jewelry to nobody else but him.''

Ms. Flores used to work for Teamsters Local 202, and over the years amassed an extensive collection of jewelry -- more than $80,000 worth. She once pawned some of it to help her sister pay her mortgage, and to pay the lawyer after her husband was sent to jail. There were other reasons, too, she said. ''Let's say if it was near Christmas and I didn't have enough money, I would pawn my jewelry and then go shopping''

Ms. Flores has not pawned anything in a long time. Back in 2003, after Mr. Rosado opened, she pawned her engagement ring for about $650. It was not because she needed the money. It was to welcome him to the neighborhood.

Life From Behind a Counter

From Monday to Saturday, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Mr. Rosado sits in a tall chair behind the counter watching, listening to, guiding and occasionally arguing with his clients. One customer recently pawned about 50 items to help pay her mortgage. Another pawned jewelry for a bus ticket to Connecticut. One man needed cash to send to his son in Puerto Rico for his birthday.

Martin Baez, 45, pawns his jewelry weekly. One day a few months ago, he traded two gold bracelets -- one of them a gift from his deceased mother-in-law -- for $170. ''Right now, I got to pay a cable bill,'' he said. ''As long as I get that paid off on the first, I'm covered.''

Danny Bautista, 30, left an expensive watch that was a gift from his girlfriend. He received $450, money that went to pay off parking tickets. About three months later he picked up his watch, paying a total of $504.50, and said he did not plan to come back. ''I regret doing it,'' he said of pawning the watch, ''and I don't want to do it again.''

One day, a young woman brought in a 14-karat gold chain. As she took it out of her purse, she told Mr. Rosado that she had found it. Then she changed her story and said it was hers. Mr. Rosado declined it, and the woman left.

''We're not allowed to take anything that's been found, stolen,'' Mr. Rosado said. Some customers, like Ms. Maynard, tell him nothing about why they need the money.

Ms. Maynard said she did not have a credit card or bank account, and said that Mr. Rosado did her a favor when he lent her $80 for those hoop earrings.

''I'm glad it was there, because I needed that money,'' she said. ''I wasn't in the street. I didn't have to ask anybody for money, even family.''

She pawned the earrings in early April. In July, she had not returned to pay off the loan and the interest. ''I just don't have the money to get them out,'' Ms. Maynard said in front of her apartment building, a short walk from where her earrings sat -- and remain still -- in a drawer in Mr. Rosado's safe.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Jay Rosado, a co-owner of a Bronx pawnshop, waits on a customer from behind protective glass.(PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANG W. LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A1)

All the merchandise, mostly jewelry, at Mr. Pawnbroker is behind protective glass. On two sides, there are small openings that allow the transfer of goods, cash and paperwork.

A popular pawnshop at 1016 Longwood Avenue in the South Bronx.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANG W. LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A18) CHART: A Thriving Business: The number of pawnshops in the city has multiplied in recent years. In the Bronx particularly, they have become a neighborhood institution, a place where people can go to borrow fast cash at low interest.(Source: New York City Department of Consumer Affairs)(pg A18) Chart shows bar graph and map of Brooklyn.

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[***Gray Flannels or Not, John Major Is Riding the Crest of Popularity in Britain - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XKS0-000D-G09M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Feb. 27

**Body**

Prime Minister John Major has had what the British call "a good war."

He became Prime Minister only three months ago, after his predecessor, Margaret Thatcher, had already set the British war machine in train.

Tonight, as the allies drew close to victory against Iraq, Mr. Major said in an interview at 10 Downing Street, "I think we've nearly come to the end of the war, not quite."

The war and his direct style have made Mr. Major, who will turn 48 on March 29, one of the most popular British leaders of the last 30 years, despite his previous reputation as a penny-plain, uncharismatic banker in a gray flannel suit.

Favored by Many Voters

Tonight he was wearing a dark blue suit with unobtrusive stripes, and sipping a glass of milk before dinner, after a delayed return in the rain from the British military command headquarters 30 miles west of London at High Wycombe.

Though he lacks the upper-class private school or university education most recent Conservative Party Prime Ministers have had, his ***working-class*** roots and manner of speaking have endeared him to many voters who hated Mrs. Thatcher.

After he succeeded her on Nov. 29, the Conservatives regained a narrow three- to four-point lead over the Labor Party in recent public-opinion polls, after trailing badly since early 1989.

But he knows that if he wants to be Prime Minister after the next elections, which he has to call by July 1992, he has to win the peace.

Consulting With Arabs

In the Persian Gulf, he said, that meant consulting with the Arab members of the anti-Iraq coalition to find out how they saw the future. Western diplomacy would have to find what he called a concordat that would seek to deal with other Middle East problems, the Palestinian problem in particular, while leaving Iraq intact and viable as well.

"I would expect if there is to be a standing army in the area, I would think it is probable, rather than possible, that it would be a standing Arab army, comprised of the Arab members of the coalition and conceivably others," he said, referring to a possible peacekeeping force that would possibly include allied ships, planes, and a few Western military advisers.

For Mr. Major, winning the peace on the battlefield may be easier than achieving it at home. In the next room from his study, jagged holes still gash the ornate plaster ceiling in the Prime Minister's official drawing room, the damage left by an Irish Republican Army mortar attack on Feb. 7.

Shrapnel holes? "There are one or two about," he said.

He said the holes and the terrorists who left them were not the reason why his family, unlike the Thatchers, had not made Downing Street its home. On most Fridays, the Prime Minister is driven to the house in his Cambridgeshire constituency in Great Stukeley where his wife, Norma, and their two children Elizabeth, 19, and James, 15, live, returning to London on Sunday nights.

"Cambridgeshire is our home," Mr. Major said. "It is also where my son goes to school, he's a day pupil. It's near where my daughter works, and my daughter plays in the band at the weekend, playing clarinet in various orchestras. And my son is captain of his local football team. So their personal life is centered in Cambridgeshire. And I don't want their personal life upset more than it has to be by politics."

Still, he admitted, when Mrs. Major heard the mortar explosion over the phone -- she had been talking to her husband's secretary -- she reacted with "reserve."

"It was modestly dramatic," the Prime Minister said. "Instinctively you knew it was a bomb, and as all the windows in the Cabinet room buckled and caved right in, it was fairly apparent that it wasn't too far away. And indeed it landed in the garden, demolishing a rather attractive cherry tree en route."

A reputation for coolness under fire is another thing he has earned during the war.

Asked when he would call the next general election, he said, "When I think I'll win it."

He will not call it, most of his advisers agree, until he has solved the problems of the high interest rates the Government imposed to get inflation under control, and the hated "community charge," a per capita tax for local government services insisted on by Mrs. Thatcher.

Mr. Major sounded tonight as if he thought the per capita charge, a tax that is the same for rich and poor in every community, was a mistake since people on modest incomes have been saddled in some places with bills of $1,000 and more a year.

"I think if we had known the size of the community charge bills that would be generated, I think we would have devised it in a different way," he said. "The community charge was expected to be at a much lower level than it now is. It has soared way above anything expected. So we have to examine that, and we're looking at a whole series of alternatives."

"Nothing's ruled out," he said, including replacement of the community charge, introduced in England and Wales in April, by something different.

It is simply impossible to imagine Mrs. Thatcher giving the European Community's exchange-rate mechanism credit for helping get British inflation under control, but Mr. Major does.

Today the Government cut the basic lending rate, from 13.5 to 13 percent, down from 15 percent when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and the second such cut in a month. Leading British banks said they would soon reduce homeowners' variable-rate mortgage payments as well.

"I don't have a shred of regret about entering the exchange-rate mechanism," said Mr. Major, who brought the pound into the system, pegging it closely to the German mark, last fall. "I'm sure it was the right thing to do for the British economy."

"If you consider what has happened in the last four months," he said, "we have had a recession, we have had a war, we have lost a prime minister in very dramatic political circumstances, we've seen a narrowing of two and one-half percent in the differential between the sterling and the Deutschmark rate, a critical rate for us in Europe, and sterling has remained steady."

Mr. Major continued: "Now would that have happened if we hadn't been members of the exchange-rate mechanism? It would not. Sterling would have fallen. And what would have happened if sterling had fallen? We would either have built-in inflation for next year, or we would have had to increase interest rates." Instead, inflation fell to 9 percent last month.

"I know some people think it is a straitjacket," he said of the European monetary system. "In practice, it has been more a life belt than a straitjacket."

Told that Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany had described him as a real European at the last European Community summit in Rome -- a label Mrs. Thatcher's community colleagues would never have pinned on her -- Mr. Major said: "I want Britain to punch its weight in the European Community. I think actually the United States wants Britain to punch its weight in the community, and I propose that we'll do so."

But, he said, "The reality is that we are a very long way indeed away from anything remotely approximating the sort of economic conditions that would make a single European currency a practical proposition."

Some of the people who think the European monetary system is a strait jacket for the British pound include some of Mrs. Thatcher's most loyal advisers. Though Mrs. Thatcher regards him as her protege, Mr. Major rejects all labels -- including Thatcherite -- for himself, though he said he retained a cordial relationship with the former Prime Minister.

He wants his legacy to be what he calls the "classless society." "What I mean is a society that removes the roadblocks and impediments of people achieving what they will, because of where they started and what their background is," he said.

Of his own sudden accession after Mrs. Thatcher was driven from office, he said, "Life is full of suprises." Three months ago, he barely knew President Bush. In a discussion on war aims in the back seat of the President's limousine on a ride to Camp David just before Christmas, they established a close relationship.

On Monday, he will go to Moscow for his first visit with President Mikhail S. Gorbachev.

Mr. Major took a charitable view of the Soviet leader's attempts to broker a peace with Iraq before Mr. Bush ordered the ground offensive last weekend. "Whatever efforts for peace President Gorbachev had in mind, they were pretty substantially undercut very swiftly by Saddam Hussein," the Prime Minister said.

**Correction**

An article on Thursday about Prime Minister John Major of Britain misstated the date he took office. It was Nov. 28, not 29.

**Correction-Date:** March 2, 1991, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photo: Helped by a "good war" and a drop in inflation, Prime Minister John Major, left, has become one of the most popular British leaders in the last 30 years. He met yesterday in London with Ghazi al-Rayes, the Kuwaiti Ambassador, who thanked Britain for helping to expel Iraqi forces from his country. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** February 28, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Men of the Theater, Competing for Oscars***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:483P-SYJ0-01KN-22HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2003 Monday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Column 5; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1937 words

**Byline:**  By ROBIN POGREBIN

**Body**

In November Stephen Daldry opened "Far Away," the Caryl Churchill play, at New York Theater Workshop, a small Off Broadway theater on the Lower East Side.

One month later he opened "The Hours," a film starring Meryl Streep, Nicole Kidman and Julianne Moore that earned Mr. Daldry an Oscar nomination for best director.

"There was no great mythic moment in my childhood I can point to in that dark and local cinema that I suddenly realized this was going to be the transporting medium of my life," Mr. Daldry said of film. "But in fact it's proved to be the transporting medium of my life."

One might expect Rob Marshall to be flying high from the best director Oscar nomination he received for "Chicago," the musical starring Renee Zellweger, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Richard Gere.

Instead Mr. Marshall confessed to being most excited about having a caricature of him join the wall of Broadway legends at Sardi's restaurant in the theater district last month. "It was a dream come true," he said. "Those are my heroes."

Both men are dyed-in-the-wool theater veterans who are new to the movies: Mr. Marshall had never directed a feature film before; Mr. Daldry only one, "Billy Elliot." Both men are 42. And both have directed films that are in the running for best picture at the Academy Awards on March 23. For the best director prize, the two men are also competing with Martin Scorsese, for "Gangs of New York"; Roman Polanski, for "The Pianist"; and Pedro Almodovar, for "Talk to Her."

Mr. Daldry and Mr. Marshall are not the first stage directors to make a promising leap to film; the way was paved by the likes of Elia Kazan and Mike Nichols. Recent crossovers have included Sam Mendes of the Donmar Warehouse in London and the Oscar-winning "American Beauty"; Nicholas Hytner, who directed "Carousel" on Broadway and the film "The Madness of King George"; Julie Taymor, creator of Broadway's "Lion King," who directed the movie "Frida"; and Baz Luhrmann, whose film "Moulin Rouge" is widely credited with ushering in a new chapter of the movie musical and who returned to the stage this season with "La Boheme" on Broadway.

But for two theatrical directors to emerge as such strong Oscar candidates in the same season is unusual, particularly given their unorthodox films -- one the Kander and Ebb musical, the other a film that explores three women living in different time periods linked by Virginia Woolf's novel "Mrs. Dalloway." Their success has made the theater world proud and the film world pay attention.

"Hollywood is sitting up and taking notice," said Harvey Weinstein, co-chairman of Miramax, which produced "Chicago" and distributed "The Hours" with Paramount. "All this talent in our own backyard," Mr. Weinstein added, "and we've never nurtured it before."

It is this thinking that has motivated Neil Meron and Craig Zadan, who helped produce "Chicago," to cast theater actors in their made-for-television musicals -- including "Cinderella," "Annie" (directed by Mr. Marshall) and most recently "The Music Man" starring Matthew Broderick and Kristin Chenoweth.

As further evidence of Hollywood's new focus on theater, some pointed to the move last week by George Lane, a top theatrical agent, to the Creative Artists Agency in Los Angeles from William Morris in New York. Mr. Lane's client roster includes leading theatrical directors like Daniel Sullivan, Robert Falls, James Lapine and Michael Mayer, as well as several playwrights and stage actors.

Mr. Marshall and Mr. Daldry had known each other slightly; the theater world is small. But lately their paths have crossed considerably more often at the multiple gatherings for nominees. "We see each other across the room," Mr. Marshall said, "and I feel like we share something."

At the same time the two have very different backgrounds and approaches. Mr. Daldry, who is British, has worked mostly in England, prefers to direct new plays and is serious and somewhat elusive. "He's unsentimental, yet he's kind and compassionate," said Ms. Kidman, who portrays Virginia Woolf in "The Hours."

"They're not cold, his movies; there's a warmth to them," she added. "That comes from his heart."

Mr. Marshall, reared in Pittsburgh, came up as a dancer and choreographer, has spent much of his career reinventing revivals and is known for being gregarious and disciplined. "He likes to be prepared and understands how helpful that can be," said Ms. Zellweger, who plays Roxie in "Chicago." "Better to have it in your bones than to try to be finding it" when the cameras are rolling.

At the same time, Ms. Zellweger said, mistakes were allowed. "The greatest gift that he gave all of us was the feeling that it was safe to try because it was safe to fail," she said. "And there was laughter in not quite getting it right."

Mr. Marshall said that film was always lurking in his theater work, and that he used to imagine his shows as movies first because it helped "expand my mind to every possibility." He also noted that several movie directors had started as choreographers, like Bob Fosse, Herbert Ross and Stanley Donen.

Mr. Daldry said he saw theater and film as entirely distinct. "There is very little relationship between the two," he said. For one thing, Mr. Daldry described film as considerably more diffuse. "In theater, the people you start the process with are the people you end the process with," he said. "In film it's much more individualistic."

Nevertheless, both directors clearly drew from their theater experience in making their films. Both rehearsed extensively before shooting, for example, which is unusual for Hollywood. And while most movies go through several screenwriters, each film stayed with just one -- David Hare on "The Hours" and Bill Condon on "Chicago" -- who collaborated closely with the director. "It was a way of working that we all grew up with," said Scott Rudin, producer of "The Hours," who is also a theater producer.

Both directors say the transition to the screen from the stage was smoother than expected, in large part because they are accustomed to telling stories in two hours and comfortable working with actors. John C. Reilly, who is featured in both films and himself comes from the stage, said the directors' theatrical experience allowed him to grow into his roles. "Film people need to see everything on your face right away," he said. "Theater directors are used to the process of rehearsal and seeing somebody transform."

It is stage directors' belief in the potential for transformation that Ms. Kidman said allowed her to become Virginia Woolf in "The Hours," with a prosthetic nose. "They're used to the magic of theater and applying that to cinema," she said. "That's the thing that made Stephen say: 'Let's change the angles of your face. It's possible.' "

Each director said he was given considerable creative rope and did not feel compromised by commercial considerations. "What you see is what we meant," Mr. Daldry said.

Mr. Weinstein and Mr. Rudin gambled on these stage directors. Mr. Rudin enlisted Mr. Daldry without even having seen "Billy Elliot" because he loved his plays. "I felt the film needed an intellectual rigor as well as an available emotional life, and his work has always had those things," Mr. Rudin said, adding that he had a couple of other projects with Mr. Daldry in the works.

Miramax, which had held the rights to "Chicago" for 10 years, said Mr. Marshall was the first to come along with a vision that made sense: setting the movie in a nightclub, with the stage scenes playing out in the head of Roxie Hart, the would-be star and spur-of-the-moment felon. "He was so specific about what he wanted to do that you had to give him the shot," said Meryl Poster, the co-president for production of Miramax, who met with Mr. Marshall first before rushing him in to see Mr. Weinstein.

Mr. Weinstein said he hoped to make another musical with Mr. Marshall, possibly "Guys and Dolls."

While there was a steep learning curve for both directors in terms of technical expertise -- camerawork, editing, budgeting -- each director said he felt confident on the set, or at least tried to look as if he did. "To say 'I don't know' in the theater is actually a point of honor," Mr. Daldry said. "To say 'I don't know' in film is tantamount to professional suicide."

Mr. Daldry, reared in Taunton, Somerset, was 15 when his father, a bank cashier, died. The experience was formative. "I got clever very quickly after he died," Mr. Daldry said. "It was freeing and enabling, rather than crippling."

His mother used to perform as a cabaret singer -- Mr. Daldry described her as "a poor man's Eartha Kitt" -- and opened up a new world to him. "What was thrilling was the idea of grown-ups pretending, watching grown-ups play," Mr. Daldry said.

He attended drama school, then did a stint as a clown with a circus. He helped start the Crucible theater company in Sheffield and then became artistic director of the Gate Theater in London. He was tapped to lead the Royal Court in 1992.

His revival of "An Inspector Calls" came to Broadway in 1994, won the Tony Award for best revival and is still playing in London.

Making movies was not his idea. After leaving the Royal Court in 1997, Mr. Daldry was offered a deal with Working Title, the British production company behind films like "Elizabeth," "Four Weddings and a Funeral" and "Fargo." In 1998 he directed the short film "Eight." His big break was "Billy Elliot," a film about a ***working-class*** boy who aspires to be a dancer; it was nominated for an Oscar.

Still, he continues to return to theater. In 1999 he directed "Via Dolorosa," written and performed by Mr. Hare, who adapted Michael Cunningham's book for "The Hours." His next project will be another play by Ms. Churchill, "A Number," which he directed at the Royal Court and Mr. Rudin is to produce on Broadway in the fall.

"Theater is in my bones," Mr. Daldry said. "It's almost relaxing."

For the moment Mr. Daldry -- who divides his time between homes in New York and Hertfordshire -- is focused on fatherhood; he recently married Lucy Sexton, a dancer, and their baby is due in April. "On the whole," he said, "it's been a very blessed trajectory."

Mr. Marshall is the son of educators who took him to musicals and played soundtracks like "Gypsy" and "West Side Story." As a children Mr. Marshall and his sister and brother all landed roles in a local production of "The Sound of Music." He was hooked. "It's that applause thing and the lights and the stage door," he said.

He learned dance from his sister, Kathleen -- now also a director and choreographer -- and started lessons himself at 16. "I literally danced around the living room all the time and broke my parents' coffee table," he said.

He went to Carnegie Mellon University, then won a role in the road company of "A Chorus Line" and the 1983 revival of "Zorba" on Broadway. Mr. Marshall's last show as a performer was "Cats." He began choreographing, first as an assistant, then as the replacement for "Kiss of the Spider Woman," which led to shows like the 1994 Broadway revivals of "Damn Yankees" and "She Loves Me." He was co-director of the Broadway revival of "Cabaret" with Mr. Mendes and came to Mr. Weinstein's attention with the television version of "Annie."

"I know people are saying, who is this guy?" Mr. Marshall said. "But in a way I feel as if I've been preparing for this."

Mr. Marshall said he was not sure what was next for him, in either film or theater. "I'm just trying to enjoy it, to have perspective on it and to keep my feet on the ground," he said, "to go home and wash the dishes and take the dog out."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Stephen Daldry, left, director of "The Hours," and Rob Marshall, who directed "Chicago," are both relatively new to film work. (Steve Goldstein for The New York Times); (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Before they were film directors, Rob Marshall and Stephen Daldry compiled many theatrical credits. In 1994 Mr. Marshall was choreographer on "Damn Yankees," above, with Joey Pizzi, Scott Wise and Cory English. Last November Mr. Daldry directed "Far Away" with Marin Ireland and Chris Messina. (Carol Rosegg); (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2003

**End of Document**



[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN ROSYLN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HH40-0008-Y4F3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By BRADEN PHILLIPS

**Dateline:** WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the 19th

**Body**

-century essayist, poet and New York Post editor, was also one of Long Island's first commuters to Manhattan. A 1842 advertisement for the property in Roslyn he was to buy boasted ''public conveyances to and from the city,'' which meant travel by rail, stage and steamboat, depending on the season.

The trip was three hours each way, but Bryant took it on bravely over his remaining 35 years, demonstrating his love for Roslyn and providing a heartening example for the present-day commuter. The peaceful harbor, lakes and thickly wooded hills that an early Long Island Rail Road brochure described as ''the Switzerland of Long Island'' still give its residents a taste of country life 20 miles from midtown Manhattan.

First settled in 1643, Roslyn Village is a source of pride for many residents and a model of historic preservation for Long Island. Main Street, between East Broadway and Old Northern Boulevard, has 38 pre-Civil War structures, with the earliest, the Van Nostrand-Starkins house, dating from around 1680. Of the dozen or so buildings that constituted the village in the 1790's, eight still stand.

Article describes amenities of living in Roslyn, NY; illustrations; map (M)

''There are villages farther out on the Island that are architecturally as significant,'' said Dr. Roger Gerry, president of the Roslyn Landmark Society, ''but I can't think of any place as close to New York that has the same quality.''

The village's passion for historical preservation was ignited by a 1961 Nassau County plan to turn Roslyn into a traffic circle that would have involved demolition of many of its old buildings.

''By preserving our older buildings,'' Dr. Gerry said, ''we felt that people on a countywide basis would be interested in the survival of the village. Without the early buildings, Roslyn didn't stand a chance.''

About one-fourth of Roslyn's one square mile is in a historic district. Landmark homes, which sell for about $250,000, are closely monitored by the Roslyn Village Historic District Board to maintain an appearance of authenticity. There also is a commercial district in the village with a total of about 30,000 square feet of retail space and a turnover rate of less than 10 percent.

Some parts of Roslyn are zoned for one- eighth acre, but most houses have quarter-acre plots. Starter homes go for $175,000 and the prices range upward to $400,000 for a four-bedroom, two-bath colonial or contemporary.

Roslyn's 2,500 residents pay property taxes to a variety of jurisdictions, including the village itself, North Hempstead Town and Nassau County; generally, a house valued at $100,000 would pay a total annual tax bill of about $2,000. The 1980 census reported the village's average family income as $35,447.

The issues of greatest concern locally are traffic and parking. The construction of the Roslyn bypass in 1949 diverted through traffic and successfully unclogged the village. But the problem has reappeared as the southbound flow toward expanding areas nearby, particularly Port Washington, sometimes turns the village streets into a winding anaconda of cars.

''We are continually asking the county to study the traffic problem and come up with a solution,'' said Vincent Pastor, the Roslyn Village Clerk, ''Another problem is parking. Our Planning Board is working on a set of recommendations, but there just isn't any more space.''

The incorporated villages of East Hills, Roslyn Estates and Roslyn, plus parts of Roslyn Harbor and Flower Hill, make up most of what is informally referred to as greater Roslyn. The unincorporated areas of Roslyn Heights and Greenvale, administered by the Town of North Hempstead, are also a part of the area.

Before the Depression, greater Roslyn was dominated by the large estates of the very rich with names like Mackay, Phipps, and Whitney. The surrounding villages served primarily as supply centers for the maintenance of the estates and their farms.

The Depression ended the Gatsby era, and after World War II, the demand for housing spread eastward. With the rise in property values, the estate owners sold their land to suburban housing developers and the greater Roslyn area changed from a ***working-class*** to an upper-middle class bedroom community.

Greater Roslyn has a population of about 25,000 in an area of about six square miles at the head of Hempstead Harbor, an indentation of the Long Island Sound shoreline. Its boundaries are a meandering line above Northern Boulevard on the north, the Long Island Expressway on the south, Glen Cove Road on the east and Searingtown Road on the west.

The community is predominantly residential and composed almost entirely of single-family homes. The turnover rate is low; most families remain in the same home at least 10 years or longer to raise children. Once on the market, houses usually sell in 60 to 90 days.

Housing prices across greater Roslyn range from $90,000 in a section of Roslyn Heights to $500,000 in Roslyn Estates. Prices rise to $200,000 in parts of East Hills and average $330,000 for a home on at least half an acre in the prime areas of East Hills, Roslyn Estates and Roslyn Harbor. Property-tax rates are generally comparable to those of Roslyn village.

DEMAND, brokers say, far exceeds supply. ''We just don't have enough houses to sell,'' said Claire Sobel, whose real-estate brokerage bears her name. ''Things will always look good here. For a family looking for a home close to the city with top schools, the Roslyn area offers the most for your money. Still, even I'm shocked at what people are getting for their homes.''

A common concern of greater Roslyn residents is crime. Roslyn Estates and East Hills have hired part-time private security patrols to reinforce the protection given by the Nassau County police. The crime rate for the greater Roslyn community is down this year, which the police attribute more to a general overall decline rather than the effects of additional patrols.

Roslyn residents can choose from several restaurants offering moderately priced foods, the most popular being The Jolly Fisherman, on Main Street, and Heads & Tails, on Northern Boulevard. Folk artists perform at My Father's Place, another Main Street restuarant.

The village also has a movie theater, several parks, tennis courts and public swimming pools. For something less strenuous, residents can feed the ducks at the Duck Pond in the center of town.

The Bryant Library contains an excellent collection of its namesake's writings and memorabilia. The Nassau County Fine Arts Museum in the former Childs Frick Estate in Roslyn Harbor is another cultural attraction.

Commuters to Manhattan have a few options. Many take the Long Island Rail Road's Port Washington line from nearby Manhasset, which takes 35 to 40 minutes. Roslyn itself is on the Oyster Bay Line, a route that involves extra time because of a transfer at Jamaica. A monthly L.I.R.R. ticket costs $91. Traveling by car to the city on the Long Island Expressway takes 35 minutes to an hour, depending on traffic.

Enrollment in Roslyn's schools has declined by 500 in the last six years, to 2,700 students. As a result, four elementary schools have been closed. In the same period, however, the overall proportion of property taxes channeled to the school district has risen to 60 percent, an increase of 6 percent.

Ninth-graders have scored well above the national average on the Scholastic Aptitude Test, averaging 479 on the verbal section and 518 on the mathematics section compared to national averages of 426 and 467, respectively. About 90 percent of the graduates go on to higher education.

Space to Quintuple

Realty brokers estimate that Roslyn's commercial space totals no more than 30,000 square feet. That figure will increase five-fold, however, when Roslyn Expressway Plaza is finished. The 120,000- square-foot office and commercial complex is planned for a site off the Long Island Expressway service road, next to the Roslyn train station and outside the historic district.

Construction will start next month on the first three of five buildings: two office buildings with 50,000 and 40,000 square feet of space and a single-tenant, 10,000- square-foot office building. Rents in the larger buildings will range from $22 to $25 per square foot; rates for the smaller office have not been determined. Occupancy is expected in a year. Before then, construction will begin on another 10,000-square-foot, single-tenant building and on 8,000 square feet of retail space.

''I am very excited about the architecture,'' said Lisa Puntillo, a principal for the Jobco Organization, the project's developer. ''Each building has a unique identity but is still part of a unified whole,'' Tast & Clemency of Glen Cove is the architect.

**Graphic**

Map of L.I.; photos of Roslyn

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[***IN PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7C40-0005-G0YV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Spreading the Word***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7C40-0005-G0YV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1574 words

**Byline:** By BARBARA STEWART

By BARBARA STEWART

**Body**

MARIA MAZZIOTTI GILLAN feels about poetry the way another may feel about her homemade pasta: she loves it; she revels in it; she loves making it, and she loves giving it away. She wants you to love it, too. Here, take some. Have some more; it's wonderful.

Ms. Gillan is a poet. Her work has been collected in several books, and with her daughter, Jennifer, she edited an anthology of new American poetry titled "Unsettling America" (Penguin, 1994). She is the founder and director of the Passaic County Community College Poetry Center and its cultural affairs department. She is an immensely energetic and devoted doer in the arts, especially poetry. All over Paterson, and in much of New Jersey, she finds poets and pulls them into the readings.

"New Jersey poetry has the vitality, the electricity, of diverse voices," said Toi Derricotte, a New Jersey-born poet who teaches at the University of Pittsburgh.

Ms. Gillan has helped make it that way. She was born and grew up in Paterson, moved away and came home. Now she cultivates for others what she loves best.

"Everybody told me it couldn't be done, that nobody would come here to hear them," she said, speaking of the poetry readings she holds at the college.

But people do come: a few dozen for her Saturday afternoon readings, a few thousand for the William Carlos Williams Festival she organized last fall in Paterson.

"She's a very selfless person, a very giving person," said Michael Weaver, a poet who teaches at Rutgers. "I think she's a remarkable poet in her own right. But she's very unusual in that she seems to put the greater interests of poetry ahead of her own."

James Haba, poetry coordinator for the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation in Morristown, which sponsors the country's biggest poetry festival, at Waterloo Village every two years, said: "She brings this wonderful Italian enthusiasm to everything she does, and what she does is almost entirely devoted to poetry. She's enormously important in building poetry and poets and people who care for poetry. This is a funny word, but she has a saintly devotion to it."

Other people, she seems to think, are equally devoted but need a little push.

"She'll say, 'I need you to be at somewhere at such and such a date,' " Mr. Weaver said. "She'd already anticipated I'd do it. She gets poets from the whole New York-Philadelphia corridor. People come from as far away as Boston. We all joke about how she very nicely coerces us."

What she hates are poets and critics who think they should enforce standards, and who regard poetry as a pleasure and an art for the educated, the elite. Some argue for classicism and rigor in judging poems. Ms. Gillan's way with poetry is expansive, generous and democratic. And she is not alone.

"Poetry dies in the hands of academics," said Quincy Troupe, a poet teaching at the University of California in San Diego, who is on the Passaic Community College board. "Maria understood that a long time ago. She had the vision to want to popularize poetry, make it accessible to blacks, white ***working-class***, Hispanics, Asians, women, men."

Poetry, Ms. Gillan said, is the way for people, all people, to express their feelings."I don't like poems that are solely intellectual exercises," she said. "I think you should write out of your own background and life. Don't neaten it up. What poetry needs is to be un-neatened. Long, perfect images can distract you from what it's saying, the truth. Those poems are like sausage -- interchangeable.

"I don't want people dying of boredom when I read. I want people crying when I'm finished -- crying or mad at me.

"The archconservatives are closing the gates," she added. "They say you can't write about the personal. All those people who've never had an original idea, saying that poets who aren't writing great intellectual poetry are self-indulgent. Faulkner was right: literature is about truths of the human heart. The archconservatives are for beautiful language and high art. I'm for low art and high heart."

Her own art and heart are centered on her family and on growing up in Paterson as one of three children of Italian immigrants. The family had little money. "My father fixed boilers," she said. "He worked in a silk mill and hurt his back. Then he was a janitor in school. He would sit in on math classes, history classes, whenever he could."

In grammar school and Eastside High School, she felt awkward and shy: "I looked like a little immigrant." The cool teen-agers were "well-to-do, with poodle skirts and angora sweaters."

The first book she remembers reading was Grimms' fairy tales: "magic language," she called it. She worked her way from the A's through the alphabet in the children's books and then the adult books.

"Reading, I was escaping from shyness," she said. "I didn't have anybody saying: 'That's a good book. That's a bad book.' I learned to discriminate between something that really had substance and something that was fluff."

As a teen-ager, she read Walt Whitman, E. E. Cummings, Carl Sandburg. "I have to read everything," she said. "Reading teaches you so much about writing. Those old romantic poets -- lines of theirs ring in my head like bells. I think as you mature as a person, you mature as a writer. Whitman -- I rediscovered him when I was 40. I went, 'Oh, wow, the first time I went through this, I didn't realize how exquisite it was.' "

She went to Seton Hall University on a scholarship and worked toward a master's degree in English from New York University while she was employed full time at the Social Security Administration. She found her own way of writing.

"My poetry is a lot about growing up in Paterson, my life as a daughter in an Italian-American family," she said. "There's a considerable amount of rage. I hope there's a lot of love."

It is poetry that is personal, revealing, emotional. "Writing poetry is like getting undressed in public," Ms. Gillan said. "It can be most humiliating."

She wants to introduce this kind of personal poetry to all the people who say they hate poetry, and to schoolchildren and their parents. As director of cultural affairs for the college, she has helped put poets into schools, and she holds readings at which dressed-up children read their poetry to their parents. "It can't save everybody's life," she said. "But it can save some."

"Unsettling America" is an anthology of poetry of different cultures: Hispanic, black, Italian, Asian. "I wanted people to communicate across ethnic and cultural lines," she said. "I wanted people looking at each other, saying: 'Wait a minute. This person responds just like I do.' "

THREE POEMS

BETRAYALS

At thirteen, I screamed,

"You're disgusting,"

drinking your coffee from a saucer.

Your startled eyes darkened with shame.

You, one dead leg dragging,

counting your night-shift hours,

You, smiling past yellowed, gaping teeth,

You, mixing the eggnog for me yourself

in a fat dime store cup.

How I betrayed you,

over and over, ashamed of your broken tongue,

how I laughed, savage and innocent,

at your mutilations.

Today, my son shouts,

"Don't tell anyone you're my mother,"

hunching down in the car

so the other boys won't see us together.

Daddy, are you laughing?

Oh, how things turn full circle.

My own words coming back

to slap my face.

I was sixteen when you called one night from your work

I called you "dear,"

loving you in that moment

past all the barriers of the heart.

You called again every night for a week.

I never said it again.

I wish I could say it now.

Dear, my Dear,

with your twisted tongue,

I did not understand you

dragging your burden of love. (1980)

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 18

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

Miss Wilson's eyes, opaque

as blue glass, fix on me:

"We must speak English.

We're in America now."

I want to say, "I am American,"

but the evidence is stacked against me.

My mother scrubs my scalp raw, wraps

my shining hair in white rags

to make it curl. Miss Wilson

drags me to the window, checks my hair

for lice. My face wants to hide.

At home, my words smooth in my mouth,

I chatter and am proud. In school,

I am silent, grope for the right English

words, fear the Italian word

will sprout from my mouth like a rose,

fear the progression of teachers

in their sprigged dresses,

their Anglo-Saxon faces.

Without words, they tell me

to be ashamed.

I am.

I deny that booted country

even from myself,

want to be still

and untouchable

as these women

who teach me to hate myself.

Years later, in a white

Kansas City house,

the Psychology professor tells me

I remind him of the Mafia leader

on the cover of Time magazine.

My anger spits

venomous from my mouth:

I am proud of my mother,

dressed all in black,

proud of my father

with his broken tongue,

proud of the laughter

and noise of our house.

Remember me, Ladies,

the silent one?

I have found my voice

and my rage will blow

your house down. (1984)

IN NEW JERSEY ONCE

In New Jersey once, marigolds grew wild.

Fields swayed with daisies.

Oaks stood tall on mountains.

Powdered butterflies graced the velvet air.

Listen. It was like that.

Before the bulldozers.

Before the cranes.

Before the cement sealed the earth.

Even the stars, which used to hang

in thick clusters in the black sky,

even the stars are dim.

Burrow under the blacktop,

under the cement, the old dark earth

is still there. Dig your hands into it,

feel it, deep, alive on your fingers.

Know that the earth breathes and pulses still.

Listen. It mourns. In New Jersey once, flowers grew.

© Maria Mazziotti Gillan. From "Where I Come From: Selected and New Poems" (Guernica Editions, 1995)

**Graphic**

Photo: "Writing poetry is like getting undressed in public," says Maria Mazziotti Gillan, who emphasizes the personal and the emotional. (Julio A. Ibarra Jr. for The New York Times)

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[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:481K-BCF0-01KN-23DC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2150 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "ABOUT SCHMIDT," starring Jack Nicholson, Kathy Bates and Hope Davis. Directed by Alexander Payne (R, 125 minutes). Mr. Nicholson's portrayal of Warren Schmidt, a retired insurance executive from Omaha at loose ends after the death of his wife, may be the most astonishing dramatic transformation of his 44-year screen career. Plodding in a weary, stiff-legged shuffle, this great actor reins in his bad-boy mannerisms to convey a deep, sorrowful awareness of human complexity. As the movie follows the attempts of this staid 66-year-old everyman to regain his equilibrium, it sustains an exquisite balance between a satire of Middle American life and the wrenching pathos of Warren's situation as he tries to form a bond with his resentful grown-up daughter (Ms. Davis) (Stephen Holden).

"ALL THE REAL GIRLS," starring Paul Schneider, Zooey Deschanel and Patricia Clarkson. Written and directed by David Gordon Green (R, 108 minutes). Mr. Green follows "George Washington," his luminous found fable of Southern childhood, with a more conventional story of young love. Mr. Schneider plays a small-town cad whose easygoing promiscuity is derailed by Ms. Deschanel, whose character has just returned home from boarding school. Their sweet, fumbling romance is captured with scruffy, low-key lyricism. The film is an awkward hybrid of free-form, do-it-yourself filmmaking and professional discipline (supplied by the wonderful Ms. Deschanel, and by Ms. Clarkson), but its beauty and sincerity overcome its flaws and hesitations (A. O. Scott).

\* "CATCH ME IF YOU CAN," starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Tom Hanks and Christopher Walken. Directed by Steven Spielberg (PG-13, 140 minutes). This supremely entertaining fable of self-invention in the land of opportunity tells the true story of Frank Abagnale Jr. (Mr. DiCaprio), a teenager from New Rochelle, N.Y., who by the age of 19 had successfully impersonated an airline pilot, a doctor and a lawyer and had amassed millions of dollars from forging checks. Part comedy, part caper film, this picaresque tale gently satirizes the sillier side of the swinging 60's. It is also a cat-and-mouse game in which Frank tries to elude Carl Hanratty (Mr. Hanks), an earnest, fuddy-duddy F.B.I. agent who finally catches up with him in France. Mr. DiCaprio, that chameleonic 28-year-old man-child, is, in a word, sensational (Holden).

"CHICAGO," starring Renee Zellweger, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Richard Gere. Directedand choreographed by Rob Marshall (PG-13, 108 minutes). It's rare to find a picture as exuberant, as shallow -- and as exuberant about its shallowness -- as Mr. Marshall's film adaptation of the Broadway musical "Chicago." The movie, set in Prohibition-era Chicago as it follows the murder trial of the manipulative Kewpie doll Roxie Hart (Ms. Zellweger), is tough, brittle fun. It's the raw expenditure of energy and the canniness of the staging that should pull audiences in and keep them rooted. This, of course, is undoubtedly the best way to present a movie take on Bob Fosse's digressive musical version of "Chicago." This new picture maintains the relentless spirit of Fosse's blunt suavity and the breathless, black-silk enthusiasm of Kander and Ebb's songs. Ms. Zeta-Jones, in Louise Brooks wig and ruthless smile, is Roxie's fellow felon and jailbird, Velma. And as the big-ticket defense lawyer and jury barometer Billy Flynn, Mr. Gere has never been better, turning spoiled princeling arrogance into a witty revel (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "CITY OF GOD," starring Alexandre Rodrigues, Leandro Firmino da Hora and Seu Jorge. Directed by Fernando Meirelles (R, 130 minutes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). A scorching anecdotal history of gang warfare in the slums of Rio de Janeiro, "City of God" is narrated by Rocket (Mr. Rodrigues), a young photographer who chronicles the deterioration of the housing project in which he grew up from a shantytown into a war zone. The movie, which begins in the 1960's and ends in the early 80's, parallels Rocket's story with the rise of his childhood playmate Li'l Ze (Mr. da Hora) from a petty thief into a ruthless drug dealer and neighborhood kingpin commanding a small army of gun-toting children. The history is told in a loose, tall-tale style that suggests a quasi-cinema-verite version of Martin Scorsese's "Goodfellas" (Holden).

"DAREDEVIL," starring Ben Affleck, Jennifer Garner, Colin Farrell and Michael Clarke Duncan. Written and directed by Mark Steven Johnson (PG-13, 96 minutes). Sometimes playing a comic-book hero gives actors a chance to show suave, stylized moves. After stripping off their civvies, they emerge from the phone booth a star. Christopher Reeve gave a breezy, farcical charge to Superman and Clark Kent. As Batman and his alter ego, the wastrel playboy Bruce Wayne, Michael Keaton seemed to have a thousand things on his mind, most of them unpleasant. But poor Ben Affleck is lost in the minor, passable "Daredevil," where he portrays the blind, red-costumed and horn-headed crime fighter whose other senses -- hearing, touch, taste -- were exaggerated in the chemical accident that cost him his sight. A big man, Mr. Affleck is shriveled by the one-dimensional role. Even his scarlet leather outfit makes him diminutive. The interlocked double D on his left breast makes him look like part of the food-service industry: "Hi, I'm Daredevil, and I'll be your superhero this evening" (Mitchell).

"FINAL DESTINATION 2," starring Ali Larter, A. J. Cook and Michael Landes. Directed by David R. Ellis (R, 97 minutes). This gleefully morbid sequel may, in the end, be as nonsensical as its title, but it's also much more imaginative. Ms. Larter is Clear Rivers, the sole survivor of the first "Final Destination," who has locked herself away to hide from the grisly death she is sure must be stalking her. Ms. Cook is Kimberly, who has foreseen, and escaped, a horrific traffic accident and is now similarly stalked. But death, which turns out to have a macabre and elaborate sense of humor, gets all thebest material, and the filmmakers delight in staging a series of ghoulishly slapstick demises, involving pigeons and refrigerator magnets as well as the more traditional exploding cars and out-of-control elevators. The spirit of the movie is best summed up in the following line, spoken by a television news reporter after one such death. "Ironically, the woman was impaled through the head after her air bag inflated." Ironically indeed (Scott).

\* "GANGS OF NEW YORK," starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Daniel Day-Lewis and Cameron Diaz. Directed by Martin Scorsese (R, 165 minutes). Long awaited, enormously expensive, endlessly gossiped about, Mr. Scorsese's brutal epic of mid-19th-century Manhattan is a near-great film that, as time goes by, may well make up the distance. As has happened before with this director's films, the fairly conventional story -- a revenge tragedy pitting a young Irish immigrant (Mr. DiCaprio) against his father's killer, a nativist warlord (Mr. Day-Lewis) -- is less interesting than the setting. Mr. Day-Lewis gives his character, known as Bill the Butcher, an earthy Shakespearean grandeur. In his mouth the rough vernacular of the old New York streets becomes poetry. If Mr. DiCaprio and Ms. Diaz (in the underimagined role of a spirited pickpocket) don't shed their movie-star auras, they do show themselves to be intrepid and engaging actors. But the real achievement of the movie is the way it brings history to life, not merely by meticulously recreating its details but by offering a troubling and timely interpretation of how the violence and iniquity of the past continues to ramify into the present. The film, flawed and indelible, is nothing less than an attempt to re-imagine the germs of America's historical identity. It suggests, with vivid plausibility, that clues to the national character can be found in the violent, contradictory and often tragic story of the urban immigrant ***working class*** (Scott).

"HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN 10 DAYS," starring Kate Hudson, Matthew McConaughey and Bebe Neuwirth. Directed by Donald Petrie (PG-13, 100 minutes). Yet another mediocre New York romantic comedy, yes, but notably less mediocre than "Maid in Manhattan" and "Two Weeks Notice." This is because Ms. Hudson and Mr. McConaughey are an energetic, well-matched comic pair, and because the writers have smuggled a few sharp, funny jokes into the lockstep conventions of the plot. The premise, too, has a nice frost of screwball cynicism, as the two principals woo each other for venal, professional reasons. Ben (Mr. McConaughey), a tomcatting ad man, must make a woman fall in love with him if he is to win a big account; to write a feature story for a women's magazine, Andie (Ms. Hudson) must drive a man away. Would you believe that they actually fall in love? Nobody would, but it's sometimes fun to pretend, just as it's fun to pretend that the advertising and magazine industries are untouched by recession, the Knicks are in the N.B.A. finals and Staten Island is full of people who talk as if they're from Texas (Scott).

"KANGAROO JACK," starring Jerry O'Connell, Anthony Anderson and Christopher Walken. Directed by David McNally (PG, 88 minutes). A marsupial steals some mob money from a pair of half-wit Brooklynites (Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Anderson), who are pursued across the Outback by various Australian and New York heavies. This might have been amusing, but except for the guilty pleasure of seeing Mr. Walken in yet another unredeemably bad movie, there is very little fun to be had. The movie's crude, dippy humor seems motivatedby a deep contempt for its intended audience of school-age children (Scott).

"THE LIFE OF DAVID GALE," starring Kevin Spacey. Directed by Alan Parker (R, 130 minutes). In this would-be thriller, Mr. Spacey plays a death-penalty opponent facing execution for murder. As the title character, a downtrodden philosophy professor and activist who's become an alcoholic criminal, he evinces a weariness in his voice. The words float out of his mouth as if he were too tired to muster the strength for a single inflection, and this gives the picture the merest trace of believability. But that's before the crude, bullying narrative begins peppering the audience with kidney punches: "David Gale" may be the first liberal-leaning movie that could be brought up on assault charges since its director made "Midnight Express." Mr. Parker seems to think audiences are incapable of coming to their own conclusions, so he relieves them of that burden by doing it for them (Mitchell).

"LOST IN LA MANCHA," with Terry Gilliam. Written and directed by Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe (R, 89 minutes). After watching this fascinating and compelling new documentary, you may forever wonder how it is that movies are made at all. "Lost" may not be a great piece of filmmaking, but it is a great story; its directors display dramatic intelligence. "Lost" is an inside view of how a film -- in this case, Mr. Gilliam's "Man Who Killed Don Quixote" -- can fall to pieces, even under the guidance of a master director. Imagine watching a real-life version of Ian McKellen's kindly, indomitable Gandalf in "Lord of the Rings" give his life for his cause, only to find that his supreme gesture is meaningless because his fellows are slaughtered anyway. That's what "Lost" is like. What's clear and astonishingly entertaining about "Lost" is that the directors' only good luck was that they happened to be safely behind the scenes when epic mishaps struck so often on the set that Beelzebub probably put in for overtime (Mitchell).

"THE RECRUIT," starring Al Pacino, Colin Farrell and Bridget Moynahan. Directed by Roger Donaldson (PG-13, 105 minutes). The C.I.A. setting, the utterly predictable plot twists, the chase scenes and the climactic bout of gunplay may suggest a thriller, but really this slick and pointless exercise belongs to a more specialized genre: the Al Pacino crazy-mentor picture. This time, Mr. Pacino is Walter Burke, whose job is to recruit and train intelligence operatives. "I have a scary eye for talent," he says. What Mr. Pacino displays is his peculiar, and often amusing, gift for ranting, spluttering and braying, and his wildly unpredictable, borderline-incoherent performance is the only interesting thing in the movie. Mr. Farrell, as Burke's troubled protege, James Clayton, an M.I.T. graduate student who seems to have misplaced his shaving kit in all the excitement, works very hard without producing anything like the casual, nutty intensity Mr. Pacino can summon so effortlessly. Ms. Moynahan is James's fellow trainee and love interest, who may or may not be a mole (Scott).

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Kevin Spacey and Laura Linney in "The Life of David Gale," a film about a death-penalty opponent. (David Appleby/Universal Studios)

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**Byline:**  By William Murray; William Murray is the author of "City of the Soul: A Walk in Rome" (Crown).

**Body**

Berlin, in the warmer months, is an open-air festival, its youthful population swarming through the streets on bicycles or sitting at its many outdoor cafes. Who would have believed it? The city has risen from the ruins of World War II, reconstituting itself practically minute by minute as a hub of art and culture. Reunited as the nation's capital, Berlin has become an international center to rival Paris, London and New York.

The Mood

Apart from the sheer energy that seems to emanate from the very stones here, my first reaction as I drove into Berlin a few months ago was amazement at its size. The city is as large as New York, spread out in a seemingly haphazard fashion in every direction, crisscrossed by wide boulevards and the elevated rail lines of its superb transportation system. Three and a half million people of 184 nationalities live and work here, making their way to and from their homes and jobs through great agglomerations of new housing projects, government buildings and corporate towers.

This daily scene reflects the elan of a population relentlessly on the move toward the future. And yet Berlin cannot refute its tragic past -- nor does it try to. All over the city are reminders, like the bomb-ruined tower of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church, the plaque near the Zoo Station listing the names of all the concentration camps and, on the Operaplatz, the simple, moving memorial to the Nazi book burnings: a pane of glass through which the viewer looks down at rows of symbolically empty bookshelves. Then there is the elegant villa, set in a park in suburban Wannsee, where a well-documented exhibit recalls the conference of Nazi leaders there on Jan. 20, 1942, when the extermination of Europe's Jews was decided.

The Jewish Museum on Lindenstrasse, in what used to be called the eastern sector, holds a scrupulously assembled collection that recalls the history of the Jewish community in Germany. It is mostly on display in a reconstructed 18th-century courthouse. More exhibition areas are in an adjacent new building linked to the old one by a tunnel, a stunning zigzag-shaped design by the architect Daniel Libeskind that ultimately leads to the Holocaust Tower. I entered not knowing what to expect and found myself standing suddenly in total silence and darkness, transfixed. That silence, that darkness convey the full horror of the victims' fate more eloquently than any photograph.

Berlin is now a new city, full of young people who quite rightly feel no direct responsibility for the atrocities committed by others in a now distant past. They are more prone to remember with pride their 30-year resistance to the East German Communist regime sheltering itself behind the hideous wall it built in 1961. The structure cut off about a third of the city and led to the slaughter of more than 200 would-be fugitives. A few segments remain as a reminder, as does Checkpoint Charlie, an adjacent museum and, most eloquently, a row of white crosses where some of the victims were gunned down.

An irony of history is that Berlin has almost always been considered a tolerant and liberal town, from its earliest days as a village on the banks of the River Spree. When it became a city in 1709, it readily accepted foreigners, including many Jews and thousands of French Huguenots fleeing persecution in their own country. Today the city's traditional tolerance is reflected in its politics, extremely liberal by American standards. There are daily peaceful demonstrations of one sort or another -- on the day I visited the newly reopened Brandenburg Gate, a gaggle of distressed dentists, dressed in their white smocks, had gathered under waving banners to denounce a new tax law.

Berliners, who often speak to one another in dialect, have a rough, aggressive sense of humor, but everywhere I went with my pidgin German I found them to be unfailingly courteous and helpful. They can be funny and sarcastic about their

own excesses, by referring, for instance, to the two enormous new office towers built by their big auto companies as "Notre Daimler" and "Big Benz." Still, to me the humor seems essentially benign.

Perhaps this is because Berlin is not unlike a huge village. A third of the city is green. The public park of the Tiergarten is a large forest in the middle of town and to the west is the Grunewald, more than 12 square miles of woods traversed by hiking trails and bicycle paths and dotted by unpolluted lakes and streams.

"Berlin is very vital but still has the feeling of an island," a German novelist explained to me. "We don't even have a major airport yet. And we don't have honking traffic jams or motor scooters running up our backs."

The Food

German cuisine is not noted for its delicacy, and Berlin's is no exception. The local dishes are robust and challenging, featuring mainly pork. Sausages, chops and various kinds of meat dumplings are accompanied by side orders of red cabbage and sauerkraut. Also on the menus are potato dishes heavy enough to anchor a ship. My first meal on this trip to Berlin, served in a small local brewery a few blocks from my hotel, found me confronting an enormous ham hock that could have easily fed a family of four.

The beer, of course, was excellent.

Berliners don't sit down to eat these huge meals every day. During working hours they tend to favor lighter fare and, like city dwellers everywhere, eat on the run, often standing up at fast-food places such as the imbiss (snack) stalls that serve German sausages as well as Greek gyros and Turkish kebabs. A favorite of Berliners is currywurst, a sausage liberally sprinkled with curry powder and accompanied by French fries. In Berlin this is considered a snack.

Some of the best places to eat in Berlin are at the food stalls in the covered markets at Wilmersdorferstrasse in the fashionable residential area of Charlottenburg and on Marheinkeplatz in Kreuzberg, a lively ***working-class*** district in East Berlin. Both markets offer up mouthwatering displays of fresh produce, meats, poultry, fish, cheeses and every kind of delicacy. The specialties are international, reflecting the influx into the city in recent years of workers and immigrants from all over the world.

This diversity is what makes Berlin a great dining town. There are, as in any world capital, the usual expensive restaurants for corporate types and well-heeled tourists, but the real pleasures are to be experienced in the scores of smaller, more intimate places now scattered about in every quarter. The Charlottenburg district alone is peppered with Italian, French, Greek, Cambodian, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Malaysian, Japanese, Vietnamese and Mexican bistros, mostly very reasonably priced. My first night in the city, my wife, Alice, and I wandered into the XII Apostoli, where we shared a salad and a pizza as crisp and delicious as any I've ever eaten in Naples. The room was packed with young people cheerfully munching away on pizzas and calzones, simple or topped and stuffed with all sorts of ingredients.

Restaurants, cafes and bars are popping up all over town with such bewildering speed that it's almost impossible to keep up with which ones are in and with which clientele, trendy or otherwise. In East Berlin, now experiencing a culinary boom, we ate one night at Monsieur Vuong, a noisy, cheerful spot crammed with a mostly younger crowd wolfing down the best Vietnamese food I'd ever tasted. And the best local cooking we came across was at the Risacher in Savignyplatz, where we sat on benches at a plain wooden table to eat roast goose accompanied by a fine French claret.

A great place to eat at midday was the top floor of the KaDeWe department store in midtown near the enormous Europa Center. KaDeWe is a contraction of Kaufhaus des Westens (Department Store of the West) and bills itself as the largest such emporium on the Continent. The sixth floor consists entirely of a food hall larger than the one at Harrods in London, and its choice displays of staples and delicacies are awe-inspiring. Scattered about among the counters are stands and small enclaves that serve all sorts of dishes, like caviars and elaborate omelets. Watching the chefs wielding their pots, pans and spatulas with the skill of trained jugglers is alone worth the modest price of the meals.

And if you're a chocolate freak, the place for you is Fassbender und Rausch on Mohrenstrasse, the largest chocolate shop in Europe. Not only is every kind of chocolate available, but citizens can indulge their patriotic frenzies by buying scale models of the Reichstag or the Brandenburg Gate to nibble off a cornice or a column or two on their way home.

The Style

For well over a century, style in Berlin reflected the architectural conceits of Karl Friedrich Schinkel (1781-1841), who, between 1815 and 1830, designed most of the city's famous public buildings and churches. He favored a strictly neo-Classical approach that featured large porticos resting on Doric or Ionic colonnades. His buildings, newly restored, accurately reflect the political and imperial ambitions of Prussia.

Berliners today, however, are more drawn to an environment of space and light. They like to stroll down their great boulevards such as the Kurfurstendamm, with its elegant shops and cafes. The familiar old Ku'damm, though, is now just one of many such focal points, as the major thrust of redevelopment and construction has shifted east, where some of the world's most celebrated architects are designing a new city.

An open, airy flow of government buildings known as the Band des Bundes is rising along the banks of the Spree. At Potsdamer Platz, one of Europe's busiest squares, the work of redevelopment has been going on since 1990, practically from the day the wall came down. The German-American architect Helmut Jahn has created the Sony Center, with a 26-story skyscraper and a spectacular oval roof floating over a central plaza. The Daimler-Benz area was entrusted to the Italian Renzo Piano, who created the 18-story triangular building thrust like the prow of an ocean liner toward the viewer approaching Potsdamer Platz from the west.

Everywhere I went I came upon something new and remarkable -- Frank Gehry's asymmetrical glass atrium for the DG Bank, for example, or Jean Nouvel's gleaming curved facade for the Galeries Lafayette. Even the failures are interesting, like the stolid sandstone block of the Adlon Hotel on Unter den Linden, the unimaginative recreation of a hostelry so luxurious that, according to Berliners, "the waiters tip each other."

Only two or three other cities in the world can offer up such a rich variety of artistic and cultural enterprises as Berlin, with three symphony orchestras, several chamber music ensembles, three opera houses, a ballet company, traditional theater companies (including the Berliner Ensemble), a host of experimental theater groups and an active cabaret scene.

During my stay I attended a lustily booed performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" at the Deutsche Oper, in which, among other calamities, the Priests of Babylon appeared on stage costumed as bumblebees, but it was compensated for two nights later by an electrifying evening of Beethoven trios at the Philharmonie in the Tiergarten.

Berlin's museums are among the most extraordinary anywhere. The Agyptisches Museum contains the treasures dug up by German archaeologists in Egypt, including its most prized piece, the bust of Nefertiti. Museum Island in the east is home to four institutions, the most famous of which houses the ancient Greek Pergamon Altar, dug up in western Turkey, and the Ishtar Gate from Babylon. Days could be spent wandering around the Kulturforum museum complex, just west of Potsdamer Platz, where the Neue Nationalgalerie, designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1965, is itself a work of art, a simple shimmering glass box that seems to float lightly above the ground.

Although the German economy has been in disarray and the unemployment rate is high, Berlin is still a city on the move, its eyes fixed on the future. To me the most potent symbol of this attitude is the remodeled Reichstag. Originally built in 1884, the ponderous structure was crowned by a glass dome topped by the imperial crest and functioned off and on through its turbulent history as the seat of Parliament. When Berlin again became the country's capital, Sir Norman Foster, the British architect, was called on to design a new roof. After much wrangling with the politicians, he eventually came up with a masterpiece, a dome of steel, glass and mirrors with gently sloping ramps along which visitors can stroll either to gaze out over the whole city or down at the lawmakers in session directly below. Thus Berlin is asked to look out

at the world and also into its very soul.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Contrasting images at Checkpoint Charlie: A model Russian soldier, and a nude model adorned with coffee cups.; Right: Sir Norman Foster's dramatic Reichstag building. Below: The elegant facade of Charlottenburg Palace. Bottom: Testing a Volkswagen simulator in the Sony Center.; Right: The food hall at the KaDeWe department store stocks both delicacies and staples like sausages. Top: Fine chocolates at Fassbender und Rausch. Above: Young diners at the XII Apostoli.; Right: Katia Herman, a Berliner, in front of an ever-changing mural on a segment of the wall. Top: Tall wigs, high fashion. Above: The Art Nouveau, a boutique hotel. (Wendy Sue Lamm/Contrasto for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V26-BGD0-007F-G2XH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Focusing on Glam Rock's Blurring of Identity***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V26-BGD0-007F-G2XH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 8, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1777 words

**Byline:** Todd Haynes

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

ANYONE who watches "Velvet Goldmine," Todd Haynes's extravagant, silver-spangled, $7 million valentine to glam rock, is bound to wonder if the filmmaker was himself once a glitter-crazed teen-age rebel who hennaed his hair, experimented with cross-dressing, and pranced around in six-inch platform shoes. The answer is no.

"Velvet Goldmine," which is set mostly in London in the early 1970's, follows the rise, fall and mysterious disappearance of Brian Slade, a David Bowie-like superstar whose stage alter-ego, Maxwell Demon, bears striking similarities to Mr. Bowie's most notorious invention, that flame-haired, extraterrestrial androgyne Ziggy Stardust. The movie also observes Brian's stormy, sexually-charged relationships with two Americans: his flamboyantly theatrical wife Mandy (Toni Collette), who resembles Mr. Bowie's former wife Angela, and Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor), a surly exhibitionistic rocker who suggests Iggy Pop crossed with Jim Morrison.

But for all the characters' resemblances to real people, "Velvet Goldmine," which opened Friday, doesn't pretend to be a cinematic roman a clef about the glam rock era. What Mr. Haynes has constructed is a surreal pop fantasia that includes 23 songs, some of them done as lavish production numbers whose opulence rivals the glitziest fantasies of Busby Berkeley. At these moments, "Velvet Goldmine" looks and feels almost like science fiction.

"There were so many movies that affected me," Mr. Haynes says in an interview, "but the ones that influenced this film the most came out of the drug culture -- movies like "2001," "A Clockwork Orange" and "Performance."

"Velvet Goldmine" also tips its hat to "Citizen Kane." Brian's story is reconstructed through the eyes of Arthur Stuart (Christian Bale), a reporter who was once one of the star's most ardent fans. A decade has passed since Brian, at the height of his stardom, sabotaged his career by faking his own onstage assassination. Assigned to write a whatever-happened-to story about Brian (it is now 1984), Arthur embarks on a search that is as much an investigation into his own troubled youth as it is a "Citizen Kane"-like quest for the "Rosebud" in Brian's past.

Although it would be easy to assume that the reporter is a stand-in for Mr. Haynes, they share few, if any, similarities. Where Arthur comes from a brutal English ***working-class*** background, Mr. Haynes, 37, grew up in comfortable circumstances in the Los Angeles suburb of Encino.

Mr. Haynes was too young in 1972 (the year Mr. Bowie brought his Ziggy Stardust tour to the United States) to appreciate glam rock at its height. "I was only 11," the lean, wholesome-looking filmmaker recalls over a plate of calamari at the Bowery Bar in NoHo. "But I remember when suddenly there were these girls wearing lipstick and bright colored clothes and painting their nails. They had a tough, cool, blase attitude and talked about Ziggy and Iggy and bisexual this and bisexual that. It was so antithetical to the 60's ideology and style that at the time I found it a little off-putting."

It was as an undergraduate at Brown University, where he majored in art and semioticsin the early 1980's, that Mr. Haynes became fascinated with glam rock, the campy, dandified English style popularized not only by Mr. Bowie but by Marc Bolan, Roxy Music and Gary Glitter and adopted by American rockers like Lou Reed and Iggy Pop, both of whom were briefly Bowie proteges. Two 1970's pop albums that were much admired in the artistic circles in which Mr. Haynes traveled while at college were "Here Come the Warm Jets" and "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy," by the rock experimentalist Brian Eno, who had played synthesizer in Roxy Music. Mr. Eno had also produced three albums for Mr. Bowie in the late 1970's. Working his way back through these albums, Mr. Haynes developed a new appreciation for the glam music culture that had put him off a decade earlier.

"The more I researched, the more I discovered a clear intellectual lineage that went back to Oscar Wilde," he says. "What glam rock kept demonstrating was the same basic position against nature, played out in a popular context. I kept seeing recurrences in the ideas distinguishing the glam artists from the 60's rock stars who preceded them, and the ideas distinguishing Wilde from the romantics who had come before him. In both cases there was a playing with sexual orientation, an emphasis on the pose, and the notion of self-consciously constructing yourself as a star."

Superficially, "Velvet Goldmine" could not be more different in tone from Mr. Haynes's last film, "Safe," a cool, visually elegant portrait of a Southern California woman (played by Julianne Moore) who develops an environmental disease and flees to a sinister, pollution-free new-age commune in New Mexico. "Safe," in turn, seemed a radical departure from "Poison," the notorious 1991 film that won him the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance and infuriated right-wing critics of the National Endowment for the Arts, which had provided $25,000 of the movie's $250,000 budget. "Poison" folded together three stories, including a horror film parody and a prison drama adapted from Jean Genet, into an elliptical parable about paranoia and social stigmatization in the age of AIDS.

That film, an art-house hit, which earned $1 million, was a huge stylistic leap from Mr. Haynes's first film, "Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story." In that 43-minute biopic of the singer who died of anorexia, the characters are played by Barbie dolls. Because of its unauthorized use of the Carpenters' music, "Superstar" has not been allowed to be shown since 1990.

As different as they are from one another, however, all four of Mr. Haynes's feature films share an attitude that Mr. Haynes describes as "oppositional."

"I'm a political filmmaker, and the politics of identity is where I see the core of my focus," he explains. "We live in a society that insists on prescribing our identities. I think the glam era posed some of the strongest dangers to that by encouraging a refusal of any fixed category for sexual orientation or identity in general. Glam rock was invested in blurring the difference between masculinity and femininity, heterosexuality and homosexuality, and that's tough on society. All those lines were rigorously reinstated in the 80's."

For someone this dedicated to challenging the status quo, Mr. Haynes seems devoid of the hostility often associated with artistic rebels. The oldest of three children born to parents he describes as "doggedly liberal and incredibly loving and supportive," he is mild-mannered and boyishly enthusiastic. His father, a sales representative for a cosmetics company, recently helped Mr. Haynes's younger brother Shawn set up his own line, "The Velvet Goldmine Collection."

"Although I had a wonderful childhood, I still remember being angst-ridden all my life," he says. "I had friends and was popular, but I identified with people who were unhappy and often befriended the person who was the outcast. I felt terrorized by the notions of what a man is supposed to be in the world."

The realization that he was gay, he says, drove him to explore sexual politics. His study of feminism provided him with a theoretical perspective that has exerted a profound influence on work.

Mr. Haynes was only 9 when he made his first film, "Romeo and Juliet," (inspired by the Franco Zeffirelli film), in which he played all the parts, using double exposure. During his high school years, while a student at The Oakwood School, an arts-oriented private school in North Hollywood, he spent two years producing a 23-minute short called "The Suicide," about a sensitive boy struggling through high school. His main film project while at Brown was a 43-minute Godardian study of Rimbaud and Verlaine.

Each of his commercially released films, Mr. Haynes says, involved a different experiment. "In 'Superstar,' I wanted to tell a story with dolls and in the process make you forget you were watching dolls," he says. " 'Poison' was an experiment in reading, in asking an audience to actively engage with different ways of telling almost the same story. 'Safe' was an experiment in restraint and in not giving an audience every answer as to how to read a character. It follows the exact line that a disease-of-the-week movie would follow. But when the character finds a therapeutic or spiritual answer, that answer is wrong. 'Velvet Goldmine's' experiment is in its excess and stylization and its attempt to keep an emotional engagement."

One of Mr. Haynes's most ardent champions is his producer, Christine Vachon, whose company, Killer Films, was the co-producer of the current art-house hit "Happiness" by the other hot young filmmaker named Todd (Solondz).

"Todd has a special understanding of film language, of how everything works together from the tiniest prop to the sound effects," Ms. Vachon says of Mr. Haynes. "Each film comes fully formed in his mind, and then he painstakingly has to fill it out. I don't know any other director who does that to that degree."

"Velvet Goldmine" had a difficult birth. As it was about to go into production, the French company that had underwritten the original $8 million budget pulled out of the project. The producers then had to scramble to get another deal (for only $7 million), which meant that the shooting schedule had to be cut by several days. When Mr. Bowie refused to let the filmmakers use his songs, Mr. Haynes had to assemble a score that mixed cover versions of non-Bowie glam rock songs from the 1970's (including several early Roxy Music numbers) with made-to-order period pastiches. One of his models was the fictional 1993 movie about the Beatles, "Backbeat," in which young postpunk bands re-recorded and revitalized the group's early music.

If "Velvet Goldmine" at moments resurrects the glamour of oldtime Hollywood musicals, in other ways the movie is pointedly anti-Hollywood. It isn't a boy meets girl (or boy) and lives happily-ever-after story. And unlike the typical rock-and-roll movie, in which the music liberates the characters and makes the world a groovier place, the glam rock movement is remembered as a phenomenon that, no matter how liberating it might have seemed at the time, didn't go anywhere.

Mr. Haynes abhors the way contemporary Hollywood films "only confirm social ideas of identity and reward them at the end.

"Film is an incredibly powerful medium that both reflects and instructs," he says. "That's why its job shouldn't be to tell you the truth or show you the cool way to be. As Fassbinder said, you can't give people the revolution. All you can do is show them the problems."

**Graphic**

Photos: The director Todd Haynes and the glam rockers of "Velvet Goldmine," Jonathon Rhys Meyers, left, and Ewan McGregor. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. 13); Julianne Moore (with Xander Berkeley) flees to a new-age commune in Todd Haynes' 1995 film "Safe." (Sony Pictures Classics)(pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** November 8, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Immigrants Fight Residency Rules Blocking Children in L.I. Schools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7DB0-0005-G2MG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DOREEN CARVAJAL

By DOREEN CARVAJAL

**Dateline:** HEMPSTEAD, L.I., Aug. 5

**Body**

Thirteen years after the Supreme Court ruled that immigrant children are entitled to a free public education, Daniel Amaya plays on the hard concrete stoop of a garden apartment, a few skips from a school that will not enroll him.

At age 9, he is far too young to question why a school would bar him from the third grade or refuse him a desk in the crowded fall class of fourth graders in the Hempstead public schools. "The school wanted many things that we did not have," Daniel said in Spanish, his voice high and clear. These "things," are lease contracts, mortgage statements and notarized letters from absentee landlords -- documents that are the precious tickets to education in many Long Island schools and other suburban districts in the country.

Determined to save money or ease overcrowding, school districts are demanding the documents to winnow out students who actually live in other areas. But immigrant rights groups contend that the rules are so burdensome that some districts have locked out poor immigrant families, undocumented or not, more effectively than an old-fashioned politician barricaded at the schoolhouse steps.

The districts are not denying schooling outright to children because they are immigrants. But immigrant groups complain that stringent residency tests often have the same result because many struggling families who live doubled up with others cannot obtain the paper work to enroll their children.

"It's rotten," said Roger Rice, co-executive director of Multicultural Education and Training Advocacy, a Boston-based group that helps immigrant students. "It's wrong. It's illegal. And you wonder where the heads are of these school people. Why would school people want to keep kids out of school?

"Five years ago, we didn't hear about this kind of thing," he continued. "The fact is that this has become a big issue and we've got to deal with it."

So volatile is the debate that when the Hempstead School Board decided last Thursday night to review its residency tests, the school registration clerk, Sheriva Scott, angrily protested, refusing the board president's entreaties to remain silent.

Ms. Scott took the microphone at the public board meeting, warning that the board's plan to review and possibly revise the rules could intensify school overcrowding.

"You have got to streamline the people who are coming in, and the only way to do that is to make sure the registration is tight," she said after the meeting. It does not trouble her, she added, if some children are denied schooling and a future.

"What future do the children of Hempstead have if there are 35 to a classroom and they can't touch computers?" she asked. "This is like being at war and we know there are victims."

Legal clashes have already occurred in places like Randolph, a Boston-area suburb, which was sued by lawyers for Multicultural Education and Training Advocacy. The group complained that the district had improperly asked a young Haitian student's family to provide a green card, a formal guardianship order and a rental lease containing the child's name.

The case is pending in Federal court; so far, the courts have not ruled on how narrowly residency tests may be applied to immigrants. But meanwhile the organization and others like it are still receiving complaints about unfair residency requirements from immigrant parents in suburban Texas, Florida, New Jersey and New York.

The Supreme Court established the right of undocumented immigrant children to a free public education in a 1982 Texas case, Plyler v. Doe. The Court essentially concluded that by "denying these children a basic education, we deny them the ability to live within the structure of our civil institutions." To withhold schooling, they warned, could perpetuate a "subclass of illiterates."

Last year, officials in Elmont, L.I., circulated registration forms that included a blank space for green card numbers, a practice that immigrant rights groups consider a form of intimidation. The North Babylon, L.I., school district has also asked for deeds and mortgage statements. Hempstead also pushed parents to produce a mortgage or a rental lease signed with their names.

In this ***working-class*** village, the tensions about registration have pitted homeowners against newcomers from Central America who live "sub-arrendada," subletting cheap rooms from friends or relatives without any formal lease.

The growth of the Central American population in Hempstead -- who have nicknamed their adopted town Little El Salvador -- has strained the resources of the troubled district. Hempstead is struggling with budget deficits and low state academic ratings. Since 1984, the number of Hispanic students has doubled to 27 percent while the number of black students has dropped to 72 percent. Despite the surge in immigrant students, there is not a large number of Hispanic school employees; only one registration worker speaks Spanish.

August is when mothers and children make their pilgrimages to the Hempstead schools' stuffy registration office, which is decorated with cheerful drawings of stick-figure children flying kites and playing in a world of rainbows and golden suns.

It is not difficult to spot the rejected parents, women with tears in their eyes, mothers with crestfallen expressions. Their war stories from the bureaucratic front follow a similar pattern: scornful workers who tossed their papers back at them; clerks who dismissed their pleas for help with a blunt response: "It's not my problem."

Education is compulsory in New York for all children between the ages of 6 and 16. And the State Education Department expects schools to set flexible residency tests to accommodate parents. But districts are left to police themselves unless someone complains.

"We generally look for a lease in the parents' name," said Richard Jones, a department spokesman. "But if the parents don't have that, the parents should be provided opportunities to provide additional evidence like an affidavit, a driver's license, pay stubs."

District officials estimate that eight families have been affected by the policy requiring parents to show a rental lease with their name. But one school employee said the number is greater with as many as 30 families, the majority of them Hispanic, who have been turned away.

"That was not our intent to deny a child an education," said the school board president, Robin Brazley, adding, "There are equal numbers of ethnic groups that are affected by the policy and it was not ever the interest of anybody to discriminate."

Some social workers did try to intervene with school officials earlier this summer. Angeles Davila-Paultre, a Nassau County counselor for early childhood intervention, offered to visit the home of a 3-year-old child from El Salvador to prove that she lived in the district and was eligible for the district's special education program.

"The mother has an affidavit from her friend saying that he rents her a room," Ms. Davila-Paultre said. "But they would not take that. They just wanted that lease."

The registration process has often been whimsical, depending on the mood of school employees. Last week, Maria Antonia Cadenas, a Guatemalan maid, spent more than four hours shuttling her two children between the registration office and her nearby apartment in a search for more documents. While she waited to learn the fate of her 6-year-old son, Bryan, a young African-American woman came to the office with a similar story.

The woman told school employees that she also has a 6-year-old child but lacked a lease since she lives with her mother. To prove it, she offered a stack of mail in her name. Twenty minutes later, she signed a few papers and left, smiling.

That day, school officials also accepted Ms. Cadenas's son, although she still lacked a lease and a signed note from her apartment building's owner.

"You know, she's going to sue the district," whispered one of the employees, who knew that Ms. Cadenas had sought help from the Central American Refugee Center in Hempstead, which has taken complaints about the residency tests from more than 10 immigrant families.

But a week later, when Daniel Amaya and his mother arrived for their eighth visit to the registration office, his application was rejected again. His mother lacked a lease in her name because she lived with her two sisters, who had signed for the apartment. The district wanted the building owner's signature.

"I have no idea who the owner is," said Mrs. Amaya, who speaks no English.

Last year, Daniel had stayed home from school for the same reason. He occupied his lost third grade by trying to learn English from television cartoons. Sometimes, his aunts tried to test him with exercises in math, his favorite subject. But the relatives had little time to spare for lessons; they all work the day shift at a local factory.

"I would like to go to school so I could learn English," Daniel said. "I could help my mother if I knew English."

On the same day that the Hempstead board announced its plan to review its registration policy, the registration office rejected the new documents that Mrs. Amaya offered: Daniel's vaccination form, his dental examination, his translated birth certificate from El Salvador and a food stamp document that indicated the family's new address.

The address was probably familiar; the Amayas live across the street from the School Superintendent's office.

But Daniel did finally get his education Thursday night at the school board meeting to review the residency tests along with other routine business. The immigrant women and children who filled one side of the meeting room had no idea what was being said; no school official tried to speak to them in Spanish. It didn't matter anyway because most of the women had left by the time the board reviewed the residency issue well after 11 P.M.

In his front-row seat, in a hard plastic chair, Daniel couldn't understand the words but heard the tones. "I don't understand anything they're saying," he said, "but they're really angry at all of us."

**Graphic**

Photo: Delmy Amaya, an immigrant from El Salvador, tried to register her 9-year-old son, Daniel, in the Hempstead public schools, but faced difficulties over proving her residency. Also with her was her 4-year-old daughter, Claudia. A school employee, left, asked Mrs. Amaya registration questions. (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times) (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** August 7, 1995

**End of Document**



[***NEW LOOK FOR CAMDEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M0G0-0008-N09D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1403 words

**Byline:** By PHILIP B. TAFT Jr.

**Body**

CAMDEN THE prostitutes were working the corner of Auburn Street and Broadway again, so Lois Teer leashed up her dog, Pearce, and marched out of her brick town house.

When Pearce began barking, one of the women cried, ''Get off the corner!''

''Lady,'' Mrs. Teer snapped, ''this is *my* corner.''

Dog and owner prevailed, and the prostitutes quickly fled.

Mrs. Teer, a public-relations executive, is not the only person fighting for her neighborhood in downtown Camden. Thanks to a clever marketing campaign, an ''urban homesteading'' movement that promises to breathe new life into New Jersey's sorriest city has taken root.

Article on efforts of 'urban homesteaders' to revitalize and improve image of downtown Camden, NJ; photo (M)

Although no one is predicting that Camden will become another Society Hill - the posh Philadelphia district just across the Delaware River - most of the people fashioning homes from dilapidated shells are cautiously optimistic that the city is on its way to becoming livable again.

''I'm not banking completely on it,'' said Wayne Radziminski, a social-studies teacher who bought his Chambers Avenue home five years ago. ''But I'm more hopeful now than ever.''

Camden was once a tree-lined city of sturdy row houses embellished with wrought iron and colorful tiles. At night, an illuminated, stained- glass Nipper at his Victor talking machine kept watch from the tower of the Radio Corporation of America's headquarters.

But that elegance vanished after World War II, when residents fled to the suburbs and RCA scattered its operations, leaving the poor to shoulder the city. After the riots of the 1960's, Nipper looked out over nine square miles of rubble - fodder for bad jokes from Philadelphia.

Five years ago, when 100-year-old row homes were being sold for as little as $500, a handful of homesteaders, including Mrs. Teer and Mr. Radziminski, settled into a four- block-square section of Cooper Plaza, a neighborbood near Cooper Hospital. But it was not until 1980, when the Cooper Plaza Neighborhood Association was established, that the homesteading movement began in earnest.

''The association had to figure out a way to make people stop laughing at Camden,'' recalled Mrs. Teer, who was the group's first president.

The answer was a marketing campaign run with $40,000 obtained from the city. Under the supervision of Mrs. Teer, who handles public affairs for the School of Osteopathic Medicine at the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey here, the association bought three billboards, produced commercials and ran advertisements calling Camden ''the last real-estate bargain on earth.''

''We thought we'd get 500 responses,'' Mrs. Teer recalled.

Since the campaign began in October 1982, more than 6,000 responses have poured in and more than 700 visitors have taken walking tours of the two redevelopment areas, Cooper Plaza and a section near Rutgers University's Law School and Camden campus.

By Mrs. Teer's estimate, fewer than 100 of more than 200 available homes remain unsold in Cooper Plaza, while 50 units remain near Rutgers. One developer has bought all 36 units on Berkley Street, near the hospital, and is turning them into condominiums.

Interest is greater in Cooper Plaza, for the Neighborhood Association had part of it designated a National Historic District. Owners receive generous tax breaks for restoring historic shells there. Prices have, in Camden terms, skyrocketed; those shells now average $15,000 each, with $50,000 not uncommon.

Although only 50 of about 100 new homeowners have moved in, signs of vitality are already in evidence. Freshly planted trees now dot Chambers Avenue; near Rutgers, playgrounds have replaced garbage- strewn lots.

And behind the boarded-up facades, dreams are being built from plaster board, lumber and pure grit.

Glenn and Pat Davis and their two children left a small apartment in Somerdale, also in Camden County, to move into a three-story shell on Chambers Avenue with no central heating or running water. Mr. Davis, a carpenter, is refurbishing the first and third floors, with the family crammed into the second.

''I know I'll be finished when I can flush the toilet without using a bucket,'' said Mr. Davis, huddling near a wood-burning stove on which his wife boils water to wash dishes.

Down the block, Tom Hughes, an architect, and his wife, Laura, are part owners of a development company called Historic Houses of Camden. They live in immeasurably greater comfort after two years of work on their town house.

''When my friends heard that I lived in Camden,'' Mrs. Hughes said, ''they were stricken until they started visiting. Three of my friends have come here looking for a place.''

''It's the American dream,'' Mr. Hughes said, ''and Camden can make that dream come true.''

The dream is not without its problems. Burglars on the prowl for antiques work the area and, despite boarded-up windows and doors, drug pushers and addicts lurk in some abandoned buildings. But new residents insist they are safe and point to Camden's falling crime.

''I was terrified at first,'' a resident said, ''but I wasn't attacked and the car wasn't attacked. I've come to love it here.''

The driving force behind Camden's resurgence is Mrs. Teer, who grew up in the city's Parkside district before moving to suburban Oaklyn. For masterminding what one Philadelphia newspaper called ''the greatest public-relations challenge of them all,'' she was awarded the Silver Anvil by the Public Relations Society of America.

Mrs. Teer's unabashed affection for the crumbling city and its people has given Camden's rebirth a rich parochial flavor that is absent from other homesteading movements. For example, new residents blanch at the thought of a ''gentrified'' Camden of up-and-coming white professionals, and insist on making room for the poor and ***working-class*** people who remain.

''I don't want it to turn into another Society Hill,'' Mr. Radziminski said. ''It's a good mix.''

''We have six-figure people living side-by-side with poor people,'' Mrs. Teer said, ''and we like it that way.''

Although the movement is racially and economically mixed, animosities exist on the street, where some people see it as a white, middle-class takeover.

''Go back to Gloucester, man,'' one teen-ager hissed as Mrs. Teer and a guest walked by. (Nearby Gloucester is an all-white town.)

Friction exists between Mrs. Teer and City Hall, where many consider her a fly in the ointment. According to Mrs. Teer, the city's red tape has kept some applicants waiting more than a year for low-interest loans.

Stanley Witkowski, Camden's home-loan adviser, agrees that ''time delays (for loans) have been rather lengthy'' because the program is new. ''But once we get our feet wet,'' he said, ''future programs will be much tighter.''

Mrs. Teer also claims that city officals have blocked her group from access to $18,000 remaining from the original $40,000 allocation, a charge that the officials angrily deny.

According to Thomas Hinkle, the city's public information officer, the $40,000 was never intended ''to go on ad infinitum,'' but was simply a line item on last year's budget. He said that the Neighborhood Association had been permitted to spend that much, but never did.

The adversity seems only to have strengthened Mrs. Teer's resolve. She still spends most of her free time playing host to the press, leading prospective buyers on guided tours and helping new homeowners through the thickets of red tape.

''We're going to do this in spite of the government,'' she insisted.

Much will depend on the economic health of the city; right now, the indicators for Camden look bad, according to state development officials. But the city has been chosen as one of New Jersey's first enterprise zones and should attract business through the healthy tax breaks that accompany that designation.

For now, however, Camden's greatest natural resource is the abundant energy and optimism of the new homesteaders.

Mrs. Teer pointed to the top edge of a wing of City Hall, where the words of Walt Whitman, who once lived in Camden, tower over Federal Street and beyond: ''In a dream I saw a city invincible.''

She dwelt on the poet's vision.

''You know,'' Mrs. Teer finally said, ''when I was a little girl, I used to wait for a bus on Federal Street, reading those words and believing them. Today, I see the trash. I see the rubble. I'm no fool.

''But it's still my slogan.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Camden

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[***FOUR DECADES LATER, GROUP THEATER REASSEMBLES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HJB0-0008-Y10R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section D; Page 17, Column 2; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1436 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

**Body**

Tony Kraber put on a very old scarf last night. It was the gray checkered one, his gift for acting in the Group Theater's play ''Men in White'' 50 years ago. Both the scarf and the Group Theater, Mr. Kraber discovered, had worn well.

Nearly 20 members of the Group Theater - now in their 70's or 80's, some of them white-haired, wizened or hard of hearing - gathered at New York University for their first formal reunion. They celebrated the history and the enduring legacy of a theater that, paradoxically, lasted only 10 years, produced but 22 plays and breathed its last with a flop, ''Night Music,'' in 1940. But the brief time was, in the words of Harold Clurman, one of the theater's founders, ''the fervent years.''

''We were ahead of our time from our very first play,'' Mr. Kraber said. ''The main thing was devotion to a real theater - a theater without pretense, without phoniness - and devotion for one another. Group is the only word for it.''

Samuel G Freedman article on reunion of attended by 20 members of Group Theater that closed in 1940 after producing only 22 plays, but was recognized as prime mover in theater development; photo (M)

His proof lay, at least in part, with the N.Y.U. drama program, which this year is reviving such Group Theater plays as Odets's ''Night Music'' and ''Golden Boy'' and Sidney Kingsley's ''Men in White.'' ''The tribute is a living thing,'' said Evangeline Morphos, the chairman of the N.Y.U. drama department. ''We're not just saying, 'Gee, you guys did a great job 50 years ago.' '' And the effects ripple far beyond Washington Square.

Theater 'Changed Everything'

''The Group Theater changed everything,'' said the film director Sidney Lumet, who acted with the Group Theater. ''Our style of acting is directly inherited from the Group Theater. The socially involved playwright is a Group Theater inheritance. It was a watershed in American theater and - because so many went into the movies - in American film.''

And it was a remarkable aggregation of talent. Seven of the alumni spoke last night: the playwright Sidney Kingsley, the director Cheryl Crawford, the set designer Mordecai Gorelik and the actors Margaret Barker, Ruth Nelson, Eleanor Lynn and Mr. Kraber. The Group Theater also had Mr. Clurman and Lee Strasberg among its directors and Morris Carnovsky, Elia Kazan, Stella and Luther Adler, John Garfield, Robert Lewis, Phoebe Brand, Frances Farmer, Sanford Meisner, Lee J. Cobb and Karl Malden in its acting company.

In addition to Odets and Mr. Kingsley, the Group Theater's playwrights included Irwin Shaw and William Saroyan. And the troupe, inspired by the Moscow Art Theater, propagated the Method theory of Constantin Stanislavky in the United States.

''I was pretty awestruck by them,'' Miss Lynn recalled last night. ''I was only 17 when I went to read for a part in 'Rocket to the Moon' and Clurman could see I was terrified. He said, 'If you read well you won't get the part.' That put me right at ease and I was cast.''

'The Life of Our Times'

What bound the Group Theater - at least until personal, professional and political feuds splintered it - was the belief that theater should present ''the life of our times,'' as Mr. Clurman once put it. When much of Broadway was commercial froth, the Group Theater staged plays about the Depression and ***working-class*** life in the Bronx. Even its one musical, ''Johnny Johnson'' by Kurt Weill and Paul Green, was an anti-war epic.

The Group Theater had few financial successes among its productions, but it rarely failed to arouse controversy.

The critic George Jean Nathan in 1936 dismissed the Group Theater as ''an acting organization that doesn't seem to know much about acting.'' When the Group staged its drama of the Depression, ''1931 - ,'' Mr. Kraber recalled, the critic Percy Hammond insisted, ''There's no Depression.''

But the rebels found their champions. In reviewing the first Group Theater production, Paul Green's ''House of Connelly,'' Brooks Atkinson wrote in The New York Times in 1931: ''Between Mr. Green's prose poem and the Group Theater's performance, it is not too much to hope that something fine and true has been started in the American theater.''

On opening night, Miss Crawford remembered, the audience gave 27 curtain calls. Only after the 20th could she convince Mr. Green to join the cast for a bow. A similar reaction greeted ''Waiting for Lefty,'' Miss Nelson said.

Commercial Success Secondary

''I thought if the people didn't stop clapping and stomping, the balcony would fall down,'' she said. ''And all of us were up on stage crying like babies.''

The Group Theater's greatest triumphs were the Pulitzer Prize- winning ''Men in White,'' Saroyan's ''My Heart's in the Highlands'' and Odets's ''Waiting for Lefty,'' ''Awake and Sing'' and ''Golden Boy.'' But commercial success, the Group Theater alumni said, was considered secondary to the ideal of the ensemble.

''Watching the productions,'' Miss Nelson said, ''I used to feel I was looking at a magnificent tapestry, because everyone on stage was such a part of the whole. You didn't see that anywhere else. You saw stars and people serving stars.''

Poverty Often the Standard

For the Group Theater, shared poverty was more often the standard. After the inaugural season ended with the ensemble broke, Mr. Kraber said, 12 members moved into a small West Side apartment without heat. ''Every week we scratched together $7.50,'' he said. ''And we could get by on that, because pork roast was 29 cents a pound.''

But it was in that apartment, with the typewriter in his lap because there was no table, that Odets wrote ''Awake and Sing.''

The Group Theater began with a series of informal meetings among friends in 1930 and 1931 - 11:30 P.M. every Friday in Mr. Clurman's room in the Hotel Meurice. The participants knew each other by nicknames - ''Gadge'' for Mr. Kazan, ''Beanie'' for Miss Crawford and, for the temperamental Mr. Clurman, ''The Fury.''

The theater briefly published a newspaper, inexplicably called The Flying Grouse, and considered opening a pub. Each summer, the members moved to the country, performing musical comedy at resorts to support themselves and devoting the bulk of their time to preparing the next fall's play.

Realism Was Stressed

The summers also provided the opportunity for the Group Theater, at times an oppressively humorless bunch, to laugh. Sanford Meisner played the piano and Franchot Tone set off fireworks on Independence Day. Mr. Lumet recalled a baseball game in which Philip Loeb, the actor, went to bat in his underwear.

Despite such antics offstage, onstage the Group Theater stressed realism. Odets used to have his drama pupils transcribe dialogue from their families' dinner tables. Mr. Kingsley wrote ''Men in White'' after observing doctors and nurses in an operating room. Mr. Gorelik went to a boxing match in Brooklyn before designing the ring that was the set for ''Golden Boy.''

The Group Theater's preoccupation with the real world - the world outside the theater - extended into politics as well. Amid a performance of ''Men in White'' on Election Night of 1933, Mr. Kraber shouted to the audience, ''La Guardia 2 to 1.''

To many members of the Group, socialism or communism seemed a redemptive force in a troubled world. It was a belief that died hard.

A Political Note

''The summer I was with the Group was the summer of the Russian-Nazi pact,'' Mr. Lumet said. ''And I remember very clearly the shock and amazement it caused. It was like a bomb hit. I literally remember Odets standing on the porch with tears running down his face.''

Another cataclysm came in 1952, 12 years after the Group Theater had disbanded. Mr. Kazan, testifying before the House Committee on Un- American Activities, named several of his friends and colleagues from the Group Theater - including Mr. Carnovsky, Miss Brand and Mr. Kraber, his old roommate - as having been members of the Communist Party.

Mr. Kazan was invited to last night's reunion but did not attend. And few of those who did attend cared to speak of the Kazan episode or the other arguments, usually over theatrical matters, that plagued the Group Theater from its outset.

''I just don't want to go into it,'' Mr. Gorelik said. ''This is a time of celebration.'' In any case, he said, he found politics an issue apart from the Group Theater's contributions.

''I remember at the beginning someone asked Harold Clurman if we were going to be a Marxist theater,'' Mr. Gorelik said. ''Harold said, 'We're not going to be constricted by Marxism.' So I asked Lee Strasberg who our audience was. He told me, 'The American people.' ''

**Graphic**

Photos of members of Group Theater

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[***MEDIA STAR AND MAJOR HISTORIAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JCG0-0008-Y1H5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1412 words

**Byline:** By John Gross; John Gross was editor of The Times Literary Supplement of London until 1981. His most recent book is ''The Oxford Book of Aphorisms.''

**Body**

A PERSONAL HISTORY By A. J. P. Taylor. Illustrated. 278 pp. New York. Atheneum. $14.95.

DISRAELI said that everyone has a right to be conceited until he is successful - in which case A. J .P. Taylor forfeited the right a long time ago. Mr. Taylor is a man of great gifts; he has put those gifts to good use, and everybody knows it. I have never met anyone, even among those who have been most exasperated by him, who has seriously tried to deny he is a major historian. To his more fastidious academic critics, not the least exasperating thing about him is that he has also been far more productive than most of them, productive on a positively 19th-century scale. He must be the most widely read English historian since G. M. Trevelyan, quite possibly since Lord Macaulay, and with good reason. He writes with a verve which will insure that books like his study of dissent in foreign policy, ''The Trouble Makers,'' or ''English History 1914-1945'' (in my opinion, his masterpiece) will survive on their literary merits even when they have been overtaken by subsequent research.

John Gross reviews book A Personal History by A J P Taylor; photographs

Mr. Taylor has enjoyed success of a quite different order as well; he is one of the stars of the British media. For many years he was a tireless columnist and commentator in the popular press, writing hard- hitting, plain man stuff. In the early days of television he was debating away on current affairs programs, and since then television audiences have found his history lectures, delivered without benefit of notes or Teleprompters, as compelling as university audiences once did. Add to this his frequent reviews in the quality papers and his platform oratory, especially in the heyday of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and it is easy to see how his fame among his fellow countrymen rivals that of his old friend from Manchester, Malcolm Muggeridge. Transatlantic comparisons are hard to make, but my guess is that he is relatively better known in Britain than, say, John Kenneth Galbraith or Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is in America.

Given how much he has accomplished in his 77 years and how widely his accomplishments have been acclaimed, it is a pity he did not take Disraeli's dictum to heart before settling down to his memoirs. Apart from its readability - which with Mr. Taylor one takes for granted - the most striking features of ''A Personal History'' are its boastfulness and its determination to settle old scores. Some of the boasting is merely harmless, perhaps endearing, vanity; some of it takes the form of an unseemly crowing over vanquished rivals and forgotten competitors. And, in retracing his career, Mr. Taylor never seems happier than when recalling slights, setbacks and university feuds. The tone is suitably snide: Reputations are nibbled away, and compliments wing their way through the air tipped with poison. In many of the disputes he describes, Mr. Taylor may well have been in the right, but that does not necessarily mean he is right to dredge them up now. To an outsider, much of it must seem decidedly petty.

The most dramatic piece of skulduggery in the story concerns the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford; appointment to that chair belongs to the Crown, which means the final decision rests with the Prime Minister. When the chair was due to fall vacant in the late 1950's, Mr. Taylor, although he had been an Oxford don for nearly 20 years, says he was ''hardly aware that there was such a thing.'' On the face of it, that seems about as plausible as John McEnroe's hardly having heard of Wimbledon, but if Mr. Taylor says so, I suppose we have to believe him. At any rate, once he had been drawn into the contest - innocently, it would appear, through the instigation of others - he was eager for the appointment. Not that he actually would have taken it, since that would have meant accepting it from the hands of Harold Macmillan which were ''still stained with blood,'' Mr. Taylor says, after the 1956 Suez debacle. But he wanted a chance to make *il gran rifiuto,* and he believes he was cheated out of it through the last-minute treachery of his friend and hero, the eminent historian Lewis Namier, who advised the Prime Minister to appoint Hugh Trevor-Roper instead. He never spoke to Namier again.

If a full-scale biography of Namier ever appears, it will be interesting to see his side of the story. Meanwhile there can be no doubting Mr. Taylor's bitterness. He paints a sympathetic sketch of Namier as he was in the 1930's, when they were colleagues at the University of Manchester; looking back, he sums him up, in melodramatic language borrowed from Lord Beaverbrook, as ''the master who betrayed me.'' Beaverbrook himself, by contrast, was ''the master who was faithful unto death,'' although Mr. Taylor has little new to say by way of illuminating his passionate devotion to that not altogether lovable press magnate. But, then, he has already written a biography of Beaverbrook.

Anyone picking up ''A Personal History'' in the hope of finding memorable reflections on the historian's craft will be disappointed. On the other hand, a large number of political opinions are littered about the book, of an idiosyncratic but generally leftish cast. For instance: the Communist take-over in Czechoslovakia in 1948 only came about as the result of an anti-Communist offensive that went wrong; Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956 was all for the best; the revelations that Anthony Blunt had been a Soviet spy for decades ''seemed very cold mutton to me, certainly no cause for sensation.'' Not all his opinions will command universal assent. How irritated A. J. P. Taylor would be if they did.

Much of his radicalism goes straight back to his Lancashire childhood. His grandfather was a self-made cotton merchant, and there was money in the family: When his father sold his share in the firm in 1920 and retired at the age of 46, he received £100,000, a very large sum in those days and more than enough to sustain a comfortable existence. But by then both his parents had moved well beyond the Liberalism of their youth. His mother had fallen under the spell of a kind of bohemian charmer called Henry Sara, who was a paid agitator for the British Communist Party in its early days, until the party dropped him; she supported him and lavished her rather flinty affections on him for the rest of his life. Mr. Taylor's father, a milder and more amiable character, accepted the Sara situation with good grace. He had been stirred by the Russian Revolution, and his main concern was to turn himself into an honorary member of the ***working class***. He attempted to do this by joining the gas workers' union and taking an active part in its affairs, although without ever actually entering a gasworks.

MR. TAYLOR himself has been married three times. His first marriage began to founder after he moved from Manchester to Oxford. His wife became infatuated first with one of his former students who behaved decently, and then with Dylan Thomas who sponged shamelessly off both Taylors for a number of years. The portrait of Thomas in ''A Personal History'' is an exercise in honest hatred, very different from the little jets of academic malice elsewhere in the book, and no doubt justified: As interlopers go, the Rimbaud of Cwmdonkin Drive was a thousand times more a menace than Henry Sara. One of the services Mr. Taylor had to perform for him, under pressure from his wife, was to arrange for the purchase of the Boat House at Laugharne in Wales for Thomas and his family, and he says he is still haunted by American academics eager to express their appreciation for his kindness to the poet.

The second Mrs. Taylor was a sister of the late Anthony Crosland, the Labor Party politician. The marriage lasted more than 20 years and produced two children (there were already four from the first marriage), but apart from this she must remain a mystery, since she has insisted on all mention of her being removed from the book. But Mr. Taylor writes warmly and touchingly about his third wife, a Hungarian and a historian, whom he married when he was 70. She has obviously made him very happy. So have his children.

It is only fair to add that there are some amusing anecdotes in the book and some neat character sketches. But Mr. Taylor's forte remains political history, social history, diplomatic history. As a personal historian, he just isn't in the same class.

**Graphic**

photo

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[***Here, Poverty And Privilege Are Neighbors; Income Gaps Are a Source Of Resentment and Guilt***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:482N-43N0-01KN-20GG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 5, 2003 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1858 words

**Byline:**  By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

The intricate geography of income difference in New York City is something Chastity Davis absorbed early, growing up in the 1980's in a tenement apartment in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn, on a block of mostly brick row houses flanked by public housing projects at either end.

At the neighborhood elementary school, Ms. Davis's friends were from the projects. But her mother bused her to Bay Ridge for junior high, hoping she might run with a better crowd. As for the children of the homeowners on the block, they did not go to public school at all.

"I knew they were there, but I never felt I had any reason to want to play with them," Ms. Davis, 28, recalled recently. "Even as a young child, there's a sense that you sort of stay with the people that you're most comfortable with -- people in the same income bracket or gender or ethnicity or class."

A defining characteristic of New York City is its economic diversity, the juxtaposition of people of disparate circumstances in limited space. The gap between top and bottom is greater in New York than in most cities in the country, and people at the extremes often live closer together.

In the 1990's the disparity in many neighborhoods became more pronounced, census data show. As the economy boomed, income inequality grew. And as the population swelled and real estate prices soared and crime waned, the affluent pushed deeper into neighborhoods they had once shunned.

Now the city has dozens of census tracts -- clusters of just a few thousand people -- in which the average household income in the top fifth of the income spectrum is at least 24 times the average in the bottom fifth, according to an analysis of census data done for The New York Times. In 15 of those tracts, the average at the top is at least 40 times that at the bottom.

The analysis, by Andrew A. Beveridge, a professor of sociology at Queens College, identified the top 30 tracts with the biggest income disparity. Seventeen are in Brooklyn, seven are in Manhattan and four are in Queens. The Bronx and Staten Island have one each.

They range from Ms. Davis's neighborhood, where two public housing projects bookend a gentrifying corridor of brownstones and row houses, to an area along the beach in Brooklyn where West End Avenue appears to be a stark line of demarcation between the serene old-immigrant opulence of Manhattan Beach and the teeming new-immigrant enclave of Brighton Beach.

They also include tracts in Jamaica and St. Albans in Queens, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, in East Harlem and in Chelsea, where one tract encompasses everything from new luxury apartment houses and full-floor condominium lofts to small, decaying apartment buildings.

The city is etched with boundaries and borderlands that appear on no maps, areas where income groups intersect, overlap, collide, coexist -- along lines drawn and redrawn by quirks of history, differences in housing stock, patterns of immigration and the economy's perpetual rise and fall.

For some, the juxtapositions are a virtue, one of the city's fascinations; for others, they are a source of resentment and guilt. And despite New York's economic diversity, many say that meaningful contact across income lines in their neighborhoods is the exception, not the rule.

"The only contact that takes place for me and my wife is in the school," said Pablo Aviles, 39, apayroll worker for the Department of Education who lives in a public housing complex in Boerum Hill. "We've made friends with people who are on the other end of the income bracket; we've been to their homes and attended parties. There are PTA meetings. That's pretty much it."

William Kornblum, a professor of sociology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, said: "It's always an empirical question, to what extent propinquity matters to people. Because one of the outstanding features of life in a densely populated city such as ours is that you can live for a long time next to people and not necessarily have anything to do with them."

There are many reasons that income difference is more visible in New York City than elsewhere. Manhattan has the third-most-extreme income disparity of all counties in the United States, while the Bronx, Brooklyn and Staten Island are all in the top 50. (The two counties that top Manhattan are Kalawao County, Hawaii, where the census counted just 132 households, and San Francisco County.)

Density dictates proximity: if sprawl is the suburban response to inequality, it is not an option in New York, where many lower income people have been protected from displacement. The city's housing market has stronger controls than many, including rent laws, and more than 10 percent of all rental units are in the hands of the city's Housing Authority.

The affluent have their own protection. David J. Halle, a sociologist at the University of California at Los Angeles who lives in New York City, says the rich never abandoned New York the way they did other cities. He credits Wall Street, public transportation, the city's cultural institutions and the laws governing the co-op apartment system, which he calls "more gated than a gated community."

"What you have in New York City is a critical mass of well-to-do people," he said. "You don't have that in Los Angeles. It doesn't make sense for someone rich in Los Angeles to plonk themselves down in the middle. They definitely wouldn't feel comfortable with it. I think in many parts of the country they wouldn't. New York's a bit unusual."

On the Upper East Side of Manhattan, where the palatial town houses and co-ops of Carnegie Hill bump up against the tenements and public housing projects of East Harlem, there is a census tract just north of East 96th Street where the average income in the top fifth of the spectrum is $561,762, and the average in the bottom fifth is $11,634.

In one tract in Chelsea, the top and bottom averages are $370,713 and $8,844, census data show. In Boerum Hill, Bay Ridge and Bedford-Stuyvesant, the averages are lower but the gap is wide. At the western end of Manhattan Beach near the border of Brighton Beach, the average at the top is $415,388 and at the bottom, $6,868.

"In an odd sort of way, they're both one neighborhood and starkly divided," said Annelise Orleck, who grew up in both communities, is now a historian at Dartmouth and has written about the area. "Manhattan Beach people consider Brighton Beach their neighborhood; they use the boardwalk, they shop there. But there's definitely a sharp divide."

To the east of West End Avenue, large single-family houses line hushed suburban-style streets with Anglophile names like Coleridge, Dover and Exeter where S.U.V.'s and BMW's are parked. To the west, Brighton Beach is packed with modest row houses, apartment buildings, dilapidated bungalows and frame houses, many of them subdivided, with an occasional sign: "Se Renta Cuarto"(Room for Rent).

In some parts of Brighton Beach, as many as three of four residents were born abroad; the bulk of them are from Russia and Ukraine but many are from Mexico, Pakistan and China. In Manhattan Beach, nearly two-thirds of the residents were born in the United States. Professionals predominate; most Manhattan Beach adults have college degrees.

History and housing stock help explain the differences.

Manhattan Beach was developed after 1907, on the heels of the heyday of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, which had attracted an elite clientele, including Henry Ford. In Brighton Beach, an apartment building boom in the 1920's turned the neighborhood into what Professor Orleck calls "the yuppie neighborhood of the moment," but the stock market crash in 1929 cut that short.

Brighton Beach residents, politically active during the Depression, boasted that no one would be turned out of their homes for failing to pay rent, Professor Orleck said. As a result, "whatever the 1920's version of yuppie buildings was became places where you had several generations of families crowding together in apartments."

"I don't think it ever recovered its earlier position from that moment," she said. "Indeed, you have people writing in the 1930's that Brighton went from being this upscale neighborhood to a slum in a few years."

Boerum Hill was a ***working-class*** community when Chastity Davis was young. Professionals had begun moving in as early as the late 70's and restoring run-down houses. Young families followed a decade later. Bodegas and thrift stores on Smith Street have given way to bistros. More and more newcomers now send their children to the neighborhood elementary school, P.S. 38.

Some oldtime P.S. 38 parents bristled at the influx at first, Mr. Aviles said. But the school has benefited from the new arrivals' energy and resources, he said. Parents helped land a $300,000 grant for a computer lab and arranged for the transformation of the schoolyard into a playground. They organized "enrichment clubs" specializing in areas like music and art.

Mr. Aviles admits he had been reluctant to invite some of his eldest son's classmates to the family's apartment in the Gowanus Houses, one of the two housing projects in the area. Anticipating their "negative thoughts," he said, "we tried to beat around the bush and get them not to come." But they came. Now he says he no longer worries about what people think.

Mary-Powel Thomas, a former magazine editor who moved from the Upper West Side nine years ago because she and her husband could afford to buy a house in Boerum Hill, said she too sometimes feels "a twinge of embarrassment about living situations."

It was "just luck," she said, that both her and her husband's families could afford to pay for their college education, so they graduated with no debt, and that her grandfather had left her stock that the couple sold to finance the down payment on their house. "I feel like, O.K., yeah, we both had jobs and worked hard and paid our bills, but that was part of the situation we were born into as well," said Ms. Thomas, the president of the PTA at P.S. 38. "There are plenty of people who work just as hard and pay their bills and are just as responsible, yet didn't have the head start we had."

And what does one do with that embarrassment? "Not a lot," she said frankly. "One sends one's children to public schools and does what one can to improve them."

Ms. Davis, who considers herself and her husband "approaching middle income but not there yet," would also like to buy a house in Boerum Hill. But she often doubts that will happen, and she is constantly aware of income differences. For example, she notices that she is treated differently in stores and other places depending on whether she is in jeans or dressed for her job as a recruiting assistant at J. P. Morgan.

"There's no question that there is a sense of resentment," she said. "Everyone is walking around subconsciously thinking the same things. I don't think anybody would disagree with what I'm saying. People who haven't faced that kind of experience would like to say it's not like that. But you always get the sense in the back of your head that things would be different if you looked a certain way or had a certain amount of money."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: In Brooklyn, the Gowanus Houses tower over a block of row houses on Warren Street in Boerum Hill. The city has dozens of census tracts in which the gap between the richest and the poorest is among the widest in the country. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times) Chart/Map: "DEMOGRAPHICS: Rich and Poor, Side by Side"The gap between the top and bottom of the economic spectrum is greater in New York City than almost anywhere else in the country. Here are the 30 census tracts in the city with the greatest income disparity between the average income of the lowest fifth of households and the average income of the top fifth. Tract 160POPULATION: 3,161AVERAGE HOUSEHOLD INCOMETOP FIFTH: $561,762LOWEST FIFTH: 11,634 Tract 71POPULATION: 4,561AVERAGE HOUSEHOLD INCOMETOP FIFTH: $109,349LOWEST FIFTH: 3,200 Map of New York City shows the locations of Tract 160 and 71. (Source: Analysis of census data by Andrew A. Beveridge, Queens College department of sociology)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** March 5, 2003

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[***A Writer Puts the Political Above the Personal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XJN0-000D-G4M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Nadine Gordimer

By D. J. R. BRUCKNER

By D. J. R. BRUCKNER

**Body**

For the novelist Nadine Gordimer, direct involvement in the political battles of South Africa is absolutely necessary; "Writing is not enough," she says. Miss Gordimer, who says she remains a "fairly active" member of the African National Congress, as she has been for many years, has had some public disagreements with other writers over this issue. And while she does not discount the value of literary exposures of the reality of apartheid in her country -- she has written some of the best -- she remains firm in her political stand.

Yet, she said in a recent interview in New York: "I am a late developer in politics. My first book was published in 1949 and at that time I knew nothing of it; I was filled with literature, that's all. Many people of my generation, especially men coming back from World War II, had political ideas and they joined the South African Communist Party, which was not then outlawed.

"I had nothing like that. I was drawn into politics not through ideas but through friendships with many black people through the years. Little by little I began to see what I was a part of."

Her latest novel, "My Son's Story" ( Farrar, Straus & Giroux ), is more directly concerned with politics -- especially with black politics and the politics of protest -- than all her other work. It has received tremendous critical acclaim in Britain and in this country. It had not yet been published in South Africa, and Miss Gordimer said she had "no idea whatever" how it might be received.

No More Censorship

At least it will not be received as some earlier work was -- with a government ban. "For books, censorship doesn't really exist anymore," she said. "After all, they probably figure, who reads now anyway? They don't even bother with nonfiction books now. They go after the news media and they accomplish their ends by controlling coverage."

In "My Son's Story," Sonny, a schoolteacher -- who is, in South Africa's peculiar classification scheme, colored, not black -- is turned almost unwillingly into a leader of the revolt against apartheid. As his story unfolds -- along with the stories of his wife, Aila, his daughter, Baby, and his son, Will -- the racial torment of South Africa is exposed layer by layer.

The revelation is all the more powerful because Miss Gordimer keeps the reader's attention so tightly focused on the initially confused and then angry response of the teen-age son to his discovery that his father has a white mistress. In fact, the novel is a series of revelations -- about the characters, their pasts, their politics, the implications of their actions, which they themselves do not realize -- leading up to a disclosure in the final paragraph that restructures the whole story.

In retrospect, Miss Gordimer says, the fact that Sonny and his family are colored "must have been a subconscious choice.

"They seem to be a mixture -- a dab of Malay and a lot of black and all sorts of things. That's what we all are in South Africa; there is such a mixture. So their color, it turns out, is symbolic."

Characters Are Composites

None of the characters are modeled on anyone Miss Gordimer knows. "They accrete," she says. "They are composites. Who knows where they come from? You hear a phrase, you notice a look, all sorts of impressions come to you. But when you think about it, no matter how long you know someone you never know anybody really well; everyone invents. What happens to the narrator at the end of the novel is the process of fiction; you realize that the person telling the story has been filling in what he couldn't know."

Although the characters in "My Son's Story" make a passage through suffering, imprisonment and violence, and through profound transformations of political and philosophical outlook, there is no peace at the end. However, Miss Gordimer says, "it is *not* a book about failure.

"The people in it are rising above their personal concerns," she says. "That's the beginning of hope. The only one who is negative is Will." She pauses a long time as though considering what to say about someone she cares about deeply. Then: "He will never recover, I think. He is never going to have a fulfilled emotional life after what he has found out."

One deliberate message in the novel is found in the story of Sonny. "Sonny's not a Mandela," Miss Gordimer says. "He is just one of the people who rises to some level of leadership. If the whole liberation struggle depended on one or two people it would never have happened. There are all kinds of people involved at different levels. And there are all sorts of internal conflicts. I wanted to show some of that."

'Expectations Were Too High'

She says she is more hopeful now about the future of South Africa than she was a few years ago, even though "at the moment I am distressed because of the things that have not happened so far."

"I suppose our expectations, those of the whole world, were too high," she said. "The problem is that we are not emerging from a history that started in 1948 when the nationalists came to power, but from 350 years of it.

"I think what none of us realized is that, when change began, the right- wing extremists would gain such support. We forgot that 95 percent of the people who enforce the law do not support de Klerk. He can't even count on everyone in his own cabinet to support him."

And if President F. W. de Klerk were removed from the scene now? "God help us. There is no one else on that side. He is a pragmatist, after all. The sanctions from the outside had an effect, and the rise of the black trade unions and the rising confidence of all the black people -- he had to do something and he did, though one should not exaggerate it. It is a difficult situation. Some of his own people say he is giving everything away; many young blacks think Mandela is giving away too much to de Klerk. We don't know what will happen."

'No Trouble for Years'

Fiction can hardly keep up with fact now. In the novel, Sonny's family runs into ferocious opposition when they move into a white ***working-class*** area. Some coloreds and blacks began such movement in the 80's, Miss Gordimer says, mostly into areas long occupied by Afrikaaners who work in the civil service or the railroads. "Those were the people who, we were told, would most violently oppose an end of apartheid, and yet there was no trouble for years," she says. "Resistance began only a couple of years ago. I finished this novel in March and a few months later I opened a newspaper and there was my family, Sonny's family, being stopped from moving into a white area."

The politics, the protests, the disrupted lives of "My Son's Story" are all familiar material to Miss Gordimer, even the harrowing crowd scene at a "cleansing of the graves" ceremony honoring nine men killed earlier by the very soldiers who storm the grieving throng with flailing weapons and clouds of tear gas. In some ways she thinks fiction a natural mode of thought about South Africa, since "we live in an unthinkable situation that has to be thought about."

Her challenge was to make the reality real to readers who have not experienced any of it. And the severest test of her craft was controlling the narrative voice, since it changes gradually from beginning to end. "I had to watch constantly my point of view and vocabulary, not only for the narrative itself but to keep some mystery in it," she said.

A Puzzling Title

Mystery -- in the sense that the reader cannot figure out where the story is coming from, whose it is, until the end -- begins with the title. Miss Gordimer says "It is important to know the title before you begin -- then you know what you are writing about." Publishers, she says, often object to her titles, and there was great resistance to this one "because it is a little puzzling, but it is meant to be."

"My Son's Story" was written more quickly than any of her other novels, despite several lengthy interruptions. The idea for it first came to her in 1987 and she started writing a year later; it was finished in less than two years: half the time, or less, than it has usually taken her to complete a novel.

After more than four decades of writing she now does "very little revision. I used to do a great deal. Now I think the cutting goes on in my head before I write; it comes out the way I want it." That efficiency does not make her work less obsessive, she says. Her account of her daily writing regimen, and the measures she takes to avoid distraction, make writing fiction sound like the ascetic discipline of a desert hermit. And unlike many other writers, Miss Gordimer confesses she is "very relieved" to see a novel come to an end, and not at all depressed at having to let her characters go.

Anyway, there are always others waiting for her attention -- at the moment those in 14 short stories written in recent years and waiting for a final inspection before they come together in a book next year. If politics is an obligation, writing rises from deeper sources.

**Graphic**

Photo: Nadine Gordimer: "I am a late developer in politics." (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

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[***WHY WE LOVE FASHION? IT'S GENIUS.; Alexander The Great***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:480H-WT30-01KN-21B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:**  By Ingrid Sischy; Ingrid Sischy is the editor in chief of Interview magazine.

**Body**

'I think McQueen wants to be a bird -- and he's as wild as one, too," declares Isabella Blow, a woman with enough original style to stop you in your tracks, and one of the last true English eccentrics. "He's basically a little explosive cockerel," she continues. "If someone tickles his feathers in the right way, he'll do whatever they want. It's a question of tickling under the belly -- he's all about feelings, McQueen."

Blow, the fashion director of the British magazine Tatler, should know. She and McQueen go way back -- to 1992, when she wound up buying Alexander McQueen's master's-degree project (from the St. Martin's college of design) for herself, thereby starting a buzz that has never stopped.

McQueen is a showman, and he has very high expectations for fashion. He knows how to cut a dress, a jacket and a pair of pants with the best of them, but that's not enough for him. He also wants fashion to have weight and content and depth, so he puts on presentations -- spectacles, really -- of his collections that aim to have the punch of art and that are sometimes political, sociological, shocking and scary. Some of this content carries over to the clothes themselves, either literally or in their aura. But in general their distinguishing features are beauty; a sense of craft; a strong, confident silhouette; and the marriage of tradition with the avant-garde. Even though he's a big believer in tradition when it comes to technique and tailoring, McQueen likes to goose the establishment, even to bite the hand that feeds him if his feathers are ruffled. (For example, his famously fractious tenure as the chief designer of Givenchy, which basically imploded amid much mudslinging in early 2001.) As Blow wryly says, "Lee likes a bit of flapping."

And he clearly likes feathers in his design, too. It was his bold silk-screened feather prints executed in primary colors that had the fashion audience sit up and take notice at his spring show in Paris last fall. Since McQueen rarely works with thatlevel of blatant color, this string of dresses was a definite signal that McQueen was ready to soar. Altogether it was a presentation that got so under the skin that it had people talking about the hair standing up on the backs of their necks. It was the designer's third collection under the auspices of the Gucci Group, which bought a 51 percent stake in the Alexander McQueen label in December 2000. And by the look of it, this new arrangement seems to be hitting McQueen's tickle spot just right. (The group's investment in McQueen -- what with an ambitious New York store that opened in the meatpacking district last September, as well as the start of a bespoke men's department -- shows Gucci means business.)

Right after the show, it was clear that McQueen knew he had nailed it. But it also seemed as if the collection had been a deeply emotional experience, as though he'd been through a lot to arrive where he had. The show's program noted that it was inspired by the journeys of historic explorers, like Christopher Columbus and Captain Cook. But it seemed a reflection of McQueen's own journey, too. Much of this story is by now well known. Especially the bits about McQueen's being the son of a taxi driver and having left school at 16, ending up on Savile Row, where he apprenticed at the most revered tailors, first at Anderson & Sheppard, and then at Gieves & Hawkes, learning everything about construction, tailoring and pattern cutting. The anecdote about his scribbling secret obscenities inside the jackets of the clientele, including the Prince of Wales and Calvin Klein, has become a favorite part of McQueen lore.

It would appear that his is the classic story of the kid from the other side of the tracks making it big - and that's how fashion writers like to tell it. But McQueen's approach to fashion brings up the type of questions that surround genuine artists: where does his need to create come from, and what is it about fashion that's so important to him that he'll jump into the fire for it?

Sometimes when McQueen deals with loaded issues, like religious wars, class struggles or poverty and starvation, as he has in the past, he gets people hot and bothered. They object on all sides -- from those who think these subjects have no place in a fashion context, to those who believe that by introducing them on the runway they become glib and inappropriately glamorized. However, expecting McQueen to rid his work of worldly content would be like expecting Andy Warhol to go monochromatic.

Recently, I spent time with McQueen in London and talked to him about all of this. "It's a personal point for me," he said. "I believe in depicting what's going on. I'm a big anarchist. I don't believe in religion, or in another human being wanting to govern over someone else. The themes that go through my shows will continue to, because there's more to life. It's why I do what I do. I do believe fashion is a voice. And it's a voice that doesn't get heard that much in fashion apart from the work of someone like Rei Kawakubo. There are times when I'm less aggressive, but sometimes you have to shove it in someone's face.

I believe this now more than ever."

In the 1990's, McQueen's shows had a wide-ranging array of controversial themes, including Highland Rape (based on the mass eviction of Scottish peasants by their landlords) and Dante (which dealt with the suffering caused by religious persecution). McQueen is not a scholar, and he doesn't pretend to be one. He says he hates going to museums, yet he loves certain art and photography. Over the years, his presentations have, in one way or another, evoked the work of a broad range of visual artists, both historic and contemporary, including the photographs of August Sander and Joel-Peter Witkin and the art of Hans Bellmer, Damien Hirst, Jean Fouquet and Rebecca Horn. (He has collaborated often; one of his favorite people to work with is Sam Taylor-Wood, who created the Hieronymus Bosch-like portrait here.) And then there are the movies; McQueen shows have referred to a whole gamut of films, from "Taxi Driver" and "The Hunger" to "The Birds" and "The Shining." You'll note that all these movies are frightfests. McQueen really likes sending shivers up the spine before, during and after his shows.

Last year, for example, for Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, his second official presentation for the Gucci Group in Paris, he chose the Conciergerie, the prison where Marie Antoinette was dispatched after her big P.R. flub with the masses. He also threw in a few wolves for good measure and opened with a brilliant lilac Little Red Riding Hood outfit. The high point of the presentation was when a masked model dressed as a highwayman swooshed down the runway, her voluminous cape billowing behind her in a feat of tailoring that had the crowd going, "Wow!"

When Bruno Bettelheim wrote his landmark study, "The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales," McQueen was just a small boy. But the designer's shows would be right up the psychiatrist's alley, for they are really often magical landscapes that exhibit a profound understanding of the importance of stories, of fairy tales and myths. Through his presentations, McQueen seems to intuit the various ways in which stories and fairy tales can liberate the emotions. Bettelheim wrote: "For those who immerse themselves in what the fairy tale has to communicate, it becomes a deep, quiet pool which at first seems to reflect only our image; but behind it we soon discover the inner turmoils of our soul -- its depth, and ways to gain peace within ourselves and with the world, which is the reward of our struggles."

When McQueen picks up on fairy tales, he taps into their enchantment as well as the darkness and the underworlds so integral to them. His work is infused with ghosts, fears, loves, dreams, wishes -- all of it. His own life has been like one of the great fairy tales; it has lightness and cruelty, twists and turns. If written, this fairy tale would begin with a young boy of Scottish descent growing up in England and showing a passion for fashion by the age of 3. But as in all fairy tales, he has to travel through the dark side first. He is called "McQueer" in school, and his father expects him to become an electrician or a plumber like the rest of the lads, not the next Coco Chanel (who also came, as it happens, from a ***working-class*** background). Then one day his mother gives the boy a present that changes everything -- a book about people in fashion -- and it suggests to him that his dreams can come true. The next chapters of McQueen's life could have been written by the Brothers Grimm. He earns his way, working in environments worthy of Charles Dickens. Finally, the Cinderella moment happens. He strikes out on his own, and boom! Not only does he gain an instant following but within a few years he also gets to dance at the ball.

The rest is now fashion history. In fact, a sense of history is exactly what rippled through McQueen's show last October. In our conversations, he told me that it had evolved out of his own journey -- including his search for meaning -- in the months thathad led up to it. The presentation was divided into three chapters. Section 1 set up the idea of a shipwreck, and the clothes -- frock coats, waistcoats, skull-and-crossbones jackets, knickerbockers, distressed dresses, harem pants -- were inspired by pirate garb. Many were muted and tattered (of course, so cleverly that they are really completely put together), and there was an embroidered tattoo coat that McQueen's assistants got to "graffiti" with names, harking back to his own apprenticeship on Savile Row. This first section was full of wearable clothes that were easily describable, and it was obviously oriented to make the buyers happy. They were.

Next came an austere, mostly black section featuring pleated and punched leather, embroidered silks and treated denims. The program notes referred to an "ecclesiastical silhouette," and at other times members of McQueen's team described this section as being about missionaries. Sometimes the models looked as if they had stepped out of Jacobean paintings. There was a sobriety and directness and rigor, which gave the clothes in this portion of the show a real spirituality; but the sense of the underworld (thanks to the styling and the makeup) remained. At one point what I was seeing on the runway suggested to me an image by Velasquez crashing into one of Joel-Peter Witkin's bizarre (but strangely beautiful) fetishistic photographs. Yet at another moment, the models' clothes looked as if they had been painted by the van Eyck brothers. There was a real mood here -- a mix of the concrete and the imaginative, almost like artifacts from a history that did or did not happen.

And then came the explosion -- primary colors in bold feather prints that had the exuberance and vibrancy of wildlife in the jungle. This portion of the show had the distinct feeling of a celebration, of a coming out of the darkness into the light. For those deliriously beautiful moments, Alexander McQueen gave himself and the audience a really happy ending, just like the fairy tale.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Alexander McQueen's spring show had sophisticated pirates galore, but his feather prints rocked the crowd. (OPPOSITE: PRODUCTION: GAINSBURY & WHITING; ART DIRECTOR: MARK PRITCHARD; GROOMING: GEMMA SMITH-EDHOUSE; HAIR: MAARIT NIEMELA; LOCATION: GREAT EASTERN HOTEL, LONDON; IMAGE MANIPULATION: ANTHONY CROSSFIELD/METRO; MODEL: PAUL MITCHELL/NEXT.); McQueen's spectacles often have artistic references, like the one to Rebecca Horn's work, top, in the robots' painting of a dress for spring 1999, above. Below right, a leather lace dress for spring 2003. (FROM TOP: ARTWORK BY REBECCA HORN ("LES AMANTS," 1991); PHOTOGRAPH BY ATTILIO MARANZANO, COURTESY OF SEAN KELLY GALLERY, NEW YORK; DON ASHBY (2). (Don Ashby) Drawing (Sam Taylor-Wood for The New York Times)

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[***Paroled Rapist Says He's the Victim Now;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3F-38S0-007F-G098-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Target of Gunman Contends 'Megan's Law' Has Stolen His Freedom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3F-38S0-007F-G098-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Dateline:** LINDEN, N.J., Nov. 12

**Body**

When Frank Penna was torn awake from a deep sleep on June 16 by gunfire thundering through his house, he knew immediately, he said, that the shots were meant for him.

Nine days earlier, because of "Megan's Law," the authorities had distributed fliers bearing his photograph and address to everyone in the neighborhood, letting them know that 22 years before, Mr. Penna had been convicted of kidnapping and raping two girls, 13 and 15.

"I knew what it was," said Mr. Penna, who is now 56, in an interview recently. "I knew they were after me. You saw it coming. All the kids had been yelling out at me, coming by and everything. It was so loud. It was a .45-caliber military-style weapon. The bullets went through four walls."

None of the five bullets hit Mr. Penna, who lives in a basement apartment of the two-story house where he grew up, and they barely missed his neighbor upstairs, Joan Bazydlo, 66, who had been awake watching television. But they sent an alarming message to Mr. Penna. Because of the state law on sex offenders, he was no longer a free man.

"I'm out of prison," he said, "but it's like I'm in the big prison now."

The shooting was the worst case of violence against a paroled sex offender since the 1994 passage of the law, which says the residents of a community have a right to know when a high-risk sex offender lives in their midst.

On Monday, James Johnson, 23, who lived around the corner from Mr. Penna, admitted that he had fired the bullets into Mr. Penna's home, in the hope of frightening him to move out of the neighborhood. Mr. Johnson said he had feared for the safety of his 9-year-old sister, who lives nearby.

The law, named for Megan Kanka, 7, who was raped and murdered in 1994 by a convicted sex offender who lived next door, was entangled in legal challenges for years. Only this year did prosecutors begin using a refined version that is viewed as a model because it tries to protect the rights of convicted sex offenders. The new version places tight limits on which offenders are identified, who has access to the information and how it may be passed on.

But the shooting in the city of Linden illustrates how the law, even in its revised form, cannot protect sex offenders from acts of violence by neighbors.

The notification law brought together two men of different generations who had never met but who had grown up in the same ***working-class*** community in Union County. It has also turned everyone into uneasy neighbors. While many of Mr. Penna's neighbors seem to have a live-and-let-live attitude toward the paroled convict, many avoid him, and others taunt him.

Mr. Penna, who returned to his childhood home in 1992 after serving 16 years for his crime, lived a relatively quiet existence until earlier this year. Now, he is consumed by bitterness and anger at prosecutors and the news media.

"I'm the victim here," Mr. Penna said. "My whole neighborhood is too, and so is my family."

Mr. Penna says he spends his days mostly indoors, watching television and collecting material for a book he wants to write, not about his crime, but about the effects of the notification law on his life. He fears the streets because he is still a target of anger.

About a week ago, when he was driving home, he stopped at a traffic light to turn onto his street.

"A couple of kids were standing on the corner drinking," he said. "They yelled out, 'Child molester!' It hurts. Stupid kids. They're just wild. They just want to start trouble. I just hope I don't get into more trouble. I just play like I don't hear it and I go on my way. It's not as bad as it was before."

When pressed, Mr. Penna acknowledges that his troubles began with his original crime.

"The girls were hitchhiking," he said. "We picked them up, me and another fellow. They went home and told their parents. They came home late and made up a story." He is reminded that the girls were minors.

"I was a lot younger then, too," he said. (He was in his early 30's.) "I used to drink and do drugs, too."

He does not offer the explanation up as an excuse, necessarily, and he is not adamant about denying any guilt. Mostly, he is just weary of having to talk about it. "It was a long time ago," he said.

Mr. Penna knew earlier this year that the fliers were going to be distributed. While he was convicted only once of rape charges -- he also has a misdemeanor for lewdness on his record, he says -- he was put on a list of high-risk sex offenders, arrived at through a point system that takes into account how close he lives to a school and the age of the victims. He and a lawyer went to court to fight the distribution of the flier, but they lost.

Some neighbors who live near both Mr. Penna and Mr. Johnson, and the parents of children who attend the school directly across the street from Mr. Penna's house, say that although in general they believe that the law is a good one, they think Mr. Penna has a right to be left alone because he has never bothered anyone else, as far as they know.

"To a point, a parent should know that he lives here," said Susan Konig, who was picking up her son Stephen, 11, from the school just in front of Mr. Penna's home. "But it does not give anybody the right to go to that person's house and try to kill him."

One man, who refused to give his name, said he and his wife would not let their son walk to school alone. "I won't let him walk because of that," referring to Mr. Penna's presence. "Do I think he'll molest again? No, I don't think so. But I still don't want my son alone out here."

Mostly, people in this tidy neighborhood, where many have religious icons or statues of animals on their lawns, are tired of having to talk to strangers about the shooting.

"He served his time," said Luvada Hunter, who has lived down the street from Mr. Penna for 26 years. "He comes by and says hi, hello, how are you. It doesn't bother me that he's here."

The shooting in June made many neighbors aware, for the first time, of what Mr. Penna had done. William Vargas lives next door, in a house he bought from Mr. Penna's sister in May, not knowing that his family would be living next door to a convicted rapist. Mr. Vargas has three children, 1, 2 and 3.

Mr. Vargas is friendly with Mr. Penna, and chats with him when they are both outside in their small backyards, which are not separated by a fence.

"It was so long ago," he said, wanting to defend his neighbor. But he allows that before he leaves for work, "I tell my wife to watch our children carefully."

Members of James Johnson's family, who is known as Jimmy, say that Mr. Johnson, who shot at Mr. Penna's house only a few months after he had finished serving time for an armed robbery, committed an unconscionable act in a misguided effort to protect his sister.

"I don't think he should have did what he did," said Mr. Johnson's grandfather, Luther Johnson, as he sat in a lawn chair on the sidewalk outside James Johnson's house. "He's just lacking sense. He's in prison now."

He added, "I asked him why he did it, and he couldn't give me an explanation." But the grandfather said he believed the sex offender law was a good one.

Under a plea agreement, James Johnson pleaded guilty to two second-degree weapons counts and to a fourth-degree count of aggravated assault. Sentencing is scheduled for February, and under the plea agreement, the Union County Prosecutor, Thomas V. Manahan, will recommend that Mr. Johnson be sentenced to a maximum of 10 years.

"He'll be out in a year and a half," Mr. Penna said bitterly. "They were supposed to make an example out of him, and they're doing nothing."

But Mr. Manahan said that because he had a previous conviction for armed robbery, Mr. Johnson will be required to serve at least 85 percent of his sentence.

A few of the parents and other residents wonder why Mr. Penna is allowed to live so close to an elementary school. The law actually has no power over where he lives, and Mr. Penna said he lives in the house because it is the only place he can afford. His family still owns it. He attended the school across the street when he was a boy.

"I'm practically homeless," he said. "My family helps me out." He cannot get a job because of his criminal record, he said.

Is he a danger to the children at the school?

"No, that's no problem," he said. "I've been living here. It's never been a problem. I even talk to the teachers -- well, I used to. Not now. Now I avoid people. I'm living like a fugitive."

Mr. Penna is aware that many sociologists believe that child molesters are not treatable and will go on to sexually abuse other children. "I guess if you've got hang-ups like that, yeah, those people have a problem," he said. "But that's not me."

He pointed out that a treatment center evaluated him when he was in prison and concluded that he was not likely to commit such a crime again. With that information, a prison board granted him parole.

Mr. Penna hopes that with time, the notoriety that the sex-offender law brought him will die down to allow him to live a peaceful life. For now, he said, he feels like a caged animal.

"I can't move," he said. "I'm trapped. I can't work. I can't get a job. I have no money and no income. I can't live. Maybe I should go back to prison."

**Graphic**

Photo: Frank Penna, a paroled rapist, lives across the street from a school in Linden, N.J. The authorities consider such a location in deciding whether to notify neighbors about a sex offender deemed a high risk for committing new sex crimes. (Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Map of New Jersey highlighting Linden. A paroled rapist in Linden, NJ, says he fears walking the streets. (pg. B4)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S910-003Y-K0NC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***All Alone, Peering Into the Abyss***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S910-003Y-K0NC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

MIDWAY in "Monster in a Box," his monologue at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Spalding Gray offhandedly remarks that the personal upheavals he is describing must seem ludicrous in light of the fact that "we are living through the end of the world."

On the surface, this observation, which comes as a throwaway aside, might seem gratuitous. But, in fact, the notion that he and the audience are witnesses to the end of civilization as they have known it goes to the very core of his vision. At the same time, Mr. Gray is far too sophisticated not to realize that were he to voice his apocalyptic suspicions more insistently, they would sound hollow. Simply to mention them in passing, as though they were assumptions taken for granted by everyone present, is far more subversive.

A feeling that the world is crumbling -- that, in the language of William Butler Yeats, "the center cannot hold" -- is actually an assumption crucial not only to the work of Mr. Gray, but also to that of almost every other solo performance artist to be seen on New York stages nowadays. That shouldn't be surprising, however, given the deepest impulse behind solo performance, which is to create a theatrical reality all by oneself. And if there is no world to hang onto anymore, no sense of a cohesive community or a shared sense of values, what is there left to trust beside the self?

The most forceful characters in Eric Bogosian's devastating collection of monologues, "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll," which reopens this evening for a limited engagement at the Orpheum Theater, are the barbaric inhabitants of a decaying capitalist society who live for flashy cars and hyperstimulation. Perhaps the scariest of them is the ***working-class*** reveler at a pal's bachelor party who describes his idea of heaven on earth: "I'm sitting on a couch with a babe. I'm watching TV. I'm eating clam dip on a ripple potato chip. I'm smoking joints. I'm snorting coke. I'm drinking shots of Jack Daniel's. I'm chasing them with glasses of champagne mixed with Heineken. I think to myself, this is civilized!"

Some of the other beasts in Mr. Bogosian's satiric menagerie include a yelling, money-grubbing talent agent who insists he is still committed to his 60's idealism while telling his son, "If someone does something to you, do it twice as much back to him"; a homicidal black youth named X-Blow who equates God with Batman, and a compulsive consumer who lives by the motto "Take care of the luxuries, the necessities will take care of themselves."

Mr. Bogosian may have found his counterpart in John Leguizamo, whose show, "Mambo Mouth," at the American Place Theater, offers scathing Bogosian-style portraits of Hispanic men. If desperate conspicuous consumption is the worst symptom of the spiritual disease that ravages Mr. Bogosian's world, in Mr. Leguizamo's harshly funny portraits it is a grotesque machismo. His impersonations of characters ranging from an adolescent boy losing his virginity with an obese prostitute to a Hispanic drag queen wreaking violent revenge on his faithless "Prince Charming" are charged with contempt for a macho culture he suggests is crippled by its inability to think above its collective crotch. But in a sketch called "Crossover Seminar," Mr. Leguizamo also ridicules this culture's higher economic aspirations by imagining a Hispanic man giving a course on how to turn oneself into a robotic, gray-faced Japanese businessman. Much more skillfully performed than it is written, "Mambo Mouth" is at once funny and savage in its reinforcement of negative stereotypes.

Today's solo performance artists tend to adopt either one of two attitudes: one "sane," the other "crazy." But both attitudes are really two sides of the same ironic coin. Mr. Gray, Laurie Anderson and Wallace Shawn project articulate pseudo-rational personae that, most of the time, maintain an attitude of civilized decorum. Mr. Bogosian, Mr. Leguizamo and Ann Magnuson splinter their personalities into multiple characters, many of them raving eccentrics. Karen Finley, John O'Keefe and David Cale usually prefer to express themselves through a single "crazy" voice that, though feverish in its intensity, hammers home certain truths.

Much of the power of Mr. Gray's monologues comes from his manipulation of his image as a haughty Rhode Island patrician spinning autobiographical yarns. He remains so articulate, even when momentarily carried away, that one tends to trust him as a truthful observer. Yet one of the things that makes "Monster in a Box," like its predecessor "Swimming to Cambodia," so disquieting is the way he deliberately sabotages that trust. The facade he presents of a well-spoken cosmopolitan is continually undermined by his confessions of an inner self that is so intimidated by contemporary terrors that at times he can barely distinguish between fear and reality.

In "Monster in a Box," Mr. Gray recalls his obsession with the notion that he has developed AIDS, despite the absence of any rational evidence that he had been exposed to the disease. And if the descriptions of his neuroses -- including hypochondria, writer's block and mild paranoia -- are comical, they are also convincing. One leaves "Monster in a Box" empathizing with Mr. Gray's psychic vulnerability and sharing his feeling thatrationality and a civilized veneer are no longer adequate defenses against a world that has taken leave of its senses.

Ms. Anderson also uses a similarly rational tone to even more ironic effect. Often sounding like an unflappable scientist who has solutions for every problem, her performances take the audience on explorations of a technology-ridden world that ultimately imply the inability of modern society to control that technology. Her last major piece, "Empty Places," used images and sounds to evoke a global, post-industrial landscape so homogenized and degraded by technology that a feeling of community has been sacrificed. At the same time, she extended the image of homeless people on New York's streets into a metaphor for a larger spiritual rootlessness brought on by the very inventions that were intended to bring people together but that have instead alienated them from their environment and one another.

In his new monologue, "The Fever," which played briefly at the Public Theater recently and will tour several New York theaters starting Feb. 18, the playwright Wallace Shawn gave the rational voice a new intellectual twist. By gradually shifting the point of view of the speaker so that the audience would be seduced into going along with both sides of the moral argument about the responsibility of the rich to help the poor, he challenged the audience's complacency.

If Mr. Gray, Ms. Anderson and Mr. Shawn present themselves as the besieged emblems of American civilization at its most enlightened, Mr. Bogosian, Ms. Magnuson and Mr. Leguizamo portray the unenlightened barbarian hordes who are attacking both from within and without. Mr. Bogosian's characters are the maddened, addicted victims of a materialistic ethic that has gone out of control. The typical characters in Ms. Magnuson's comic monologues are eccentrics who have been so immersed in America's junk culture that they are quite literally dysfunctional media freaks. Mr. Leguizamo's are victims of poverty and discrimination. His most politically astute character is an illegal alien from Latin America who, while being transported back across the Mexican border, angrily predicts that sooner or later an unstoppable tide of third-world people will sweep across America and take over everything.

Because they work alone and deal with so much material that is politically and socially loaded, today's monologuists have a shamanistic aura. In an increasingly comformist social climate, where appearances of propriety account for so much, they strip naked psychically, revealing fantasies that may be universal but that are still socially unmentionable. By reminding us that each person is an autonomous little world, a world that moreover is far richer and more complex than the reductive cliches and shallow debates of television talk shows, they reassert the ultimate value of the individual.

The world according to me, they insist, is as valuable as the world according to us.

Who, When And Where

Here are where the monologuists mentioned are performing. All theaters are in Manhattan.

MAMBO MOUTH, American Place Theater, 111 West 46th Street. Today and tomorrow, 9:30 P.M. Next week, Thursday through Saturday at 8 P.M. and Sunday at 3 P.M. Through Dec. 30. Tickets, $16. Information: (212) 840-3074.

MONSTER IN A BOX, Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 P.M.; Sundays at 3 P.M. Through Dec. 31. Tickets are $25. Information: (212) 239-6200.

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL, Orpheum Theater, 126 Second Avenue, at Eighth Street. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 P.M.; Saturdays at 7 and 10 P.M.; Sundays at 3 P.M. Tickets are $29.50. Through Jan. 6. Information: (212) 477-2477.

**Graphic**

Photos: John Leguizamo in "Mambo Mouth," his one-man show at American Place. (American Place Theater); Eric Bogosian will reopen his "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll," tonight at the Orpheum Theater. (The New York Times) (pg. 35)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Recasting a Star Role Is Hit (or Miss)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47XK-R680-01KN-2314-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 14, 2003 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1927 words

**Byline:**  By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

Roger Bart's mouth will not be quashed. A thin elastic line of a mouth, it can't help stretching into delightfully unambiguous signals of agony and ecstasy. It made sense when Mr. Bart won a Tony Award for playing Snoopy, the ebullient comic strip dog, in the revival of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown." When this actor smiles, the world smiles with him. And when he frowns, the world smiles again.

Mr. Bart and his mouth have now moved back into the spotlight at the St. James Theater, where he recently assumed the role of Leo Bloom, the endearingly nerdy accountant first portrayed by Matthew Broderick in "The Producers." And it can't be denied that Mr. Bart -- who deliciously played the serpentine, swivel-hipped Carmen Ghia when "The Producers" opened -- has given the show a magnetic center it's been lacking since Mr. Broderick and his partner in levity, Nathan Lane, left the cast.

But as pleasurable as Mr. Bart is, you can't avoid feeling that an innately irrepressible stage presence has been bottled up inside a repressed character. Mr. Bart can certainly impersonate repression, with the required slumped shoulders and anxious twitches, but he can't quite embody it. There's an impishgenie inside Mr. Bart -- his inner Snoopy, you might say -- that is not about to stay quiet for all of a full-length musical. That wild slash of a mouth gives him away again and again.

A look at the latest Broadway casts of "The Producers," "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune" and "Oklahoma!" has confirmed one basic truth of the theater: if the chemistry of casting is an elusive and mysterious science, the alchemy of recasting is even more complicated.

No matter how much electricity performers give off naturally, when you plug them into roles that don't fit, short-circuiting is to be expected. Sometimes producers can get away with swapping suitability for charisma, as is true with Mr. Bart in "The Producers."

There are also those rare, happy instances when the successor to an original star actually improves a show, as when Reba McEntire brought her country-style brass to "Annie Get Your Gun," providing an all-conquering pluck that the divine but ever-vulnerable Bernadette Peters could never muster. And every so often, there's a leading role that taps into a supply of talent as available as sea water.

Take, for example, the creepy M.C. in the revival of "Cabaret," first played by Alan Cumming, which has since prompted performers from Raul Esparza to Neil Patrick Harris (of television's "Doogie Howser") to explore their androgynous sides. (Amazing what a little makeup can do for a man.)

Or what about the fragile but intense young mathematician of David Auburn's "Proof"? The part seemed just right not only for Mary-Louise Parker, who created the role in New York, but also for Jennifer Jason Leigh, Anne Heche and (in London) Gwyneth Paltrow, who are all well trained in conveying nail-biting neurosis and the angst of the gifted. (It's just as easy to imagine anyone from Jennifer Aniston to Renee Zellweger in the role.)

'Frankie and Johnny'

Actually, Edie Falco probably would have done fine by the part as well. But then, Ms. Falco is one of the few leading actresses alive who don't seem limited by an established persona. Certainly those who knew her only as Carmela, the expensively upholstered Mafia wife of "The Sopranos" on television, wouldn't have expected her to slide so easily into the role of Frankie, the lonesome, defeated waitress in Terrence McNally's "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune."

Yet when the show opened in revival in August at the Belasco Theater under Joe Mantello's direction, Ms. Falco was so convincing that she almost made you forget that the well-toned, well-spoken Stanley Tucci probably shouldn't have been playing the obsessive schlemiel named Johnny.

Rosie Perez, who recently took over from Ms. Falco, is a lively, sexy and engaging actress who has raised the emotional temperatures of films like "Do the Right Thing," "White Men Can't Jump" and "Fearless." And her vivacity and sex appeal are very much in evidence in her Frankie. This is not necessarily a good thing.

One friend of mine, who so loved the 1987 production of "Frankie and Johnny" with Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh that he refused to see this one, says the play is about two people who were lucky to have found each other because it's clear that no one else would sleep with either one. And while this might hold true for Joe Pantoliano's crazy-eyed, leering interpretation of Johnny, Ms. Perez's Frankie is, to borrow a bygone term, babe-alicious.

She also wears her emotions on every inch of her exposed skin, whereas Ms. Falco, even in the play's opening nude scene, managed to suggest that she was clad in full defensive armor. Ms. Perez is a feisty, saucy Frankie from the evening's beginning. As she and Mr. Pantoliano (like Ms. Falco, a "Sopranos" veteran) swap confessions, insults and declarations, "Frankie and Johnny" develops the jittery seesaw rhythms of a sitcom.

It doesn't help that Ms. Perez and Mr. Pantoliano both pitch their voices high and sharp and deliver their lines at the same brisk clip. This is a breezy "Frankie and Johnny" that elicits easy laughs but not empathetic tears. And you're always waiting for Ms. Perez and Mr. Pantoliano to bridge the distance not between their characters, but between themselves and their own parts. Most often, I felt as if I were watching an acting-class assignment in which students are assigned stage business, like spreading mayonnaise on bread, to keep them anchored in the moment.

'Oklahoma!'

For many members of the Us generation, who can't be bothered to open a magazine unless there's news about a celebrity inside, it takes a boldface name -- preferably one with film, television or Top 40 credentials -- to drag them away from their television and computer screens to see a Broadway show. Hence the casting of Patty Duke as Aunt Eller in Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!," a revival that has had trouble finding its expected audience since it opened in March and is now scheduled to close on Feb. 23.

Ms. Duke is no stranger to Broadway, having first made her name there as a child actress of extraordinary precocity in "The Miracle Worker" four decades ago before being swallowed up by television and film. That she can still project the presence required to hold her own on Broadway is perfectly apparent from her performance in "Oklahoma!"

Her face emanates a luminous openness that suggests an abidingly youthful sensitivity and capacity to be wounded. Unfortunately, these traits don't really match the frontier-toughened character of wry old Aunt Eller, whom Andrea Martin played with the necessary if predictable mix of grit and sentiment when this revival opened.

Even more than with Ms. Perez, you have the sense that Ms. Duke is stretching uncomfortably to fill her role. She does so gamely, and when she's dancing she exudes a shy self-satisfaction that's charming. But in context it doesn't make a lot of sense, especially given that this "Oklahoma!," directed by Trevor Nunn, still trades on overscaled comic stereotypes.

That said, Stephen R. Buntrock is an improvement on Patrick Wilson as Curly, the musical's romantic hero. The casting of Mr. Wilson, who was perfect as an average ***working-class*** Joe in "The Full Monty," was a gamble that didn't pay off. Mr. Buntrock is a thoroughly conventional Curly -- a handsome man with a handsome voice -- but sometimes there's nothing more comforting than the conventional.

'The Producers'

The producers of "The Producers" have no such formulas to fall back upon. When the show opened nearly two years ago, Mel Brooks's adaptation of his own movie was close to perfectly balanced on its own appealingly excessive terms -- from its satiric yet oddly sincere production numbers to its deftly drawn gallery of eccentric showbiz portraits.

Yet while "The Producers" still has more fizz than any other musical on Broadway, it's not the feat of magic it once was. And this has everything to do with its title characters. As embodied by Mr. Lane and Mr. Broderick, the brazen Max Bialystock and the timid Leo Bloom were as winningly mismatched a team as ever graced vaudeville.

The tribulations of replacing Mr. Lane and Mr. Broderick have already become the stuff of Broadway legend, with the English actor Henry Goodman being imported to play Max and then being dismissed before critics had a chance to see him. Brad Oscar, Mr. Lane's understudy, valiantly stepped into the breach, where he has remained ever since, and Steven Weber (of the television show "Wings") replaced Mr. Broderick.

Mr. Oscar has become a credible Max but not a compelling one, whereas Mr. Bart, as the latest Leo, is compelling but not entirely credible. Their timing and their inflections recall those of Mr. Lane and Mr. Broderick, as if they were following a pattern on footprints like those used in dance classes.

No one seems to have encouraged them to find their own approaches to their parts, though Mr. Bart's signature buoyancy keeps breaking through. And as vivid as "The Producers" remains as a flashy musical machine, it has lost much of the humanizing center that can make the difference between audiences loving a musical and simply enjoying it.

Actually, the freshest performance in "The Producers" at the moment comes from Gary Beach, who after nearly two years remains an unqualified treat in his Tony-winning role as the cross-dressing director Roger De Bris, who turns into a leading he-man (playing Hitler, no less) when his star breaks a leg.

In the show's high point, the "Springtime for Hitler" sequence of the musical-within-the-musical, Mr. Beach proves himself fluent in every idiom of vintage musical comedy, variously bringing to mind Al Jolson, Judy Garland, Robert Preston, Van Johnson and Eddie Cantor. He is also unmistakably the same silly, affected Roger De Bris, a man who has spent his life communing with all the dancing ghosts of old Broadway and believes he now has the chance to channel them.

Beyond that, you sense that Mr. Beach, too, is having the time of his life playing Roger De Bris playing Hitler as Al Jolson, Judy Garland, etc. The pure joy he transmits through this dizzy layering of masks is the euphoria of an actor head over heels in love with his part. If some performances are shotgun weddings between stars and their roles, Mr. Beach and Mr. De Bris are united in the kind of match that even casting directors know are really made only in heaven.

New Faces

The shows in the critic's notebook article on Broadway replacements:

"FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE," Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Performances are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $36.25 to $81.25. From Tuesdays through Thursdays, balcony seats, which are normally $36.25, are reduced to $21.25.

"OKLAHOMA!," Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st Street, (212) 307-4100. Performances are Tuesdays at 7 p.m.; Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $20 to $100. A limited number of $20 student rush tickets are available at the box office two hours before the performance Tuesdays through Fridays. The show is scheduled to close on Feb. 23.

"THE PRODUCERS," St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-5800. Performances are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $41 to $100.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Roger Bart, center, who created the role of Carmen Ghia in the Broadway musical "The Producers," now plays the nerdy accountant Leo Bloom. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Joe Pantoliano as Johnny and Rosie Perez as Frankie in "Frankie and Johnny in the Claire de Lune." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E31)

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[***MAN IN THE NEWS: John Major;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S460-003Y-K0S7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Tory of Humble Origins***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S460-003Y-K0S7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** John Majors

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Nov. 27

**Body**

One measure of the depth of class division in Britain may be the fixation on the "classless society" that John Major, the son of a onetime circus performer and the man who will become Prime Minister on Wednesday, wants to bring about.

Like his patron, Margaret Thatcher, Mr. Major springs from the lower middle class. But unlike her, he does not try to imitate the speech and mannerisms of earlier upper-class Conservative Party leaders with a private school background, people like Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan.

In that important sense, Mr. Major is classless, and the story of his life could almost have come from the pages of Dickens or Horatio Alger.

Here is a prospective Conservative Prime Minister who grew up in a two-room apartment in ***working-class*** Brixton, did poorly in school, left it at 16 to work as a clerk and a laborer, and never went to a university. Here is the next Tory party leader, a man who once collected fares as a bus conductor with London Transport and later collected unemployment benefits, before working his way to the top in banking and politics without benefit of Eton or Oxford.

Individual Achievement

To his admirers, he is the promise of Thatcherism come alive, proof that individual achievement means more than class privilege and is the best way of overcoming class disadvantage.

"This social attitude has been engraved for 100 years in the British instinct," he told The Sunday Telegraph recently in reference to Britain's class system, "and it is time it became disengraved." The Labor Party never attracted him, he once said, because he thought its message to people like him was, "You must stay where you are."

Mr. Major clearly stands for many of the things Mrs. Thatcher stood for: sound money, anti-inflationary budget discipline, a strong defense of British interests in the European Community.

But as a member of a generation too young to remember World War II, he does not have her profound skepticism of Europe or her ideological rigidity. Youthful-looking despite his gray hair and glasses, Mr. Major generally dresses in gray suits and has six identical gray ties. Those who know him say he is a quiet, considerate man with a ready smile who has not forgotten being hard up.

A Junior and a Whip

He first ran for Parliament -- unsuccessfully -- in the two elections of 1974, in the solid Labor London constituency of St. Pancras North. Loyal party work made him a candidate for the safe Conservative seat in Huntingdon in 1979, and as a junior member of Parliament he became a parliamentary aide in the Home Office and, later, a whip, keeping Mrs. Thatcher's officials in touch with their back-bench Conservative supporters in the House of Commons and making sure they voted with her on crucial questions.

In that position, he caught her eye with his intellectual toughness, one of her aides explained.

"In one conversation with the whips around the table, she said something he profoundly disagreed with, and they had a very sharp exchange," the aide said. "Everyone said, 'he's had it now,' but she said, not a bit of it -- he argued back, and did it very well," he recalled.

Mrs. Thatcher then began grooming him as a possible successor, moving him up to be a junior minister for Social Security from 1986 to 1987. For a while, he kept his habit of having breakfast -- beans on toast with bacon -- at a workers' cafe in south London, asking his driver to drop him off just around the corner from the Elephant & Castle tube station. But controversy surrounding the Government's attempts to control welfare benefits finally made him so well-known he could not enjoy a meal there undisturbed.

Foreign Secretary in 1989

Mrs. Thatcher made him chief Treasury Secretary, in effect deputy to Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson, in 1987. He stayed there until July 1989, when in her eagerness to move him up and broaden his experience, she put Mr. Major in the Foreign Secretary's job. Sir Geoffrey Howe, the incumbent, bitterly resented being removed, and Mr. Lawson's angry resignation only three months later forced Mrs. Thatcher to move Mr. Major into that position -- and into the Chancellor's official residence at 11 Downing Street, next to hers -- sooner than she had expected.

In style and manner, John Major and Margaret Thatcher couldn't be more different. A civil servant who has worked with him said that he is never hasty to form a view on a new subject. "He didn't like being bombarded with five or six issues and decisions all at once," this official said. "He would take them one at a time, take the briefing papers home, and come back the next day with his mind made up."

Visibly uncomfortable in his short tenure as Foreign Secretary, Mr. Major is reported to have said once that he preferred facts and figures to concepts.

His wife, Norma, who married him in 1970, later said that being Chancellor was "the job he's always wanted."

Born in Southwest London

Keeping their family and politics separate during the week, she lives with their two children, Elizabeth, 19, and James, 16, in their home at Great Stukeley in his constituency in Cambridgeshire, where Mr. Major joins them when he is not in London. With a passion for opera, she has written a biography of Joan Sutherland, and her husband apparently shares her interest in music.

His father, Thomas, was 67 years old when John Major was born in southwest London on March 29, 1943. "This stuff about him being a trapeze artist -- well he was for a while, but that was only one of a huge number of different things he did, different careers he followed," John Major told The Sunday Telegraph last year.

One of them, supposedly, was playing baseball in Philadelphia, though nobody seems to be clear for what team.

John Major was quoted as saying of his father: "When I was about 4 or 5, his sight began to fail, and I used to walk with him a lot, so that he wouldn't trip over curbs. He was a wonderful talker. And, there was this small boy who really enjoyed being an audience."

When young John was 11, his father lost all his money in a business that manufactured ornamental gnomes for English gardens. This forced the five members of the Major family to move to Coldharbour Lane in Brixton, to a two-room apartment three floors above the bathroom.

Grammar School in Wimbledon

"There was no difference in the way the family behaved or the way they treated me," Mr. Major said later. "It was a good environment to be brought up in."

Later he attended Rutlish Grammar School, a state school in Wimbledon, which, like the one Mrs. Thatcher attended in Grantham, was an educational steppingstone. But he left at the age of 16. "I didn't do my best for them," Mr. Major later told The Sunday Telegraph. "I enjoyed English, history, and maths -- but I'm ashamed at how little work I did for other subjects. I think it was something to do with being at the bottom of the heap."

What he left to do was work, to help out the family: first as a clerk in an insurance company, later mixing concrete for the London Electricity Board. Then came nine months on the dole, at £2.87 a week. He would look for a job in the morning, and go to the Granada Cinema in Brixton in the afternoon, at one point sitting through "The Flame and the Arrow" with Burt Lancaster five successive days.

But at 18, he found a career, getting a job with the District Bank and passing his banker's examinations two and a half years later. In 1965, he joined the Standard Chartered Bank, where he made a career, soon rising to become an aide to the bank's chairman, Lord Anthony Barber, who for a time was Prime Minister Edward Heath's Chancellor of the Exchequer. An interest in politics grew as he served in local government in South London from 1968 to 1971.

Sent to Nigeria

In the Nigerian civil war, in the late 1960's, the bank sent him to Nigeria, and he was severely injured in an automobile accident that smashed his left kneecap. This left him unable to play cricket, the national sport, in which he had developed an interest as a boy in Brixton, living five minutes from the Oval cricket ground, home of the Surrey team.

Last week, when Mrs. Thatcher fell, he was recovering at home from removal of a wisdom tooth. This morning, after an untypical English breakfast of shredded wheat, he cracked that the country's "top job" was really the chairmanship of the Surrey Cricket Club.

"I'm not running as son of Margaret Thatcher," he told Brian Walden on London Weekend Television last Sunday. "I'm running as myself, on my own priorities and my own program."

**Graphic**

Photo: John Major, who is to be the next Prime Minister of Britain, with his wife, Norma, after winning leadership of the Conservative Party. (Associated Press)

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[***BUSINESS DIARY/November 25-30***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SDB0-003Y-K470-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

THE ECONOMY

Fed Sets the Record Straight on the Economy: It Is in Decline

The nation's top inflation-fighter now has bigger worries. For the first time since he took office in 1987, Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has said that the economy is in decline. Addressing a House committee on Wednesday, he stopped just short of calling the downturn that began in October a recession. "It may get there," he said the next day, mindful that a recession technically requires two straight quarters of decline. He is not about to panic. "The world out there when you look at the hard data is not in as bad shape as it feels," he told Congress. And asked whether he would cut interest rates, he was strenuously noncommittal. But economists have little doubt that more generous Fed policies are in store. As William V. Sullivan Jr., director of money market research at Dean Witter Reynolds, put it, "When the man comes down from Mount Olympus and says we're in a meaningful downturn, that's significant. It clears up all doubt about where the Fed stands."

An Economic Oxymoron

Maybe they should call them the lagging indicators. The index of leading indicators released on Friday signaled a recession, after everyone had already agreed that the economy has turned down. A 1.2 percent decline for October and a slight adjustment to yield a negative reading for July mean the index has dropped four months in a row; the accepted recession signal is three. Economists, with a glance at their charts, are quick to point out that the index forecasted a recession after the 1987 stock market crash. None occurred. This time, the indicators are merely late.

The G.N.P. and the Gulf

The third-quarter figure for the gross national product suggests that the economy only reversed course after Iraq invaded Kuwait. The G.N.P. grew at a 1.7 percent rate in the third quarter, the Commerce Department reported last week, a tenth of a point lower than its earlier estimate. Mr. Greenspan said the decline began in October, mostly because of the crisis in the Middle East.

Freeing the Banks

Treasury Secretary Nicholas F. Brady proposed allowing banks and securities firms to merge and letting banks expand across state lines. Mr. Brady, with the President's backing, is preparing legislation to overhaul the banking system and repeal many of the restrictions in effect since the Depression. The regulatory structure "is outmoded, burdensome and inefficient," he said. "And its flaws are an unseen contributor to our financial institutions' current difficulties." He said he is worried about the financial industry's declining profits and its ability to counter rivals from abroad.

Credit Squeeze

Beware a December squeeze in short-term credit. When the bond market curiously weakened for a couple days after Mr. Greenspan said the economy was in decline, some economists said banks were choking off much of the credit they usually provide for trading securities. The banks want to look as sound as possible at year-end, Neal M. Soss, the First Boston chief economist, said. "If bankers in normal times like to window-dress their balance sheets," he said, "imagine what will happen after the turmoil of the last year."

In Brief

President Bush said on Friday that he might waive trade restrictions and send food to help the Soviet Union through the winter. Germany has taken the lead in shipping supplies.

The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation proposed allowing savings and loans to convert to state-chartered savings banks.

For the Downwardly Mobile

A publication for the 1990's: Pauper, with the initial quarterly issue this spring to feature "articles about poor celebrities, bankrupt businesses, failed financial institutions, tips on frugal living, personal issues on the culture of poverty and, hopefully, lots of advertising aimed at the low end of the down-scale market." Richard Grayson, an unemployed Fort Lauderdale, Fla., computer teacher and the magazine's publisher, editor and staff, swears his plans are no joke. But his press release sounds suspiciously parodistic, saying that a Pauper 400 list will answer the lists of the super-rich in "wealth-oriented magazines." Mr. Grayson has his own woes. He said he was laid off in the Dade County schools' budget cuts, his unemployment insurance has run out and he supports himself with a temporary job teaching English. He doubts the publication -- "a kitchen-table job" -- will make him rich.

INTERNATIONAL

Ready to Talk

Having demonstrated his readiness to use tanks, troops, fighters, bombers and rockets to bludgeon Iraq, President Bush began talking about a deal. The United Nations Security Council voted Thursday to authorize an attack on Iraqi forces unless they leave Kuwait by Jan. 15. President Bush said the next day that he would welcome a visit by the Iraqi Foreign Minister, Tariq Aziz, and wanted to send Secretary of State James A. Baker 3d to Baghdad. Oil prices plunged $4.06 a barrel, to $28.85, on Friday; stock and bond markets soared so abruptly that some on Wall Street found the volatility alarming. As Stephen S. Roach, the senior economist at Morgan Stanley & Company, said, "The economy is being driven more by fear than reality."

A More Pliable Britain

For John Major, breakfast at 10 Downing Street might be the next best thing to beans on toast with bacon at a south London cafe. The former Chancellor of the Exchequer won a Conservative Party election to succeed Margaret Thatcher as Prime Minister. He shares her ***working-class*** roots and free-market convictions. But he is a bit more likely than Mrs. Thatcher to think of his nation as part of Europe. At age 47, Mr. Major is the first major European leader too young to remember World War II. He, like Mrs. Thatcher, is no friend of a single European currency and central bank. But he is more willing to bend. Last month, he helped persuade her to have Britain join the European Monetary System, linking the pound's value to other currencies.

Japan's Real Estate Problems

Japan's corporate safety net has holes large enough for a major developer to fall through. The Kyowa Company, whichrode the crest of real estate speculation, filed the equivalent of a bankruptcy petition last week, a rare event in Japan's clubby corporate world. Hugh T. Patrick, director of the Center on Japanese Economy and Business at Columbia University, said Kyowa will be only the first. "There are some very speculative real estate ventures that are going to go bankrupt," he said. "Some big ones." Financial institutions are restricting credit and the central bank wants lower real estate prices, he said.

COMPANIES

G.M. Scales Back

The implosion of the General Motors Corporation continues. On Thursday, the company said it was cutting back fourth-quarter car and truck production in North America by 111,000, to 1,186,000, after its target had been trimmed by 181,000 earlier this year. The company cited a weakening economy due to the Persian Gulf crisis and consumers who are doing more brooding than buying. But since Robert C. Stempel became the company's president and then chairman earlier this year, he has been trying to keep G.M. from building more cars than the public will buy. The auto maker took a record $1.98 billion loss in the third quarter, reflecting the cost of shutting as many as nine plants. Analysts say another loss is all but certain in the current quarter. Captured within the world's largest company, it seems, is a much smaller company struggling to get out.

Eastern Gets a Raise

Eastern Airlines persuaded a bankruptcy judge on Tuesday that to play with the big boys in the industry it needed a larger allowance. Judge Burton R. Lifland allowed it to withdraw as much as $135 million from escrow to continue operating. Creditors howled, but an Eastern executive said the money was essential because nobody would buy tickets on an airline facing imminent liquidation.

Japan's Unrivaled Wealth

No wonder that the largest takeover in the United States this year reflects Japanese financial might. The Matsushita Electric Industrial Company's agreement on Monday to pay $6.13 billion in cash for MCA Inc. is also Japan's largest corporate acquisition in the United States. No American bidder emerged to challenge an offer worth about $69 a share, less than the $75 that an intermediary at first told MCA's chairman, Lew R. Wasserman, to expect. Many American companies are entering a likely recession with weak balance sheets, and corporate raiders can no longer raise money by spewing out high-yield bonds. As Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker, told the MCA board, only a handful of companies can write a $6 billion check.

Computer Censorship?

You can use the mail to complain about lousy postal service, and the phone to gripe about high phone bills. But don't try using the Prodigy Services Company's computerized shopping and information service to attack its fees. Prodigy pulled the plug on a dozen members who used the system to complain to advertisers and start a boycott of them to protest the service's plan for additional charges. Beginning Jan. 1, Prodigy will charge 25 cents for each message beyond 30 a month, in addition to the $12.95 monthly charge. The users whose accounts have been canceled say they are victims of electronic censorship. Prodigy has offered to reinstate them if they agree to quit assaulting advertisers with their computerized complaints.

**Graphic**

Photos: Security Council sets a deadline; G.M.'s Chevrolet Lumina APV minivan (General Motors); Akio Tanii, Matsushita chief. (Associated Press)

Graphs: monthly percent change in the index of leading economic indicators, Oct. 1989-Oct. 1990 (Source: Commerce Dept.); quarterly change in real G.N.P. at seasonally adjusted rates, 2nd qtr. 1987-3rd qtr. 1990 (Source: Commerce Dept.)

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[***THEATER; A Playwright Who Casts His Muse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47V3-0SY0-01KN-238V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

THE bittersweet comedy "Kimberly Akimbo," which opens on Tuesday at the Manhattan Theater Club, marks the fourth collaboration between the playwright David Lindsay-Abaire, 33, and the actress Marylouise Burke, 62 -- following "A Devil Inside," "Fuddy Meers" and "Wonder of the World."

Directed by David Petrarca, "Kimberly Akimbo" is about a 16-year-old who suffers from a rare aging disease that has transformed her into an elderly woman. Her dysfunctional parents and aunt, played by Jodie Markell, Jake Weber and Ana Gasteyer, don't know how to deal with Kimberly (Ms. Burke), but a fellow student (John Gallagher Jr.) likes her and isn't afraid to show it.

Mr. Lindsay-Abaire and Ms. Burke talked recently at the theater with Robin Pogrebin, a cultural reporter for The New York Times,about their creative partnership. Here are excerpts from their taped conversation.

ROBIN POGREBIN: What are the origins of "Kimberly Akimbo"?

DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE: The seed of the play came to me when I asked a friend how his new niece was and he said: "Oh, she's incredible. She's 8 months old going on 80. She's just this wise, tiny little woman trapped in a baby's body."

Being the very literal-minded person I am, I immediately pictured this tiny old woman trapped in a baby's body. And that, in turn, reminded me of a documentary I had seen as a child about this disease, progeria, which is a very sad disease that afflicts kids. They look like old people.

I knew I didn't want to write about that disease. I knew I was going to fictionalize it because it's a dark sort of subject and I didn't want to write a disease-of-the-week story. And then I thought, "What a great role -- for an older actress to play a kid or a teenager." And not knowing a lot more than that, I started the play. I did know that I wanted to have a bunch of sort of upside-down roles in the play, where the adults acted like kids and the kids acted like adults and it's April but it's snowing. There are all sorts of things that are askew in the play.

POGREBIN: So you had written it before you had Marylouise in mind?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: I didn't write it with her in mind to start but maybe midway through the first act I thought, "This is probably a Marylouise Burke part." And then when she read the first act, that was it. The rest of the play became about writing it for Marylouise. Her voice was just in there, and there was nobody else -- her strange, odd little voice was in my head.

POGREBIN: Marylouise, how did you feel when you first read this part?

MARYLOUISE BURKE: I always love, in David's work, the way he is so fascinated by contradictions, the paradox thing, where an older person is young and a younger person is old. Or, like in "Fuddy Meers," the person who has the information is the one who doesn't have the power of speech. There was something going on about how we perceive things and that was so interesting -- as it might be for the audience to see how Kimberly and the 16-year-old boy are being attracted to each other, and then be thrust into the reality that her symptoms are increasing and she's nearing the end of her life expectancy.

POGREBIN: Was there any question in your mind about your capacity to inhabit a 16-year-old?

BURKE: The thing I was wary about was how. I wanted very much to inhabit it and not visit it. I didn't want to be an older actress or an older woman sending up a teenager in any way.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Two subscribers came up two nights ago -- were you aware of this?

BURKE: No.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: These two older women said, "Can I ask a question?" I said, "Sure." They said: "How old is she? Is she 22, 23?" And I just laughed. And they said, "Is she younger than that?" I said, "Are you kidding?" I said, "She's 62." And they said: "What are you talking about? No, we're talking about Kimberly." I said, "Yeah, she's 62." And they were positive that you were a 22-year-old girl----

BURKE: No, I didn't know that----

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Who had some kind of makeup on. They went on about your body language, in particular, that there was no way a 62-year-old woman could behave like a teenager in that way.

BURKE: I must never think about that again.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: I'm sorry.

BURKE: Because I didn't think I was doing anything.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Well, don't. Continue to do nothing.

BURKE: I do think I'm a case of arrested development in some ways. I would be likely to say, "Oh, that was cool."

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: You're a very young soul.

POGREBIN: How did you first meet?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: My very first play in New York was "A Devil Inside," which SoHo Rep agreed to produce and Julian Webber directed. And Julian said, in his very British way, "Oh, I have this wonderful actress, Marylouise Burke." I was so happy to have any sort of production I was, like, "Well, bring her in." "A Devil Inside" is sort of this over-the-top take on 19th-century Russian novels that I set in present-day New York, Lower East Side. And Marylouise played this woman with a very long tragic past who's now running a laundromat.

BURKE: It's her son's 21st birthday and the play opened with her telling him that now that he is an adult he should avenge the murder of his father. She keeps the father's feet in a great big old jar that she has around the house. And now she brings out the jar and shows it to him for inspiration. And so it's her obsession that this death must be avenged. I ended up killing a guy by pushing him into the dryer and turning it on. It was----

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Crazy play.

BURKE: Very different comedic territory from "Kimberly Akimbo."

POGREBIN: Had you written "Fuddy Meers" at that point?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: "Fuddy Meers" was written. I wrote it at Juilliard. And I always thought Marylouise was the frontrunner for that part.

POGREBIN: Why?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Marylouise is able to be totally off-the-wall and hilarious and likable but also incredibly grounded and genuine. An audience just gets on board with her. They trust her, they like her, they will go with her on the journey. And that is something that's invaluable for a playwright. You want those actors in your plays. Especially if the play is insane. It's so easy for it to turn into wacky shtick. And in order for it not to happen you have to have somebody like Marylouise, who's so real. Otherwise, it's just candy and an audience isn't really interested.

BURKE: In "Fuddy Meers" my character had aphasia. She had had a stroke and she couldn't speak any English, or she spoke a fractured version, David's idea of stroke talk.

POGREBIN: When you write it and when you act it, are you thinking about the comedy? In "Kimberly Akimbo," if it weren't for the laughs it would have been relentlessly sad. Are you conscious of wanting to have that levity to lessen the blow?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: I am and I'm not. I say not because it's the world that I live in. I view everything from a very strange sort of place, where everything is slightly off and funny -- and equally sad to me.

With "Fuddy Meers," for example, it could have been so easy for an audience to see a stroke victim walk on stage and go, "Wait a second, this is a sick person, she's had a stroke, I should not be laughing at this." But Marylouise brought such a strength and unsentimentality to that character that an audience was able to laugh because they saw: "Oh, she can take care of herself. This lady's not frail and falling down. She's O.K. She's going to smash somebody over the head with a shovel and that's fine by me."

And she does the same thing with Kimberly. Here's a girl who's essentially at death's door, but she gives her such vitality that an audience is rooting for her the entire time. There's not an ounce of "poor me" in it.

POGREBIN: How much during the process of mounting a show do you two talk about the character or how she's coming to life?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Nonstop. I'm there all the time. I know a lot of playwrights show up for the first read-through and then come back two or three weeks later to check in. I like to be there for every hour of rehearsal. I want to know exactly what is being said to the actors and where the actors are going. If they get to someplace that's totally wrong, I want to know how they got there. But I don't speak up a lot because I understand that they have to go down all those wrong paths and explore all those possibilities so that they can rule them out and find the right one. I'm just there in case I'm needed. And every once in a while I jump in or clarify something.

POGREBIN: Is the age difference between you two an issue?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: No. I'm 33. I feel like we're relatives. We also come from similar backgrounds, which is, I think, why we get along and why Marylouise understands my work so well. We both come from humble backgrounds and somehow we wound up in New York doing theater. I grew up in ***working-class*** South Boston, which was very blue-collar. My dad was a fruit peddler. My mom was a factory worker.

BURKE: I grew up in a small steel town in Pennsylvania. My father worked in his father's gas station for a while and then bought a grocery store and ran that. And my mother was a housewife and helped with the grocery store.

POGREBIN: It seems as if you are both in a certain way essential to each other's success.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: It's a no-brainer to put her in. She's just going to get it. I don't have to explain to her. I don't have to second-guess the choice. She just does it right.

BURKE: Here I am, a 62-year-old character actress playing a leading lady who is 16. How exciting is that? That's so amazing. And it's the first of his plays where I've been the glue, the center, the central thing. So that's new territory for me, too. It was really the work in "Fuddy Meers" that gave me a visibility in New York theater and New York casting circles that I hadn't had before.

POGREBIN: Has the play made you think about yourself differently?

BURKE: I actually, along with a friend of mine, gave myself a little birthday party for the first time in, I think, my adult life. I kind of embraced the whole thing. Because it's made me feel so much healthier about my age and where I am.

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: Well, look at my plays alone. "A Devil Inside," she played the mother. "Fuddy Meers," she played the grandmother. And now she's playing the child. So to hell with age. She can do anything.

POGREBIN: Do you have anything up your sleeve or anything with Marylouise as a possibility?

LINDSAY-ABAIRE: I'm working on a new play. I don't know what it is yet. I'm sure she'll weasel her way in there somewhere. She always does.

Kimberly Akimbo

Manhattan Theater Club, Stage I,

131 West 55th Street. In previews; opens Tuesday; through March 30.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jake Weber, at left, and Marylouise Burke play father and daughter in "Kimberly Akimbo" by David Lindsay-Abaire. Far left, Mr. Lindsay-Abaire with Ms. Burke, who has been in four of his plays. "It's a no-brainer to put her in," he says. "She's just going to get it." (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 5); J. Smith-Cameron, left, and Marylouise Burke in the David Lindsay-Abaire comedy "Fuddy Meers" in 1999. (Joan Marcus)(pg. 23)

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[***CITY U. THEME: 'ACCESS AND QUALITY'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HWP0-0008-Y2BC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

During his first year as chancellor of the City University of New York, a position he assumed 14 months ago, Dr. Joseph S. Murphy gave 111 speeches, and one theme was dominant: the notion of the university as a place of both ''access and quality.''

Dr. Murphy will be formally inaugurated Monday, having completed the customary year in office before the ceremony marking his installation. And the idea that the university can be both an avenue of upward mobility and a place of excellence remains the ideological cornerstone upon which Dr. Murphy is trying to rebuild confidence in the institution.

It is a message that is also being voiced increasingly by the presidents of the university's 17 undergraduate units.

This ambitious effort to bolster the image of the university, which suffered during the imposition of an open-admissions policy in the 1970's, is a delicate balancing act. It is aimed at winning back those who believe that the institution lowered its standards, while holding onto the newly gained support of those who favor greater access to higher education.

Article examines Dr Joseph S Murphy's 1st year as chancellor of City University; photo (M)Network of Remedial Classes

Under the open-admissions policy instituted in 1970, entrance to the university, which had previously been more selective, was guaranteed to all high school graduates in the city. Those standards have since been tightened at the senior colleges.

Since open admissions began, undergraduate enrollment has increased, from 135,626 to 158,931. At the same time, that greater access has led to the creation of a network of remedial courses to offset the lack of adequate preparation of many of the students.

City University statistics show that 56 percent of the students entering the four-year colleges and 77 percent of those going into the two-year colleges fail at least one of the three tests given to freshmen - in reading, writing and mathematics.

But despite these changes, Dr. Murphy argues that the mission of the university is unaltered, and that in many ways today's student body differ little from those of the past.

''City University has traditionally served immigrants and the children of immigrants,'' he said in an interview. ''When it opened as the Free Academy in 1837, the students were poor white Protestants. Later in the century they were the Irish fleeing the potato famine. Then, before World War I, the Italians and the Jews arrived. Today, it is the blacks, the Hispanics and the Asians.''

Furthermore, Dr. Murphy, who often speaks of his own ***working-class*** upbringing in Newark, asserts that the selectivity that some critics accuse the City University of abandoning existed only for a relatively brief period.

Depression-Era Changes

''Till the 1920's, a student needed only a 62 average in high school to get admitted,'' he said, asserting that the pressure of larger numbers of applicants during the Depression pushed the cutoff score up to 92.

As evidence of the university's strength, Dr. Murphy has taken to accumulating information about how many faculty members are winning fellowships and publishing works of scholarship.

''The quality of the faculty is at the highest point it has ever been,'' he said.

This assertion is welcomed especially by the professors, whose morale fell during the 1970's, when more than 5,000 faculty members, most of them part-timers, were dismissed as the city tried to avert bankruptcy.

''The faculty is feeling a little better, but the feeling of having been damaged by the fiscal catastrophe is not gone entirely,'' said Henry Wasser, chairman of the faculty senate.

To help him make his case for the university, Dr. Murphy, a smooth speaker whose talks are spiced with witticisms, has increased its public- relations staff.

This fall, Margaret L. W. Boepple, former director of intergovernmental relations for New York City, became vice chancellor for university relations, raising public relations to the highest position it has had in the university hierarcy. A new staff is being built under Mrs. Boepple, and the proposed budget for next year also contains $600,000 to establish the university's first development office, which would pursue large-scale donations.

A windfall in Dr. Murphy's attempt to promote the image of quality was a national survey last spring ranking six of the doctoral programs in the university's Graduate School among the 15 best in the country in their fields.

But the chancellor has discovered that the glitter of the Graduate School's achievement can go just so far in burnishing the image of the undergraduate colleges. The nine senior colleges and eight community colleges are still seen mainly in terms of how each was affected by the change in admissions standards.

Prestige for Queens College

Queens College, for example, which draws heavily upon the borough in which many of the neighborhood high schools are the strongest, has replaced City College as the school students generally consider the most desirable.

Baruch College and Hunter College have regained much of their popularity, receiving so many applications last year that their cutoff scores were raised to 81, the highest in the system. Both institutions benefit from their East Side locations, and Baruch has a special edge because of its stress on business studies.

Brooklyn College has advertised to try to prop up its image. The two main problems were to persuade non- Brooklynites that it was worth a trip to attend the college and to convince residents of Brooklyn that they did not have to leave the borough for quality higher education.

City College, the university's oldest and mostly widely known campus, had the most to lose during the 1970's.

''When some people talk about open admissions they seem to think it happened only at C.C.N.Y,'' said Bernard W. Harleston, president of City College since 1981. ''This is obviously something I have had to address. We want the public to judge us more by the people we turn out than by where they are when they come in.''

City College has been trying to build up its image as a research institution, and the latest effort is a magazine that will be started next year to report on the scholarly work of faculty members.

What often goes unnoticed by critics of the university's standards is that the admissions requirements at City College and the other four-year colleges have been tightened in an attempt to raise the academic level. Since the late 70's, an average of at least 80 and a rank in the upper third of a student's high school graduating class have generally been needed. Only the community colleges continue to admit all high school graduates.

Nonetheless, the image of a university weakened by less selectivity persists, and this is the specter against which Dr. Murphy has been battling.

''Part of the problem is the perception that only the City University does or needs remediation for its students,'' said Robin Elliot, vice president for development at Hunter College and a public-relations aide to the previous chancellor, Dr. Robert J. Kibbee.

''Chancellor Murphy harps on the notion that other colleges, including many of the most prestigious, have similar problems. The difference is that CUNY does more about it and says more about what it is doing.''

Although the tightening of the admissions standards has meant that more freshmen are prepared for the senior colleges, many others, even though they have graduated in the upper third of their high-school classes, are still not ready for college- level work.

In addition, the senior colleges can waive entrance requirements for students with ''academic potential,'' as, for instance, Lehman College did for hundreds of its freshmen last year.

Students must pass the three basic skills tests before the end of their junior year, but the central administration has refused until now to say how many students fail to do this. Nor has the administration released figures on dropout rates.

Officials have maintained that such statistics lend themselves to misinterpretation and would embarrass some of the colleges with poor records. However, a report on the university's success in retaining students is almost complete, and Dr. Murphy has indicated that for the first time the information may be available to the public.

''My job is to overcome the inferiority complex that exists here,'' Dr. Murphy said, ''and the antidote is the truth.''

**Graphic**

photo of Dr. Joseph S. Murphy, Margaret Boepple, Peter Barrett

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[***Forward to Middlescence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7S40-0005-G460-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Carol Tavris;

Carol Tavris, a social psychologist, is the author of "The Mismeasure of Woman" and "Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion."

By Carol Tavris;   Carol Tavris, a social psychologist, is the author of "The Mismeasure of Woman" and "Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion."

**Body**

NEW PASSAGES

Mapping Your Life Across Time.

By Gail Sheehy.

498 pp. New York: Random House. $25.

A BOOK reviewer goes through many passages, from Inner Turmoil (feelings of insecurity and incompetence) to Outer Aggravation (worries about deadlines and interruptions). Some reviewers remain stuck in Sloughs of Despond; others steer a course through the Storms of Doubt into the Seas of Serenity, where they remain until the next assignment.

Everyone loves passages, those mystical corridors that lead us from where we have been to where we are going; and if the destination is unknown -- visiting a new country, surviving an illness, growing older -- we are all grateful for a good map. Gail Sheehy's book "Passages: Predictable Crises of Adult Life" (1976), was hugely popular precisely because it offered such a chart (and also, I suspect, because so many New Yorkers so enjoyed playing Guess the Pseudonym as they read Ms. Sheehy's portraits of the rich and famous in states of distress and dishabille).

The irony was that "Passages" was out of date at publication, because the great demographic truth was that most people were no longer having predictable crises or traveling through Eriksonesque stages. The economy was requiring the labor of women and two incomes per household, thus precipitating the rebirth of feminism; life expectancy was increasing; divorce, remarriage and cohabitation statistics were soaring. In short, the traditional markers of adult development -- marriage, parenthood, promotion, retirement -- were crumbling. It seemed that no one was doing anything in the familiar order, what with so many first babies being born to unmarried mothers of 15 and 45. The success of "Passages," in fact, might well have reflected people's awareness that the world was slipping out of control; the book calmed anxieties by imposing predictability on a life cycle that was, for most, increasingly uncertain.

Today, millions of people have lost not only the sense that life is predictable but also the explanatory systems that gave meaning to life's ups and downs -- traditional religion, Marxism, Freudianism, patriotism, the work ethic -- and so feel rudderless and adrift. With her unerring sense of timing and eye for cultural trends, Ms. Sheehy now offers "New Passages," an optimistic analysis of adult development in pessimistic times. For those who are unmotivated and confused, worried about losing their jobs or afraid of aging and death, she brings good news about growing older and reassurances that even doubts and despair can be a normal passage to a reinvigorated life.

"New Passages" is a vast improvement over its predecessor, because it is grounded in the economic and psychological realities that make adult life so complex today. The major themes of this book are accurate and important:

\* There is no longer a "standard life cycle"; the once predictable milestones of adult development are gone forever. Still, every age cohort or generation shares certain social, educational and economic experiences that make it different from other generations.

\* No one, male or female, should rely on only one source of identity and satisfaction, because he or she will become "more vulnerable to sudden changes in economic or personal conditions"; such changes are now the norm.

\* The major task for people in their middle years is to decide what they will do with their "second adulthood" -- the 30 or 40 healthy years that they are likely to have left if they reach 50. Too many people, Ms. Sheehy warns, are unprepared financially and psychologically for the second half of life.

\* The secret to the search for meaning is to "find your passion and pursue it with whole heart and single mind."

Ms. Sheehy uses Census Bureau data to draw demographic portraits of generations across time; several hundred interviews with individuals and focus groups across the country, which provide lively and vivid examples of the differences between generations and sexes; replies from a survey given to diverse but unrepresentative samples, including affluent professionals and the more ***working-class*** readers of Family Circle; and academic research. Her basic conclusions have been supported by many studies of different age groups and generations and of groups of people followed over time.

Book 1 of "New Passages," called "First Adulthood," describes the different generations that now uneasily coexist: the World War II Generation (born between 1914 and 1929), the Silent Generation, which noisily set off the civil rights and feminist movements (1930-45), the Vietnam Generation (1946-55), the Me Generation (1956-65) and the Endangered Generation (1966-80). Ms. Sheehy gives the last cohort this apt label because, as the first generation that grew up coping with a high parental divorce rate, AIDS, guns in the schools and in the streets, and downward mobility, its common experience is one of fear and pessimism in matters of sex, relationships, money, jobs and physical safety.

First adulthood, according to Ms. Sheehy, lasts roughly to age 45, at least if you are a member of the World War II or Silent generations and did what you were supposed to do to be a grown-up. But the baby boomers (the Vietnam and Me generations) have had the most prolonged adolescence in history; their refrain is "Who, me, an adult? But I'm not ready!" Ms. Sheehy perfectly captures the men in their 30's and 40's who have never been able to commit to one partner and who have unrealistic expectations about their jobs, relationships and responsibilities.

Many baby-boom women have unrealistic expectations too, Ms. Sheehy says, especially the "late babymania" that strikes some boomer career women in their 40's. She observes that many of these women are motivated less by a need to reproduce than by pressure to perform for younger husbands; a terror of aging; a cultural ideology that still conveys the message that the most important thing a woman can do is produce babies; and a $2-billion-a-year infertility business that feeds the delusion of fertility -- and youth -- forever. Ms. Sheehy is rightly worried about what will happen when society finds itself left with a generation of young-adult orphans, let alone a cohort of 60- or 70-year-old parents of teen-agers. There are other ways of satisfying the desire to nurture the next generation, she suggests, such as coaching or teaching children on a volunteer basis, becoming more involved with one's friends' or relatives' offspring or working on projects that will benefit children.

Yet Ms. Sheehy's criticism of late babymania differs for the goose and the gander. She takes a sharp swipe at "the first graduates of the women's movement" who "strapped on male values like battle gear," she says. "But beneath the jump suits and boots their female instincts were suffocated -- at least for the duration of their First Adulthood." Serves 'em right if now they are infertile. Yet she seems delighted by the many "Start-Over Dads" who have children late in life, having devoted their early years to their careers. Unlike those selfish and self-deluded older mothers, apparently, an S.O.D. benefits from having the time to be a "fully nurturant co-parent," because "success as a nurturing father is actually good for a man's mental and physical health" -- especially if you are famous, like Frank Gifford (an S.O.D. at 59), Clint Eastwood (at 63) or Norman Lear (in his early 70's).

Book 2, "Second Adulthood," traces people's lives from 45 to 65 ("the Age of Mastery") and from 65 to 85 and beyond ("the Age of Integrity"). According to Ms. Sheehy, "the years between 45 and 55 constitute a bonus stage -- truly new territory," a "middlescence" that is comparable to adolescence: "Turning backward, going around in circles, feeling lost in a buzz of confusion and unable to make decisions -- all this is predictable and, for many people, a necessary precursor to making the passage into midlife." (Whether you regard this behavior as a necessary precursor of change or self-indulgent and immature whining depends of course on which generation you belong to.)

Ms. Sheehy spends 9 of her 19 chapters on this "new territory," which includes, she says, the dawning awareness of mortality; the "vanity crisis" that strikes both sexes; and menopause, female and male varieties. Women (as many studies confirm) hit their peak during this decade, shifting from a focus on pleasing others to mastering new talents for themselves. But many men who are now in their 50's are caught, Ms. Sheehy argues, in the "Samson Complex," unable to cope with the erosion of strength, professional success and sexual confidence. In contrast to many women their age, who have achieved greater professional success than they ever dreamed, many of these men are bitter at being pushed not only down the ladder but off it altogether. Those who resolve these issues, however, gallop on to alliterative happiness in the Serene Sixties, the Sage Seventies, the Uninhibited Eighties and the Nobility of the Nineties, and may even join the growing number of Celebratory Centenarians.

Ms. Sheehy is known for mannerisms of cuteness ("Let's replace 'aging' with 'sageing' " -- well, let's not), Capitalism (the Meaning Crisis, the Sexual Diamond) and egotism (the census data confirm her findings, the experts she interviews corroborate her theories -- not vice versa). And she does have a weakness for popular psychology, such as the unverified notion that ancient Goddess-worshiping cultures were more peaceful than God-worshiping ones, and for "findings" reported in newspapers and popular books. (For example, her source for the healing power of prayer is an article in The Seattle Times: "Prayer Heals, Says Doctor.") But if you can forgive these lapses, or find them charming, as many people do, you'll have a good time with this book. You will find lots of people you know, and some of them might be yourself, the once and future grown-up.

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***MIDEAST TENSIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-STD0-003Y-K0HT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Palestinian Stabs 3 Israelis Dead; Revenge for Mosque Melee Is Seen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-STD0-003Y-K0HT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By SABRA CHARTRAND, Special to The New York Times

By SABRA CHARTRAND, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, Oct. 21

**Body**

A Palestinian wielding a 15-inch knife rampaged through a tranquil Jewish neighborhood early this morning, stabbing to death an unarmed army woman, a gardener and a policeman who tried to stop him.

The killings come at a time of high tension for Israel, which faces international pressure over the killings of 21 Palestinians by the police at Al Aksa Mosque just two weeks ago. The Israeli police opened fire that day after stones were thrown at Jewish worshipers at the Western Wall below.

The Israeli Cabinet held its regular Sunday meeting after today's attacks, and Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's spokesman later blamed the United Nations for inciting the attacks through its condemnation of Israel.

Israel Refuses Cooperation

The United Nations Security Council has condemned Israel for the killings on Oct. 8, and Israel has refused to cooperate with a team that was supposed to be sent by the Secretary General to investigate.

Against this background, the Israeli police today were quick to say that the Palestinian assailant had acted out of revenge for the killings at Al Aksa.

Shouting "God is great!" an Islamic saying often used as a battle cry, the killer also slashed a 13-year-old Jewish boy who was walking to school, inflicting moderate wounds.

The police arrested a man identified as Omar Abu Sirhan, 19 years old, from a small West Bank village near Bethlehem. He was arrested after he was shot and wounded by one of his victims in a struggle, the police said.

The police noted that leaflets had been circulated among Palestinians calling for revenge today and on Monday. They said Mr. Abu Sirhan was a Mulsim fundamentalist not known to be a member of any political group.

Avi Cohen, the police officer in charge of the investigation, said Mr. Abu Sirhan appeared to have chosen his victims at random after the idea of revenge "took shape in his mind in the past week."

Prime Minister Shamir's spokesman, Avi Pazner, called today's killings "the result of an atmosphere of incitement generated by the unjustified condemnation of Israel by the United Nations Security Council."

Two Cabinet members called for the introduction of a death penalty and said that members of the security forces should shoot immediately if attacked.

As Israeli leaders condemned the stabbings, it seemed clear that the morning's events would harden the Government's position against cooperating with the United Nations mission charged with investigating the killings at Al Aksa Mosque.

The violence today started just before 7 A.M., when few people were outdoors in Baka, one of Jerusalem's oldest neighborhoods. Before Israeli independence in 1948, the area was an Arab community. Now, the winding, tree-lined streets and large stone houses and apartments are home to a mixture of ***working-class*** and affluent Jews. The closest Palestinian neighborhood is several miles away.

The police and witnesses said that Mr. Abu Sirhan, a plasterer employed by a Jewish contractor at a building site in Baka, went to work by bus from his home in the village of Abadiya. They said he was carrying a 15-inch commando knife.

About 6:45, Iris Azulai, an 18-year-old soldier, stepped out of her home through a gate and was attacked by Mr. Abu Sirhan, the police said. Her screams drew neighbors to the street.

One was Charlie Shlush, a 29-year-old policeman assigned to an anti-terrorism squad. He grabbed his gun, witnesses said, and ran out into the street, followed by his pregnant wife.

Gardener Is Stabbed

But before Mr. Shlush reached the road, Mr. Abu Sirhan had run about a block and encountered Eli Altaraz, a 43-year-old gardener carrying a box of plants into his nursery, the police said. He then stabbed Mr. Altaraz, who ran a short distance before collapsing in a parking lot, they said.

Just then, Gideon Shalom ran out of his nearby apartment.

"I saw Eli Altaraz as he fell," Mr. Shalom recalled. "He was stabbed in the chest area. Then I ran up the street and saw two people struggling, a Jew and an Arab, and I saw the Jew fall on top of the Arab."

The Jew was Mr. Shlush, who had run after Mr. Abu Sirhan, firing his police revolver in the air and then at Mr. Abu Sirhan's legs while shouting at him to halt, the police and witnesses said. Wounded in both legs, Mr. Abu Sirhan fell in an empty dirt lot.

"The minute he tried to arrest the Arab, I saw the Palestinian draw a long knife from behind his back," said another neighbor, Haim Rabinsi. "He shouted 'Allah Akbar!' and stabbed the policeman."

Several residents held Mr. Abu Sirhan for the police.

Gun Rules Called Restrictive

The policeman's death revived heated argument over gunfire regulations. Soldiers and police officers are supposed to fire into the air and at the legs of suspects before shooting directly at them. Many Israelis believe these orders are too restrictive.

Police Minister Roni Milo said today that "when a policeman or soldier is attacked by a killer, or sees someone with a knife coming for him, he should use his weapon properly and kill him immediately."

This afternoon, the police said the violence was not unexpected. The authorities had expected that Palestinians might seek revenge for the Al Aksa killings, the Police Chief of Jerusalem, Aryeh Bibi, said. But no one anticipated an attack in the Baka neighborhood.

"We reinforced our force both in the east and west of the city," Mr. Bibi said. "We had additional men in public locations, at bus stops, in the markets. This is a very quiet street, and this is where it happened."

Revenge Is Demanded

Last week, the Palestine Liberation Organization and the fundamentalist Muslim leadership of the nearly three-year-old Palestinian uprising issued leaflets calling on Arabs to seek revenge for the slayings at Al Aksa. The flier distributed by the fundamentalist Muslim leadership designated today and Monday as dates to attack Jews.

Within minutes of the stabbings, hundreds of people streamed into Baka's usually quiet streets.

"We can't go to Bethlehem," complained a man who insisted on being identified only as Eli. "We can't go to East Jerusalem. We can't go to the Old City." He was referring to predominantly Arab areas that most Israelis are afraid to visit.

"Now in our own neighborhoods," he said, "what are we supposed to do? Look carefully where we sit even?"

At the same time, police officers were deployed all over the city, along lines where Jewish West Jerusalem and Arab East Jerusalem meet. In the past, those areas have been the site of violent demonstrations.

In August, on the Hebron road, which borders the Baka neighborhood, a crowd of Israelis enraged over the killing of two Jewish teen-agers by an Arab kidnapper dragged an Arab man from his car and beat him to death.

3 Jews Arrested

The police said today that they had instructions to prevent a repetition of such violence at all costs. Three Jews caught preparing gasoline bombs were arrested.

But when angry Baka residents gathered outside a construction site and threatened Palestinian workers and smashed windshields of Arab-owned cars, the police mainly watched and did little to control the crowd. Officers refused to take testimony from a Jewish man who wanted to file a complaint about the lawlessness.

For more than hour, a Jewish man who refused to be identified or explain his actions used a portable telephone to call friends to the construction site and direct them to other anti-Arab demonstrations in Jerusalem. He encouraged the crowd to smash Arab property and attack construction workers.

PRO-ISRAEL PROTESTS IN NEW YORK

By The Associated Press -- Pro-Israeli groups held rallies around New York City yesterday to protest what they called growing sentiment against Israel in the United States and at the United Nations.

Former Mayor Edward I. Koch and Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman joined about 800 people at one of the rallies at the Hebrew Institute of Riverdale in the Bronx, which displayed signs reading, "The U.N. is Anti-Israel" and "Rocks Kill."

"If 3,000 Jews rioted in Damascus, or Teheran, or any place in Saudi Arabia, or even Jordan, or even Egypt, and threw stones at Arabs worshiping at a mosque, what do you think would have happened?" Mr. Koch asked. "You would have had 3,000 dead Jews."

Rabbi Avraham Weiss of the institute criticized Mayor David N. Dinkins for not speaking out against the resolution.

In a statement, the Mayor said: "I am pleased to join the New York Jewish community in reaffirming my support for the security and survival of the state of Israel with a united Jerusalem as its capital."

About 300 people joined a protest on West 66th Street in Manhattan. Other protests were held across from the United Nations building, on East 85th Street and in Kew Gardens, Queens.

**Graphic**

Photos: An Israeli soldier receiving emergency treatment after being stabbed by an Arab from a West bank town who went on a rampage in a Jerusalem suburb yesterday. She died at the scene. (Associated Press) (pg. A1); Omar Abu Sirham, a resident of a West Bank village near Bethlehem, was arrested for stabbing to death three Israeli Jews during a rampage yesterday in Jerusalem. (Reuters) (pg. A10)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1990

**End of Document**



[***EVOLUTION IN EUROPE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SJ20-003Y-K35Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SOVIETS ADOPT EMERGENCY PLAN TO CENTER POWER IN GORBACHEV AND LEADERS OF THE REPUBLICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SJ20-003Y-K35Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, Nov. 17

**Body**

Warning that the country was sliding toward chaos, President Mikhail S. Gorbachev today announced the creation of a new emergency power structure in which he will govern along with leaders of the republics.

The measures, promptly and overwhelmingly approved by Parliament, would abolish the post held by Prime Minister Nikolai I. Ryzhkov, who is seen by critics as a chief obstacle to the rapid introduction of free markets.

Mr. Gorbachev said the Federation Council, now a purely advisory body made up of the leaders of the 15 republics, would be transformed into the chief executive agency, a move that would co-opt Mr. Gorbachev's most troublesome rivals into sharing responsibility for the union.

Leader Retains Final Word

But the final word would belong to Mr. Gorbachev, whose powers would be enhanced by a new security council overseeing the army, the police and the K.G.B., and by a network of presidential representatives around the country to enforce orders from the center.

"I propose carrying out an urgent fundamental reorganization of executive power in the center by subordinating it to the President, directly to the President," he said.

The Soviet leader also announced that within two weeks the Government would announce an emergency food program to supply the public through the winter and dispel fears of hunger. He provided no details.

Positive Hard-Line Reaction

While Mr. Gorbachev in theory has already accumulated vast powers, his decrees aimed at economic change and civil order have frequently been countermanded by republic and local government or neutralized by the balky Government bureaucracy.

The initial reaction was overwhelmingly positive -- not only from hard-liners alarmed by increasing instability, but from some of the democratic insurgents, who said it could form the basis for a coalition government of consensus.

But there was no reaction from President Boris N. Yeltsin of the Russian republic, who on Friday called on Mr. Gorbachev to share power with the republics in an emergency anti-crisis committee. An aide to Mr. Yeltsin said he wanted to study the proposals and would probably not comment until the next session of the Russian Parliament on Tuesday.

Some allies of Mr. Yeltsin said the Gorbachev proposal was close enough to the Russian leader's scheme for a coalition government that it might be acceptable, while others said his suspicions of the Soviet leader run so deep that he could never agree to a subordinate position.

Anatoly A. Sobchak, the Mayor of Leningrad, spoke approvingly of Mr. Gorbachev's reorganization plan. "Practically all of the reasonable proposals voiced yesterday are included in it," he said. Mr. Sobchak has been rumored to be a candidate for Vice President or another high post in the new government.

Yuri N. Afanaseyev, a radical historian and leader of an opposition bloc in the Parliament, said: "This was the calming tonic the Supreme Soviet has been awaiting for so long. What comes afterward is not important. The main thing is that the measures outlined appear to be serious."

Separatists Denounce Plan

But Mr. Gorbachev's sharpest critics among the fractious democratic opposition and representatives from the separatist republics denounced today's moves as a step toward virtual dictatorship.

Marju Lauristin, deputy speaker of the Estonian Parliament, said the three Baltic republics would refuse to take part in the Federation Council, which she described as a decoration on an all-powerful presidency.

"We will not participate in any federational institution," she said. "The decision of our people is quite clear."

The changes outlined by Mr. Gorbachev were interrupted by hearty applause and later approved by a vote of 316 to 19, with 31 abstentions.

'A Turning Point'

It was a sharp turnabout from the mood Friday, when Parliament and leaders of many republics berated Mr. Gorbachev when he showed up for an emergency speech on the state of the union bearing no dramatic new proposals.

A close aide to Mr. Gorbachev, Georgy K. Shakhnazarov, said the introduction of direct presidential rule had been in the works for some time, but the impatience of the legislators on Friday had convinced him to move sooner.

"He was going to move in this direction sooner or later," Mr. Shakhnazarov told reporters. "Yesterday served as a turning point, and it pushed him to do this."

After his chilly reception in the Parliament on Friday, Mr. Gorbachev reportedly had a general conversation in the afternoon with Mr. Yeltsin. Last night he discussed the state of the union with Communist Party leaders at a meeting of the party's governing Politburo, according to Vladimir A. Ivashko, the deputy party chairman.

Mr. Shakhnazarov said Mr. Gorbachev planned to put most of the new scheme into effect by decree in a matter of days. It would remain in force until enactment of a new "union treaty" that Mr. Gorbachev has proposed as the basis for a redesigned Soviet federation.

Ryzhkov's Post Abolished

With many republics skeptical or flatly opposed to his draft of the new union, the prospects for approval were murky at best.

Mr. Gorbachev's measures announced today would leave the Parliament intact, but would dissolve much of the existing executive branch. The position of Prime Minister would be abolished, and his Cabinet, the huge Council of Ministers, would be demoted to a "working apparatus" of the new leadership, according to Mr. Shakhnazarov.

Mr. Ryzhkov, who has been Mr. Gorbachev's loyal but increasingly unpopular Prime Minister since 1985, said he did not know if there was a place for him in the new scheme, but other deputies predicted he would retire from government.

Mr. Yeltsin, for one, has insisted he would take no part in a coalition government that included Mr. Ryzhkov. Mr. Gorbachev in his speech underscored the need to recruit "new, enterprising people with a modern mentality."

Advisory Panel Disbanded

Mr. Ryzhkov told reporters he was informed of the plan just 20 minutes before Mr. Gorbachev's speech.

The current Presidential Council, an advisory body organized by Mr. Gorbachev eight months ago and made up of longtime confidants, economists and representatives of the ***working class*** and the arts, is to be disbanded.

Although his aides expressed high hopes that most republics would agree to take part in the more powerful Federation Council, they left little doubt that Mr. Gorbachev would hold the ultimate authority.

"The President will have the last word, but I think 90 percent, if not all decisions will be made on the basis of consensus," Mr. Shakhnazarov said.

In theory, enlisting the republic leaders as partners in power would prevent the sort of impasse that occurred earlier this year, when Mr. Govrbachev adopted a gradual program for introducing a market economy, while Mr. Yeltsin insisted on a crash 500-day program.

A New Security Council

Mr. Gorbachev left many details of his Government overhaul unclear. For example, no explanation was given concerning formal powers, if any, that the republics would have in the Federation Council -- whether they would have equal votes or votes weighted according to their size.

Also left unclear were the nature and role of his new enforcement mechanisms. One, the Security Council, would report directly to the President and would apparently include leaders of the military, the police and the K.G.B., and would coordinate all policies relating to domestic and foreign security.

The chairman of the K.G.B., Vladimir A. Kryuchkov, told reporters today that it might be a consultative body similar to the American National Security Council.

In addition, Mr. Gorbachev said, "A special service under the President is envisioned for fighting organized crime, black markets, speculation and other manifestations of criminal activities engulfing the country."

Parting Words From Ryzhkov

He said that new service would be introduced by the end of the month.

"With the intention of implementing directives, decrees and instructions, we intend to set up a special supervising body with a network of duly empowered representatives in all regions," he said.

Chatting with reporters outside the parliamentary chamber, Mr. Ryzhkov warned against expecting the new Government to have an easy time.

"It will be just as hard for them as for us, I'm convinced of that," he said. "We are at a turning point, when all the old is being destroyed and something new is being born. It would be naive to think that any government in our place would get nothing but applause."

THE NEW STRUCTURE

Under President Mikhail S. Gorbachev's proposl, approved by Parliament, the Federation Council, made up of the leaders of the 15 Soviet republics, becomes the country's chief executive agency.

A new Security Council, reporting to the President, oversees the army, the police and the K.G.B.

Presidential representatives enforce orders from the center.

The position of Prime Minister is abolished. His Cabinet, the Council of Ministers, is demoted to a "working apparatus" of the new leadership.

**Graphic**

Photo: President Mikhail S. Gorbachev during a session of the Soviet Parliament yesterday. He announced the creation of an emergency power structure in which he will govern jointly with leaders of the republics. (Reuters); A shopper in a nearly empty Moscow supermarket. President Mikhail S. Gorbachev said yesterday that he would soon announce details of an emergency program to feed Soviet citizens during the winter months. (Associated Press) (pg. 20)

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[***FOR KINSEY INSTITUTE, NEW RESEARCH EFFORTS - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JGF0-0008-Y01M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1478 words

**Byline:** By SHARON JOHNSON

**Body**

THIRTY years ago today, when universities could still court ridicule and political reprisals for sponsoring research about human sexuality, the Alfred C. Kinsey Institute of Indiana University published ''Sexual Behavior in the Human Female,'' an 860-page book that documented America's changing views on sexual conduct and enhanced the effort to establish sex research as a legitimate field of scholarly inquiry.

The book, like its 1948 predecessor, ''Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,'' quickly became a best seller and further established the Kinsey Institute, whose headquarters is in Bloomington, as a world leader in sex research, a role that persists.

''The response was tremendous,'' said Dr. Paul Gebhard, an associate of the late Dr. Kinsey in recalling the appearance of the book on women, which far exceeded the reaction to the first volume. ''Suddenly sex was no longer a taboo subject. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to know more about women's attitudes toward sex and what had influenced those attitudes. This was a far cry from the 1940's, when we started researching the sexual practices of both men and women. The public thought we were kooks then.''

Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, which has changed its name to Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, seeks to broaden scope of its research under new director, Dr June Machover Reinsch; institute's history, reports and continuing financial problems discussed (M)

Now, though hampered by continuing budgetary problems, the institute is continuing the work Dr. Kinsey pioneered. At the same time, under its new director, Dr. June Machover Reinsch, it is trying to broaden its scope in related fields and to encourage other scholars to tap its resources.

Dr. Kinsey, a prominent zoologist who had spent most of his academic career studying wasps, decided to concentrate on human sexual behavior after he took a marriage-preparation course designed for students. In the late 1930's and 40's, when he began his studies of sexuality, he believed that it warranted objective, scientific research, so he and his small staff of anthropologists, statisticians and psychologists began conducting intensive interviews of men and women.

When they undertook their project on women, interviewing 5,950 across the county, they found that half their subjects were not virgins when they married and that a fourth of married women had engaged in extramarital relations. Even more shocking to the public was the institute's finding that 77 percent of the married women who had engaged in premarital sex did not regret having done so.

From its beginning in 1947 the institute had financial problems. Dr. Kinsey funded his initial studies out of his pocket and then persuaded Indiana University, the Rockefeller Foundation and the National Research Council, a Federal agency, to sponsor his investigations on a somewhat larger scale. As it turned out, the institute never received more than a few hundred thousand dollars from those sources.

The institute's 1983-84 budget is in excess of $550,000, most of it from the Federal Government this time, which is not always the case. Although sex education and research have become more socially acceptable, funds are more difficult to find because the Federal Government and foundations are reluctant to support basic research such as that of Dr. Kinsey's. To appeal to more potential funding sources, the institute, in broadening its field, is undertaking research in prenatal development, menstrual disorders and other biomedical subjects once considered outside its sphere.

Its new name, the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, reflects its new mission. The money crunch has also caused it to abandon Dr. Kinsey's policy of having all his researchers concentrate on one or two vast projects. It is supporting 10 smaller projects, ranging from a historical analysis of how the rise of Nazism affected the development of sexology to a psychological study of how personality traits and personal attitudes relate to stress and amenorrhea, the absence of menstruation.

The changes in format, which began in 1981 when the university considered closing the institute but decided against it because of its wide reputation, have caused concern among the staff and other leaders in the field, who are worried about the direction of American sex research.

''The Kinsey Institute has had to get into biomedical research because that is the only way it can survive today,'' said Dr. John Money, professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins Hospital and chairman of the institute's scientific advisory board. ''Many good projects like the ones Dr. Kinsey did cannot get funding today because the attitude is that sex research is frivolous and something that America can live without.''

The institute is working with endocrinologists and professionals from other disciplines because of the shortage of sex researchers.

''There are probably less than 100 professionals in the United States who devote more than 50 percent of their time to sex research,'' said Dr. Gebhard, who took over the institute after Dr. Kinsey's death in 1956 and retired as director in 1982. ''Unlike the 60's, people who might have gone into sex research are going into other fields because they can be assured of earning a living and getting promoted in academia.''

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, a former Kinsey associate who is now academic dean of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, believes that there is a backlash against sex research.''The efforts to rescind the abortion law and resistence to homosexuals makes it difficult for places like the Kinsey Institute to study controversial topics,'' he explained.

Despite the risk the Kinsey Institute is continuing to support controversial research like that of Dr. Joseph Harry, a Northern Illinois University sociologist who is studying the differences between homosexuals and heterosexuals in suicide attempts.

According to many who work in the field, much of the credit for the institute's new direction goes to Dr. Reinsch, a former New Yorker who became director in 1982. A pioneer in research on the effects of drugs on unborn children, she got the institute involved in an investigation of the underlying causes of sexual behavior. Her research at Rutgers University has shown that children exposed before birth to certain drugs are more likely than their unexposed siblings to respond aggressively when presented with hypothetical situations. She is now studying the long-term effects hormones taken by pregnant women have on children. Her grant of $204,300 from the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development was one of two major awards received by the institute during the 1982-83 academic year. Though her interest is in behavioral endocrinology and child development, Dr. Reinsch has made an effort to continue the more sociological and behavioral studies in the Kinsey pattern. In October, 16 high-school seniors from New York and other states will participate in a conference on adolescent life styles. They will be asked how students in their white upper-middle-class communities feel about sex education, contraception and other matters. The institute would like to expand the study to include black, ***working-class*** and other adolescents to get a more complete view.

''We also are considering re-interviewing the men and women who participated in the original studies because that would give us a good idea of how attitudes toward sex change over a lifetime,'' said Dr. Reinsch. ''Each year a few of them show up in Bloomington and tell us how much it meant to them to participate in those studies.''

Unlike the reticent Dr. Kinsey, who jealously guarded the institute's library and research materials, Dr. Reinsch has opened them up to scholars and the public. Lawyers have used the library to research cases on incest and historians have studied the institute's collection of erotica, said to be the largest in the world. Last year the small staff answered more than 1,300 requests for information.

''I'm hoping that the more scholars and the public know us the more they will support us,'' said Dr. Reinsch, who is no stranger to publicity, having worked as a promoter for the musical group Sly and the Family Stone before she went to graduate school.

Dr. William H. Masters, chairman of the board of the Masters and Johnson Institute in St. Louis, commented: ''All of us working in the field owe a tremendous debt to Dr. Kinsey and the institute. If he had not had the determination to do his research and Indiana University had not had the courage to back him, my work in the physiology of sex would never have been possible. The institute will continue to play an important role in the field because it has set the standards for all of us.''

**Correction**

An article in The Living Section on Wednesday about the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction misidentified the institute's director. She is June Machover Reinisch.  
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[***An Old Refrain, Crime, Sounded In New Contests***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M090-0038-D1NH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERTO SURO, Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

Early in his standard campaign speech, Clayton Williams, the Republican candidate for governor of Texas, vows to double prison capacity and expand use of the death penalty.

''If you elect me,'' the oil millionaire says in a slow, threatening voice, ''I am going to hurt some drug dealers.''

But moments later he adopts a mellower tone and promotes a package of education programs that he says are intended to keep poor children from turning to crime. He concludes by proposing two years of free college tuition for the disadvantaged.

''About now,'' he adds, ''I bet some of you are thinking I sound like a Democrat.'' Then, changing gears again, he reassures his supporters by asserting that he will pay for his war on drugs by cutting other programs rather than raising taxes.

New Uses for Crime

Across the country this autumn, politicians are developing complex new ways to use crime as a campaign issue. Candidates in several races for governor are blending their positions on crime with stands on other questions, just as Mr. Williams mixes crime, education and fiscal policy into one rhetorical stew.

And crime is being used by a greater variety of candidates to reach a broader swath of the electorate. Republicans emphasized crime most often in the past, and they were usually trying to attract conservative voters, especially ***working-class*** Democrats. This year Democrats are just as eager to talk tough, and crime is being used to win over voters across the political spectrum.

The result of all this, according to political scientists and campaign consultants, is a refiguring of some traditional formulas that have distinguished Democrats from Republicans and conservatives from liberals. With voters in a contrary, anti-incumbent mood, they say, many candidates are striving to seem different - to seem anything but a traditional politician - and this is reflected in their use of a classic campaign issue like crime.

''In the past, crime has been more of a character-defining issue,'' said Peter Hart, a veteran Democratic poll taker. ''People dealt with it as a straight up-and-down, stand-alone issue so that a candidate said, 'Here I am on crime, I'm tough, you're not,' and that was it.

''We still see a good bit of that this year, but there is also something a bit different. Some candidates are using more sophisticated tactics by bringing in education and other ancillary issues when they talk about crime.''

Talking Tough Not Enough

Talking tough is as popular as ever, but it is not enough this year because virtually all politicians are doing it. Campaign consultants often say they are motivated by the specter of Gov. Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts floundering in the 1988 Presidential campaign in the middle of accusations that he had treated criminals permissively. Avoiding that fate has meant getting out early with vengeful oratory and anti-crime plans.

''In some ways we are getting a more realistic and mature discussion of crime,'' said Mr. Hart ''It is evolving as an issue.''

Senator Pete Wilson, a Republican running for governor of California, and Gov. Bob Martinez, a Republican who is seeking re-election in Florida, have gone beyond their earlier promises to fight crime to appeal to moderate voters by stressing crime prevention, not just punishment.

Norman Cummings, political director for the Republican National Committee, said, ''A common thread in the gubernatorial races is that crime and quality education go together as issues and one is the key to the other.''

He added, ''Without altering their philosophical framework, Republicans this year are focusing on crime and education to expand their appeal across the political spectrum and to all racial groups.''

Campaigning as Outsiders

Among Democrats, Dianne Feinstein in California, John R. Silber in Massachusetts and Lawton Chiles in Florida are running campaigns for governor as outsiders who selectively reject some parts of their party's liberal heritage.

It is perhaps Ms. Feinstein, the former Mayor of San Francisco, who best illustrates the unusual ways that crime can provides the underpinning.

In what campaign consultants have dubbed the ''double death strategy,'' Ms. Feinstein frequently pairs her support for the death penalty with her backing of abortion rights, often highlighting the two disparate points in one brief television commercial.

Facing an electorate that seems to be revolting against traditional political formulas, Ms. Feinstein presents herself as a paradox. Under the slogan ''tough and caring,'' she portrays herself as a maverick who rejects the dogmas of both political parties.

In one of her latest television commercials, Ms. Feinstein promotes a sense of discord between her stand on crime and her lifelong tenure as a Democrat. The advertisement shows her being booed at the state Democratic convention last April when she defiantly told the crowd of predominantly liberal delegates: ''Yes, I support the death penalty. The people of this state want to be protected, and I aim to protect them.''

The Essential Counterbalance

For Ms. Feinstein, projecting herself as very tough on crime seems to serve as the essential counterbalance to being a Democrat and a woman. And because she is facing Senator Wilson, who has a long record of promoting anti-crime measures, talking tough is also self-defense.

Dick Dressner, a campaign consultant for Mr. Williams and several other Republicans, said that when it comes to crime, voters respond emotionally. ''They are looking to see if you feel the same way about it as they do,'' he said.

But establishing that link is much more difficult this year. ''There is enormous dissatisfaction out there over the Government's inability to solve problems,'' Mr. Dressner said, ''and the crime problem has been around for so long, it is an obvious target for frustration. The people taking the heat are the incumbents, all over the place, regardless of whether they've been doing a good job or not.''

Democratic officials argue that the public's disenchantment is all the greater because it responded enthusiastically to President Bush's declaration of a war on drugs last year and has been waiting ever since to see a real battle, let alone a tangible victory.

Ms. Feinstein and Mr. Williams, the two candidates who appear to have scored the greatest gains from the crime issue this year, have struck anti-incumbent poses from the outset. And they have addressed crime from the perspective of their own direct experience.

An Influential Commercial

Many political experts have argued that a single television commercial played a major role in Ms. Feinstein's come-from-behind victory in the Democratic primary. The advertisement replayed news tape of Ms. Feinstein appearing at a chaotic news conference to announce the City Hall assassinations of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. She is widely credited with restoring a sense of civic and emotional order to San Francisco after the 1978 tragedy.

Although Mr. Williams's anti-crime proposals have been criticized for being far more expensive than he acknowledges, he rode from political obscurity to a landslide victory in the Republican primary. He campaigned by telling of his teen-age son's drug addiction and rehabilitation. In virtually every speech, he says that is the reason he entered politics.

Both Ms. Feinstein and Mr. Williams started out with major advantages in the contest to establish emotional links with voters. In the critical early stages of their campaigns they could equate themselves with the public and speak with the outrage of victims. Gradually they have joined their rivals in the classic, and this year much more vulnerable, posture of politicians promising to solve a lingering problem.

Crime has often been considered a Republican issue because virtually every Republican Presidential candidate since Barry Goldwater in 1964 has made it a major element. Many races this year have imitated the slugging match quality of those efforts as candidates strive to prove who is toughest, but in other aspects of style and substance the use of crime this year differs markedly.

There have been relatively few allegations by Democrats this year that crime is being used by Republicans in an appeal to racial bias, compared with recent Presidential campaigns, including 1988. The Bush campaign's heavy use of a commercial featuring a black criminal, Willie Horton, who raped a white woman, generated so much controversy that journalists and campaign officials are on watch for the first signs of racial appeals.

Some candidates, like Mr. Williams, have gone out of their way to avoid this problem. For example, he used all white actors for a chain gang in a commercial that promised to teach drug dealers ''the joys of busting rocks.''

And so far, the candidate facing the loudest charges of racial insensitivity is a Democrat, Mr. Silber in Massachusetts. Among other things, he has explained his reluctance to campaign in a predominantly black area of Boston by saying there was no point in going to ''talk to a bunch of addicts'' about fighting crime.

**Graphic**

Photo: Across the country, politicians are developing new ways to use crime as a campaign issue. Clayton Williams, Republican candidate for governor of Texas, appearing in a campaign commercial in which he promises to teach drug dealers ''the joys of busting rocks.'' Behind him are actors in a chain gang. (F. Carter Smith for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***The Path From Exile And Underground To Culture Minister***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S4C0-003Y-K0VX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Jorge Semprun

By ALAN RIDING, Special to The New York Times

By ALAN RIDING, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MADRID

**Body**

It is two years since Spain's Socialist Government persuaded Jorge Semprun to accept the post of Culture Minister, yet it still seems odd to find him in an elegant office, decked out in suit and tie, surrounded by secretaries and presiding over a bureaucracy with a $550 million annual budget.

For many a Spanish intellectual, this would be the climax to a career. But for Mr. Semprun, whose curriculum vitae includes French Resistance fighter, concentration camp inmate, Communist organizer, left-wing dissident, successful novelist and acclaimed screenwriter of "La Guerre Est Finie," "Z" and "The Confession," it is just another turn in an extraordinary life.

Indeed, at the age of 66, there are signs he is already looking to the future. He is working on two books, and what he calls "real contradictions" between the minister and the writer are beginning to appear. "I knew the day would come," he said. "One of the books is maturing to the point that it is demanding attention."

In the past, he would spend months thinking about different projects. "Then one day, one would crystallize and sweep away the others and I'd work on it 14 hours a day for several weeks until it was completed," he recalled. Today, while squeezing in time to write in the evenings and on weekends, progress is slow.

A Job to Finish

But he said he was not yet ready to move on. He has taken on the challenge of transforming Spanish cultural life so that instead of living off state subsidies, it will be sustained by society as a whole. And having initiated this process amid yells of protest from the movie industry, Mr. Semprun wants to complete the job.

The past two years have nonetheless already marked a watershed in his own life. Having spent most of his life in France, becoming, in his words, "a Spanish writer of the French language," he has decided to settle in Spain after he leaves the Government. Indeed, he is even writing his first novel in Spanish. "I now feel the circle has been closed," he said.

It opened in 1936 when, at the age of 13, he fled to The Hague with his parents to escape the Spanish Civil War. Three years later, with Franco victorious in Spain, the family moved to Paris where he began studying at the Sorbonne. After Germany occupied France in 1940, he joined both the Spanish Communist Party and the French Resistance.

In 1943, Mr. Semprun was arrested by the Gestapo and sent to the Buchenwald concentration camp. When he emerged two years later, he became a United Nations translator and a Communist activist, returning to Spain as a clandestine organizer in 1953 and spending much of the next decade under the pseudonym of Federico Sanchez in Madrid.

A Book and an Uproar

In 1964, though, he was expelled from the Communist Party as a dissident. But he did not live here again until after Franco's death in 1975, and then only briefly. His "Autobiography of Federico Sanchez," a fierce denunciation of Spanish Communists, caused such an uproar that he returned to Paris until called home to become Culture Minister in 1988.

By then, he was as well known for his books as his politics, but his career as a writer began late. When he was a child scribbling poetry, he recalled, his family would refer affectionately to him as "the writer." Yet his first book, "Le Grand Voyage," the moving story of the death of a companion during his train ride to Buchenwald, was not published until he was 40 years old.

"When I came out of Buchenwald, I didn't want to write a testimony, I wanted to do something literary," he explained. "Others learned to live again by writing testimonial records of the camps. But I found myself sinking ever deeper into the memory of that death. I found that writing made me die even more. So I decided I needed to forget in order to live."

As a substitute, he plunged into the world of politics at a time, he remembers unapologetically, that many young European intellectuals saw Communism as the only hope for transforming the world. "We had a universal theory and a universal ***working class*** and we put ourselves at their service," he explained.

The Return of Wholeness

It was almost by chance, then, that in 1961 Mr. Semprun discovered he had escaped the memory of the death on the train. Living in hiding with a Spanish couple in Madrid, he learned that the man had also been in a Nazi camp. "He would tell me the stories," he said, "and I used to think, 'How badly he tells them,' so I sat down and started writing. Only then did I realize my period of therapy had ended."

His liberation as a writer was completed three years later when he was expelled from the Communist Party after clashing repeatedly with its exiled leadership over the widening gap between what it proclaimed abroad and what he knew was happening in Spain. "The point came when I saw that Communism simply didn't work in practice," he said.

For the next quarter-century, he dedicated himself to literature, writing a total of nine books "that sell slowly over the years" and working successively with Alain Resnais, Costa-Gavras and Joseph Losey on 10 screenplays that provided his main income. Politics remained in his life, but now in a literary form.

With the exception of "Federico Sanchez," all his books were written in French. "I haven't translated them myself because I'd probably write the books again," he explained. "Carlos Fuentes once had an amusing idea. He said, write a book in French, translate it into Spanish and it becomes a different book, translate it back into French and it's re-written again. In this way, you can live off one book all your life."

The Influences of Languages

Working on his first novel in Spanish has set Mr. Semprun thinking about his "linguistic schizophrenia." "When I write in French, my style isn't as Cartesian as French writers," he said. "But my habit of writing in French means I'm not dominated by rhetorical language when I write in Spanish. I write a more precise, perhaps drier, Spanish than others."

His new novel, which is set on a farm near Toledo in 1956, revolves around a death 20 years earlier -- the first death on the first day of the Civil War -- which is now recognized as a mistake. "The peasants on the estate killed the only liberal in the family," he said. "It's fictional, yet based on things that have happened many times in Spain."

His other work in progress, provisionally titled "Writing or Death" and dealing with his painful experience of trying to write after Buchenwald, is being written in French, Mr. Semprun said, because that was the language in which it took place. "I really don't mind which language I write in," he noted. "I let the circumstances decide."

If on paper and in conversation he moves easily between Spanish and French, his sudden switch from a writer's studio in Paris to a ministerial office in Madrid brought protests, not only from conservatives who remembered him as a Communist and Communists who considered him a traitor, but also from some Spanish intellectuals who viewed him as an opportunist.

A Lion in Public

Today, charming, amusing and self-deprecating in private, Mr. Semprun frequently returns the fire in public, angering the local press by claiming that it has still to embrace Spain's new democracy, criticizing authoritarian methods within the ruling socialist party and denouncing the vested interests of those who opposed his new Cinema Law.

"The state was giving 100 percent subsidies to the movie industry," he recalled. "Of 10 films made like this, 4 would never be shown because they were already paid for. So we've cut the cord. We're still helping for the moment, but by trying to organize financing packages for productions. And it's working. Attendance of Spanish films has doubled this year."

Mr. Semprun said his ministry should promote culture, but principally by building or improving museums, theaters and concert halls. For example, the Prado has already been modernized, the Queen Sofia Art Center opens here at the end of October and restoration of the Teatro Real de la Opera will be completed next year.

"Our idea is to turn subsidies into investments," he said. "But I think Spanish society is rich or snobbish or interested enough today to be able to finance opera, museums, concerts and festivals. It's very difficult for the state to run culture properly."

'Rational Drops of Utopia'

For someone who still considers himself "a man of the left," these may seem strange words. But Mr. Semprun said he joined Felipe Gonzalez's Government because it is trying to modify society "with rational drops of Utopia" -- "working toward modernization within a market economy without dreaming of an alternative society."

His own contribution, he added, was limited. "I had more power as a clandestine organizer," he said with a laugh. "But maybe we can do some things that people said could not be done in Spain. My main regret is that I can't enjoy my favorite pastime of walking alone through the city. As a minister, I'm always accompanied by security."

**Graphic**

Photo: Culture Minister Jorge Semprun wants Spanish culture to be sustained by society as a whole. (Alan Riding/The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MVC0-0038-D16Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***U.S. Artist Has Whole French City as His Gallery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MVC0-0038-D16Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL BRENSON; Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

Mark di Suvero's career has had its share of spectacular moments, but the American sculptor has never had an opportunity like the one he has been presented with this summer. He has essentially been given a city in which to showcase all the facets of his art.

Mr. di Suvero's drawings, paintings and small-scale sculptures are on display in the Musee de Valence - an all-purpose museum in which occasional temporary exhibitions share the cool, musty spaces with stuffed birds, ancient pots, first-rate 18th-century drawings by Hubert Robert and second- and third-rate postwar paintings. His commanding lithographs are on view in a gallery in the city's main library. More drawings, more sculptures and two videos about him and his work are in a cultural center.

The heart of the exhibition is outdoors. Mr. di Suvero's looming, boomlike balancing acts in steel are installed by the cathedral, near the city hall, in front of the train station, in an old park that is a pride of the city, and in newer parks in middle-class and ***working-class*** neighborhoods in and around Valence. A di Suvero festival in Valence is, to say the least, unexpected. This city is not an art center. It has no gallery life, no tradition of encouraging and exhibiting contemporary art. It probably has no precedent for an artistic undertaking of this size.

Valence is on the Rhone River, about 60 miles due south of Lyons. With its small size - a population of about 70,000 - it has remained essentially horizontal, with few tall buildings. It is a gateway to the Mediterranean, on the main route from Paris to the Midi, a city in which France seems to change suddenly from north to south in its vegetation, architecture and light.

''Mark di Suvero - Valence'' was conceived by Jean-Paul Jury, a 42-year-old city councilman and a member of the Socialist administration that has governed Valence since 1977. He said recently that the city lacks distinction in any area - industry, sports or cooking. He believes that art can help give Valence an identity and encourage residents to pay attention to their environment and to respect public spaces.

Mr. Jury attended a di Suvero retrospective in Stuttgart, West Germany, in 1988. He felt that here was the artist who could initiate the kind of dynamic interaction he was looking for between art, Valence and its inhabitants. He chose an artist who is well known in France. In 1973 Mr. di Suvero exhibited eight large-scale sculptures in six outdoor sites in Chalon-sur-Saone in Burgundy, where he keeps a houseboat. The vessel is now in Valence, where it is serving as an exhibition space for the work of young sculptors.

In 1975 Mr. di Suvero had an exhibition of large-scale sculpture in the Jardin des Tuileries in Paris that was a big success. He speaks French and visits France almost every year.

Most of the time the 57-year-old sculptor can be found in his enormous studio - a former brick warehouse - on the East River in Long Island City, Queens. He is known for building-tall sculptures in which steel beams bend, lean, recline or thrust themselves through space like the brush strokes of Franz Kline. He has one foot in Abstract Expressionism, with its heroic solitude and ambition and desire to experience the full immensity and vertigo of space. He has the other foot in the post-Abstract Expressionist resistance to heroic individuality, and sympathy for the humble things in life and the needs of ordinary people.

Mr. di Suvero's work continues to be shaped by the kind of democratic ambition that has left a decisive mark on postwar American art. Some of his sculptures have ladders and swings, encouraging viewer participation. One small sculpture in Valence has movable parts that can be assembled as the viewer chooses. Into almost all his monumental sculptures, he has tried to build a sense of physical and emotional accessibility. His wish to make sculpture that appeals to all people is one of the most alluring and problematic aspects of his work. When Valence's di Suvero festival is good, as it is in some of the rural installations, it is splendid. And the exhibition is always illuminating about the multitude of influences and the recurrent motifs and themes of a complex and important body of work that in some ways, particularly its iconography, still needs to be deciphered.

Some of the installations are very effective. The 75-foot-tall ''Etoile Polaire,'' from 1973 - with its mast-beam climbing toward the sky like Brancusi's ''Endless Column'' while at the same time seeming capable of drilling down into the earth - looks terrific in a park on the outskirts of the city.

So does the 1990 ''Tendresse'' alongside it, in which Mr. di Suvero has made steel seem as flexible as rubber and as light as the plumes of a gigantic bird. The sculpture appears to turn away, smitten to the point where its beams seem to buckle in shyness, and yet it remains as firm and vigilant as a dog that has cornered its prey.

The exhibition illuminates Mr. di Suvero's work as a whole. The selection in the Musee de Valence includes small sculptures like ''Hand Pierced,'' from 1959 - the only modeled sculpture in the show and the only one prior to 1973 - with a rod through a tormented, indomitable, oversize hand.

The selection also includes paintings, most of them done between 1978 and 1982 and rarely exhibited. Their strength is a decorative flair and feeling for surface. Their dense patterns suggest the East, particularly the ancient rituals and script of China. Mr. di Suvero was born in Shanghai, where his Italian parents named him Marco Polo. To see Mr. di Suvero's paintings and sculptures in France is to recognize the influence of the School of Paris on his work. Not just Matisse, whose sensuality provided the model for the decorative arabesques and full upbeat colors of the paintings, but, even more, Fernand Leger, the modernist who continually put industrial shapes in the service of a utopian ambition.

But the exhibition's strengths cannot make up for its weaknesses. It is disorganized and unfinished, and it lacks a scholarly foundation. None of the sculpture is site-specific, and an exhibition like this one needs at least a core of works that considers the personality and history of the place.

With the exception of the spidery, weighed-down ''Tumbleweed,'' alongside the cathedral, the sculptures in the heart of the city seem out of place. Their bold vertical lines find few echoes in the urban architecture. The yellow and black of ''Lettre au Monde,'' installed in a bed of cobblestones in front of the train station, have a jarring insistence that makes it hard for the message of the work - whose mobile top suggests an arrow and a wheel ready to roll toward a new frontier like a wagon or fly off like a dove - to be felt.

The exhibition at the Musee de Valence should have provided a coherent overview of Mr. di Suvero's work, defining its development, clarifying its issues and placing the artist in the context of postwar art. Neither the installation nor the catalogue does so. As a result, the exhibition makes enormous demands upon a city unfamiliar with contemporary art without offering it the most elementary means of engaging the work.

The gap between the art and the city underlines the conflicts within a body of work that wants at the same time to fit in everywhere and be a citizen of the world, and yet remain defiantly alone. Mr. di Suvero's sculpture is restless and dominating. It dwarfs people. It is often menacing, and it frequently seems on the verge of instability and collapse. It includes many suggestions of Christian sacrifice and suffering, many hints of journeys without end. The imagery of the wonderful ''Per Allende'' (1975), installed in a small park, is part wishbone, part figure with cross, part wandering Jew. But Mr. di Suvero is also committed to participation and play. He clearly wants his architectural forms to be able to establish a dynamic relationship with natural and urban places. People are invited to climb or swing on them; many have mobile parts that viewers can rock and spin. If Mr. di Suvero wants his steel sculptures to have an intimidating authority that brings to mind Richard Serra, he also wants it to have a sense of informality and fun that suggests Red Grooms.

This is a difficult mix. The work is pulled in different emotional directions and has two conflicting kinds of scale, one grand, one intimate.

In Valence, the two sides do not seem compatible. The more heroic, absolute side seems out of place in a small, essentially Mediterranean city. The participatory side seems so removed from the work's solitary monumentality that anyone rocking or rearranging a sculpture seems to be deflected from its essential personality.

Whatever anyone thinks of this di Suvero festival, which continues through Aug. 31, it underlines the need for a study of the role of the myth of inclusive, participatory democracy in postwar American art. In Mr. di Suvero's work and in American art, the myth has had both an energizing and a sentimentalizing effect.

**Graphic**

Photo: ''Tendresse,'' a 1990 steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero.

**End of Document**



[***ART/ARCHITECTURE; Doing Their Own Thing, Making Art Together***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47R2-D160-01KN-22G3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

TO many Americans, the world feels more threatened and threatening today than at any time since the 1960's. Terrorism, nuclear proliferation, the prospect of war on Iraq and ever tightening security measures at home have sent a hum of tension through daily life.

In the 1960's, comparable tension, excruciatingly amplified, produced a big response: the spread of a counterculture, one that began with political protest movements and became an alternative way of life. Among other things, it delivered a sustained, collective "no" to certain values (imperialism, moralism, technological destruction), and a collective "yes" to others: peace, liberation, a return-to-childhood innocence.

The collective itself, as a social unit, was an important element in the 60's utopian equation. Whatever form the concept took -- the commune, the band, the cult -- its implications of shared resources, dynamic interchange and egos put on hold made it a model for change.

Even the art world, built on a foundation of hierarchies and exclusions, produced its own versions. Activist groups like the Artworkers Coalition and the Black Emergency Cultural Coalition made concerted attempts to pry open institutional doors and let in a multicultural world. Simultaneously, nonmilitant movements like the Dada-inspired Fluxus produced an ephemeral, give-away, anyone-can-do-it art that amounted to a kind of passive resistance to the existing market economy. Both approaches -- one forceful, one gentle -- changed the way art was thought about, and the way it looked.

The collective impulse has never died out in American art; and now it is surfacing again, for the most part outside New York. In cities like Milwaukee, Providence, R. I., St. Louis and Philadelphia, as well as several in Canada, an old countercultural model, often much changed, is being revived, in some cases by artists barely out of their teens.

Many of the new art collectives are virtual: they reside on the Internet, that intrinsically collective medium. They are fluid in size, and members may not even know the identity of other members. The kinds of art they produce vary widely, but when it is political it tends to be actively so. To much of the art world, these collectives barely exist. Their work is difficult to market; it's available to everyone free; traditional criteria of judgment, the kind that make critics so comfortable with, say, painting, don't apply.

Other, even newer collectives, while computer-savvy, are studio-based and are starting to gain attention. They are housed in apartments, storefronts, art schools and minivans. Their members -- who often support themselves with day jobs as designers, programmers, teachers or temps -- are identified by a group name, like rock bands. And their art is often a multitasking mix of painting, sculpture, printmaking, design, digital art, video, zine production and musical performances.

In general, the collaborative arrangements are superrelaxed. A few groups, like Temporary Services in Chicago, have a Fluxus-like conceptual agenda: an aesthetic of sharing sites, ideas and objects with outsiders that extends the collaboration beyond the group itself. Others, like Slanguage in Los Angeles, have established self-sustaining, artist-run workshops and exhibition spaces. Still other groups are formed, at least initially, as more or less closed social circles of friends getting together with friends and brothers and sisters, to make art, a description that fits, for example, the Royal Art Lodge from Winnipeg, Manitoba, whose work is on view at the Drawing Center in SoHo.

Most of these young artists (many in their 20's) would probably not identify themselves as political, never mind use the word counterculture, with its uncool, mind-settish, even institutional ring. They just do what they do. But what they do, or rather the way they do it, outside the centralized, market-determining power structures of the mainstream art world, could turn out to have political consequences for the way art develops.

Forcefield, a collective founded in 1997 in Providence, where it is part of the art-school and music scene, has already made a splash in New York with a fantastic appearance in last year's Whitney Biennial. For the occasion, the group assembled dozens of Op Art-patterned knit costumes -- form-fitting, face-concealing, topped by bright vinyl wigs -- of the kind they wear in their maniacally edited films, which are like tribal rites crossed with fashion shows. They supplemented the installation with a deafening noise-band soundtrack and a pulsating abstract video piece, both of which they produced.

The results, hilarious and slightly scary, brought all kinds of associations to mind: Rudi Gernreich, Sesame Street, Jack Smith, cheesy sci-fi, 60's psychedelia and church rummage sales. This was a zany art made out of seriously worked things and materials, as became evident when a selection of Forcefield material was exhibited at Daniel Reich, a gallery that operates out of a Chelsea studio apartment and has been instrumental in introducing collectives to New York.

Forcefield's vividly low-tech approach to art-making has inspired other, newer East Coast collectives. The members of one, called Paper Rad, individually make photocopied cartoon zines, combining a grade-school doodle style with wise-cracking New Age quest narratives. They also combine their styles in animated Web-based Gumby music videos that are like tripped-out children's television.

Another group, Dearraindrop, has four artists, the youngest of whom is 18. Erudite about history, they acknowledge the influence of past collectives like Chicago's Hairy Who from the 1960's and Destroy All Monsters from the 1970's. At the same time, they prefer a casual just-friends designation for themselves. Their collaborations -- which include exquisite collages of cartoons, product labels and texts -- are often executed long distance: one member is in high school in Virginia; others live in Providence. Their group name is as recycled as their materials. Two of the artists discovered it written on a scrap of paper as they were foraging through neighborhood trash while on LSD.

Dearraindrop's idiot-savant-type aesthetic becomes even more complex in the work of Milhaus, a Milwaukee collective that claims the modernist Bauhaus merging of function and art as one of its ideals. The group is largely the creation of Scott and Tyson Reeder, painters, designers and brothers who, like the artist Jim Drain of Forcefield, also have solo careers. Both brothers lived for a while in Los Angeles, but found the formalized, competitive atmosphere of the art scene dispiriting and returned to Milwaukee.

There, with a filmmaker, they produced a smart, slacker Web television show ([*www.zerotv.com*](http://www.zerotv.com)) and turned their attention in nondigital directions. For a show in Chicago, they built bunk beds and lived in the gallery, turning it into a video theater one night, a dance club the next. For the opening, they held an all-night drawing party and invited gallerygoers. For the closing, they turned the bunk beds into a raft and floated down the Chicago River, like Generation-whatever Huck Finns.

The self-scheduled workshop, as raucous as a band rehearsal or as sedate as a quilting bee, is the basic form of several collectives. The members of the Royal Art Lodge meet in weekly, collaborative drawing sessions. Slanguage, begun last summer by Mario Ybarra Jr. and Juan Capistran, M.F.A. graduates from the University of California at Irvine, uses half of its space in Wilmington, a ***working-class*** city near Los Angeles, for experimenting with media and ideas, the other half for public performances and exhibitions, which may also be works in progress.

Such exhibition spaces, which have neither academic nor commercial support, are becoming ever more important. Not only do they offer places for types of work uncongenial to an increasingly conservative art establishment; they also provide a forum for the work of students being churned out of art schools every year in numbers the commercial gallery system cannot begin to absorb.

Slanguage is by no means alone in its thinking. In Philadelphia, an older, larger and by now semiprofessionalized collective called Space 1026 has renovated an old downtown jewelry store to include not only studios, a computer lab and a skate ramp, but also a street-level gallery and an artist-run shop. Similarly, a Manhattan group called Alife runs a store at 178 Ludlow Street, on the Lower East Side, to promote and sell work by young artists, using a corporate paradigm of exchange and distribution. (An installation of Alife products is on view at Deitch Projects in SoHo through Feb. 15.)

Some collectives blend art and lifestyle in more personal ways. The 13 members of Flux Factory, which recently showed at the Queens Museum, live together in a loft in Long Island City, in Queens. The members of Instant Coffee in Toronto use much of their collective energy to organize large-scale artistic and social events that bring artists, writers and musicians together in combinations rarely encountered elsewhere.

Instant Coffee functions on a principle of service-work -- generosity as an art medium -- an ethic that is also an aesthetic. So, in a more focused way, does Temporary Services. Members of both groups collaborate with other artists, organize projects that insert ephemeral work into public spaces or bring otherwise invisible art into public view.

For one project, Temporary Services helped place artists' books surreptitiously in public library collections. For another, they used existing curbside newspaper vending machines to distribute art objects. As part of a group show this spring at the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art, in North Adams, Mass., they will present drawings by a federal prisoner named Angelo of ingenious mechanical devices created by his fellow inmates.

The group's play with conventional ideas of aesthetic value is shared, to some degree, by Beige, a young collective that takes obsolete computer technology as its medium. It is probably best known for its hacked versions of dumpster-salvaged Nintendo games, which they broke open and manipulated to create new images. As Beige Records, they have released a 12-inch vinyl disk of sound samples of video games from the 1980's.

In its geek-positive way, the Beige artists deliver subversive messages. They undercut the notion of technological progress and demonstrate ways in which popular forms and aesthetics can be taken out of the control of the corporate game industry. And they hint at the power inherent even in cheap technology and low-level expertise, which are by now ubiquitous and are sufficient to infiltrate a database or make a bomb.

As if to confirm a crypto-activist agenda, Beige recently collaborated on a DVD with the Radical Software Group, an Internet-based collective that is stretching the definitions of art, politics and collectivity itself. Consisting of an ever-changing group of international programmers and artists, the group claims that its main goal is not to make art but to provide software for artists. But one of their programs, titled Carnivore, which turns individual computers into F.B.I-style data surveillance tools, is conceptually sharp, visually compelling and completely attuned to the political moment.

As innovative as it is, Radical Software Group belongs to a whole alternative universe of activist artists' collectives that exists partly or entirely in the public realm called cyberspace. Other groups include RTMark, Critical Art Ensemble, Ultra-Red, Reclaim the Streets, Electronic Disturbance Theater (also called Electronic Civil Disobedience), Institute for Applied Autonomy and the Center for Land Use Interpretation. The list is long and varied and will surely continue grow in direct proportion to increased government monitoring of the Internet.

Such Net-centric collectives are electronic descendants of earlier American groups that cohered and dissolved from the 1960's through the 1990's: PAD/D (Political Art Documentation and Distribution), Colab, Group Material, Guerrilla Girls, REPOhistory, Act Up and General Idea, which originated in Canada, to name but a few. The full history of this phenomenon has yet to be written, though a few art historians -- Alan Moore, Gregory Sholette and Blake Stimson -- have books in the works.

And what about American art now? It exists in a world where much indeed has changed, not just since Sept. 11, 2001, but since the end of the cold war. It is a dangerous place, in need of radical change. Not that a return to the 60's is the answer. Forget retro. Yes, it's reassuring and it sells, but contemporary culture -- including a lot of New York art at the moment -- is about what's reassuring and what sells, and it feels parochial, small, out of touch.

Thus a counterculture. I have no idea what it will, or does, or should look like. An eye-popping hacktivist Web site that carries transformative information across the globe? A collective of young artists having fun making books that only they and their friends will see? Or something totally other. But if contemporary art, marginal and minute as its influence is, doesn't get it together to offer new models for a future some of us still hope to have, chances are at this point nobody will, and that's more than a shame.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Forcefield's "Meta Radeo" (2002): a knitted shroud and artificial hair over a mannequin. (Jason Frank Rothenberg/Daniel Reich Gallery); The Royal Art Lodge's "Untitled" (1997). (William Eakin); Beige's "Super Mario Clouds 2002." (Cory Arcangel/Beige)(pg. 1); The home page, top, of the Web site [*www.zerotv.com*](http://www.zerotv.com), created by Milhaus, a Milwaukee collective. Above, a collaged painting by the collaborative group Dearraindrop was shown in the "Cloud City" exhibition in Boston last June. (Madeleen Herreshoff); (Eric Lezotte); A 2002 storefront-window painting in California by Mario Ybarra Jr. and Ricardo Espinoza of Slanguage. (Mario Ybarra Jr.)(pg. 36)

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[***NEW GENTRY ARE KEY TO BOSTON RACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K4G0-0008-Y0R7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 7, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 12, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1376 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, July 6

**Body**

From the outside, with its small front lawn decorated by a single rosebush, it looks like any other triple-decker house in Dorchester, long a predominantly ***working-class*** and Irish-American section of Boston.

At the corner of the street is an empty building, abandoned by its owners, who fled to the suburbs when blacks began moving into the neighborhood.

But the tenants on the top floor of the triple-decker, James and Sue Bush, are part of another migration, one that may play a pivotal role in this fall's mayoral election.

They are members of what is termed the new gentry: young, collegeeducated and affluent professional people who have moved into Boston's ethnic neighborhoods over the last few years and are breaking the city's historic voting patterns.

Exemplars of the Movement

The Bushes are in many ways exemplars of the movement. Both are from Connecticut and are 27 years old. Both came to Boston to go to college and, charmed by the city, decided to stay on. Mr. Bush, whose uncle is Vice President of the United States, is now an executive with an insurance company.

Members of new gentry: young, college-educated and affluent professional people who have moved into Boston's ethnic neighborhoods over last few years - are breaking city's historic voting patterns

The tenant on the second floor of their building is a consultant from Texas who recently got his doctorate from the Harvard Business School. And, typical of the mixed nature of the area, the resident on the first floor is a black woman who works for a bank.

In earlier years, the Bushes might have chosen to live in a more fashionable suburb. But Mrs. Bush said they liked the inexpensive rent in Dorchester, the 10-minute subway ride to downtown and the warm sense of community that has sprung up among the new settlers in the neighborhood.

Philip Clay, an associate professor of urban studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who is a specialist in Boston politics, said people like the Bushes, whom he calls ''the new voters,'' will have ''a significant effect'' on this fall's race for Mayor.

''With the emergence of the new voters, we will see more focus on the issues of government than in the past,'' Professor Clay said, adding that most of the nine candidates for Mayor ''are really trying to appeal cerebrally, showing that they have a tough management approach and are interested in the quality of life in Boston.''

Influence in Gubernatorial Race

There are no precise figures on the number of these new voters, he said, because there was no category for them in the 1980 census. But politicians have already seen their influence in last fall's Democratic primary for Governor of Massachusetts, when they helped Michael S. Dukakis, a liberal, defeat the conservative incumbent, Edward J. King, in Boston, which had been considered King territory.

The 1980 census also offers some data that enable demographers to approximate the changes the new voters are bringing to the city's physiognomy. Among the most striking are these:

- From 1970 to 1980, Boston lost 12 percent of its population, but the number of people 25 to 34 years old, the prime age of the newcomers, increased by one-third, to 107,300 from 79,300.

- In the past decade the number of college graduates doubled. Where in 1970 only one in 20 Bostonians held a college degree, now one in five do.

- The number of people with professional, managerial or technical jobs rose to 30 percent of the city's 563,000 residents, from 22 percent. In neighborhoods favored by the new gentry, the increase was even more dramatic, with the Back Bay and Beacon Hill sections rising to 71 percent from 46 percent, and the renovated South End climbing to 36 percent from 19 percent.

Fewer Irish-Americans Now

At the same time, the number of voters with Irish surnames, who have dominated the city politically since the late 19th century, has dropped sharply, said Allan K. Stern, a pollster who is vice president of Paradigm Research. Where in the early 1950's Irish-Americans made up over half the electorate, they now account for less than one-third of the voters.

Mr. Stern and other analysts are skeptical over how much political influence the newcomers will have in this year's election. Mr. Stern, who is working for one of the candidates, City Councilman Raymond L. Flynn, contends that the affluent new residents still constitute only about 5 percent of the electorate and that, because of their lack of neighborhood ties they are less likely to vote than the ethnic residents.

But even if Boston's demographic change has been more rapid than its political shift, most of the candidates are making serious efforts to reach the new voters. One of them, Robert R. Kiley, has based his campaign largely on them. For Mr. Kiley, a native of Minneapolis who lacks a natural constituency in Boston, this is a necessity.

From data he has assembled with his pollster, Patrick H. Caddell, Mr. Kiley believes that about 85,000 out of Boston's 225,000 registered voters fit into the new voter category. If he could capture the bulk of their votes, that would be enough to win one of the top two spots in the September nonpartisan primary, which leads to a runoff in the November general election.

Less Racial Tension Seen

In an effort to reach them, Mr. Kiley, a liberal, has offered a platform that would have been quixotic in Boston a generation ago, calling for more racial justice, gun control and a campaign against corruption in city government.

''The exciting thing is that all the demographic changes have blurred the distinction of natives and non-natives, making for less racial tension,'' said Mr. Kiley, a former Deputy Mayor. ''There is a new mix, and it's jelling.''

One of Mr. Kiley's supporters is Elaine Gelinas, a 34-year-old high school guidance counselor who bought a large Victorian house in a racially mixed neighborhood of Dorchester several years ago. Her next-door neighbor is Matthew V. Storin, another new resident of the area and managing editor of The Boston Globe.

Miss Gelinas said she liked Mr. Kiley because when she met him ''the first thing he brought up was the need to deal with racism in the city - he was the only candidate who stressed the importance of doing that to make Boston a better place for everyone.''

Among the other candidates competing for the new voters are Melvin H. King, a former State Representative, the only black candidate in the race; Lawrence S. DiCara, a Harvard-educated former president of the City Council, and Dennis J. Kearney, the Suffolk County Sheriff, a Harvard graduate. The current leader in the polls, David I. Finnegan, a former president of the School Committe and radio talk show host, has based his campaign more on reaching the traditional neighborhood voters.

Outsiders an Unwelcome Novelty

One of Mr. Kearney's supporters is Peter McClure, a professor at the University of Massachusetts, a native of Indiana who lives in Charlestown, long considered one of the city's toughest white ethnic neighborhoods. In 1971, when Mr. McClure bought his brick, fourstory, pre-Civil War town house near the Bunker Hill Monument, outsiders were an unwelcome novelty in Charlestown.

''They called us dirty liberals,'' Professor McClure recalled. But the McClures' large Italianate house, with its German stainedglass windows and crystal chandeliers, was a bargain at $30,000, and now many of their neighbors are also non-natives.

Mr. McClure and his wife, a writer, became supporters of Mr. Kearney in Boston's school busing crisis in 1975, when he used to go to the local public to try to persuade people to calm down. At the time, Mr. Kearney was a 25-year-old State Representative.

''Dennis was the only elected official who had the courage to come out,'' Mr. McClure recalled. ''He said he was not in favor of busing, but the law is the law and violence is not an answer.''

Perhaps the best symbol of the more moderate tone that the new voters have brought to Boston is what is missing from this year's election. In 1967, the last time there was a large field of candidates in which several could win, the favorite was Louise Day Hicks, an outspoken School Committee member who was a champion of conservative white ethnics. This year, no one has echoed her position.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Sue Bush photo of Elaine Gelinas photo of Peter McClure

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[***Seeking a Replica of the Second Temple***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-8200-0005-G3M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1477 words

**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN

By CLYDE HABERMAN

**Dateline:** MOUNT GERIZIM, Israeli-Occupied West Bank

**Body**

"THIS is where we found a wonderful thing," Dr. Yitzhak Magen said, almost bubbly as he picked up a trowel and dug into a small mound of ash. Within seconds, he had scooped up a handful of charred bones of yearling sheep and goats killed more than 2,100 years ago.

"We think that this is where they did their sacrifices," said Dr. Magen, the Israeli Government's chief archeologist for the West Bank. "We found thousands of bones here."

He was standing by a pile of stones that he believes formed an altar of an ancient Samaritan temple built on this craggy mountaintop, venerated by the tiny Samaritan community that endures here just south of the Palestinian town of Nablus. Finding remnants from that temple is satisfying enough, Dr. Magen says. But the discovery may have added poignancy.

He is convinced, based on the writings of the first-century historian Flavius Josephus, that the structure here was a replica of the Second Temple of Jerusalem, the core of Jewish life from the time its construction was started in 520 B.C., until, after many remodelings, it was destroyed in A.D. 70.

Before anyone conjures up Indiana Jones visions of a lost ark lying beneath Mount Gerizim's rocky soil, Dr. Magen points out that the temple and the city surrounding it were burned to the ground in 113 B.C. by the army of John Hyrcanus, leader of the Hasmonean rulers in Judea. But having found remains like the altar, he is certain that there is more, though there is not likely to be much more, he says. His goal is to find whatever else may be left under the ruins of the Church of Mary Theotokos, which was built on the site starting in A.D. 484.

"We believe that it was here, exactly, that the temple stood," he said, walking across the exposed pavement stones of the Byzantine church.

Josephus wrote that the Samaritan temple was built in the late part of the fourth century B.C., although Dr. Magen suspects that work may actually have started dozens of years later. According to Josephus, there was a love story behind the construction.

Manasseh, a Jewish high priest in Jerusalem, went against his people's traditions by marrying Nikaso, who was a Samaritan and, as such, a member of a sect that had many customs similar to those of Judaism but that was a bitter rival of the Jews for centuries. Essentially, temple elders gave Manasseh two choices: give up his wife or leave the temple. He chose her. But Nikaso's father, Sanballat, who was a Samaritan leader, promised to ease the pain of that decision. He built a temple on Mount Gerizim modeled on the one in Jerusalem, Josephus said, with Manasseh installed as chief priest.

Dr. Magen and his research teams have been excavating the 2,850-foot peak since 1983, but it is only in the last few years that outer precincts of the temple have emerged.

One find was the altar, made of uncarved stone as specified in the Pentateuch, the first five books of the Old Testament. The Samaritans rigorously follow the Pentateuch while rejecting the later prophets and the oral traditions that form the basis of Jewish rabbinical law. The altar is near a stone entrance that Dr. Magen says formed the temple's northern gate, more than 65 feet wide.

"If it is that big," he said, "you can imagine the size of the temple enclosure."

His crew, made up of several dozen Palestinians from nearby Nablus, has unearthed what seem to be other gates facing east and west. On the eastern end of the dig, the workers found a series of walls, one atop another -- Byzantine era above Hellenistic era above a long stretch of stone running perhaps 450 feet that Dr. Magen believes may have been the temple wall.

To the west is a staircase of seven stone steps that seem to lead to the temple compound. To the south, west and north, archeologists have uncovered the ruins of 20 stone houses, a small part of an ancient city of some 10,000 inhabitants spread across more than 100 acres. It is believed, Dr. Magen said, that priests and other temple workers lived there, "close to the temple itself just as their Jewish counterparts did in the Second Temple area."

Three-foot piles of ash found by the diggers attest to the destruction inflicted by John Hyrcanus's forces. But enough of the houses remain to make it clear that they had two floors, and each had its own bathroom, with stone tubs still intact in some. Only a few hundred yards away, within easy sight of these ancient living quarters, are the squat concrete houses of modern Samaritans, a faded community of fewer than 600 people who live both on the lower reaches of Mount Gerizim and in Holon, a ***working-class*** suburb of Tel Aviv.

One bit of good fortune that has surfaced in recent months is a stone fragment from the second or third century B.C. that was inscribed with the Ten Commandments. It was written in the Samaritan script, which is similar to an ancient form of Hebrew known as Paleo-Hebrew.

Other fragmentary inscriptions found on the site contain the word cohen, or priest; its plural form, cohanim; the name Pinhas, which might refer to a Samaritan priest; and equivalents to the letters Y H V H -- the abbreviation for Jehovah, God's name, which Jews are forbidden to pronounce.

Taken together, the finds make Dr. Magen certain that he is on the right track to the heart of the Samaritan temple itself, just below the Mary Theotokos church. Thus far, excavations have been confined largely to the edges of the church, a broad open-air compound measuring 235 feet by 200 feet that itself was mostly covered until the Israeli archeologist began his work.

"Centuries after the temple was burned by Hyrcanus and they were banished, the Samaritans came back," he explained. "This was after the Roman era and before the Byzantine period starting in the fourth century. When they came back, they built synagogues and other buildings, and we want to isolate all that before going to the temple area itself."

"It's like a puzzle, and you have to put the pieces together," he said. "It takes a lot of luck."

Dr. Magen, who works for the Civil Administration, which despite its name is the Israeli military government for the West Bank, hopes to begin probing beneath the stone church floor within a few months.

Inevitably, the tantalizing question is whether he will find clues to what the Second Jewish Temple in Jerusalem looked like.

The First Temple, begun in 960 B.C. under King Solomon, was destroyed by the Babylonians in 586 B.C. It was only after the return of the Jews from Babylonian exile in 538 B.C. that work on the Second Temple began.

Ancient writings describe it as more modest than the original, but there was no clear description of its construction or layout, as there was for Solomon's temple in the First Book of Kings. Nonetheless, references to it in the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah and in post-biblical commentaries suggest that there were two courtyards with chambers, gates and a public square. In the late first century B.C., after the Samaritan copy was destroyed, King Herod I of Judea built a far more splendid structure on the original site, at the same time expanding the boundaries of the Temple Mount on which the edifice sat. What remains of all that is only a section of the western supporting wall of the Temple Mount, commonly known as the Wailing Wall, or Western Wall, for many Judaism's holiest site.

Despite the sketchiness of details, there have been attempts by artists over the years to show how the early Second Temple might have looked.

Is there a chance that Dr. Magen will find solid confirming evidence beneath the church on Mount Gerizim? Probably not, he says, given the destruction in the second century B.C.

But he says he will try anyway. He also recognizes that he may be in a race against time.

Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization are negotiating an expansion of the fledgling Palestinian self-rule beyond its present confines of the Gaza Strip and the small West Bank district of Jericho. Nothing is settled yet. But in coming months it is possible that Nablus, with other parts of the West Bank, will fall under Palestinian authority. And if arrangements for the last year in Gaza and Jericho are a guide, it means that responsibility for archeological works will also come under Palestinian control.

It is always possible that the Palestinians will continue the excavations here, but that seems highly unlikely considering both the expense and the displeasure that the Samaritan community has already expressed about the digging on their sacred mountain. Besides, Palestinian officials have shown scant interest in any finds that show Jewish roots in territories they consider their own.

So could politics indeed outpace archeology? Dr. Magen says he will let others worry about it.

"We have an expression in Yiddish -- Kullu b'id Allah," he said. It was a small joke. He was speaking in Arabic: Everything is in God's hands.

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Yitzhak Magen standing by ancient ruins of what he believes was a replica of the Second Temple. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)

Diagram: "Echoes of Jerusalem's Second Temple"

The Second Temple of Jerusalem, as it was rebuilt by the Israelites after their return from captivity in Babylon in 583 B.C., is the large edifice shown above, its details obilerated under later renovations. Now archeologists believe they have found the outlines of an exact Samaritan copy, built in the late fourth century B.C., under a medieval church atop Mount Gerizim, near Habus.

Solomon's Temple, or the First Temple, begun in 960 B.C., is only a scriptural memory.

Herod's Temple, the most extensive rebuilding of the Second Temple and environs, was destroyed by the Romans in A.D. 70.

The general plan of the Temple Mount at the time of the Second Temple and the subsequent extensions are sketched based on research by modern archeologists. The new excavations in the Israeli-Occupied West Bank could help fill in some of the blanks.

(Source: Dr. Leon Rittmeyer) (pg. C10)

Map of Israel showing location of Mount Gerizim. (pg. C10)

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[***Hampstead Hangouts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M8V0-0038-D1PV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1563 words

**Byline:** By Wendy Steiner; Wendy Steiner is Alan G. Hassenfeld Professor of Humanities at the University of Pennsylvania doing research in London.

**Body**

In Hampstead on a given afternoon, the world sits down to coffee. Polish and Russian, German and French, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, and all the Englishes of the world - American, Australian, South African, Indian - blend in the fervor of love or debate.

Dozens of cafes map the ethnicity of this London borough. The Cosmo Coffee Shop might have been lifted out of ***working-class*** Brno or Budapest, with its fake wood paneling and kitschy paintings. Its clientele is World War II emigres, psychiatrists (who seem to make up half the population of Hampstead), and actors and directors from the nearby School of Speech and Drama. Old people with the faces and accents of Mittel europa tuck into schnitzels and potato salad on Sunday, and carry home cartons of goulash for their evening meal. The Cosmo has regulars, who come each afternoon and sit hour by hour on the plastic banquettes, weathered, tired, eccentric. The unsmiling abruptness of the place covers subtle rituals of acknowledgment and respect.

Maria's, on red-brick England's Lane, stands at the other extreme of cultural class. Its 20-foot ceilings, fans and potted trees frame a scene of artistic conviviality - writers scribbling, artists sketching, students and scholars engrossed in conversations. The strudel and soup are as heimish as Cosmo's, but gain sophistication from the mache salad, the smoked salmon sandwiches, the passion cake. You can rent chess sets for about $2 an hour at Maria's, and on Sunday newspapers pile up on chairs and the floor. I have used the place as a library when home was too full or too empty for concentration, working for long stretches with no interruption but steamy cappuccino. The temptation to eavesdrop in Maria's is irresistible, and there is a certain piquancy, too, in feeling oneself an object of curiosity.

The identity of the Primrose Patisserie is as much a matter of the walk that takes you there as the place itself. It is situated near the end of Regent's Park Road, a deliciously seedy-genteel street full of bookstores, curio shops, greengrocers and unlikely boutiques. Halfway between an antique market and a high street, it foils the purposiveness of daily shopping in a maze of impractical digressions. The other route to the cafe is through Primrose Hill, an extension of Regent's Park that presents a panorama of London, and where on Guy Fawkes Night (Nov. 5), fireworks explode against floating mists and twinkling Victorian street lamps. Down from the park, five doors past Friedrich Engels's house, is the Primrose Patisserie.

The cafe is the ground floor of a small row house, crowded with round, marble-topped tables and hanging plants. The back window looks out onto a rose garden, visible only in the morning when customers do not block the view. By noon, every seat is taken. It is normal to sit with strangers; the closely wedged tables do little to isolate conversations, merely determining the orientation of your chair.

Lone figures read; children munch on homemade buns and pastries; a mother sips coffee as her baby sleeps in a stroller she has ingeniously fit between tables. An architect in a beret talks to an eager scholar, while a well-known playwright chats up a friend. Tweeds coexist with black hose and chunky jewelry. The cakes are Middle European and rich -poppyseed, cheese, honey and lemon. The relaxed bustle and buzz are quintessential northwest London.

One of the main thoroughfares of Hampstead is Haverstock Hill, curving up from Chalk Farm, metamorphosing into Rosslyn Hill, and bearing the crush of fashionable shopping as Hampstead High Street. Unlike the cafes on side roads, those on Haverstock Hill are public and slick. A Danish shop with designer birthday cakes serves open sandwiches and heavy pastries in antiseptic cheerfulness. Next door is a tapas place, Bar Beso, with barrel tables and wooden beams. It is uncrowded in the afternoon, but in the evening music draws in men and women who listen, drink and watch each other. Across the street is the Cafe Flo, which, unlike the coffee shops, has first-class cooking - salmon mousse, lemon sole fillets with lime butter, confit de canard, smoked fish cakes with warm brioche, cherry clafouti. Cafe Flo's prices are more conducive to business lunches and evening assignations than casual dropping in, but in warm weather you can sit outdoors and eat fish soup or charcuterie without feeling undue nostalgia for Paris.

Continuing up the street is the House on Rosslyn Hill. A jazz bar at night, it has marble and wrought-iron tables that in the afternoons are crowded with a trendy clientele - the men in undershirts and signed sweat pants or leather jackets and jeans, the women in cobra earrings or demure glasses. Recording deals proceed beneath the hanging plants and brass chandeliers. Flanking a 10-foot gilt-framed mirror are photographs of film stars, including one of Jack Nicholson, the cruelty of his expression illuminated by an Art Nouveau sconce. Customers hide in books or let their eyes wander. The waitresses, harassed, hurry by.

The Dome on Hampstead High Street is an unintentional parody of a French cafe. From a central bar, aproned waiters used to grab up espresso and croissants and bang them on tables with the unceremonious haste of their French counterparts. Now the room has been remodeled and the waiters tamed, but the place still has a French atmosphere. Metal fans turn languidly above antique-gold walls with brass and milk-glass fixtures. The obligatory potted plants, bentwood furniture and striped awnings allow the young to peer through smoke, down coffee and shout above the canned music in some approximation of style.

Across the High Street is the Coffee Cup, a dark, wood-paneled room with low plaster ceiling and sagging beams. It is jammed with tables, and on Saturday afternoon takes on a peculiarly homey atmosphere as families come in dazed from shopping, hoping to recover through cakes and milkshakes. Wooden tables spill onto the busiest sidewalk in Hampstead, with conversations carried on in a dozen languages. Yet there is an unexpected calmness to the setting, as if one could still discern a tranquil village scene of earlier years, before exhaust fumes and tourists.

In any of these cafes, at almost any time of day or evening, a diminutive, octogenarian artist sits sketching. He is called Puck - though Hugo Dachinger is the name listed in art books and exhibition catalogues. Puck has been living in lower Hampstead for over 40 years and has spent a good part of that time painting and drawing its cafes. He records the exhibitionism of cafe people, their posing and self-regarding, their eyeing of faces turned obliviously into the distance, in daily sketches numbering in the thousands.

On a recent afternoon he sat outdoors at the Bar Beso. ''You should come here on Sunday nights when they're playing music,'' he said, gesturing inside. ''At one time or another you can see almost anything.''

FROM TAPAS TO SCHNITZEL

Following are some of the cafes that dot Hampstead, with prices calculated at $2 to the pound:

Bar Beso, 194A Haverstock Hill; 794-9422. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Saturday; noon to 10:30 Sunday. Specialties: Grilled chorizo, $5, prawns in garlic $5; main dishes under $7, salads $4; Spanish wines, Mexican beers. Live music Wednesday through Sunday night.

Cafe Flo, 205 Haverstock Hill; 435-6744. Open weekdays noon to 11:30 P.M. with limited menu between 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Saturday and Sunday 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. with limited menu from 3:30 to 5 P.M. Hors d'oeuvres $6 to $7.50; entrees $12 to $17; salads and charcuterie $2 to $10; desserts $5.50 to $7.50. Specialties: salmon mousse, avocado and orange salad, lemon sole fillets with lime butter, confit de canard, warm chicken liver salad, fish soup.

The Coffee Cup, 74 Hampstead High Street; 435-7565. Open 9 A.M. to midnight daily. Sandwiches $2.80; omelets, hamburgers, spaghetti and salads $8, ices and cakes $4.

Copenhagen Patisserie, 196 Haverstock Hill; 435-7711. Open 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Monday to Friday and 8:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. Saturday and Sunday. Sandwiches $3.75 to $5.25; pastries $1.75 to $2.75. Specialties: walnut, rye, black, and wholegrain breads, and a selection of ornate pastries to take out.

The Cosmo, 4-6 Northways Parade; 722-2627. Open daily 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. Starters under $5, hot dishes under $12, desserts under $4. Specialties: chopped liver, goulash soup, herring salad, Wiener schnitzel, sauerbraten, poached cod, strudel, cheesecake.

The Dome Cafe-Bar, 38 Hampstead High Street; 435-4240. Open daily 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. English breakfasts $8.50; hot dishes $10 to $12.

The House on Rosslyn Hill, 34 Rosslyn Hill; 435-8037. Open 9 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. Main course salads $9.50, hot dishes $10 to $20, desserts $6. Specialties: sauteed chicken liver salad, steaks, kebabs, lasagne, strudel, chocolate mousse, apple pie.

Maria's, 2B England's Lane; 586-3268. Open from 8:30 A.M. from Monday to Friday, from 9 A.M. Saturday and 10 A.M. Sunday, closing 7 P.M. Monday to Thursday and 8 P.M. Friday to Sunday. Sandwiches $2.75 to $4, hot dishes $7, cakes $2.20 to $2.60. Specialties: Greek yogurt with honey, bean soup with sausage, mache salad, lamb's liver, pancakes with walnuts, passion cake, apple cake.

Primrose Patisserie, 136 Regent's Park Road; 722-7848. Open 8:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. Tuesday to Sunday. Hot dishes $5. A. W.

**Graphic**

Photos: A sketch of the scene at The Dome in Hampstead. (Puck Dachinger); Customers at Cafe Flo, on Haverstock Hill. Live music at the House on Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M3R0-0038-D3P1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When the Inside of the Outside Proves Empty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M3R0-0038-D3P1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Page 15, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

Something is very wrong when a film's style can be peeled whole from the story, like the rind of a Sunkist orange, leaving the story more or less undamaged or, at least, what it would have been like without the fancy packaging.

As much as anything else, the just-concluded 28th New York Film Festival was about style, about the way a film looks and sounds in relation to what it's all about.

It's no accident that style appears to have been the single most arresting feature at this year's festival. When the banality of a movie disengages the spectator's interest, when commitment to the film slips gears, attention turns to subsidiary concerns, including style as an end in itself.

Jean-Luc Godard has earned his place in any New York Film Festival but, in the case of his latest jape, ''Nouvelle Vague,'' there was no orange within. The rind was the movie. Mr. Godard has never made conventional narrative films but, until the last few years, they were usually about something.

In the decades since he made ''Breathless'' in 1959, Mr. Godard has been the cinema's brashest, most tireless innovator. As he was successively inspired by his passion for films, his social concerns, his interest in the power of words and his left-wing politics, he evolved a new film language and found unexpected meanings in old phrases.

Among other things, he gave us the jump-cut, the monologue spoken directly to the camera and the so-called billboard, in which necessary information is bluntly presented to the audience as an inter-title to be read.

Yet these techniques were never just ornamental. Their use was dictated by the nature of the particular film. The sad thing about ''Nouvelle Vague,'' which takes some perfunctory swipes at Big Business, 1980's-style, is that it's mostly a replay of stylistic tricks from an earlier time. It seems that Mr. Godard is no longer passionate about anything, except making movies.

The essential weightlessness of some of the festival's more highly touted films might not have been so apparent if the festival had not also included the work of three exceptionally talented new film makers: Aki Kaurismaki of Finland, Jane Campion of New Zealand and Idrissa Ouedraogo of Burkina Faso, each a cinema ''natural'' in that the narrative concerns of each automatically set the look of his or her film as well as its voice. There is no way that the discreetly graceful camera movements and the modest manners of the actors might be separated from the narrative of Mr. Ouedraogo's ''Tilai.'' Much like the flat, parched African landscape, the style perfectly reflects (and makes reasonable) the inevitability of the tale, which is about a stubborn man who, in full awareness of the consquences, breaks tribal law.

As he is seen in the film's evocative opening frames, he rides to his doom with his head up, sitting on the haunches of a donkey, going slowly, which is as fast as he can.

Miss Campion's ''Angel at My Table'' is not in the same league with her wonderfully oddball ''Sweetie,'' which was based on her own story. ''Angel at My Table'' is in the service of someone else. It's a three-part television mini-series, adapted from three autobiographical novels by New Zealand's best-known novelist, Janet Frame.

The movie is long (158 minutes) and comparatively loose but, as she did in ''Sweetie,'' Miss Campion manages to capture the contradictory, inhibiting emotions of someone who is almost too sensitive for her own survival.

She does this not through identification with the central character, or by scare tactics, though the film does have a few hair-raising scenes set in a mental hospital. Instead, through the idiosyncratic use of image and sound, she makes viewers aware of a world that is, in fact, brighter, darker and more vividly intimidating than the one most of us know. With the festival's presentations of Mr. Kaurismaki's ''The Match Factory Girl'' and ''I Hired a Contract Killer,'' it is now clear that the young Finnish film maker is a talent of international importance. It is not easy to describe the peculiar pleasures of his films, which are, on the surface, so plain and matter of fact.

Like the American studio films of the 1930's and 1940's, they are short. ''The Match Factory Girl'' runs 70 minutes and ''I Hired a Contract Killer'' 80 minutes. They also are incredibily efficient.

It isn't only because he makes spare use of dialogue - the people in his films aren't articulate and don't talk much anyway. Rather, it's because the films share the comparatively narrow focus of his characters. They do what they have to do and move on. No introspection here, and no subsidiary plots. Speed is not of the essence. It is the result.

The films aren't pretty, being set mostly in gritty, hopeless-looking ***working-class*** milieus, though they are often beautiful in the way of Edward Hopper: flat colors, a cold sun, long shadows, a sky that looks dull even when a brilliant blue.

There is nothing that could be called scenery in his films, only spaces that are sometimes examined by the camera before a character arrives or after he has left. The movies display few emotions except the dead-panned curiosity of a coroner. More important, though, they are funny. ''The Match Factory Girl'' is the surprisingly buoyant tale of a passive, lonely young woman at that point in her life when she finally turns on her oppressors. They are her slobbish mother, her stepfather and the man who, during a one-night stand, makes her pregnant. In reply to her tempered letter to the man, the gist of which is a ridiculously hopeful ''I thought you would like to know,'' she receives a one-line note: ''Get rid of the kid.''

Rat poison is what she uses to even old scores. It's a part of Mr. Kaurismaki's comic method that when she buys the poison, the expectation is that she's going to kill herself. Not on your life.

There is no party, no dogma, to save the workers (who are often out of work) in Mr. Kaurismaki's cinema; they have to depend on themselves.

''I Hired a Contract Killer,'' set in London, is also about salvation, that of a solitary Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Leaud) who is discharged from his job at ''Her Majesty's Waterworks'' after 15 years of steady, stultifying bookkeeping. When he fails at suicide, he hires a contract killer to do the job, only to fall in love the next day.

Can he call off the contract? Though Mr. Kaurismaki's films are comedies, that's no guarantee that everything comes out all right in the end, at least in any ordinary sense.

There's a most invigorating, healthy skepticism at work here, made manifest by a cool visual style and a soundtrack that mixes a lot of rather awful pop music with the occasional blues or jazz classic.

It is this sort of thoroughly integrated style that was missing from so many of the other festival entries. The French ''Dr. Petiot,'' directed by Christian de Chalonge, is about a real-life mass murderer, a man who preyed on Jews in Paris during the Nazi occupation. It is the film's conceit that the doctor is to be equated with such arch-fiends of cinema as Mr. Hyde and Fritz Lang's Doctor Mabuse.

The movie makes all sorts of references to these fiend-films. This gives ''Dr. Petiot'' a sort of stylish look without adding anything to one's understanding of mass murderers, the Final Solution (to which references also are made), French society, the occupation, or even to movies.

The fancy style contributes nothing. If anything, it obscures the true horror of the story.

Michael Verhoeven's ''Nasty Girl'' is also based on a true story, that of a young woman in a small Bavarian town who set out to write an essay titled, ''My Home Town in the Third Reich,'' and uncovered a number of skeletons in the closets of the good bourgeoisie.

Possibly because it is a subject that's not entirely new, Mr. Verhoeven attempts to give his film a kind of supercurrency by using the so-called distancing devices associated with the theater of Bertolt Brecht and the films of Hans Jurgen Sylberberg .

He uses these tricks (intended to call attention to the artifice of film) so indiscriminately, though, that they upstage the scandals he means to be so shocking. Take away the ''style,'' tell the story in some sort of straightforward fashion, and ''The Nasty Girl'' wouldn't be anything more or less than what's on the screen now. So much for style. The 28th New York Film Festival will be memorable for one joke that surfaced in the course of the screenings. It's an appropriately brisk, two-line homage to Eric Rohmer. ''What is the French title of 'Metropolitan'?'' ''I don't know. What IS the French title of 'Metropolitan'?''

'' 'Ma Nuit Chez Muffie.' ''

**Graphic**

Photo: William Brandt and Kerry Fox in Jane Campion's ''An Angel at My Table,'' one of the presentations of the 28th New York Film Festival. (The Film Society of Lincoln Center)

**End of Document**



[***BRITISH MILLS, VICTORIAN STYLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KMT0-0008-Y3NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1415 words

**Byline:** By Merida Welles; MERIDA WELLES is on the staff of The Times bureau in London.

**Body**

In today's high-tech world of bauds and bytes, chips and bits, it is easy to forget a distant, yet equally revolutionary era when the tools of transformation were spinning mules and flying shuttles, carding engines and fulling stocks.

Such new technology - a mere sprinkling of the inventions that precipitated Britain's Industrial Revolution and, indeed, the wealth and power of Victorian England - has been assembled at the sprawling, red-brick Armley Mills of the Industrial Museum in Leeds. The site is appropriate. At the geographic heart of England, generations of wool makers, from agrarian villagers of the 13th century to the industrial tycoons of the last, kept Leeds in the vanguard of the wool-making industry.

By the end of the 18th century, with the Industrial Revolution in full gear, the Armley woolen mills, strategically placed between the Aire River and an extensive canal network, were the world's largest.

Highlights of the Armley Mills of the Industrial Museum in Leeds, England

Now the mills, which opened as a museum last year, overlook the bleak towers of modern city life. The river flows ineffectively by and electric lights have replaced the oil lamps of the Victorian past.

But the aura of early industrial Britain - and the legendary ''satanic mills'' - still clings to the barrel-vaulted chambers where men, women and children toiled for up to 16 hours a day amid the deafening clamor of labor-saving machinery.

The stone floors echo as noisily now as when children dragged heavy wool in wicker baskets from one machine to the next for further processing. Strands of dyed yarn still hang from the iron nuts and bolts. And around the mills are the same muddy stretches of water through which the workers trudged.

The wool-making machines, the Apples and IBM's of the textile revolution, have been gathered from mills in the Leeds area by Peter Kelley, the 47-year-old curator, who began collecting industrial machinery to fill the museum nine years ago.

One massive piece in the woolen collection is the carding engine, a tortuous monster that untangled cleaned wool with giant rollers armed with thousands of minute wire hooks. Another is a pair of spinning mules, some 40 feet long. Run by four workers and replacing 700 spinning wheels, the mules drew out and twisted the threads, to form strong yarns.

Moving farther along the chambers, you come to the graceful warping frame and weaving looms, which arranged threads into the required pattern before they were woven into a fine cloth.

At this stage the material is half-finished. Next, with their castiron troughs and wooden hammers, fulling stocks would pound the cloth, with a concoction of stale urine, steaming water and clay, into a thick pulp to keep it from unraveling. The damp mass would then be dried and stretched on long tenterframes, from where we inherit the expression ''to be on tenterhooks.''

Bristling with thistles, a gig mill would lift the cloth's pile for it to be trimmed by a cropping frame; for the finishing glaze the cloth would pass through a heavy iron press.

T he transformation of lice-ridden sheep's wool into finely woven cloth is the museum's major but not exclusive theme. On a lower floor of the mill, fabric-cutting tools and early Singer sewing machines, laid out as though the workers had just stepped away momentarily, reveal how the material was mass-produced into suits. Not only did the new bulk production help clothe the ordinary worker better; it significantly improved his chance to climb the managerial ladders of the period, for until the 1880's, only the bosses could afford suits.

If not cut and stitched in the mills themselves, suits, outerwear and uniforms were made by private tailors or in cramped sweatshops, one of which is reconstructed at the museum. By the end of the last century, many of such quarters - often one tiny room stacked above another - were occupied by Jews fleeing persecution in Russia. Intending to reach the United States, many stopped off in Britain and settled permanently, making a hard living in circumstances considered wretched by today's standards

but high compared to life in their mother country. Even more damp and cramped than the sweatshops was the corn mill, built inches from the river. Once chilly, dark and infested with rats, it confirms Mr. Kelley's comment that ''the mills were built to house machinery; people were incidental.''

More cheery is the small reconstructed cinema, built to remind viewers that the first moving pictures were reportedly shot from Leeds Bridge in 1888. With its tinny piano, flickering gas lamps, red curtains and silent movie projectors, the theater is a replica of one built there in 1912. Try to catch one of the 15-minute movies, some silent, some talkies, that run regularly most days.

Scattered in other parts of the museum are some of Leeds's early printing presses, steam engines, locomotives, cranes and machinemaking equipment, so crucial for the development of all types of industry.

The Armley buildings are part of a series of museums and picnic spots that punctuate a nine-mile trail extending from the heart of Leeds to the 18th-century, stone-built village of Rodley. Hikers will enjoy treking the 2.5-mile track (occasionally muddy) from Armley to Kirkstall Abbey, one of Britain's earliest and best preserved Cistercian monasteries.

Surrounded by an expanse of lawn leading down to the winding Aire River, the Gothic ruins of the 12th-century abbey inspired artists during the Romantic Movement of the 17th and early 18th centuries. The contrast with the Armley Museum could hardly be more pointed.

After examining the abbey remains, cross the main road to the museum at the Abbey House, formerly the gatehouse to the monastery. Three streets of 18th- and 19th-century cottages, workshops and shops have been rebuilt in the original local gritstone and paving stones. There is W.T. Castelow, the chemist, with its gold-labeled jars and advertisements for hair restorers, and John Mason's barber shop, recognizable by its characteristic red-and-white-striped pole outside. Farther along, the ironmonger shop displays burnished copper pots and oil lamps, while the grocers, Illingworth & Kilburn, advertise the invigorating effect of liver salt.

And don't miss the weaver's cottage or the Hark to Rover pub, with the landlord's private upstairs parlor, crammed with Victoriana. Elsewhere in the museum are folk galleries showing how the ***working class*** cooked, laundered, lighted and heated their modest homes and shops. There are collections of costumes, from the 18th century through the 1920's, as well as dolls, toys and doll houses of the same periods.

If you go to Armley Museum

From London's King's Cross Station, the journey to Leeds takes two hours, 20 minutes. Trains run hourly through most of the day. Roundtrip fare is $93 in first class and $62 in second. On arriving at Leeds station, next to City Square and the Queen's Hotel, you can either walk the museum trail, which begins at the square, or take buses No. 25 or 26 from the front of the Queen's Hotel directly to Kirkstall Abbey. The buses also pass within a quarter of a mile of Armley Mills: Get off at Yorkshire Television and proceed away from town, turning first left up Viaduct Road. A taxi from the station to the Armley Museum will cost about $2.35, one to the abbey about $5. From April through October the Armley Industrial Museum is open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sunday from 2 to 6 P.M. (Last admission one hour before closing. From November through March, closing one hour earlier.)

Visitors normally meander through the mill on their own but if a group wants a tour, they should book at least two months ahead. Group tours cost around $15.70 plus normal admissions fees of 70 cents for adults, 24 cents for children 5 to 16 and older people. Kirskstall Abbey is open from dawn to dusk, admission free. The neighboring museum is open April through September from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sunday 2 to 6 P.M. (October through March, closing one hour earlier). Admission: 75 cents. Convenient to central Leeds and the station are the Hotel Metropole (telephone 0532-450841; double with bath $57), and the Ladbroke Dragonara (0532-442000; $88). For meals, try Jumbo Chinese Restaurant on Vicar Lane, at about $25 for two, or Frenchstyle food ($40 for two) at Rules on Selby Road. The Leeds Tourist Information Office, Calverley Street (0532-462453), is a short walk from the station.M.B.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of a wool-processing display (Page 28) photo of Peter Kelley

**End of Document**



[***City Hall Memo; Bloomberg, With Year Inside, Shows What Outsiders Can Do***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47GW-7TC0-01CN-H0KV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2065 words

**Byline:**  By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Body**

The theory was as simple as it was improbable: Michael R. Bloomberg, a billionaire entrepreneur who squeaked into office with no government experience or clear base of political support, would succeed precisely because of those very liabilities.

In an interview yesterday at City Hall, Mr. Bloomberg said the first year of his administration has "absolutely" been a success. Clearly, Mr. Bloomberg's outsider status has shaken up the way business is done in City Hall, emboldening him to mull and attempt things without many of the political motivations that have traditionally fueled the machine of government.

Impervious to the political pressures from the real estate and hotel industries, he imposed a rule forbidding New York drivers from making turns on certain Midtown streets, enraging many. Owing nothing to social policy advocates, Mr. Bloomberg put homeless families in a former jail and refused to move them, even in the face of a political storm. Now he is exploring turning cruise ships into shelters.

He spoke openly about building incinerators in residential neighborhoods or shipping garbage to the Caribbean when contemplating his garbage policies last spring, ignoring seasoned government types who insisted neither plan would fly.

In seeking control of the public schools, this mayor's lack of political baggage or clear educational ideology paved the way toward gaining that control -- government, political and educational experts agreed -- giving him a prize that had eluded the three mayors before him.

"He is much more focused on whether or not something is a good idea," said Martha K. Hirst, the commissioner of the Department of Citywide Administrative Services, who has served under three other mayors. "He doesn't have an initial political reaction to things, and what that means is that you get a chance to talk about ideas."

Mr. Bloomberg, 60, has impressed even his critics, who have noted the circumstances -- a political novice facing a yawning budget gap and the psychic lesions left by the 2001 terrorist attacks -- along with the accomplishments.

But Mr. Bloomberg's distance from New York's traditional political circles has led many City Council members, policy advocates, lobbyists, government officials and others to complain that this mayor is remote from, if not disdainful of, the larger workings of government and the city he oversees. Mr. Bloomberg, for example, dismissed the role of the City Council early on, a political miscalculation that almost cost him his antismoking legislation.

And while his enthusiasm for new ideas and his allergy to polls is refreshing to city commissioners, deputy mayors and his other fans, supporters of Bloomberg confess that he can also appear insensitive to the patchwork quilt of agendas in the city. Many close to him cringed when he warned last summer against turning ground zero into a cemetery -- and then would not back down.

And some critics say he is often impatient with those who do not cotton to his management style.

"People who spend a lot of time in the public sector can, over time, convince themselves that fundamental changes can't happen," said Bill de Blasio, a councilman from Brooklyn. "I think it is a virtue that he can look at things as a clean slate."

"At the same time not being beholden to any interests can have a downside too," Mr. De Blasio said, "because it can lead to less sensitivity to what New Yorkers are actually experiencing in their daily lives. For instance, if you are connected to the labor movement, you learn about the needs of working people. I imagine it has been years since he has had to grapple with what most of us grapple with, like how to reach the mortgage payment."

Indeed, though he takes the subway to work most days and keeps his security detail as far from him as possible, Mr. Bloomberg still has had little contact with average New Yorkers. He has gone to a total of two town hall meetings in city neighborhoods since he was elected (Rudolph W. Giuliani did them monthly), and takes few phone calls on his weekly radio show. He rarely spends weekends selling his fiscal and social policies in ethnic enclaves and ***working class*** neighborhoods.

How New Yorkers feel about all this is unclear. His poll numbers have dropped precipitously in the last month, but it is impossible to say whether his smoking ban, his tax increase or his now ubiquitous Boston twang account for that slide.

For his part, Mr. Bloomberg is impatient with those who criticize his style, which was honed in the private sector, and, he concedes, is quite different from other mayors. It relies heavily on keeping a small circle of those who are in the know and delegating many key functions of government. He allows his aides close and frequent access, and pushes ahead with ideas in the face of extreme political pressures.

"If there is anybody that can sit back and say 'Hey, stop all this. I do know what I'm doing in terms of managing,' " it is he, Mr. Bloomberg said yesterday. "It's pretty hard to argue that I don't. I mean, given what I've built," he said, referring to his financial information company, Bloomberg L.P. He admitted that he often ignores his aides' pleas to do a better job of promoting his accomplishments. "That's not my style," he said. "I think the facts in the end are what matters."

Mr. Bloomberg's wealth, which has freed him from the debts that campaign contributions beget, can also be a burden at a time of high unemployment and economic uncertainty, as the weekly rash of scathing letters to editorial pages denouncing the "rich mayor" has demonstrated.

One example that many political experts cited was the fancy mountain bike the mayor bought to prepare for a possible transit strike. "I really don't think he understood that buying a $600 bike -- for a lot of New Yorkers, that was a lot of money," said William B. Eimicke, a professor of public administration at Columbia University. "It made him seem like he lives in a different world when they are thinking about whether they could afford to take a livery cab."

But it is also clear that Mr. Bloomberg's wealth and connections have played a role in helping the city through tough fiscal times. When it came time to pay for the commemoration ceremonies for Sept. 11, Mr. Bloomberg quickly reached out to wealthy friends to foot the $9 million bill. And when he needed to lean on state lawmakers to help New York with new taxes, he whisked them on his private plane to his home in Bermuda to play golf.

Striking the balance between the upsides and the pitfalls of Mr. Bloomberg's wealth and political insouciance will likely be a theme of the next three years of his mayoralty.

But contradictions define the mayor in other ways as well. He bought the apartment next door to his town house to accommodate his dining room table, which seats 20, but he serves meatloaf and potpies to the luminous guests who sit there. He held his tongue when the head of the transit union told him to shut up. He appears utterly unruffled to even those closest to him when discussing the city's $4 billion budget gap. But he is moved to scream at aides over something mundane like the food served during a ceremonial function or the wrong color of paint chosen for a public project, said those who have witnessed his fury.

Mr. Bloomberg set a new tone at City Hall even before his inauguration. He remodeled the former Board of Estimate chamber on the second floor of City Hall into an open, bullpen-style office similar to the one he had at his company, and situated his five deputy mayors and numerous key aides in the same room.

This change has profoundly altered the culture of City Hall, where the mayor's chief of staff or other aides traditionally serve as the gatekeepers to the mayor. In this setting, Mr. Bloomberg has constant contact with aides, and can see who else does, too. When commissioners come to City Hall to visit other officials, Mr. Bloomberg descends on them, providing unprecedented access, many said, but also immediate scrutiny.

Tongue-lashings are infrequent, but always in full view. "People only think of accessibility as a good thing," one official said. "But sometimes you need concentric circles around you."

But Mr. Bloomberg and his commissioners agree that he gives them latitude to do their work in ways not seen since the Koch administration.

This too, Mr. Bloomberg insists, is an outgrowth of the fact that he is politically unencumbered, and was thus able to pick the most qualified aides. "I don't think anybody has ever put together as good a team as we did," Mr. Bloomberg said, "and that was only possible because you didn't have the obligations you would have had had you been out raising money or come through an organization."

Mr. Bloomberg said members of his transition team who spent years in government continually wondered about his intentions. "I know he says independence, but who does he want, who does he owe?" they said.

"The transition team felt a lot freer to look for competency only," he said. Not everyone will last, Mr. Bloomberg added, and some could be moved to different posts as the mayor seeks to consolidate some agencies and make other changes next year.

"Upgrading your people, you should always be doing that," said Mr. Bloomberg, citing Schools Chancellor Joel I. Klein's pledge to remove 50 poorly performing principals.

"Anyone who says you don't have a bottom 10 percent is just not realistic," he said. "That's the kind of process you always want to have on. You can do it humanely, you can do it nicely, but you always want to keep improving."

Mr. Bloomberg does have one major political debt -- he unexpectedly grabbed the mayoralty in large part thanks to the endorsement of Mr. Giuliani. That nod led many to cast their votes for Mr. Bloomberg, with the expectation that he would continue his predecessor's policies of keeping crime low.

In many ways, Mr. Bloomberg's need to tether himself to his predecessor's record -- even as he has quietly undone many of Mr. Giuliani's policies -- has contributed greatly to his successes. If Mr. Giuliani left the expectation that Mr. Bloomberg, who is liberal by his own definition and inexperienced in government, could not keep law and order in Gotham, those expectations have been settled for the time being.

Crime has not only remained low, but in fact has dropped to historic lows, as have fires, pedestrian deaths and the city's welfare rolls. The mayor's aides insist that once again Mr. Bloomberg's unusual management style has created the atmosphere for those accomplishments even at a time when the police force has shrunk and budgets are being slashed.

In part, officials say, this is because no one has the political chits to cash in and undermine senior officials. "He wants to be involved," said Police Commissioner Raymond W. Kelly, "but he lets the managers of the department manage. He just uses his favorite expression, 'Don't screw it up.' There is a sense of you've got the opportunity, you've got the support."

But Mr. Bloomberg's debts to Mr. Giuliani have hampered him as well. He is unable to blame his predecessor for the city's fiscal woes. He recently incurred the wrath of millions when he instituted the largest property tax increase in the city's history less than a year after he promised, to Mr. Giuliani's cheers, not to raise any taxes.

And Mr. Bloomberg's very private style means the former mayor still often overshadows him. On Thanksgiving, for instance, the mayor stopped by the breakfast for police and fire widows and orphans, but kept the event off his public schedule; the evening's news instead was peppered with images of Mr. Giuliani dishing out stuffing to the poor.

By gaining control of the schools -- which will take years to turn around, by his own admission -- getting sweeping antismoking legislation through the Council and balancing the city's budget at a time of great fiscal distress, Mr. Bloomberg has left many impressed with his first year. The mayor, who also dodged a transit strike and got New York through a minor snowstorm unscathed, agrees with them.

"The whole administration has done a good job," Mr. Bloomberg said yesterday. "And that's why you see the breadth of support in this city that lets you continue to build for the future. Nobody screams at me when I walk down the street."

Well, one guy, this week, he conceded. But he was a smoker.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael R. Bloomberg looked back on his first year as mayor yesterday and declared it a success. He credited his status as a political outsider. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** December 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Voyage to Italy, as Seen in Postwar Cinema***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N660-0038-D22X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Page 14, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1534 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

A dank, sunless morning. A distracted young woman with the features of a high-fashion model (Monica Vitti) walks along the bank of a ship canal. She holds the hand of her small son, pulling him along as if he were a wooden duck on wheels. She is distracted, but she looks terrific, her dark reddish-blond hair set off by the soft green of her cloth coat, which is, of course, couture.

The woman is surrounded by the waste of an industrialized civilization. She stares at pools of still water covered by oil slicks. The air is heavy with fumes from the stacks of the adjacent petrochemical plant. The woman is as aimless and without apparent direction as the society that has allowed this landscape to come into being.

The scene, which opens Michelangelo Antonioni's ''Red Desert'' (1964), is so prototypical that it seems as if the utterly humorless Mr. Antonioni were sending himself sky-high. Yet ''Red Desert,'' a portrait of a rich middle class in lost orbit, looks even more relevant today than it did when it was first released.

It's not because the woman in ''Red Desert'' may be cinema's first victim of the greenhouse effect; for Mr. Antonioni, environmental pollution is only a state of mind made manifest. Rather, it's because it is easier today to look through the brilliantly modish Antonioni images to the terror-filled vacuum beyond, which is the real landscape of his singular studies of 1960's alienation.

''Red Desert'' will be shown in a fine new color print, struck from the original negative, this evening at 6:15 at Alice Tully Hall. It is the first of 46 films that will be featured through Aug. 26 in a retrospective somewhat grandly titled ''A Roman Holiday: Masterworks of the Italian Cinema From Neo-Realism to the Present.''

It is an extraordinary show, an opportunity to see the beginning and the middle of the postwar renaissance of the Italian cinema, a phenomenon that more or less began with Roberto Rossellini's ''Open City'' (1945) and ended at some indeterminate date (on which no two critics will ever agree).

The retrospective is not just a record of a remarkable film heritage. It also presents a kind of condensed chronology of the way in which civilizing concerns shift as a society moves from rude chaos and poverty to highly structured affluence.

As the Italy of ''Red Desert'' is far different from the Italy seen by Rossellini in ''Open City'' and ''Paisan,'' which will also be shown this weekend, so too are the methods and interests of the two directors.

Mr. Antonioni's images are elegant, self-conscious, as immaculately designed as the clothes worn by Miss Vitti, the actress who came to epitomize his cinema. The world he sees is one of surfaces, bereft of soul. The Antonioni method is full of care, that of someone walking the edge of a precipice.

Rossellini, working in a fever of pent-up energy immediately after the Allied liberation of Italy, was thinking in general social terms. These two early films seem as factual as reportage. The narrative style is direct. Every shot is functional. No fancy camera movements.

No time for introspection. The Roman citizens in ''Open City'' are simply trying to survive.

Later, Rossellini too would move beyond his social concerns to the psychology of the individual, as is evident in ''Voyage to Italy,'' made in 1953 and starring Ingrid Bergman. Though the shift in focus now looks astonishing, coming as it did only eight years after the seminal ''Open City'' (starring Anna Magnani), the director's method remains as self-effacing as it was in 1945.

Even Rossellini's switch in leading actresses appears to reflect the director's evolving concerns. For Rossellini, the magnificent Magnani seems to represent a general commitment to society, while the cool, beautiful, Hollywood-styled Bergman represents something far more specific and personal, almost self-indulgent.

Tantalizing Gems

This weekend's films offer a tantalizing sample of what is to come throughout the retrospective. In addition to ''Red Desert,'' ''Open City'' and ''Paisan,'' there will be opportunities to see Federico Fellini's small, sweet first film as solo director, the incomparably funny ''White Sheik''; two by Vittorio De Sica, ''Miracle in Milan'' and ''The Bicycle Thief'', and two by Luchino Visconti: ''Ossessione,'' his unauthorized adaptation of ''The Postman Always Rings Twice,'' made in 1942, and ''Bellissima'' (1951).

The last should be a must-see, not only because it is so uncharacteristic of Visconti's other work, but also because it is so funny. Here is a brutally sharp comedy about a pushy, ambitious ***working-class*** mother (Magnani) who enters her undersized 7-year-old daughter in a movie studio's ''most beautiful child'' contest. The result is a hilarious near-catastrophe for all concerned.

''Ossessione'' is tougher going, but more important in terms of film history. It is often cited by critics, especially in France, as the first example of the Italian cinema of Neo-Realism. Though today ''Ossessione'' looks operatic alongside, say, ''Open City'' or ''The Bicycle Thief,'' it helps one begin to understand the breadth of what is referred to as Neo-Realism.

Too often the term is simply equated with the cinema of social commitment, or of recognizable ''reality,'' most often about the poor and the misbegotten. If one understands it as meaning ''a new way of seeing reality,'' as has been suggested by some, then it becomes broad enough to encompass everything from Rossellini's first works, often with amateur actors, to the very sophisticated, psychological ''reality'' of Antonioni''s ''L'Avventura'' and ''Red Desert.''

Four by Fellini

''The White Sheik,'' in which Alberto Sordi and Brunella Bovo play roles that in later Fellini films would become identified with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina, is as comic as it is broad (which is very). It's about the helpless infatuation of a naive young woman from the country who, while on her honeymoon in Rome, leaves her husband to pursue a ham actor.

Three other Fellini films are also in the show: ''I Vitelloni'' (1953), ''La Dolce Vita'' (1959) and the director's masterwork, ''8 1/2'' (1963). Unfortunately, the festival does not give one an adequate idea of the remarkable journey that Fellini's films represent.

''8 1/2'' is both an end and a beginning. In it Fellini cuts his last ties to the cinema of real life and sets off into the skies of the cinema of the imagination.

Just as American film makers were discovering the production values to be found by shooting on location, Fellini went in the opposite direction. Having made his early films mostly on location, he moved back into the studio, where he could exercise God-like control over all the elements, as well as his cast and crew. The subsequent Fellini films, notably ''Amarcord'' and the 1984 ''And the Ship Sails On,'' find an intensified emotional reality in sets that are patently artificial.

There are other omissions in the retrospective. The show includes Visconti's ''Death in Venice'' (1971), but not the director's earlier, much more significant ''Rocco and His Brothers.'' Omissions are inevitable.

Unexpected Treasures

There are also unexpected treasures of the sort one doesn't expect to see in a high-toned retrospective.

Such a film is Giuseppe de Santis's Hollywoodesque ''Bitter Rice'' (1946), about the lives of poor but beautiful, often partially clad workers in the rice paddies of the Po. ''Bitter Rice'' is not great, but it's a most entertaining film, and it made Silvana Mangano into an international sex symbol.

Another treat is ''The Good, the Bad and the Ugly'' (1967), possibly the best of Sergio Leone's westerns, though it is not quite as epic as the later ''Once Upon a Time in the West.''

Also on tap are Pietro Germi's two small classics of Sicilian manners, ''Divorce - Italian Style'' (1961) with Marcello Mastroianni playing a philandering husband, and ''Seduced and Abandoned'' (1963), in which the man who has seduced his fiancee refuses to marry her because she is no longer pure. Whatever happened to Mr. Germi? For that matter, whatever happened to the Italian cinema so gloriously represented in this show?

Fellini, Bernardo Bertolucci, the Taviani brothers, Ettore Scola and Lina Wertmuller are all still working, though without the excitement exhibited in their earlier films.

Now, Selling Sentiment

The difference in quality between then and now is dramatically evident when one compares the performance of the little boy in Giuseppe Tornatore's current hit, ''Cinema Paradiso,'' with those of the children De Sica directed in ''The Bicycle Thief'' and ''Shoe Shine.'' In each film, the child actors are amateurs. Under De Sica's direction, they remain so without affectation that they seem to have been photographed by hidden cameras. The child in ''Cinema Paradiso'' has been instructed to perform in a style that suggests oldtime Hollywood, or early Shirley Temple. Unadulterated sentiment is being sold.

''Cinema Paradiso'' is a huge hit. Though respected by the critics, the two De Sica films never reached a broad audience.

Film movements, like people, grow soft. They wear out. The Lincoln Center retrospective recalls the exuberant life that was.

**Graphic**

Photo: Federico Fellini's ''White Sheik,'' with Brunella Bovo and Alberto Sordi will be playing at the Italian film festival at Alice Tully Hall. (Janus Films)

**End of Document**



[***DRY-EYED OBSERVER OF CITY LIVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M5G0-0008-Y0XF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1505 words

**Byline:** By Johanna Kaplan; Johanna Kaplan is the author of a collection of stories, ''Other People's Lives,'' and a novel, ''O My America!''

**Body**

THINGS TO COME AND GO Three Stories. By Bette Howland. 164 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $11.95.

''THINGS TO COME AND GO'' is a quirky collection of three long stories by a writer of unusual talent, power and intelligence. Bette Howland has revealed from the start a vigorous, original voice, an incisive mind and an uncompromised lyrical vision. In her first book, ''W-3,'' an account of her brief stay on a psychiatric ward, she was able, even from the midst of emotional confusion, to look out and around her; without listing toward the dazed romance of illness or an angry victim's retributive demonology - stances so familiar in books of this genre - Miss Howland could perceive and describe the hospital as above all a place where large numbers of people daily come to work. A simple, observation, but it has the shrewd, clarity of dry-eyed street smarts. And Bette Howland is very much an urban writer, a chronicler of the human clatter and melancholy waste places of city life - Chicago life, as we learned from her second book, the brilliantly executed ''Blue in Chicago.''

''THINGS TO COME AND GO'' is a quirky collection of three long stories by a writer of unusual talent, power and intelligence.

''Blue in Chicago'' is a collection of dense, eloquent, meditative, largely autobiographical essays that take us through disintegrating neighborhoods and desolate streets to a cousin's wedding, a grandmother's funeral, a meal at an old-age home and a day at a neighborhood library. The raw presence of the city itself - exhausting, obstinate, aloof - is always palpable. But at the end of a dispiriting day spent observing a criminal trial, Miss Howland looks out the courtroom windows: ''Dusk lies radiant against the glass; the street lamps are glowing like pearls in champagne. Lines of traffic spangle the expressways - nervous twitching lights, all glittering and struggling toward the same source, the same goal, drawn by some image of lurid beauty.''

Miss Howland's cranky, unsentimental passion for her native city and its remarkably various inhabitants make her an ideal observer: Nothing escapes her, yet she manages to be at once sharp-eyed and compassionate. Always she locates the common human thread: the baffled, blundering steps toward connection between generations and communities, and everywhere the dissonance between desires and attainment.

These themes continue to concern her in the three stories that make up ''Things to Come and Go,'' her first collection of fiction. The opening story, ''Birds of a Feather,'' is a young girl's account of the confusions and difficulties in the life of her extended family - her father's family, ''the big brassy yak-yakking Abarbanels.'' These relatives ''have a creaturely resemblance. Large swarthy virilely pockmarked men; beard-blued cheeks, Persian hair, palpable noses.'' It is a first-generation, ***working-class*** Jewish family and, as such, familiar fictional territory, with its quarrels, secrets and energetic, noisy meals, but Miss Howland brings to it the rare vigor of her precisely observed descriptions.

''Birds of a Feather'' is above all an observer's story, for Esti, the narrator, perceives her difference from the relatives who surround her, and she is preoccupied with their shared physical characteristics, which rouse her outsider's distaste. She is a mercilessly acute recorder of physical flaws and peculiarities, and these descriptions are so powerful that they have the force of character judgments. The vividness of Miss Howland's vision creates a kind of poetry of disgust from the lonely, fastidious girl's impassioned observing. At a family gathering after a refugee cousin's funeral, ''Tanteh Malkeh was carrying food out from the kitchen, banging the screen door. Flies stuck to the hunched black back of her dress - bitter-green, greedy-bright, flashing like nailheads.'' Other guests arrive: ''Honey's hair was red these days, medicinal red, the color of the cough syrup on the shelves at Dykstra's; her face was as powdered and pitted as the vaccination mark on her arm. She clicked a spit-curled cheek at me - a sidelong glance from her sparkling eyes.''

The mysteriousness of family resemblances, the uncanny reappearance of physical features as palpable evidence of blood ties, is a theme that runs through all

of Miss Howland's work, and in this story its near obsessive quality serves to dramatize the absence of other bonds that might prove sustaining. For despite its leisurely, tough-talking surface, ''Birds of a Feather'' is a story of terrifying emotional coldness. Estrangement, abandonment and casual cruelties make up the natural landscape of family life, this story seems to suggest; human links are puzzling, unreliable and somehow invariably noisome. Only the nonhuman worlds of nature or of objects can offer relief, and in their precise, rapt apprehension lies the possibility of transcendence. ''To the south, the mills gave off a thick, orange glow, mightier than the sinking clouds. Lights squiggled on the surface of the water.

Chicago rose from the horizon the way heat rises from the highway: staggering, shimmering. You could never be sure you were seeing it because it was there.''

In ''The Old Wheeze,'' perhaps the most ambitious and fully imagined of these stories, an old black woman comes to baby-sit for the small son of a pretty, young, aimless divorcee and, at the end of the evening, is driven home by the young mother's much older professorlover. Nothing much really happens in this story - Leo, the wry, affable professor, is frightened by a wino lying stuporous in the darkened stairwell of the baby sitter's neglected building - and yet the haunting urgency of urban night terrors pervades these pages and resonates long after you've put the book down. Mrs. Cheatham, the ''old wheeze,'' disapproving of the young mother's household and suspicious of Leo's ingratiating, ''liberal'' attempts at conversation, nervously consoles herself with thoughts of what she'll do once she's safely home, ''where it was neat and clean and she knew where everything was, which was right where she had put it! … First, she would fix herself a cup of tea. The water drumming in the kettle; the pop of the gas when it sucked up the match. The blue teeth of flame.''

Each of the characters in this story seeks refuge in the familiar specifics of solitary ritual; they live in the lonely, anarchic terrain of run-down urban neighborhoods, and the gulfs that divide them - of class, race, age, expectation - keep them separately imprisoned even while they are standing on the same spot. Sydney, the very pretty, very baffled young mother, is an especially touching character, waiting as she always has ''for something to happen, for her life to change, for better or worse.'' This story is suffused with doomed yearning; it's a harsh city that these people live in, and not even the weather is kind: ''Snow was swirling, giddy in the headlamps, the light driving it all before them - threshing it like white grain.''

In ''The Life You Gave Me,'' a middle-aged woman whose hardworking parents have retired to Florida is called suddenly to the sickbed of her father. They have had their differences, this father and daughter, and now, reluctantly acknowledging her father's age, the daughter knows she must admit the possibility of his dying. In the hushed, urgency of the moment, she tells us about her childhood and her father's life, as if this rehearsal of last things could have the power to postpone the inevitable. This story, very close in tone and form to the autobiographical pieces in ''Blue in Chicago,'' is an anguished meditation on growing up, growing old and being left behind, a complaint against time, before whose devious, passage we are always stupid.

''Escape! Escape from this weak and helpless condition of childhood! Growing up was growing invulnerable. That's what we thought,'' Sally, the narrator, wryly marvels, explaining the struggles of her father's youth. And she movingly recalls her own childhood impression of his strength: ''I used to wake to the trudge of a shovel: my father scraping the coal pile, getting the fire going in the furnace, in the basement. Hollow pipes carried it all through the house. The hoarse flinty rumbling had something of the ring and register - the grumbling resonance - of his voice, and I would think of him as down there talking to himself.'' ''The Life You Gave Me'' is an imagination of bereavement before it actually occurs, a lament for all that has been left unsaid and must remain, even finally, unsayable: ''Everyone knows the sound of heels clicking in hospital corridors. Everyone knows the tread of the heart.''

Descriptive passages of stunning power and beauty abound in this book; it is a trove of lyric riches. If Bette Howland has not yet fully found her fictional voice - the pleasures here are those of observation and language rather than imagination - her sheer gifts as a writer nonetheless place her in a lonely league of achievement.

**End of Document**



[***In Albany's Power Triumvirate, He's the Odd Man Out; The Senate's Majority Leader Is a Conservative Who Has Changed With the Times***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47HY-7CG0-01CN-H2NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1853 words

**Byline:**  By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

**Dateline:** BRUNSWICK, N.Y., Dec. 20

**Body**

To find the most powerful man in the State Senate, a visitor has to go into the rural heart of Rensselaer County, past a yellow sign advertising "Guns and Ammo," up a narrow country road, through cornfields and stands of tall pine, to a modest ranch house with four acres of horse paddocks behind it.

Joseph L. Bruno, the leader of the Senate Republican majority, comes bounding out of the house, still spry at 73, and leads the way to an A-frame guesthouse next door. Entering the garage, he squeezes by a tractor and a log-splitter, steps over a row of muddied boots and passes by the boxing bags he still hits many mornings. He runs up some stairs to a picture window that commands a view of his 100-acre farm and the Adirondack Mountains beyond.

Waving his hands at the land, he announces that he cleared the pastures himself. He built the white rail fences himself, too, to hold his seven horses.

Then he frowns. A broken rail in the fence at the western end of one of the pastures troubles his eye. "I've got to fix that," he says.

For a man with a penchant for action, working in a Legislature characterized by paralysis and partisan stalemate can be deeply frustrating. Senator Bruno finds the tendency of the Assembly speaker, Sheldon Silver, a Democrat, to use delay as a bargaining tactic endlessly irritating. The frequent standoffs between the Assembly's ruling Democrats and the governor, George E. Pataki, a Republican, also vex him.

"We are as dysfunctional as we are because people aren't willing to talk," Mr. Bruno complained. "People ought to be more upfront and really say what's on their mind."

In many ways, Senator Bruno is the odd man out in Albany's traditional triumvirate of power. A successful entrepreneur, he is the most conservative of the three men and the only one who is not a lawyer.

While Mr. Pataki and Mr. Silver are both masters of political nuance and the art of saying as little as possible, Mr. Bruno attacks problems with a folksy candor that sometimes lands him in trouble but endears him to his supporters in the Senate.

The strengths and weaknesses of Mr. Bruno's style were both evident this week. On Tuesday, he broke a conservative logjam by pure force of his personality to pass a landmark bill to ban discrimination against gays that the Senate Republicans had kept bottled up for 31 years. The day before, he had offended many lawmakers when he made an offhand remark that black leaders took as an allusion to lynching.

The impolitic remark on the eve of one of his most important moments as a legislative leader is typical of Senator Bruno's habitual frankness.

"I always maintain how we lead our lives legislatively ought to reflect where we come from," he said. "I don't want to be a phony and watch every word I say."

Politically, Mr. Bruno has hewn to a conservative line on issues like taxes and crime during his eight years as the majority leader, and in 1997 he was viewed by many liberal Democrats in New York City as a right-winger when he tried to dismantle the rent-control laws. He has also resisted Democratic efforts to enact public financing for elections, raise the minimum wage and ban smoking in restaurants, among other things.

On other issues, however, Senator Bruno has shown a pragmatic willingness to shift his position to reflect the changing times, as he did with the gay-rights legislation last week. He compromised in 2000 to pass the tougher gun-control laws the governor wanted, despite fierce opposition from people in his own district. He also dragged his caucus to the left again that year when the Legislature passed a hate-crimes bill.

Some close to the senator say his views have evolved over time. Other friends and colleagues say Mr. Bruno has moved to the center because the more conservative positions are no longer tenable in a state as liberal as New York.

"They have to do a lot of ideological somersaults," said one close friend, speaking on the condition of anonymity. "He's very proud and incredibly invested in making sure the Republicans remain in the majority in the Senate. Every decision is filtered through that."

Senator Nicholas Spano, a moderate Republican from Westchester County, said, "He's a pragmatic leader, looking at society as a whole over New York State, understanding things have changed."

Yet at times Mr. Bruno seems to reveal what some regard as an out-of-date sensibility, as if he were transplanted from another era. That is what happened last week, when Mr. Bruno said Senator Trent Lott of Mississippi should be forgiven for having implied that segregation might not have been a bad policy.

Politicians are human and should be allowed to make mistakes, Mr. Bruno said, and then he proceeded to prove his thesis by taking his apologia for Mr. Lott a step farther than he later thought wise.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "You want to hang him from an oak tree?"

Black leaders pounced on Senator Bruno's comment, saying it was a clear allusion to lynching. The next day, Mr. Bruno issued a formal apology for his "poor choice of words."

Relaxing at his farm, Mr. Bruno said he had been misunderstood and seemed perplexed by the criticism. He had been thinking of state executions by hanging, like those in the Old West, not a racist lynching by a mob. He meant to say Mr. Lott did not deserve to be executed for his mistake.

"I don't for half a second think about that as an inappropriate, racist comment," Mr. Bruno said. "I didn't mean anything by it. Nothing. And if anybody knows my life, and they know where I come from, they would understand that I couldn't possibly have meant anything negative about other people."

Mr. Bruno grew up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Glens Falls, N.Y., where his father, Vitaliano Bruno, an Italian immigrant, shoveled coal for a living at a local paper mill.

In those days, his town was divided between Irish and Italian neighborhoods, and ethnic brawls broke out regularly, he said. He was called every slur for an Italian in the book. "That was everyday language up where I grew up, and I can't tell you that I liked it," he said.

One of eight children, Mr. Bruno was raised in a six-room apartment with no hot water. His mother died at the age of 44, after enduring a decade of surgery because a local doctor had botched a gallbladder operation. His father kept paying the doctor $5 a week even after her death, telling his children a debt is still a debt. Mr. Bruno still grimaces when he talks about his mother's ordeal.

His father refused to accept welfare after the paper mill forced him into early retirement on a meager pension. Instead he worked well into his 70's as a janitor at a hospital, packed groceries and cut grass for the city. Senator Bruno recalls watching other families who accepted welfare bringing home groceries that his family could not afford.

"I can tell you when I grew up I didn't have any happy memories of childhood," Mr. Bruno said. "Christmas used to be a very sad season."

As a boy, he would work setting up bowling pins and delivering newspapers to save up $5. Then he would walk three miles to a local stable and pay for a ride. Though his shoes were worn out, the soles flapping, he preferred to spend his money on horses, he said.

A poor student in high school, Senator Bruno went into the ice-delivery business in Glens Falls and soon took over a small company. Eventually he was admitted to Skidmore College and attended classes while running the ice business on the side. He graduated with a business degree in 1952. The Army promptly drafted him and sent him to Korea.

In the Army -- 35th Regiment, 25th Division -- he learned to box and won his division's title. To win the respect of his unit, he said, he more than once challenged troublemakers to fistfights and then knocked them down.

After the Army, he returned to Glens Falls and took a job selling freezers.

In 1959, he and a partner, taking advantage of a court ruling that broke Bell Telephone's monopoly on phone equipment, used a $5,000 loan to form the Coradian Corporation and sell communication systems to government agencies and businesses. By the time he sold the business in 1990, it had 1,000 employees and he was a millionaire.

Though he grew up surrounded by Democrats, Mr. Bruno has always been a Republican. The Republican philosophy of an unobtrusive government fit neatly with his philosophy of self-reliance.

"Government's there to help you help yourself," he said.

After winning his Senate seat in 1976, Mr. Bruno quickly established himself as a staunch conservative in favor of lower taxes and smaller government, out of step with Rockefeller-style Republicans who ran the chamber then.

His political fortunes brightened considerably when Mr. Pataki won the governor's race in 1994 with the help of Bill Powers, then the Republican state party chairman and a close Bruno ally. The new governor and Mr. Powers immediately engineered the ouster of Senator Ralph Marino, a moderate from Long Island, as majority leader, and helped Mr. Bruno ascend to the leadership of the Senate.

Over the years, however, he has fought Mr. Pataki on a host of policy issues and in 2000, beat back an attempt by the governor to replace him.

Inside his house, the paneled halls are adorned with paintings of horses and Civil War battle scenes. A flintlock, made in 1812, hangs above his fireplace. A bolt-action .308 Winchester rifle sits on a gun rack in the corner of the living room, next to dozens of awards from various civic groups.

He still believes, he says, in the right to keep and bear arms, despite his support for a ban on assault rifles. "Some of the people who gave me the hardest time over any gun control are my own brothers," he said.

The house is a beehive of family activity, as the senator's four children and eight grandchildren come and go. All of his children live nearby and he relishes the role of patriarch, his friends said. One son, Kenneth Bruno, is the county district attorney. The senator's wife, Barbara, known as Bobbi, loves animals and collects stray cats. She feeds more than 20 of them on the front porch every night.

Mr. Bruno is in ruggedly good health. He likes to lift weights and punch a speed bag in the morning, sending it rattling back and forth like a snare drum. He jokes that he does better when he imagines the bag to be his political opponents.

Asked if his beliefs have shifted over the years, Mr. Bruno says he no longer knows what conservative means today.

Even Democrats are against raising taxes and for revamping welfare, he points out. "If liberal means you want to help people get off welfare, then I'm a liberal," he says.

When it comes to discrimination against gays, however, Mr. Bruno acknowledges he has changed his views over the years -- so much so that he played a pivotal role in mustering enough Republican votes to pass the gay rights bill that he had so long kept from a vote.

"I really feel as times change, people have to change," Mr. Bruno said later. "Now I've come to the conclusion and feel in my heart people have a right to express themselves and live their lives the way they should and want to."

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**Graphic**

Photos: The New York Senate Republican leader, Joseph L. Bruno, learned to box in the Army and won his division's title. He still likes to lift weights and punch a speed bag in the morning, and jokes that he does better when he imagines the bag to be his political opponents. (Will Waldron for The New York Times)(pg. B5); Horses have been a lifelong passion for Senator Joseph L. Bruno, 73, who cleared the pastures on his 100-acre farm in Rensselaer County and built the rail fences himself. (Will Waldron for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

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**Byline:** By KARL OVE KNAUSGAARD

Karl Ove Knausgaard is the author of the six-volume autobiographical novel ''My Struggle.'' He last wrote a two-part series for the magazine about tracing the Viking trail from the first European settlement in North America to Alexandria, Minn., site of a possibly fraudulent Viking runestone.Translated by Ingvild Burkey from the Norwegian.

**Body**

I arrived in Tirana, Albania, on a Sunday evening in late August, on a flight from Istanbul. The sun had set while the plane was midflight, and as we landed in the dark, images of fading light still filled my mind. The man next to me, a young, red-haired American wearing a straw hat, asked me if I knew how to get into town from the airport. I shook my head, put the book I had been reading into my backpack, got up, lifted my suitcase out of the overhead compartment and stood waiting in the aisle for the door up ahead to open.

That book was the reason I had come. It was called ''Do No Harm,'' and it was written by the British neurosurgeon Henry Marsh. His job is to slice into the brain, the most complex structure we know of in the universe, where everything that makes us human is contained, and the contrast between the extremely sophisticated and the extremely primitive -- all of that work with knives, drills and saws -- fascinated me deeply. I had sent Marsh an email, asking if I might meet him in London to watch him operate. He wrote a cordial reply saying that he seldom worked there now, but he was sure something could be arranged. In passing, he mentioned that he would be operating in Albania in August and in Nepal in September, and I asked hesitantly whether I could join him in Albania.

Now I was here.

Tense and troubled, I stepped out of the door of the airplane, having no idea what lay ahead. I knew as little about Albania as I did about brain surgery. The air was warm and stagnant, the darkness dense. A bus was waiting with its engine running. Most of the passengers were silent, and the few who chatted with one another spoke a language I didn't know. It struck me that 25 years ago, when this was among the last remaining Communist states in Europe, I would not have been allowed to enter; then, the country was closed to the outside world, almost like North Korea today. Now the immigration officer barely glanced at my passport before stamping it. She dully handed it back to me, and I entered Albania.

In the arrivals hall, a young man dressed in a bright white shirt came over.

''Welcome to Albania, Mr. Knausgaard. My name is Geldon Fejzo. Mr. Marsh and Professor Petrela are waiting for you at the hotel. The car is right outside.''

The car was a black Mercedes, with leather seats and air conditioning. It turned out that Fejzo had just completed his medical training as a neurosurgeon. He was 31 and had studied in Florence. He had also worked as an intern for a few months at a London hospital with Mr. Marsh, as he called him, in the manner long preferred by British surgeons.

''What is he like?'' I asked.

''Mr. Marsh?''

I nodded.

''He's a fantastic person,'' Fejzo said.

Marsh was in Tirana to demonstrate a surgical procedure he helped pioneer, called awake craniotomy, that had never been performed in Albania. The procedure is used to remove a kind of brain tumor that looks just like the brain itself. Such tumors are most common in young people, and there is no cure for them. Without surgery, 50 percent of patients die within five years; 80 percent within 10 years. An operation prolongs their lives by 10 to 20 years, sometimes more. In order for the surgeon to be able to distinguish between tumor and healthy brain tissue, the patient is kept awake throughout the operation, and during the procedure the brain is stimulated with an electric probe, so that the surgeon can see if and how the patient reacts. The team in Albania had been preparing for six months and had selected two cases that were particularly well suited to demonstrating the method.

I leaned back in my seat and looked out into the darkness, which extended all around, as if we were deep in the countryside, and then increasingly it was broken up by lights from houses, shops, intersections. As always when I was in a car driving toward a large town, I thought of a poem by the Swedish poet Tomas Transtromer; it had become almost compulsive. ''The funerals keep coming/more and more of them/like the traffic signs/as we approach a city,'' he wrote toward the end of his life. And then I thought of something Marsh put in his book, a quote from the French physician René Leriche that begins: ''Every surgeon carries within himself a small cemetery.''

We stopped at a red light. A large square spread out before us.

''That's the national museum,'' Fejzo said, pointing at an imposing building on the left. ''The Chinese built it during the Communist era. And there, on the other side, is the opera. The Soviets built that.''

I bent my head toward the window and stared up at a giant mosaic of people in heroic poses. A shiver ran down my spine. If there is one thing I have a weakness for, it is the Communist Era, especially the secretive culture behind the Iron Curtain, with its ***working-class*** heroism, its celebration of industry, its massive architecture, its Tarkovsky films, its cosmonauts and its supernatural ice-hockey teams. I don't know why it appeals to me, because in actual fact I oppose everything it represents: the veneration of the collective, the industrialization of everyday life, the monumental aesthetics. I believe in blundering man and in the provisional moment. But something about the aura of the Soviet Age attracts me, sometimes with an almost savage force.

The car swung to the side and stopped next to the hotel. A group of people were seated around a table outside, and they stood up as we walked over. I recognized Henry Marsh from photos and from a documentary about him.

''Ah, the famous writer has arrived!'' he said.

He was shorter than I expected, with a body I at once thought of as tough and resilient; his movements had a touch of old age about them, while his eyes, the upper part of which were hooded by his lids, looked simultaneously energetic and mournful.

His handshake was firm, and I glanced surreptitiously at his hands, which were sturdy, with broad fingers, like the hands of a craftsman.

Fejzo introduced me to the others. Paolo Pellegrin, the photographer who would be recording the procedure, a tall man with curly hair and glasses who appeared to be in his late 40s; his strikingly handsome young assistant, Alessio Cupelli, who had covered his long dark hair with a head scarf; and Mentor Petrela, who ran the department of neurosurgery at the hospital in Tirana. He was in his mid-60s, elegantly dressed, smiling, his eyes full of warmth.

''We have booked a table at a restaurant nearby,'' he said. ''Do you want to join us?''

At the restaurant, we gathered outside on a narrow terrace just as a call to prayer was sounding. Fejzo conferred with the waiter, and while Marsh and Pellegrin took up their previous conversation, I listened to the strange voice of the muezzin rising and falling out in the dark. I didn't understand the words, but the sound of them filled the air with mournfulness and humility. Man is small, life is large, is what I heard in the ring of that voice.

Pellegrin removed his glasses and rubbed his eye, and after he replaced the glasses, he looked at me.

''We're talking about an eye ailment that I have,'' he said. ''My vision is gradually getting worse and worse.''

''He wonders whether that is what is driving him on,'' Marsh said. ''Knowing that his time as a photographer is limited.''

''You're a war photographer, aren't you?'' I said.

''That too, yes,'' Pellegrin said.

''Do you see any similarities with what you do?'' I said, turning to Marsh. ''Brain surgery is about life and death, too, isn't it?''

''No, no, not at all,'' he said. ''As a neuro-surgeon, you're not risking anything personally. I'm a coward. I'm full of anxiety, you know.''

The waiters, all of them young men with close-cropped hair, came gliding up with the hors d'oeuvres, and soon the plain white table, until then colored only by the pale green olive oil in transparent bottles, was filled with dark red tomatoes, green lettuce, blue-black octopus sliced to expose dazzling white flesh, pink shrimp, reddish brown slabs of ham, slices of beige bread with dark, almost black crust.

It was Marsh who kept the conversation going during the dinner. He explained the awake craniotomy procedure, saying that for a neurosurgeon, it is a constant temptation to try to remove the entire tumor, but if you go too far, if you remove too much, the consequences can be severe. It may lead to full or partial paralysis of one side of the body or other functional impairments or personality changes. When the patient is awake, this allows the surgeon first of all to determine where the dividing line lies, and second, to observe the consequences of the procedure directly and immediately, and stop before any serious damage is done.

Marsh was articulate, well informed and entertaining. He spoke just as easily about political conditions in Zimbabwe or the books of the German writer W. G. Sebald, which he loved, as he did about the various parts of the brain. At the same time, I had the feeling that something else was going on within him that had little to do with the conversation at hand. When someone said something, he might say, ''Exactly,'' and elaborate on the theme, but he might also become very quiet, as if he had fallen out of the world, into himself. And that's where he doesn't want to be, it occurred to me, as we sat around the table talking, under the strong light of the ceiling lamps, the sparkle of the glasses on the table and the gleam of the white tablecloth intensified by the dense, impenetrable darkness beyond the green bushes that grew on the terrace wall.

Before he decided to become a surgeon, Marsh studied philosophy, politics and economics at Oxford University, where he took an interest in the Soviet Union. After the Cold War ended, he began working pro bono at a neurosurgical ward in Kiev, where conditions were primitive and appalling. The 2007 documentary about his work there, called ''The English Surgeon,'' showed some unbelievably brutal operations; in one, they used a Bosch drill, the kind you would buy in a hardware store, to open the skull; in another they used a wire saw, which sent dust flying and blood spattering. He sent the surgeons medical equipment; once he drove there in his own car, loaded with instruments. Seven years ago, he operated on the future British ambassador to Albania and made friends with her, and she introduced him to Petrela.

''We became friends instantly,'' Petrela said as Marsh told the story. ''Instantly! Henry Marsh is an honest doctor. His book is all about honesty. The truth. It is so important, the truth.''

''Was it because of your son that you specialized in neurosurgery?'' I asked, as I leaned back to make room for the waiter, who was laying lettuce on my plate with a pair of tongs.

Marsh's eyes narrowed, and the corners of his mouth pulled back in a grimace, while he spread his hands as if to say that he had been asked this question many times and that it might perhaps seem that way, but it probably was not the case.

''You can never know, can you,'' he said. ''Maybe it played a part. But not consciously in that case. Either way, there is no doubt that it made me a better doctor.''

His son was only a few months old when he underwent surgery to remove a brain tumor, while Marsh was still a medical intern. In his book, he describes the wild despair and the total helplessness he felt waiting to hear the results, before it became clear that the operation was successful.

''What I do keeps the wolf from the door,'' Marsh said. ''Maybe that's why I have been doing it all these years. It has been a way to keep the wolf from the door.''

When the alarm on my cellphone woke me the next morning, I had a faint memory of having panicked during the night, that I had gotten up abruptly from the bed, unable to remember where the children were. Where are the children, where are the children, I had thought, looking for them in the bathroom, out on the balcony, down on the floor by the bed. But no children. Where were the children? I finally realized that I had been walking in my sleep, but I still couldn't understand where I was or where the children were. Had I lost them? Then I remembered everything, and it was as if I had suddenly become one with myself and with the room I was in. Everything made sense and, relieved, I had lain down to sleep again.

I showered quickly, dressed and went to the reception area, where Marsh, Pellegrin, Cupelli and Fejzo were already gathered and two cars were waiting to take us to the hospital. We seemed to be driving through a different city. What in the evening had seemed dark and mysterious was now flooded in sunlight, completely stripped of its mystery. We followed a river, framed in concrete, upward, past row after row of brick houses, many of them run-down, full of small, makeshift cafes and simple shops. The mountains beyond the city, which I noticed only now, rearing up steeply, faintly blurred by the haze, but still a clear green against the cloudless blue sky, seemed to frame the town and to provide its distinct character. They stood there as motionless witnesses to the human struggle against entropy, just as they had when this land belonged to the Roman Empire in the fourth century and to the Ottoman Empire in the 17th.

The cars slowed down, and we parked in front of the hospital, a plain, functionalist concrete building, the sharp angles and hard planes of which contrasted with the people outside, sitting or standing in the sunlight with their soft bodies, wearing floral-print dresses or shirts and suit trousers, not unlike the way my grandparents dressed, I thought, in the 1950s and '60s.

Inside at the neurosurgical ward, Petrela stood waiting for us, immaculately dressed and smiling broadly.

''Welcome, my friends,'' he said. ''You can leave your things in my office, if you like. And then I can show you the operating theaters.''

We were fitted with surgical gowns, caps and face masks and taken to the second floor, through a small labyrinth of corridors and into the operating theater.

To my horror, an operation was in progress.

The silence was total. The single focus of attention was a head clamped in a vise in the middle of the room. The upper part of the skull had been removed, and the exposed edge covered in layer after layer of gauze, completely saturated with blood, forming a funnel down into the interior of the cranium. The brain was gently pulsating within. It resembled a small animal in a grotto. Or the meat of an open mussel. Two doctors were bending over the head, each of them moving long, narrow instruments back and forth inside the opening. One nurse was assisting them, another was standing a few yards away, watching. A whispery slurping sound issued from one of the instruments, like the sound produced by the tool a dentist uses to suck away saliva from a patient's mouth. Next to us was a monitor showing an enlarged image of the brain. In the middle, a pit had been scooped out. In the center of the pit was a white substance, shaped like a cube. The white cube, which appeared to be made of firmer stuff, was rubbery and looked like octopus flesh. I realized that it must be the tumor.

One doctor looked up from a microscope that was suspended over the brain and turned to me. Only his eyes were visible above the mask. They were narrow and foxlike.

''Do you want to have a look?'' he asked.

I nodded.

The doctor stepped aside, and I bent down over the microscope.

Oh, God.

A landscape opened up before me. I felt as if I were standing on the top of a mountain, gazing out over a plain, covered by long, meandering rivers. On the horizon, more mountains rose up, between them there were valleys and one of the valleys was covered by an enormous white glacier. Everything gleamed and glittered. It was as if I had been transported to another world, another part of the universe. One river was purple, the others were dark red, and the landscape they coursed through was full of strange, unfamiliar colors. But it was the glacier that held my gaze the longest. It lay like a plateau above the valley, sharply white, like mountain snow on a sunny day. Suddenly a wave of red rose up and washed across the white surface. I had never seen anything quite as beautiful, and when I straightened up and moved aside to make room for the doctor, for a moment my eyes were glazed with tears.

In the courtyard outside, the air was filled with voices, the roar of engines, the shrill rasping of cicadas. The people there, sitting or standing, some chatting busily, others silent and withdrawn, were the patients' relatives, who spent their days out here to be close to their loved ones, Fejzo had told me.

I lifted my gaze and stared up toward the top floor of the hospital wing. It was hard to imagine that the silent, faintly humming room, with its islands of high-tech equipment, was just a few yards away from the chaos out here. Still harder was grasping that within that room, there was an opening into yet another room, the human brain.

Did I really look straight into it?

I felt a sudden, sharp pang of guilt. That brain was part of a human being, with a personality entirely its own. But I had peered into it and thought of it as a place.

I went back inside and found Petrela and Marsh sitting in the outer office, drinking coffee and chatting.

''Are you ready to meet the first patient?'' Marsh asked.

I nodded.

Marsh always spoke with the patient before and after the operation; he repeated several times that this could be the hardest part of his job. He had to tell the truth, yet at the same time he must not deprive the patient of hope.

''You can meet him in my office,'' Petrela said.

I followed Marsh into the next room, where we sat down around Petrela's desk. Soon there was a knock on the door. The patient, a short, stocky man with a strong, youthful face, and Florian Dashi, the neurologist who would talk to him during the operation, walked in together. The patient smiled, and his movements seemed confident, but in his eyes, there was a hint of concern, maybe even fear.

His name was Ilmi Hasanaj. He was 33 and worked as a bricklayer in Tirana. He lived on the outskirts of town and was married but had no children. He had been working at a building site, he said, on the roof, and in the middle of the day he had gone to fetch something in a storeroom when his left arm and hand began to tremble uncontrollably. His mouth and his left eye moved uncontrollably, too. He managed to sit down on a chair. Some colleagues, recognizing that something was seriously wrong, took him to the hospital.

''What did you think was happening?'' I asked.

''I thought maybe I was just tired and stressed out,'' he said. ''I had been working a lot lately.''

There was a pause.

''Are you afraid of the operation?'' I asked.

He nodded even before Dashi could interpret the question.

''Yes.''

Marsh leaned forward.

''I have done over 400 of these operations,'' he said. ''My experience with English patients is that it's usually very easy for them. And I suspect that the Albanians are much tougher than the English. I believe that the Albanians will do very well.''

Hasanaj laughed when this was interpreted.

''It's not painful,'' Marsh said. ''The reason for doing the operation like this is to make it safer. First we will touch your brain with a little electric instrument that I brought from London, and when we touch the movement area, we'll make you move. And that way we'll know where the movement area is. And the second part is, as we remove the tumor, we'll be continuously asking you to move your foot, to move your knee, to move your hip, to move your fingers, to see if you can still move them. And if, when we are removing the tumor, you start to feel a little weak, then we'll know that it's time to stop. It is quite possible that after the operation there will be some weakness on your left side, but you almost certainly will get better. The risk of leaving you permanently paralyzed is not zero, but it is very small, less than 1 percent. I hope we can remove all of the tumor, but we might not, and you will need brain scans in the years to come. If there is no weakness after the operation, I hope you will be back to bricklaying in five or six weeks.''

The next time I saw Hasanaj, later that afternoon, he was under general anesthesia and lying beneath a sheet in the operating room, with only his skull visible, clamped in a metal vise. His head was partly shaved in preparation for the initial opening of the skull. The actual removal of the tumor would take place tomorrow. Marsh more often performed both steps in a single day, but in this case, largely because it was a new procedure for this hospital, the operation would take place over two consecutive days. Petrela and his assistant surgeon, Artur Xhumari, the man with the foxlike eyes, bent over the patient. Petrela waved a small mapping device around the head as he looked up at a monitor. The images on the screen, which showed the brain, changed as he moved the device, like the ultrasound images I had seen of my children when they were in my wife's belly.

Petrela and Xhumari conferred in low voices, and I guessed they were deciding where to open the skull. Then Xhumari placed the scalpel two inches above the ear and pushed it hard, down through the skin. Blood oozed up through the cut and ran down along the side of the head. Xhumari drew the scalpel in a semicircle across the crown. Petrela used a suction device to suck up the blood that was seeping out. Then, with a flat instrument that he inserted into the incision, Xhumari folded back the skin, along with the flesh beneath it and the sinews that fastened it to the skull. Inch by inch, the scalp loosened from the bone of the skull. He partly cut, partly pushed and scraped it loose from the underside, while simultaneously pulling it backward from above, as if he were peeling an unripe fruit, the skin of which still clung to the flesh. When he had finished, he folded the scalp over to the side and quickly covered it with gauze pads, which immediately turned red with blood.

The skull, now laid bare, was yellow-white, with thin stripes of blood trickling in all directions. Xhumari brought out a shiny metal instrument, shaped like a baton or a large soldering iron, with a bit at the end. He placed the bit against the crown and started to drill. A hard, buzzing sound rose faintly through the operating room. A small pile of finely ground bone formed around the bit as blood flowed down over the hard skull. When the drill had gone through the bone, Xhumari pulled it out; the result looked like the hole for a screw in a piece of plastic furniture. Xhumari made two more holes just like it. Then he took up another instrument, also made of shiny metal, and inserted the tip into the first hole. I realized that this was the saw. It, too, buzzed hard and intensely, and seemed to get louder as the work got heavier. Xhumari dragged it slowly along toward the second hole, while Petrela sucked away the blood and the bone dust. A narrow crack grew slowly behind it, as when you cut a hole in the ice with a saw. When the saw had come full circle and reached the first hole from the opposite side, Petrela lifted the top of the skull like a lid and held it up into the air in front of me.

''Every brain surgeon, at some point in his career, drops this on the floor,'' he said, laughing. He handed the bloody lid to the nurse, who placed it on a dish and covered it with a green plastic sheet.

Under the opened skull lay a wet, blood-tinted membrane.

''That's the dura mater,'' Petrela said. ''The outermost of the meninges.''

Xhumari cut into it with scissors, creating a flap. Its underside was white and resembled a piece of soaked cloth. He gently pulled the flap back, exposing the brain. It pulsated slowly and looked bluish in the sharp light of the lamps.

''Now we sew it up again,'' Petrela said. ''And we're all set for the operation tomorrow.''

The whole process was reversed. They sewed the meninges back down, and the nurse handed Xhumari the lid of the skull. When he pressed it into place, blood oozed up, as if he had put the lid on a cup that was overflowing with thick cranberry juice. They fastened the lid with metal clips, then stitched the scalp back together.

Not once had it crossed my mind that it was Hasanaj they were slicing into.

Petrela invited us all to dinner at his apartment that evening. His family owned a building in the center of town, just above the central mosque. His predecessors had been politicians and businessmen; his great--grandfather was prefect of Tirana when the city capitulated to the forces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire during World War I. His grandfather traded in olive oil and was wealthy; it was he who had built the building, in 1924. When the Communists came to power after the war, the family lost the house; it was confiscated, as all bourgeois homes were. His father, who was a professor, had to teach at a primary school in a village in the mountains far outside Tirana, Petrela told me in the twilight on the terrace that ran around the top of the apartment. His voice was full of sorrow when he spoke about his father.

''He told me we had to put on a mask before going out,'' Petrela said. He pretended to put a mask on his face with his hands and made a zippering motion across his mouth. ''And then we took it off again when we closed the door behind us back home. I have a mask hanging on the wall in the hallway to remind myself.''

He laughed. It struck me that Petrela was still, first and foremost, a son, for that was the nature of his charm -- boyish, joyful, vulnerable somehow. But at the same time I sensed that there was a great deal here that I didn't understand. I had noticed that his word was law to the other hospital employees, and for the neurosurgical ward at the hospital in Tirana, which otherwise was poor and lacked resources, to be able to perform at such a high level, which Marsh called ''state of the art,'' surely something more than kindliness was needed.

Standing there in the darkness, beneath the stars, while the sounds of the city below us came rising up through the air, Petrela then told me a story about his former boss: that he used to remove certain types of brain tumors with his index finger. No instruments, nothing, he just poked his finger down into the brain and -- plop! -- out came the tumor.

Petrela gave a demonstration. He held his long index finger up in the air, bent it like a hook and pretended to jerk something out while he laughed.

As he did it, I knew I would remember the gesture for the rest of my life.

Dinner was served in a dining room, two floors below, that was furnished as it must have been in the 1920s. The ceiling and the floor were both made of dark wood, and the walls were covered with paintings; a long, antique pistol lay atop a rustic chest, and hanging in one corner was a white dress like the one, Petrela said, that his grandmother wore to her wedding. It was a deeply romantic room.

Not until we were seated around the table, which was covered with a white tablecloth, stiff and formal, but also beautiful, set with porcelain and crystal, did I think about what I had seen only a few hours earlier, the drill that penetrated Hasanaj's skull millimeter by millimeter, the lid that Petrela had then removed. Hasanaj must be awake now, I thought. He was lying awake in his hospital bed, with strange pains in his head and the thought that tomorrow he would remain awake while two doctors -- the ones who were sitting here now, eating and drinking and talking and laughing -- cut into his brain.

Marsh once again dominated the conversation, in his typical English way, full of wit and charm. My impression, after having spent a day and a night in his company, was that he was a manual person. He bicycled everywhere, he did all kinds of woodwork, and he kept bees at his garden in London. He told us that he recently bought a lock keeper's cottage by the river in Oxford. The previous owner had died wretchedly, amid old junk, garbage and loneliness, and Marsh said he was going to renovate the place himself. It seemed that his way of living was to keep moving, filling his days with things to do, as during dinner he filled it with things to say.

There was something reassuring about being in his company, because he took charge of the conversation in such an entertaining way, but at the same time there was a touch of insecurity there, for within the broad range of topics that he mastered, there appeared from time to time traces of self-assertion, well camouflaged, but not so well that I didn't notice that it was important to him to get across that his wife was beautiful and smart, that his book had been very well received, that David Cameron, for instance, had read it and apparently been moved to tears. When we talked about cars, the story he chose to tell was about his old Saab, which he intended to drive until the day he died, and that he had once driven it when he was going to meet the queen, and how beat up and shabby it looked next to other vehicles. It was the kind of thing I might say and later feel ashamed about for months. It was a big problem I had, the urge to put myself in a flattering light by mentioning favorable events as if in passing, so that the others would understand that I wasn't just a boring and silent Norwegian. It was almost compulsive.

Could Marsh, this brilliant neurosurgeon, be troubled by a constant need to call attention to himself? Weren't his extraordinary qualities, so obvious to everyone around him, fixed securely in his own image of himself?

I thought of what he said the night before, about keeping the wolf from the door. I had thought he meant something big. But perhaps, to the contrary, it was something very small?

I looked at him, there at the end of the table, seated at the place of honor, his strong fingers distractedly holding the stem of his wineglass as he talked, the round spectacles in his round, lined face, the lively eyes, which, as soon as he stopped talking, turned mournful.

The next morning, which was as warm and radiant as the day before, Marsh was reclining on a black sofa in the lounge next to the operating room, dressed in his blue surgical gown, the face mask dangling beneath his chin. He smiled briefly as I entered.

''Are you nervous before operations like this?'' I asked.

He nodded.

''Always. But today's operation is relatively simple. The main thing is knowing when to stop.''

I entered the operating room. Hasanaj had already been wheeled in. He was lying in the same position as the day before, partly upright, with one arm on an armrest and his head clamped in a vise. This time, however, he was awake. His eyes stared straight ahead. A doctor was swabbing his head with a brown substance. When he was done, he pushed a syringe into Hasanaj's scalp, pricking him all along the stitches from the day before. It had to hurt, but Hasanaj didn't make a sound; he lay there motionless. A green drape was stretched all the way up to his eyes, so that his face was covered under a kind of tent, while his skull remained bare. Dashi sat down on a chair next to him. Marsh entered the room and began studying a monitor on which the last brain scan was displayed.

''There you have the tumor,'' he said to me. ''So I think I know what to expect. But you can never be certain until you see it in reality.''

Xhumari began removing the stitches. He folded the scalp back, baring the skull. The wet underside of the scalp was immediately covered with gauze pads, which encircled the head like a red-and-white crater. Xhumari and Petrela carefully unfastened the metal clips and removed the lid. Both of them stood motionless, their heads bent at an angle of nearly 90 degrees, the same as their arms, which they held close to their sides like bird wings; for long stretches their hands were the only parts of their bodies that moved. They didn't speak, and the hiss of the sucker filled the room.

Marsh paced to and fro. It struck me that he resembled an actor just about to go onstage; he radiated the same restless, concentrated, faintly anxious energy.

He came over to me.

''In England, everyone would be lively and chatting away by now. Distraction is a good painkiller.'' He looked at me. ''Here the culture is different. It's more vertical. In London, it's horizontal. Ah, this churchlike silence!''

He went over to Dashi.

''How's the patient?''

Dashi leaned forward, almost into the tent. I heard Hasanaj's voice say something in Albanian. Dashi looked up at Marsh.

''He is well,'' he said.

''Good!'' Marsh said.

Xhumari lifted off the top of the skull, the underside of which was covered in congealed blood, and handed it to the nurse, who put it in a dish and covered it. Then he removed the stitches in the meninges, and I could look straight into Hasanaj's brain, at the same time as he lay staring ahead.

The brain was shiny and covered with blood vessels, which lay twisted like little red worms on the otherwise gleaming yellow-gray surface.

Petrela splashed water on it with a syringe.

Xhumari took a few steps back to make room for Marsh, who leaned forward.

''That's the tumor there, isn't it? Interesting.''

He glanced up at me.

''Can you see it?''

I shook my head. Everything looked the same to me.

''It's there, a slightly pinker area.''

He straightened up, and I moved aside, realizing that the operation was about to begin. He was handed an instrument that looked like a long, narrow tuning fork, which was wired to a box on the other side, beneath a monitor, where a nurse stood, ready to follow his instructions.

''This should be the sensory cortex. If I'm wrong, there will be movement.''

He asked the nurse to set the strength at Level 3 and touched the brain with the fork. There was a humming, electric sound. I positioned myself so that I could see Hasanaj.

''Dashi?''

''Nothing.''

''Set it to 4.''

The nurse turned the power up. Marsh touched the brain again. Dashi spoke to Hasanaj, who said something.

''Feeling,'' Dashi said.

''Sensing here, face here,'' Marsh said, as if to himself. ''Turn it up to 5.''

Dashi spoke to Hasanaj.

''Left arm, face, tongue,'' he said.

Marsh touched the brain again. This time, Hasanaj lifted his arm rapidly into the air, as if it had been pulled by the string of a puppeteer, and it shook for a few seconds, then lay down again.

I couldn't believe my eyes. It was like a robot had been switched on.

''Left arm, movement,'' Dashi said.

Marsh moved the instrument. Hasanaj's eye blinked a couple of times.

''Left eye, movement,'' Dashi said.

''We can bring in the microscope,'' Marsh said.

While they wheeled over the microscope, which was fastened by a mobile crane to a large machine, to which a monitor was also connected, I squatted down in front of Hasanaj.

''How does it feel?'' I asked.

He smiled faintly and said something in Albanian.

''It's O.K.,'' Dashi said.

''Does it hurt?''

''He says only a little, in his ear.''

All of Marsh's restless energy vanished the moment he bent over the microscope and started to operate. It was as if he had stepped onto a podium, where other rules applied. He leaned forward and spoke to Hasanaj.

''The tumor is in a good position. In a little while I am going to ask you to move parts of your body, especially your face.''

On a monitor I could see that Marsh was digging a small hole in the tumor, which to me looked identical to the surrounding brain. He held an instrument in his left hand, which he used to make the blood congeal; in his right hand, he held a sputtering suction device, which, with infinite care, he used to pulverize and remove tiny pieces of tissue, shred after shred. They vanished into the tube, along with blood and water; I could see them whirl away down the plastic tube and disappear. Next to him stood Petrela, splashing water over the surface.

With Dashi interpreting, Marsh asked Hasanaj to move his mouth, his eyes.

The hole in the tumor grew slowly.

Marsh brought out the stimulator again. This time it was turned up to 8 before there was a reaction, and Dashi said, ''Face.''

Marsh waved me over.

''See this? This little spot here. That's the center for facial movement. We have to leave that in peace.''

Were all the expressions the human face could make supposed to originate in this little spot? All the joy, all the grief, all the light and all the darkness that filled a face in the course of a life, was it all traceable to this? The quivering lower lip before tears begin to flow, the eyes narrowing in anger, the sudden cracking up into laughter?

Marsh continued working with the two instruments. Using the sucker, he pried and pushed and shoved continuously, while he used the other tool in between, with no trace of hesitation, without stopping and, seemingly, without thinking.

He brought out the electric stimulator again. This time he pushed it toward the bottom of the hole.

''This should be the face again,'' he said.

''Nothing,'' Dashi said.

''Nothing?''

Dashi shook his head, and Marsh went on working.

''The tumor is just like the brain here, that's the problem,'' he said. ''Do you want to see?''

He stepped back, and I bent over the microscope again. The view this time was quite different. It was as if I were looking into an enormous grotto, at the bottom of which lay a pool filled with red liquid. Sometimes water came splashing in from the right, as if from a huge hose. I had never seen anything like it, for the walls of this grotto were so obviously alive, made of living tissue. Along the edges of the pool, above the red surface, the walls were ragged. Behind the innermost wall, seeming to swell out slightly, like a balloon about to burst, I glimpsed something purple.

When I stepped aside to make room for Marsh again, I struggled to unite the two perspectives; it felt as if I were on two different levels of reality at the same time, as when I walked in my sleep, and dream and reality struggled for ascendancy. I had looked into a room, unlike any other, and when I lifted my gaze, that room was inside Hasanaj's brain, who lay staring straight ahead under the drape in the larger room, filled with doctors and nurses and machines and equipment, and beyond that room there was an even larger room, warm and dusty and made of asphalt and concrete, beneath a chain of green mountains and a blue sky.

All those rooms were gathered in my own brain, which looked exactly like Hasanaj's, a wet, gleaming, walnutlike lump, composed of 100 billion brain cells so tiny and so myriad they could only be compared to the stars of a galaxy. And yet what they formed was flesh, and the processes they harbored were simple and primitive, regulated by various chemical substances and powered by electricity. How could it contain these images of the world? How could thoughts arise within this hunk of flesh?

Marsh stopped and brought out the stimulator again and inserted it into the hole.

Dashi said something to Hasanaj, who replied briefly.

''Nothing,'' Dashi said.

Marsh stimulated the bottom again.

''Nothing.''

''Nothing.''

''Left arm, face.''

''Left arm and face?''

''Yes.''

''Then we'll stop here.''

Marsh took a few steps back, and the microscope was wheeled away. His eyes, the only part of his face I could see, looked happy.

Xhumari and Petrela took over, and Marsh, after telling Hasanaj that the operation had been successful, left the operating room.

I went over to Hasanaj and bent down to him. He looked tired, his eyes were narrow, his face expressionless.

''How do you feel?'' I asked.

Hasanaj smiled and raised his thumb.

Dashi laughed. His back was completely wet with sweat.

After the operation, which lasted nearly three hours, we drove to a park just outside the city center, where there was a rustic restaurant built of brown-stained timber, with waiters dressed in traditional costumes, where we had lunch. The temperature was 95 degrees, the cicadas were singing, all the greenery surrounding us was lit up by the golden rays of the blazing sun. Everyone was in a good mood, especially Marsh. There was a new levity about him, and he seemed more open. Not that he seemed closed before, but the shadow that I had sensed in him was gone.

I was happy, too. The sight of the mountains behind the city, so green and haughty, lifted my spirits, and the sight of the brain, its physiological aspect -- the ragged edges of skull within which it had pulsated, the streaming red blood -- was also pleasant to think about, for the bright colors within connected the landscape of the brain to the grass that grew beneath the veranda we were sitting on and the trees rustling faintly and nearly inaudibly in the breeze, and what that brain contained, all those images and thoughts that could never be separated from their material state, connected it nonetheless to the city beneath us, so full of dreams, longings, hopes and imaginings.

That the same city was also full of illness and want, tragedy and death, was something I didn't stop to consider, nor the fact that the brains I had seen had been diseased. The operation had been successful, the tension had been released. All I could see was life and the living.

The next morning we went on an excursion to the port of Durres and to Berat, a town in the mountains. Even though we had spent only three days together, it seemed as if we had known each other for years. Marsh explained the architecture of the brain to me, and the way it functioned. He explained how they reached tumors that were lodged deep in the brain, which is, very loosely speaking, crumpled up like a sheet of paper, and therefore full of folds and ravines that you can push aside and move through. There are also so-called silent areas, which could be cut without damaging any of the brain's functions. He told me about times when things had gone wrong, and the patient had died on the operating table in front of him. ''I have killed people,'' he said.

He told me about difficult operations that had succeeded and about the euphoria they produced. He said that 50 percent of surgery was visual, what you saw, and 50 percent was tactile, what you could touch. He said that brain surgery was a craft. To become good at it, you had to practice and sometimes make mistakes, in a profession where mistakes were fatal and impermissible. If your child has a brain tumor, you want the best surgeon. But to become the best, which is merely a question of gaining experience, you must first have operated on children without having experience, and what do you tell the parents then? That their child is important to the future of the young and as-yet-untested neurosurgeon?

He talked for a while about the particularities of operating on children. The tissues are soft and beautiful, very different from those of older people. A child is as fresh and clean on the inside as on the outside. But the problem with blood loss is very great; they can lose a life-threatening amount of blood very quickly. And the desperate anxiety of the parents is a heavy burden to carry. But for the children themselves, it's easy. If they're not in pain, they're happy. They don't have any existential perspective. He talked about his father, who was a law professor at Oxford University, and about his mother, who came to Britain as a refugee from Nazi Germany before the war, and how they both helped form what is now Amnesty International. He talked about his youth, about how shy he was, how he sat at home reading books when everyone else went out, how he never went to nightclubs, never spent time with girls. He told me about a breakdown he had as a young man, when he fell into a deep depression and spent some time in the psychiatric ward of a hospital. He told me he wrote poetry at that time, inspired by Sylvia Plath. He told me that the medical profession he had chosen seemed safe to him, something to buoy him. He told me about his relationship to his siblings and to his own children. ''I competed with my children,'' he said, grimacing at the recollection. ''Can you imagine? I always wanted to show them how clever I was. That's one of the worst things you can do to children.'' He told me how his first marriage ended, and what his present marriage was like.

He was entirely open but not confessional; it was more that all our conversations seemed to lead to more serious matters, almost regardless of where they began, perhaps because the situations that gave rise to them were so concentrated and involved life and death, and because the places where they occurred were closed to us in a way, amid an alien culture, and yet in another sense, so open: Sitting on a terrace on the seventh floor, surrounded by dark blue sea extending in all directions, glittering in the sunlight, a few tiny people wading through the green shallows, maybe 50 yards out, the slightly lighter blue sky arching above us. Standing in an old Orthodox stone church in the mountains, in front of a row of icons on the wall, in radiant colors, gold, red, blue, beneath a dome with three circular holes that the light sifted down through. Sitting in a car whizzing through the darkness of the Albanian countryside after a long day in the sun. Walking through the heart of Tirana one afternoon, in small, narrow streets that lay in deep silence, past dilapidated houses and walls, with improvised electrical wiring, makeshift home extensions and dirty children playing in back alleys, just a few hundred yards from the main boulevards. Several times, when he mentioned something private, I reminded him that I was going to write about him. ''You do realize that I might write about what you just told me?'' He just smiled and said that was his strategy: The more personal he got, the more likely it was that I would like him and therefore write favorably about him.

The only time I saw Marsh angry was on the morning before the second operation. He had planned on seeing the patient, only to be informed by Petrela that she was already in the operating room and was having her head cut open.

''Damn,'' he said loudly, stamping his foot and striking out at the air with his hand.

''You could see her tomorrow morning, before the operation,'' Petrela said.

''O.K., that'll have to do,'' Marsh said calmly, but his eyes were still angry. Instead, he and Petrela went to see how Hasanaj was doing. I came along. Petrela pushed the button by the elevator at the end of the corridor and told us that when the king died, or rather, the king's son, his heir apparent, the body had been brought to this hospital, and when it was taken out again, they had used this elevator. The elevator stopped between two floors, with the dead king inside, and it took them two hours to restart it.

The doors opened, and we got in.

''It's one thing to get stuck in an elevator with a corpse,'' Marsh said. ''Quite another when the corpse belongs to the king.''

Hasanaj was alone in a room on the third floor, sitting half upright in bed, supported by pillows, with the entire upper part of his head swathed in bandages. His face lit up when he saw Marsh and Petrela. But there was something faintly grotesque about his smile, because one side of his face was paralyzed, and his mouth seemed to droop a little, so that it was more like a grimace than a smile. Marsh told him that he had a temporary weakness on one side, that this was quite normal, and that it would get better quickly. Hasanaj nodded, he understood, and he made the grimace again, and laughed feebly, with eyes that shone.

I met the second patient the next day. Her name was Gjinovefa Merxira, and she was 21. She grew up in Burrel, a small town of 15,000 in northern Albania, and moved to Tirana to study medicine, she told me, lying in a hospital bed. Her eyes were brown, her face was broad, her features were pure and young. I asked her to tell me about her very first seizure. She said she had her first fit when she was 7. It was wintertime, she was ice-skating with her friends, and she collapsed. She saw her friends as if through a fog. When she got home, she didn't recognize her mother. She looked straight at her mother, and she didn't recognize her. Her mother asked, ''Why are you staring at me?'' and Merxira said she wasn't staring at her, and then she began to cry. She was 7, and she had a terrible headache, but no one thought that anything was seriously wrong with her.

She had fits like that once or twice a year. One time, when she was watching TV, the letters of the subtitles began to move out of the TV and into the room where she was sitting. Another time she saw a fire in a garden, a big fire, and she was about to cry for help when it vanished. With these fits came headaches, nightmares, occasional numbness. Sometimes every noise sounded like the chiming of bells. Because the fits were always of the same intensity and occurred seldom but regularly, she didn't think it was anything serious. She didn't see a doctor until after an incident that happened when she was 17. She was taking a math exam at school and saw flowers instead of numbers. She started to cry. She wanted to do well at her exam, but she couldn't do the calculations, because all she could see were flowers, in black and white. That's when she visited the hospital. They examined her, but found nothing, gave her medication for her fits and sent her home.

In November 2014, she was sitting at a cafe in Tirana with some friends and saw things floating above the table. When she got home, she couldn't see anything on her left side, and her friends, who were very worried for her, took her to the hospital. As for her, she was calm; she knew that it would pass. This time the doctors discovered what was wrong: She had a tumor in the vision center in the brain. A decision was made to operate, but not until August, and the operation would be carried out by Henry Marsh, who now, this morning, finally stopped in front of her bed in the patients' ward on the third floor of the hospital in Tirana.

Her head was bandaged, after her skull had been opened the previous evening, and she stared at Marsh with young, frightened eyes.

He told her more or less the same thing that he told Hasanaj: that he had carried out this operation more than 400 times; that it was practically harmless; and that she was going to be awake because it was safer, but he was a little more detailed with Merxira than with Hasanaj, presumably because she was studying medicine and therefore more familiar with what was going to happen. Maybe that is also why she seemed more afraid.

When I saw her again a few hours later, with her head fixed in the clamp in the operating room, the anxiety was still there, in her eyes. She seemed to sense everything that was in the room, as if she had a relation to all of it, whereas with Hasanaj, it seemed that he held back from any encounter, that he just submitted passively to everything and made up his mind to endure it until it was all over. Pellegrin's shooting of Hasanaj's operation had been almost unnoticeable, just a part of all the other movements in the room, but now, because of Merxira's vulnerability, I was increasingly aware of the camera and the flash.

The doctors attached the plastic drapes to a stand, so that her head lay beneath a small tent and the lower part of her skull was covered while the upper part was bare.

''At operations in London, the drapes are transparent,'' Marsh said, ''so that the surgeon can see the patient all the time.''

When her head had been swabbed and the injections of local anesthetic administered, the assistant surgeon, Arsen Seferi, began to remove the stitches. Merxira lifted her arm to her eyes and let out a low, long moan.

Dashi spoke to her, and she answered, then fell silent again.

Seferi laid the scalpel aside and began to remove the clips that ran around the skull. Soon the lid of the skull was put aside, the meninges were cut open and the brain was exposed. From a distance, the bloodstained gauze that wreathed the skull resembled flowers.

Marsh went over and studied the brain.

''Just as I thought. The surface looks normal. The tumor is underneath.'' A nurse handed him a mapping device, which Marsh and the others called a GPS, and he moved it slowly over the brain while he examined the image that appeared on a monitor.

After a while he switched instruments. Now he pressed the electrical stimulator against the surface of the brain. It buzzed briefly. Dashi spoke with Merxira and said something to Marsh. He stimulated the brain again. The same electric buzz sounded. Dashi spoke again, and Marsh began to operate.

''We should feel a rubbery tumor shortly,'' he said.

''Aah,'' Merxira moaned.

I looked at her. She pressed her arm against her eyes again.

''We were being misled by the GPS,'' Marsh said. ''Oh. Here it is!''

''If you trust the GPS too much, you could end up in the cemetery,'' Petrela said to me in a low voice.

''Here, you can see,'' Marsh said, waving me over. ''Do you see the difference?''

One area was more yellowish-gray than the other, but the difference was so subtle that I would never have noticed it if Marsh hadn't pointed it out.

He continued hollowing out the affected area of the brain.

Merxira moaned.

Suddenly there was almost a shout in the room.

''Aah!''

''There's no feeling in the brain,'' Marsh said. ''But what can hurt are the blood vessels, when they are moved or get bent. That's what she is feeling. It can be a shocklike pain.''

He looked at Dashi.

''Is the pain bad?''

Dashi said something to Merxira, who answered him in a low voice.

''She can feel it, but it's O.K.,'' Dashi said.

A flash went off. I looked up. Pellegrin was crouching close to the wall, taking photos of the island of equipment, presumably with Merxira's face visible beneath the green drape.

Marsh continued sucking out the tumor at the bottom of the hole. Merxira moaned. Being there was almost unbearable.

''You don't want to damage that,'' Marsh said and let me look at a blood vessel in the microscope, blue amid the folds of the brain. ''If that is damaged, the blood can't leave the head, and the brain will fill with blood.''

''How far away is it from the tumor?'' I asked.

''Oh, one or two millimeters,'' Marsh said.

He went on with the operation, assisted by Petrela, who squirted water on the surface. Dashi spoke with Merxira at regular intervals, asking her to look at a special eye chart and assessing Marsh's progress based on her responses.

Marsh removed a whole piece of the tumor, which the nurse placed in a dish.

Aside from the even whisper of the sucker, the operating room had become completely silent. Marsh worked concentratedly. Only his hands were moving.

Dashi held the paper in front of Merxira again.

''Slight blurring of vision on the left,'' he said.

Marsh stopped.

He lifted his head from the microscope and looked at me. ''You stop when you start getting more anxious,'' he said. ''That's experience.''

He bent down to Merxira and said that the operation had been successful, that everything had gone the way it was supposed to.

I hadn't dared to speak to her during the operation. But now I went over. I wanted to ask her how she was doing, but when I saw her lying there, with her hand shielding her eyes, I said instead, in a thick voice, ''You were very brave.''

Afterward, when I took off the disposable gown, the face mask and the cap on the ground floor, I felt shaky.

''Oh, man,'' Pellegrin said. ''It was like her mind occupied the room.''

Later that day, I went to the National Art Gallery and looked at the paintings from the Communist Era. They were hanging in two large galleries, and during the hour I spent in there, I didn't see a single person. Occasionally I heard some children playing on the lawn outside, their shouts and laughter rose up above the even, distant hum of the city. Many of the paintings showed people at work. In one of them, what appeared to be an enormous radio tower was being hoisted into place in a barren, mountainous landscape bustling with activity, while a woman, clearly an engineer, studied some drawings and a man pointed ahead. A nation was being built; a new world was being created.

In Norway in the 1970s, Albania was considered a pioneering country by the young intellectuals. A sort of utopia, a land of the future, the ideal we should be striving toward. When I mentioned this to Petrela at our first dinner, he laid his head in his hands.

''But that was just a lie,'' he said. ''It was all a lie. How could they have believed it?''

''I don't know,'' I said then. But when I saw the paintings in the museum, I felt the pull from them.

The painting I looked at the longest portrayed a young, modern family. The father carried a child on his shoulders, the mother had a satchel in her hand, another child was running ahead of them. They were moving through a landscape of mountains and valleys, the grass was green, bordering on pastel, the sky was light, far up above them a helicopter hung suspended. Everyone was smiling, the adults and the children. They were headed for the future, full of joy and hope.

Everything was clear, pure, simple and forceful.

Why couldn't the world look like that?

What was so wrong with these paintings? What was wrong with the world they portrayed?

When I came out onto the street again, the sun hung low in the sky, and the previously limpid air had dulled a little. It was faintly hazy, the way it gets in the hour before dusk. The cars on the avenue in front of me were waiting for the green light. An old, crooked woman walked between them, supporting herself on a crutch, a cup in her hand. She knocked on the window of one of the cars. Two women were sitting inside, both of them turned their heads and looked the other way, the way people have always averted their eyes from beggars. I walked into a park, toward a large complex of restaurants that lay in front of a shallow but wide pool, blue, with peeling paint. The Chinese had built the complex, Fejzo had said, and it was known locally as ''Taiwan.''

I sat down in one of the few empty chairs outside and looked at people, speculating about the relationships they had to one another and to the world.

I had always considered my thoughts as something abstract, but they weren't; they were as material as the heart beating in my chest. The same was true of the mind, the soul, the personality; all of it was fixed in the cells and originated as a result of the various ways in which these cells reacted with one another. All of our systems, too -- communism, capitalism, religion, science -- they also originated in electrochemical currents flowing through this three-pound lump of flesh encased in the skull.

All of which was saying nothing. It was like examining a stone in the foundation wall to find the answer to the secret of St. Peter's Basilica.

That was all just a lie, Petrela had said about Albanian Communism.

But what wasn't?

I had asked Marsh if he believed in God, in a life beyond death. He just shook his head. ''This is it,'' he said.

We use systems to keep the wolf from the door, I thought. And systems are nothing but vast complexes of notions and concepts. Everything that helps us lose sight of the petty, pathetic and meaningless parts of our own selves. That is the wolf. The awkward, twisted or stupid part of the soul, the grudges and the envy, the hopelessness and the darkness, the childish joy and the unmanageable desire. The wolf is the part of human nature that the systems have no room for, the aspect of reality that our ideas, the firmament that the brain vaults above our lives, cannot fathom. The wolf is the truth.

So why would Marsh want to keep the wolf from the door? Seen from the outside, it seemed that the role of surgeon had provided him with a larger context in which he could excel and rule over life and death, where there was no place for whatever was small and insecure in him. The role of surgeon gave meaning to his life, lifted the meaning outside of himself, into a system -- it kept the wolf from the door. At the same time, that role revealed the meaninglessness of it all. Tumors grew randomly, people died randomly, every day, everywhere. You could choose to keep this from sight behind numbers, behind statistics, behind the plastic drapes that made the patients faceless. His greatness was that he didn't hide the smallness but instead used his insight into it to fight against everything that concealed it, the institutionalization of hospitals, the dehumanization of patients, all the rituals established by the medical profession to create distance and to turn the body into something abstract, general, a part of a system.

Fejzo had told me a story he heard in London. Marsh had not mentioned it in his book, and as far as Fejzo knew, Marsh had never spoken about it -- it was one of his colleagues who had told Fejzo. Marsh had operated on an infant, only a few months old, and the operation went badly; the child died on the operating table. Marsh went in to see the parents in person. He told them that he had made a mistake, and that their child had died. He cried with them. ''No doctor does that,'' Fejzo had said. ''No one.''

It began to get dark around me. A man came pushing a stroller between the tables. A boy was sitting in it; he might have been a year and a half, and when the father sat down at a table, the boy stretched his hands out to him. The father loosened his straps, lifted him out and set him on his lap. He fooled around with him for a while, and the boy laughed.

That, too, was the truth.

Then the father lit a cigarette, took out his cellphone and began texting. The boy protested against the sudden lack of attention, and the father handed him the pack of cigarettes, which he happily began to play with, while the moon slowly rose over the rooftops, bright yellow against the blue-black sky.

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/01/03/magazine/karl-ove-knausgaard-on-the-terrible-beauty-of-brain-surgery.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/01/03/magazine/karl-ove-knausgaard-on-the-terrible-beauty-of-brain-surgery.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Gjinovefa Merxira after her operation. (MM30)

Dr. Henry Marsh after performing surgery in Tirana. (MM33)

Ilmi Hasanaj awaits surgery to remove a brain tumor. (MM34-MM35)

Dr. Mentor Petrela and Dr. Artur Xhumari close up the head of Ilmi Hasanaj. The author, Karl Ove Knausgaard, stands second from right. (MM36-MM37)

Ilmi Hasanaj before leaving the operating room. (MM38)

A doctor maps a tumor in the brain of Gjinovefa Merxira before her surgery. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO PELLEGRIN/MAGNUM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41)

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**Body**

Ouisa Kittredge, the Upper East Side hostess at the center of John Guare's ''Six Degrees of Separation,'' delights in the fact that it only takes a chain of six people to connect anyone on the planet with anyone else. But what about those who are eternally separated from others because they cannot find the right six people? Chances are that they, like Ouisa, live in chaotic contemporary New York, which is the setting for this extraordinary high comedy in which broken connections, mistaken identities and tragic social, familial and cultural schisms take the stage to create a hilarious and finally searing panorama of urban America in precisely our time.

For those who have been waiting for a masterwork from the writer who bracketed the 1970's with the play ''House of Blue Leaves'' and the film ''Atlantic City,'' this is it. For those who have been waiting for the American theater to produce a play that captures New York as Tom Wolfe did in ''Bonfire of the Vanities,'' this is also it. And, with all due respect to Mr. Wolfe, ''Six Degrees of Separation'' expands on that novel's canvas and updates it. Mr. Guare gives as much voice to his black and female characters as to his upper-crust white men, and he transports the audience beyond the dailiness of journalistic storytelling to the magical reaches of the imagination.

Though the play grew out of a 1983 newspaper account of a confidence scheme, it is as at home with the esthetics of Wassily Kandinsky as it is with the realities of Rikers Island. The full sweep of the writing - 90 nonstop minutes of cyclonic action, ranging from knockabout farce to hallucinatory dreams - is matched by Jerry Zaks's ceaselessly inventive production at Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater. A brilliant ensemble of 17 actors led by Stockard Channing, John Cunningham and James McDaniel is equally adept at fielding riotous gags about Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals and the shattering aftermath of a suicide leap. As elegantly choreographed by Mr. Zaks, the action extends into the auditorium and rises through a mysterious two-level Tony Walton set that is a fittingly abstract variation on the designer's ''Grand Hotel.''

The news story that sparked ''Six Degrees of Separation'' told of a young black man who talked his way into wealthy white Upper East Side households by purporting to be both Sidney Poitier's son and the Ivy League college friend of his unwitting hosts' children. In Mr. Guare's variation, the young man (Mr. McDaniel), who calls himself Paul Poitier, lands in the Fifth Avenue apartment of Ouisa (Ms. Channing) and her husband, Flan (Mr. Cunningham), a high-rolling art dealer. Paul is a charming, articulate dissembler on all subjects who has the Kittredges in thrall. He is also a petty thief who invites a male hustler into the guest room he occupies while waiting for his ''father'' to take up residence at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel.

Much as this situation, a rude twist on ''Guess Who's Coming to Dinner,'' lends itself to the satirical mayhem Mr. Wolfe inflicted on white liberals in ''Radical Chic,'' Mr. Guare has not written a satire about race relations. Paul, the black man whose real identity the Kittredges never learn, becomes the fuse that ignites a larger investigation of the many degrees of separation that prevent all the people in the play from knowing one another and from knowing themselves.

It is not only blacks and whites who are estranged in Mr. Guare's New York. As the action accelerates and the cast of characters expands, the audience discovers that the Kittredges and their privileged friends don't know their alienated children, that heterosexuals don't know homosexuals, that husbands don't know their wives, that art dealers don't know the art they trade for millions. The only thing that everyone in this play's Manhattan has in common is the same American malady that afflicted the ***working-class*** Queens inhabitants of ''House of Blue Leaves'' - a desire to bask in the glow of the rich and famous. Here that hunger takes the delirious form of a maniacal desire to appear as extras in Sidney Poitier's purported film version of ''Cats,'' a prospect Paul dangles in front of his prey. Yet these people hunger for more as well, for a human connection and perhaps a spiritual one. It is Paul, of all people, who points the way, by his words and his deeds. In a virtuoso monologue about ''Catcher in the Rye,'' he decries a world in which assassins like Mark David Chapman and John W. Hinckley Jr. can take Holden Caulfield as a role model - a world in which imagination has ceased to be a means of self-examination and has become instead ''something outside ourselves,'' whether a handy excuse for murderous behavior or a merchandisable commodity like van Gogh's ''Irises'' or an escapist fashion promoted by ''The Warhol Diaries.'' Intentionally or not, Paul helps bring Ouisa into a reunion with her imagination, with her authentic self. His trail of fraud, which ultimately brushes against death, jolts his hostess out of her own fraudulent life among what Holden Caulfield calls phonies so that she might at last break through the ontological paralysis separating her from what really matters.

Among the many remarkable aspects of Mr. Guare's writing is the seamlessness of his imagery, characters and themes, as if this play had just erupted from his own imagination in one perfect piece. ''There are two sides to every story,'' says a comic character, a duped New York Hospital obstetrician (Stephen Pearlman), and every aspect of ''Six Degrees of Separation,'' its own story included, literally or figuratively shares this duality, from Paul's identity to a Kandinsky painting that twirls above the Kittredge living room to the meaning of a phrase like ''striking coal miners.'' The double vision gives the play an airy, Cubist dramatic structure even as it reflects the class divisions of its setting and the Jungian splits of its characters' souls.

Mr. Guare is just as much in control of the brush strokes that shift his play's disparate moods: In minutes, he can take the audience from a college student who is a screamingly funny personification of upper-middle-class New York Jewish rage (Evan Handler) to a would-be actor from Utah (Paul McCrane) of the same generation and opposite temperament. Though Mr. Guare quotes Donald Barthelme's observation that ''collage is the art form of the 20th century,'' his play does not feel like a collage. As conversant with Cezanne and the Sistine Chapel as it is with Sotheby's and ''Starlight Express,'' this work aspires to the classical esthetics and commensurate unity of spirit that are missing in the pasted-together, fragmented 20th-century lives it illuminates. That spirit shines through. Great as the intellectual pleasures of the evening may be, it is Mr. Guare's compassion that allows his play to make the human connections that elude his characters. The people who walk in and out of the picture frames of Mr. Walton's set are not satirical cartoons but ambiguous, full-blooded creations. There's a Gatsby-like poignance to the studied glossy-magazine aspirations of Mr. McDaniel's Paul, a Willy Loman-ish sadness to the soiled idealism of Mr. Cunningham's art dealer. As the one character who may finally see the big picture and begin to understand the art of living, the wonderful Ms. Channing steadily gains gravity as she journeys flawlessly from the daffy comedy of a fatuous dinner party to the harrowing internal drama of her own rebirth.

''It was an experience,'' she says with wonder of her contact with the impostor she never really knew. For the author and his heroine, the challenge is to hold on to true experience in a world in which most human encounters are bogus and nearly all are instantly converted into the disposable anecdotes, the floating collage scraps that are the glib currency of urban intercourse. In ''Six Degrees of Separation,'' one of those passing anecdotes has been ripped from the daily paper and elevated into a transcendent theatrical experience that is itself a lasting vision of the humane new world of which Mr. Guare and his New Yorkers so hungrily dream.

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION

By John Guare; directed by Jerry Zaks; sets, Tony Walton; costumes, William Ivey Long; lighting, Paul Gallo; sound, Aural Fixation; production manager, Jeff Hamlin. Presented by Lincoln Center Theater, Gregory Mosher, director; Bernard Gersten, executive producer. At the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center.

Ouisa...Stockard Channing

Flan...John Cunningham

Geoffrey...Sam Stoneburner

Paul...James McDaniel

Hustler...David Eigenberg

Kitty...Kelly Bishop

Larkin...Peter Maloney

Detective...Brian Evers

Tess...Robin Morse

Woody...Gus Rogerson

Ben...Anthony Rapp

Dr. Fine...Stephen Pearlman

Doug...Evan Handler

Policeman/Doorman...Philip LeStrange

Trent...John Cameron Mitchell

Rick...Paul McCrane

Elizabeth...Mari Nelson

**Graphic**

Photos: Stockard Channing, left, James McDaniel, center, and John Cunningham in ''Six Degrees of Separation'' at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater. (Brigitte Lacombe/Six Degrees of Separation) (pg. C1); Stockard Channing (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times) (pg. C3)

**End of Document**



[***Seeking His Inner Her, Size XXXL - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P6C-W0K0-TW8F-G2FN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 15, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2467 words

**Byline:** By JESSE GREEN

**Body**

LOS ANGELES

WE had only just met, but John Travolta, big and handsome and hypnotic, was fondling the lapel of my navy blue blazer. ''Ooh, what a great idea to match this with a cobalt blue shirt,'' he cooed. ''I wouldn't have thought of that.''

Disarming, but doubtful. When it comes to appearances, Mr. Travolta seems to think of everything. Chatting on Father's Day in his Spanish-style home here in the Brentwood hills, he was a carefully considered composition in black -- blazer, shirt, pants -- and crocodile slip-ons. His hair was precisely deployed in a center part flip, which made his bangs look like quotation marks framing his face.

Because we were discussing his role as the obese, fashion-challenged laundress Edna Turnblad in the $75 million movie version of the musical ''Hairspray,'' which opens nationwide on Friday, the subject naturally kept returning to clothing, coiffure and body type. Before filming he had costumers, special makeup-effects people, even prop masters repeatedly revising their work to achieve the look he imagined in housedresses, fat suits and irons. He did not want to resemble a refrigerator or Jabba the Hutt, he said, but Sophia Loren with a couple of hundred extra pounds. And he got his wish: His Edna, unlike the greasy Gorgon created by Divine in the 1988 John Waters original or the Kabuki hausfrau rendered so memorably by Harvey Fierstein in the 2002 Broadway musical adaptation, has cleavage and a waist and a kind of geologic sex appeal.

So you'd think he must have known, and not cared, that complimenting a writer's color coordination might seem not just friendly but also really gay. Which would be nothing but a charming detail were it not for the controversy that had recently arisen about his taking the role of Edna in the first place. In a blog entry posted in May on the Web site of The Washington Blade (washblade.com), a gay newspaper, Kevin Naff, its editor, called for a boycott of ''Hairspray'' because of Mr. Travolta's membership in the Church of Scientology, which he described as a cult that ''rejects gays and lesbians as members and even operates reparative therapy clinics to 'cure' homosexuality.'' In a subsequent editorial Mr. Naff added that Mr. Travolta's appearance in the ''iconic gay role'' is ''even more galling given all the gay rumors that have followed him for years.''

Seated in a leather club chair in his paneled library, where books on cigars and aviation share space with Scientology treatises and a ''photographic tribute'' to the church's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, Mr. Travolta was not at all defensive about any of this. Asked about Mr. Naff's comments, he did not protest with allusions to his wife of 15 years, the actress Kelly Preston, or their two children. He merely said that he was completely comfortable around gay people, that Edna wasn't gay anyway, and that the claims about Scientology were inaccurate. ''Scientology is one of the least homophobic religions,'' he said. ''It's not very interested in the body at all.''

Perhaps, but Mr. Travolta certainly is. He became a movie star on the basis of a physicality so intense -- and so specific to each role -- that it almost seemed choreographed. Even beyond the dance moves of ''Grease'' and ''Saturday Night Fever'' and ''Urban Cowboy,'' defining as they were, his ability to create character in the shape of his spine, the tilt of his pelvis, the isolation of various parts of his body was a revelation in films, whether musical or not. The famous slouching Watusi he devised for woozy Vincent Vega in ''Pulp Fiction'' not only nailed that character but revived a career that by 1994 had fallen into one of its weird, periodic lulls.

Lull is too mild a word, though, for the death-defying plunges in quality, box-office results or both that have usually followed his biggest successes. Whether because of bad hunches, bad advice or a tendency in flush times to grab all the big-ticket jobs he could -- owning a fleet of planes doesn't come cheap -- Mr. Travolta has repeatedly diminished his critical capital and stymied audiences with movies whose redeeming qualities were hard to discern.

In conversation, he acknowledged choosing commercial projects like this year's ''Wild Hogs'' -- a critically panned buddy comedy that surprisingly grossed more than $250 million -- ''to get permission'' to make more personally meaningful but little-seen films like ''She's So Lovely'' and ''A Love Song for Bobby Long.'' ''But mostly,'' he said, ''you just do what's right for you as an artist, things you morally feel you can contribute to at a stellar level. At the end you want to be able to say, 'Wow, that was a mixed bag of tricks -- but what a bag.' ''

Amazingly, he managed to rebound after disasters like ''Moment by Moment,''''Staying Alive'' and ''Perfect'' -- the list goes on. But rebounding from the bad spell that began with the jaw-dropping 2000 flop ''Battlefield Earth,'' a longtime pet project based on a sci-fi novel by Mr. Hubbard, has proved more difficult; only one of his next nine movies grossed more than $100 million worldwide. Still, musicals and might-as-well-be musicals like ''Pulp Fiction'' (you could call it a dope opera) have been kind to him ever since the early 1970s, when he made his stage breakthrough as a replacement Doody in the original Broadway ''Grease.'' If he has not done more, it's largely because there have not been many to do. He's turned down only three, he said: ''A Chorus Line'' (''good move''), ''The Phantom of the Opera'' (ditto) and ''Chicago'' (''a mistake'').

That ''Hairspray,'' unlike those others, began life as a movie does not mean it's a likelier prospect for successful remaking, as the recent ''Producers'' debacle proves. Still, it is perhaps the most filmworthy stage musical in decades, combining great characters, a strong story and a flawless pop Broadway score. Surprising, then, that Mr. Travolta, now 53, took 14 months to agree to make it, stringing along the producers, Craig Zadan and Neil Meron, like lovesick freshmen at Rydell High.

But it was not, after all, self-evident casting. Edna is not the lead in the story; her daughter, Tracy, moves the action. She is also, for all her heft, a dainty creation, not Mr. Travolta's usual territory. Executives at New Line Cinema, the studio financing the movie, naturally expected a comic actor in the role: Robin Williams, Steve Martin, Tom Hanks. ''Which was valid,'' Mr. Meron said, ''but we argued, 'Why not get the musical film star of our generation?' ''

Having failed three times to snag him for Billy Flynn in ''Chicago'' (the part eventually went to Richard Gere, as have many of Mr. Travolta's castoffs), Mr. Zadan and Mr. Meron knew how painfully deliberate he could be in selecting projects. (It took him six months to say yes to ''Pulp Fiction.'') And so, after sending him a DVD of the Waters film and getting him tickets to see a touring production of the stage musical when it played near his home in Florida, they set about to address his concerns. But they were wrong about what those concerns were.

''Playing a woman attracted me,'' Mr. Travolta said. ''Playing a drag queen did not. The vaudeville idea of a man in a dress is a joke that works better onstage than it does on film, and I didn't want any winking or camping. I didn't want it to be 'John Travolta plays Edna.' That's not interesting. It had to be something I could go all the way with, disappear in, like I did in the Bill Clinton role in 'Primary Colors' or in 'Saturday Night Fever.' '' And here he got up and instantly incarnated those characters with a quick redeployment of his weight and posture.

There was no film precedent for this approach to Edna. Though Dustin Hoffman in ''Tootsie'' and Robin Williams in ''Mrs. Doubtfire'' did well donning drag, they were playing explicitly male characters who for plot reasons needed to dress as women. Edna is something much rarer: a female character whose DNA, as the stage director Jack O'Brien put it, requires that she be played by a male -- the cosmic opposite of Peter Pan. Divine, whose real name was Harris Glenn Milstead, didn't so much act Edna as perform a variation on his usual camp persona. What Mr. Travolta wanted was a seamless transformation; it was not lost on him that the last time such a cross-gender feat had been seriously tried -- in ''The Year of Living Dangerously'' -- it had won Linda Hunt an Oscar.

Without saying yes, Mr. Travolta began to imagine the woman he'd be willing to become. Because the story is set in Baltimore, he wanted her to have the honking vowels and slurred consonants he'd heard while filming ''Ladder 49'' there a few years earlier. Focusing on a new lyric for the song ''Welcome to the Sixties'' -- ''I haven't left this house since 1951'' -- he decided that Edna should seem ''damaged,'' too ashamed of her weight to be seen in public.

That was simple: ''Vulnerability I know how to capture,'' Mr. Travolta said. Motherliness too. ''I was beautifully parented by two very doting parents, so it's very easy for me to adore someone,'' he went on. ''I adore my children. I adore other people's children. I adore other people. I can make a fuss over you like nobody can. The bigger problem here was how do I convince you I'm a woman doing that and make you want to watch her for an hour and a half?''

Having grown up the youngest of six children in a bohemian ***working-class*** family in Englewood, N.J., he modeled his idea of a watchable woman on his ''very sexy mother'' (Helen Travolta was a high school drama teacher and sometime actress) and on the bombshells in the European movies they enjoyed: Ms. Loren, Anna Magnani, Anita Ekberg. ''I'm not as beautiful as any of those people,'' he said, ''but I'm not unpleasant to look at, and I thought: 'This is my library. Not grandmas or Aunt Bee from Mayberry, but the kind of person a blue-collar woman would aspire to be if she had money. What if that kind of woman had gone to flesh?' ''

A more naturalistic, filmic Edna, not flamboyant or stagy (Mr. Travolta told the costume designers to ''think East Berlin''), began to take shape. ''But I was also concerned,'' he continued, ''that if I was going to do another musical after the success of 'Grease' '' -- which remains the highest-grossing live-action musical ever made -- ''it had to be different and had to be right. Musicals are the most difficult genre outside of westerns and sci-fi to put on the screen. If you don't have every throttle at full, every department at grade A-plus, you fail.''

He was not shy about promoting his agenda. He wanted assurances that the Broadway score would not be ruined in translation, as so often happens, and that he would not be the only big star on the bill. (He requested, and got, Christopher Walken as his husband and Michelle Pfeiffer as the villainess.) Adam Shankman, the choreographer-director to whom the producers entrusted the project after talks with many A-list names, had to share his vision of Edna's liberation through costume and dance. She basically becomes Tina Turner in the finale.

Even with all this pinned down, he held out until faced with an absolute deadline. On that day Mr. Travolta -- a night owl since childhood, when he'd wait for his mother to return from the theater -- called his agent with his answer one minute before midnight.

If he was ambivalent even after 14 months, it wasn't about money; the salary was nonnegotiable. (Like the movie's other stars, Mr. Travolta accepted a much smaller fee than usual, and a compensatory cut of the gross, in deference to the enormous cost of producing a musical.) Nor does his ambivalence seem timid; an afternoon with him, complete with singing, bear hugs and sartorial compliments, quickly dispels the idea that he'd shy away from a role just because it might open him up to questions about sex and religion. (''If he were homophobic,'' Mr. Waters, an executive producer of the new film, said, ''he'd have had a heart attack on the set.'') However he lives his life, his talent seems to exist in a world beyond such concerns.

Interpreting such choices is in any case a tricky business because there is something irregular about stars that made them stars in the first place. Even compared with lesser celebrities, they have a different way of being concerned about reputation, a concern that's refracted through their roles and parceled out over time. They are less like the hothouse flowers they're often compared to than like a volcano or an iceberg; whatever their particular temperature, they just do what they do, not thinking much of themselves or of you. No accident that pride of place on a mantel in Mr. Travolta's library goes to a photograph of him huddled along with other admirers around an inscrutable Marlon Brando.

Mr. Travolta is no doubt kinder than Brando, but for all his friendliness he's just as opaque. His every move reflects a private survey of his resources and a need to exploit them as effectively as possible. That he has sometimes failed is the sign of an imperfectly questing human nature. Which is why attempts to prosecute his sexuality and religion over his choice to play Edna seem not only illiberal but also tin-eared, antithetical to the spirit and style of ''Hairspray.''

Whatever Scientology teaches, he never raised the subject on the set. (''Is there such a thing as a Reform Scientologist?'' Mr. Shankman asked.) And whatever the contours of his personal life, they didn't keep him from embracing his inner -- and outer -- Edna. As Mr. Waters said, ''He's in a dress singing a love song to his husband, so what's anyone complaining about?''

Perhaps only this: Great performers are so watchable, but also so alarming, because they won't be pinned down. Wherever there's x they mix it with y, and vice versa. Vile characters like Vincent Vega are leavened with pathos or humor; lightweights like Edna are deepened with sex and sadness.

If this disturbs people who prefer sharper definition, you get the sense that it thrills Mr. Travolta a little too much. After our conversation, as a photographer snapped and a stylist micromanaged his bangs, he moved so easily and without prompting from one pose to another, shifting onto his toes as if to bunny hop or turning up his wrists with timid excitement, it seemed that all the business of the fat suits and the four hours of makeup each day had not been a way of finding Edna so much as a way of delaying and controlling the process by which he became her.

Watching the movie, you understand why, because John Travolta is utterly gone, as if Edna had swallowed him whole. All that's left, peering out from her lunar face, are those famous blue eyes -- bluer, even, than a cobalt blue shirt.

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

**Correction**

An article on July 15 about John Travolta misstated the number of his films, among the nine that followed ''Battlefield Earth,'' that exceeded a box-office gross of more than $100 million. Two of them -- ''Swordfish'' and ''Ladder 49'' -- grossed more than $100 million, not one.

**Correction-Date:** August 5, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: John Travolta delayed for 14 months before agreeing to take the role of Edna Turnblad, left, in ''Hairspray,'' the film version of the stage musical. (Photographs by New Line Cinema

J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times)(pg. AR1)

John Travolta in, top, ''Hairspray'' with Nikki Blonsky as Tracy

far right, ''Pulp Fiction'' with Uma Thurman

and, descending on the left, ''Saturday Night Fever'' with Karen Lynn Gorney, ''Grease'' with Olivia Newton-John, and ''Urban Cowboy.'' (Photographs by Associated Press

Paramount Pictures)(pg. AR14)

**Load-Date:** July 15, 2007

**End of Document**



[***NEW SOVIET RITUALS SEEK TO REPLACE CHURCH'S***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M6H0-0008-Y2GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1397 words

**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** KIEV, U.S.S.R.

**Body**

Religion, Karl Marx said, is the opium of the people, so it seems only logical that his heirs, in their struggle against it, would turn to substitute drugs.

The Ukraine has led the way. More than any other Soviet republic, it has instituted elaborate ''socialist rites'' for life's milestones ranging from birth through marriage and death.

No simple civic ceremonies these. At any of a chain of Palaces of Festive Events throughout Kiev and the Ukraine, women in long gowns and glittering chains of office are ready to perform the new rituals at altarlike tables flanked by a white bust of Lenin and accompanied by appropriate music from an organ or full choir. An ''eternal flame'' burns in an adjacent room, from which celebrants can ignite their hand-held torches, and a government corporation, Svyato, provides whatever services are needed. Administrators of the new rituals insist that they neither derive from religious rites nor were intended to replace them.

KIEV, U.S.S.R. - Religion, Karl Marx said, is the opium of the people, so it seems only logical that his heirs, in their struggle against it, would turn to substitute drugs.

''Religious ceremonies are withering away by themselves,'' said Galina N. Menzheres, a Kiev Deputy Mayor who serves as chairman of the Commission on the Composition and Implementation of New Rites. ''People needed new ceremonies to mark major occasions, and we looked to folklore and national customs to find what had been confirmed by experience. Then we looked at contemporary life and selected what people wanted.''

The evolution of rites has been part of a Soviet effort to transfer to the state some of the symbolic and ceremonial functions of the church. But the new rites often seem pale imitations and even parodies of what they were meant to supplant.

The Ceremonial Registration of the Newborn, for example, has taken liberally from Christian baptism. Godparents have been replaced by ''invited parents,'' candles and torches are lighted from an ''eternal flame,'' and in lieu of a baptismal cross the infant receives a ''name star'' symbolizing the Great October Socialist Revolution, the official name of the Bolshevik Revolution of Nov. 7, 1917 - Oct. 25, according to the Julian calendar then used.

As the robed woman places the star around a child's neck, she exhorts the parents: ''Let this star light the path of your son as the Star of October lights the path for the whole world.'' The high point of the rite is ''name-giving.'' With the child in the hands of the invited parents, the officiant declaims: ''By an act of government of the Ukrainian S.S.R., the child of the Popov family, born March 1, 1983, will bear the name Ivan, Ivan Ivanovich Popov, and his rights as a member of the great family of Soviet peoples, as a citizen of the U.S.S.R., are confirmed.''

The name - embodying first name, patronymic and family name - and the date of birth are fictional. But the text is from an officially approved manual.

More Than Master of Ceremonies

The officiant is more than a master of ceremonies. The title, ''obryadovy starosta'' (ceremonial elder), is borrowed from the title of a church warden.

Most of the officiants are women and their winter dress is a furtrimmed cape and floor-length gown, with the badge of office hung round the neck on a broad chain. As citizens pass through life, they may return to the Palace of Festive Events to celebrate the first day and last day of school; receipt of an internal passport, or identity document, at the age of 16; the first job, symbolizing ''entry into the ***working class***;'' marriage, induction into the army, golden anniversary and death.

The most popular of the ceremonies is the wedding. Lyudmila P. Ponomarev, an adviser to the Kiev city administration on festivals and ceremonies, said that virtually all marriages in Kiev were now being performed with the new rites. Last year, on its 1500th anniversary, the city opened a modern new Central Palace of Festive Events, whose enormous output of marriages is accompanied by the latest word in socialist symbolism and equipment.

Couples Awaiting Their Turn

On the recent tour, couples were observed on the lower level waiting their turn to fill out forms, consult with a counselor and browse in the Svyato salon for anything from rental wedding gowns to leased cars outfitted with ribbons, twinned rings and dolls. On the upper level, wedding parties awaited the big moment to piped-in music.

Among them were Ivan Karmash and his fiancee, Tatyana Samchuk, and 20 relatives and friends. When it was their turn, they paraded into the hall, and a choir in the gallery burst into a Ukrainian song, ''Look Upon Your Bride, Your Wish, Your Fate.''

At the end of the airy hall stood the officiant, Viktoriya K. Galintsovskaya, next to a ceremonial table and an enormous white bust of Lenin. For 15 minutes, Mrs. Galintsovskaya led the couple through a deep bow to their parents, the donning of wedding bands and a ritualized signing of the marriage certificate, with the robed woman pointing out the spaces to write in with a carved, wand-like pointer. The 12-member choir, accompanied by two banduras, Ukrainian folk instruments, offered a total of six songs, including the patriotic Soviet stand-by, ''How Broad Is My Beloved Land.''

Mix of Sermon and Exhortation

The text was a mix of emotional sermonizing and patriotic exhortation, with stress on the omnipresence and beneficence of the Soviet state.

''You have given your hand to each other at a happy time,'' Mrs. Galintsovskaya intoned, ''under the peaceful sky of the motherland of the Soviet people, led by the party of Lenin along the bright path to the Communist future.''

At the end, she reminded the newlyweds of their ''obligation to raise children as worthy, industrious citizens of our motherland.'' The fee was 13.50 rubles ($19) apart from whatever clothes the newlyweds rented or the feast they laid out. Mrs. Ponomarev, the city adviser, said Kiev seemed to be leading the way in instituting the rites in part because it has been working on them for almost 20 years and has established a broad network of ceremonial halls, services and practitioners.

No Figures on Church Attendance

Although there seemed to be no reason to doubt her assertion that all weddings and 60 to 80 percent of infant registrations in Kiev were now being performed with the new rites, it was difficult to gauge how effective they have been in supplanting religious ceremonies. The Orthodox Church keeps no figures on church attendance, much less on baptisms and weddings, and the Government places serious hurdles in the way of religious observances.

The formal campaign to institutionalize the rites began about a decade after Stalin's death in 1953. The first Soviet Conference on Socialist Rituals was held in May 1964, and the early years of Leonid I. Brezhnev's tenure was marked by the introduction of special days dedicated to various occupations. such as Geologists' Day on April 3 or Truck Drivers' Day on Oct. 30.

But attempts to replace the symbols and traditions of Holy Russia have been a feature of Soviet life almost from the outset. The iconography of the church has found its imitations in portraits of Lenin and other Soviet heroes. Foods once associated with church feasts, like the sweet Easter cake known as kulich, have found their way into secular usage, in this case as spring cake.

10 Commandments Replaced

Even the 10 Commandments have found their counterpart in the Moral Code of the Builders of Communism, adopted by the party's 22nd congress in 1961. The central tenet is that ''man is to man a friend, comrade and brother.''

But some discordant reviews have emerged. The Moscow daily Sovetskaya Rossiya cited a poll in which 90 percent of those questioned said the rites were needed, but 50 percent said they did not achieve their purpose.

Svetlana Stepunin, writing in the paper, said one problem was that the new rites were being created for the less cultivated levels of society.

''It seems to me,'' she wrote, '' that these modern rites will reach the level expected of them when they become works of art, aimed at the most discriminating taste.''

Her proposal was to form an institute in Moscow where ethnographers, historians, folklorists, philosophers, writers and musicians would join to create model rites, ''uniting word and music, true to national tradition.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of marriage being performed in Kiev

**End of Document**



[***Transcript: The 'Undercard' Republican Presidential Debate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H82-R7P1-JBG3-62CN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 29, 2015 Thursday

The New York Times on the Web

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**Length:** 10150 words

**Body**

Following is a transcript of the ''undercard'' Republican debate, as transcribed by the Federal News Service.

BECKY QUICK, CNBC HOST: Good evening, everyone. I'm Becky Quick, along with my CNBC colleagues, Carl Quintanilla and John Harwood. Some of CNBC's experts on the markets and personal finance will be here with us tonight as well.

But let's get right to the debate rules.

Candidates will get 30 seconds to answer an opening question and then 60 seconds to answer a formal question. They'll also get 30 seconds for rebuttals and follow-ups. All of this comes at the discretion of the moderators.

We want you to weigh in tonight, either from home or wherever you are. By the way, if you check it out on the bottom of the screen, you can see your tweets right there using #cnbcgopdebate. You can also go to cnbc.com/vote throughout the night to tell us where you stand.

First up, let's get right to the candidates for tonight's Republican Presidential Debate. I want to run you through the line on the stage from left to right.

First up, Governor Bobby Jindal.

(APPLAUSE)

QUICK: Senator Rick Santorum.

Governor George Pataki.

And Senator Lindsey Graham.

Obviously we have a lot to cover here tonight so let's get this started.

My colleague, John Harwood, has our first question -- John.

JOHN HARWOOD, CNBC HOST: We're going to pose this question to all candidates and go left to right, starting with Governor Jindal.

Governor, a majority of Republican voters at this point in the campaign have made clear that they prefer someone from outside the political system.

In 30 seconds, tell us why your experience inside the system would be more valuable than the fresh eyes an outsider would bring.

BOBBY JINDAL (R), GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA: I think the reason voters are so frustrated is nothing seems to change in D.C. Look, over the next several hours, you're going to hear several Republicans all tell you they want to shrink the size of government and grow the American economy and it sounds great and we've got to do it.

Here's the truth -- of all these folks talking, I'm the only one that has cut the size of government. There's not two of us, there's one of us. The rest of it is all just hot air. When politicians talk, we need to pay attention to what they do, not what they say.

I'm the only one that's reduced the size of government. Let's shrink the government economy. Let's grow the American economy.

HARWOOD: Thanks, Governor Jindal.

Senator Santorum?

RICK SANTORUM, FORMER SENATOR: Yes, I think it's one thing to shrink the size of a state government but it's another thing to actually get something accomplished in Washington. It's a much tougher field.

And I'm the one in the -- on this stage and, frankly, on both stages that has actually gone to Washington, said we would shrink government, said we would shake things up and actually delivered for the conservative cause, everything from welfare reform, which was the largest, most significant accomplishment in the last 25 years for conservatism.

I authored the bill when I was in the House of Representatives; I managed the bill on the floor of the United States Senate. You need a conservative who can deliver and that's what I bring to the table.

HARWOOD: Thank you, Senator.

Governor Pataki?

GEORGE PATAKI, FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK: We need an outsider to run our party and to win the next election. Washington has become a corrupt insider game and everybody talks about how they're going to change the taxes, grow the economy. Nothing seems to change.

But, by the way, Bobby, I shrunk the size of New York State's government when I left. We had reduced the employment by over 25,000 and cut taxes.

But I understand that to change Washington you have to understand government as well. You can't just be an outsider. You can't just be someone who throws stones at Washington. You have to be someone who can actually bring people together across party lines.

I can do that, I will do that if I have the chance to lead this party.

HARWOOD: Thank you, Governor.

Senator Graham.

GRAHAM: Well, number one, thank you for having me here tonight.

How about a round of applause for Boulder, Colorado?

This is a beautiful place.

(APPLAUSE)

GRAHAM: Looking at their academic standards, the only way I could have gotten into this university is to be invited to this debate tonight.

(LAUGHTER)

GRAHAM: But here's my take on things. Without national security, there is no economic security. Without the sacrifice of the veteran, all of our hopes and dreams are at risk.

Just a few days ago, Hillary Clinton said that the problems with the V.A. are being exaggerated by Republicans. They are not, they are real.

HARDWOOD: Senator Graham, thank you very much. Becky?

QUICK: Governor Jindal, let's talk a little bit about the news of the day. Just a few hours ago, the Republicans and the Democrats in the House voted on a budget deal that will increase spending by about $80 billion dollars over the next two years. You, however, have called the Republicans who have been willing to work with the Democrats to do things like this the, ''Surrender Party of the Republican caucus.''

Would you have shut the government down instead?

JINDAL: Well, look, I think that's a false choice. I think this is a very bad deal. Whenever they tell us in D.C. they're going to cut tomorrow, that means they're never going to cut. Tomorrow never seems to happen. Instead, why don't we actually follow our conservative principles? Why not insist on structural reforms? Why not cut spending?

I don't mean strength (ph) the growth rate, I mean, actually spend less. Why not a balanced budget in the amendment -- an amendment to the Constitution? Why not a super-majority vote before they grow our taxes, before they grow the government faster than the economy?

Let's be honest, $18 trillion dollars of debt. Record low participation rate in the workforce, record number of Americans on food stamps. We are going the way of Europe. The left is trying to turn the American Dream into the European Nightmare. If you're a Republican...

QUICK: ...But Governor...

JINDAL: ...(INAUDIBLE) willing to stand up and fight...

QUICK: ...if you didn't have a choice, if you didn't control things in the house, would you take the choice of shutting things down, or would you go ahead and agree with them?

JINDAL: I think that's a false choice. If I were -- I were to lead, we would pass a conservative budget, challenge the President to do the right thing. And, here's the problem, the Republicans never want to fight. Give Pelosi and Reed credit, they forced Obamacare and socialism down our throats, why won't the Republicans fight half as hard for freedom and opportunity. This was a bad budget.

QUICK: Governor, thank you.

PATAKI: Becky, can I comment on this question?

HARDWOOD: Just hold on, Governor Pataki, we're going to go to Senator Graham on this question because we believe you are likely to be the only person on this stage tonight who supports this budget deal. Now, you just heard Governor Jindal say that it's a phony deal, it doesn't do anything, and people like you are surrendering rather than fighting by supporting it. Why is he wrong?

GRAHAM: Well, let me tell you what is real. The threat to our homeland. I've never seen so many threats to our homeland than I do today. Barack Obama is an incompetent Commander in Chief. There are more terrorist organizations with safe havens to attack the American homeland than anytime since 9/11. We're in the process of reducing our defense spending by half.

I am looking at this budget with one view in mind, will it restore the ability to defend this nation. We're on track to have the smallest army since 1940, the smallest navy since 1915, this budget, if it is paid for, will put $40 billion dollars back in the defense department at a time we need it.

The number one role of the federal government's to defend this nation, I intend to be a Commander in Chief that can win a war we cannot afford to lose.

HARDWOOD: Thank you, Senator Graham...

PATAKI: ...John, can I quickly comment on this one...

(CROSSTALK)

HARWOOD: ...Governor, we're going to get to you in just a moment, we're going to try to keep this shorter...

PATAKI: ...But, I want to speak on this issue...

QUINTANILLA: ...Question, in the meantime, for Senator Santorum. You have advocated a flat tax, so we'd like to ask you about fairness. Why is it fair to tax all Americans at the same rate, as opposed to taxing more affluent Americans at higher rates?

SANTORUM: Well, if you look at my flat tax, it actually takes the best of what Steve Forbes, Art Laffer (ph), many have been advocating for a long time, which is a very strong pro-growth tax code -- very simple. And, it adjusts it to make sure that it is not regressive.

We have a $2,750 per person tax credit -- that's $2,750 off the taxes due, not a deduction, a credit. And, we think -- in fact, if you run the numbers, no American who's going to be paying more taxes under our proposal, so, we've accomplished both.

We have a system that has a low single rate, but we take care of American families. I'm talking about $2,750 per person. That means a family four, that's $11,000 dollar tax credit. That's a very, very strong pro-family -- and if you looked at the Wall Street Journal today, and so many of the publications that have been out there, they've talked about how the biggest problem of the hollowing out of the middle of this country. For workers to be able to raise is actually, the breakdown of the American family.

William Galston (ph), a liberal, said that on the pages of the Wall Street Journal today that the key to poverty is families. So, we put forth a pro-growth -- Steve Forbes plan, combined it with a pro- family plan, and that's why I think it's going to work out, and work effectively.

QUINTANILLA: Senator, thank you. John -- Becky?

QUICK: Governor Pataki, let's get to your point. You wanted to make a comment on the budget. You want to get in on the idea, what would you do if you were in Washington? Would you compromise...

PATAKI: ...I think it was a bad deal, but I would have voted for it for a very simple reason. Barack Obama is the first president in American history to hold our military hostage. He knew that we needed funding for overseas contingency operations, $40 million dollars that would go to support our troops. And, he was prepared, and had vetoed it, unless this deal went through.

I have two sons, they both served overseas. One in Iraq, and one in Afghanistan, and I understand that we have got to do far more to help our military, help our veterans, and help protect our security. This is a bad deal, but to protect our military, I would have signed it. Uh, it's not going to be the case, if I have a chance to lead this country, we're going to reduce the deficit, shrink the government, lower the tax burden and grow the private sector because that's how you solve deficits.

QUICK: Governor Pataki, thank you.

John?

PATAKI: Thank you.

HARWOOD: Governor Jindal, a question about fiscal policy, especially since you noted that this deal doesn't solve the long-term debt situation.

When you came into office with a budget surplus in the state of Louisiana, now, years later, the state legislature faced a $1.6 billion budget gap and the Republican state treasurer called one of your approaches to that problem ''nonsense on a stick,'' quoting him.

Are you going to do for the federal budget what you did for the Louisiana budget?

JINDAL: Absolutely, Jhon. And what we did is we cut state spending. We've cut our budget 26 percent, according to Cato and other analysis, the only candidate that's actually reduced government spending.

Look, the left always complains there's not enough money for government. We have 30,000 fewer state employees than the day I took office, eight credit upgrades, we're a top 10 state for private sector job creation.

We've got a choice. You grow the government economy or the American economy. When I became governor, we had 25 years in a row of outmigration. We were coming back from Katrina. The question many were asking, will Louisiana rebuild, should Louisiana rebuild?

Seven years in a row, more people moving into the state than were leaving the state.

We now have more people working than ever before, erg a higher income than ever before.

Yes, we've reduced the size of government. That's exactly what we need to do in DC. In DC, the Republicans slowed the growth rate, they claimed victory. That's not enough.

Let's be honest with where we are today. We are running off of a cliff. Look, we'll be the next Greece and we can talk and we can rearrange the chairs. Over over $18 trillion of debt, no wonder our economy has been stagnant. We haven't had real growth.

If you're a young student here, you've not seen a robust American economy.

HARWOOD: But Governor Jindal, as you know, many Republicans are opposed to the approach that you've taken in Louisiana. They complain that you have tried so hard to avoid anything that could be called a tax increase so that you could run for president saying you'd never raised taxes, David Vitter, the Republican who's now running to succeed you, has told voters, I won't be like Jindal, I'm not using the governorship as a stepping stone to higher office.

JINDAL: Well, Jhon, a couple of things.

Not only did we not raise taxes, we did the largest income tax cut in the state's history. And I'm proud of that record. I think that's the kind of leadership voters want in DC.

Look, if you want a Republican that's going go grow government spending, if you want a -- a president or if you want a candidate who's going to income taxes, I'm not your guy.

If you want somebody that's going to do and say the things that can't be said, can't be done, I'm asking a vote for me to join my cause. That's how dangerous these times are. This is -- this is a -- this is -- these are dangerous times for America. I think we have a chance to rescue the idea of America, but if we don't do it now, four years will be too late from now.

So, yes, I'm proud we cut taxes, we cut spending, 30,000 fewer state government bureaucrats than the day I took office. I absolutely will do that in DC.

HARWOOD: Governor Jindal, thank you.

JINDAL: Thank you.

HARWOOD: We're going to take a quick break.

The Republican presidential debate continues live from Boulder, Colorado in a moment.

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

QUINTANILLA: Welcome back to the Republican presidential debate live in boulder, Colorado, on cNBC. We resume our questions now with Jim Cramer, the host of cNBC's Mad Money.

CRAMER: Thank you. Governor Pataki, in the wake of the Sony hack last year, you said, quote, ''at the very least, we should declare cyber-war on North Korea.''

What does a cyber-war look like? And if our companies are getting attacked by foreign governments, do we need a military response?

PATAKI: No, I don't think we need a military response, but we need a coordinated response. And I have to say that I think the Obama administration has been completely lax, to say the least, in dealing with these cyber-attacks, not just by governments like North Korea, but by, particularly, Chinese and other companies.

And what I would do is put in place a policy where if we know a company, say, a Chinese company, is hacking into American companies, stealing trade secrets, as we know they do every day, we will retaliate against that company and say that that company's not going to be allowed to continue to do trade with the United States.

I would also look at what we're doing at the federal level and put in place what Israel has done: a -- one federal agency dealing with cybersecurity and charged with working across silos to make sure we have the best technology.

And, Jim, I've gotta tell you something, talking about cybersecurity. Hillary Clinton put a server, an unsecure server, in her home as secretary of state. We have no doubt that that was hacked, and that state secrets are out there to the Iranians, the Russians, the Chinese and others.

That alone should disqualify her from being president of the United States.

(APPLAUSE)

CRAMER: Senator Graham, you're a hawk. Was that tough enough?

GRAHAM: Here's the problem. We're being walked all over because our commander in chief is weak in the eyes of our enemies. Do you think Putin would be in the Ukraine today if Ronald Reagan were president? Why are the Chinese stealing our intellectual property, hacking into our system? Why are they building islands over resource-rich waters? Because they can get away with it.

At the end of the day, ladies and gentlemen, the foreign policy of Barack Obama needs to be replaced, and the last person you want to find to replace his foreign policy is his secretary of state.

So to the Chinese, when it comes to dealing with me, you've got a clenched fist or an open hand. You pick. The party's over, to all the dictators. Make me commander-in-chief and this crap stops.

(APPLAUSE)

CRAMER: Thank you, Senator.

Senator Santorum. We know that a troubling amount of air pollution on the west coast comes from China. Should we enact a pollution tax on products imported from China and give our manufacturers a level playing field?

SANTORUM: What we should be -- we shouldn't be putting tariffs on anything. That hurts working men and women in this country. What we should be doing is making our manufacturing more competitive.

One of the reasons I introduced the 20/20 plan, a 20 percent flat tax on corporations, as well as on individuals, is so we can be competitive, so we can bring those manufacturing jobs back.

You want to talk about cutting pollution? You do a little back- of-the-envelope. We -- we produce, per dollar of GDP, about one-fifth of the CO2 and other pollutants that China produces. So we're five times more efficient in producing goods here, as far as the environment -- environment is concerned.

Why don't we -- if we really want to tackle environmental problems, global warming, what we need to do is take those jobs from China and bring them back here to the United States, employ workers in this country.

We've lost two million jobs -- two million jobs -- under this administration in manufacturing -- 15,000 manufacturers have left this country. Why? Because of bad tax policy, bad regulatory policy and, yes, bad trade policy.

We need to have a president that's going to pledge, as I have -- I'm going to make America the number-one manufacturer so working men and women can have good paying jobs again in America.

CRAMER: Thank you, Senator. John?

HARWOOD: Governor Jindal, Senator Santorum just raised the issue of corporate taxes, and cutting corporate taxes is very popular in your party because our rate, at 35 percent, is one of the highest in the world. But nobody has figured out how to identify a set of loopholes that would allow that tax rate to be lowered. So can you tell us specifically what loopholes you'd do away with?

JINDAL: Absolutely, John. I'd go further. My tax plan, like everybody's, like a lot of Republicans' -- look, I'd get rid of the death penalty and the marriage penalty, and I'd simplify the brackets to 25 percent, 10 percent, 2 percent, so that an average middle-class family -- a teacher marries a law enforcement official (ph)...

HARWOOD: We're talking corporate taxes.

JINDAL: ...I -- I'm gonna get that. Pays 25 percent today, would pay 10 percent under my plan. But my plan does three things different from other people's plans.

One -- remember, I said 2 percent. I think everybody should pay something, even if it's only 2 percent. That's the most important 2 percent in my plan.

I know a lot of Republicans brag -- y'all can clap, it doesn't scare me. Go ahead. I heard some people.

There are millions of -- there are millions of folks that wouldn't pay taxes in Jeb's plan and Trump's plan. I think that's a mistake.

In terms of the corporate tax, secondly, I'd get rid of the corporate tax. We do have the highest corporate tax rate in the developed world. I'd get rid of it. I'd get rid of all the corporate welfare. Make the CEOs pay their same tax rates the way the rest of us do.

And third, I'd purposely shrink the size of government. You know, that is a -- that is an intentional feature of my plan. We've got a choice: do we grow government -- the government economy, or the American economy?

So I say get rid of the corporate tax, bring those jobs and investment here to the United States, stop sending jobs and investment overseas.

HARWOOD: Thanks, Governor. Becky?

QUICK: Governor Pataki, let's talk a little bit about what's happened on Wall Street. Some of your colleagues in the Republican Party, including some of the people on this stage, have bashed Wall Street. They say that it was largely responsible for the financial crisis.

You're a former governor of New York, and you relied very heavily on Wall Street for income. Do you think they've gone too far?

PATAKI: I think they have gone too far. I think we've seen Wall Street really blossom and do very well while the rest of the country is struggling, and it's because we have this corrupt connection between Wall Street and Washington.

And, John, you were just talking about what loopholes would you get rid of. I would get rid of virtually every single one of them. They cost American taxpayers $1.4 trillion a year. I would throw them all out.

HARWOOD: So the tax credit right now that we have for domestic manufacturing, which manufacturers say is...

PATAKI: No, I wouldn't. I was going to say...

HARWOOD: ...important, you would get rid of that?

PATAKI: ...no, I would keep -- first, yes, but what I would do is ii would lower the tax on manufacturing to the lowest in the developed world -- 12 percent.

We all have plans. I have a plan. We all have plans. My plan, the Tax Foundation said, would create five and a half million new jobs over the next decade.

The difference, though, is I will get my plan enacted because, when I was governor of New York, I passed sweeping tax code -- cuts in a Democratic state with a Democratic legislature.

I -- you know, Bobby, you're talking about your tax cuts? I cut taxes more than everybody on this stage, more than everybody on the next stage, combined. By more than the other 49 states, in New York state.

I don't just have a plan. I will enact tax cuts, get rid of those loopholes and make the system fairer for all Americans.

QUICK: Governor Pataki, thank you.

PATAKI: Thank you.

QUICK: Carl?

QUINTANILLA: Senator Graham. You have said you believe that climate change is real. You've said you accept tax increases as part of a budget deal with Democrats. You've co-sponsored a Senate immigration bill providing a path to citizenship for those in the country illegally.

Are you in the wrong party's debate?

(LAUGHTER)

GRAHAM: No, I -- I think I'm trying to solve problems that somebody had better solve.

Now, you don't have to believe that climate change is real. I have been to the Antarctic. I've been to Alaska. I'm not a scientist, and I've got the grades to prove it.

(LAUGHTER)

But I've talked to the climatologists of the world, and 90 percent of them are telling me that greenhouse gas effect is real. That we're heating up the planet. I just want a solution that would be good for the economy, that doesn't destroy it.

I want to fix an immigration system. I'm not gonna tell you, if you like your doctor, you can keep it -- keep him. Do you like your health care, you're gonna keep it. I'm tired of telling people things that they want to hear, that we know we're not gonna do.

We're not gonna eliminate the corporate tax. But we can make it lower. We're going to fix immigration, only if we work together. I want to secure the border because, if we don't, we're going to get hurt and hit again.

I want to fix a broken visa system. I want to increase legal immigration, because we're gonna have a shortage of workers over time. As to the 11 million, I want to talk about fixing the problem. We're not going to deport 11 million people and their legal citizen children.

But we will deport felons. And those who stay will have to learn our language to stay, because I don't speak it well but look how far I've come.

(CROSSTALK)

GRAHAM: At the end of the day, folks, I am trying to solve a problem and win an election. I am tired of losing.

Good God, look who we're running against. The number one candidate on the other side thought she was flat broke after her and her husband were in the White House for eight years. The number two guy went to the Soviet Union on his honeymoon and I don't think he ever came back.

(LAUGHTER)

If we don't beat these people, who the hell are we going to beat?

(CROSSTALK)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Senator, you're well over your minute but thank you for that.

We will be back from Boulder, Colorado, in just a moment.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

QUICK: Welcome back, everyone. This is the Republican Presidential Debate on CNBC, live from the University of Colorado.

Senator Santorum, I'd like to go to you. You have talked an awful lot about how you want to protect American jobs by eliminating the number of immigrants who come into this country.

But very recently, the CEO of Toll Brothers (ph) told that he can't get by without immigrants because they make up more than half of his workforce at this point. We're not talking about people who are making minimum wage but he can't find Americans who want to do these jobs for $20-an-hour-plus jobs.

What would happen if your plans are successful? What happens and how would we fill that hole in the economy, that gap that's created?

Well, as you know, Becky, we have the lowest labor participation rate in 50 years and we also have the slowest growth in wages in the history of our country, any 20-year period. In fact, the last quarter had the lowest wage growth ever recorded. And so you look at the fact that we've brought in 35 million -- 35 million legal and illegal immigrants over the last 20 years, more than any period in American history, we have low wages, low participation waits. Maybe -- rates.

Maybe there's something going on like we aren't -- we aren't -- we don't have the -- the right match, right?

We don't -- we aren't giving the training and the investment in our workers and we're bringing in people to compete against low wage workers. That's what's happening.

We are -- we have an immigration policy that Senator Graham supported that brings in even more low wage workers into this country. He says he wants to solve problems, that's great. But you're not solving problems for American wage earners. You're not solving problems for workers in America who have seen their wages flat line and have been disaffected enough to leave the workplace.

We need to get better training and better skills, including vocational education and -- and training in this -- in those -- and -- and cut -- community colleges. But the bottom line is, we have to make sure that we are not flooding this country...

QUICK: All right...

SANTORUM: -- with competition...

QUICK: Senator, I'm sorry your minute is up.

SANTORUM: -- for low wage workers.

QUICK: Thank you very much, Senator Santorum.

SANTORUM: (INAUDIBLE) and I...

QUICK: And Graham, Mr. Graham, yes, that was a question to you, too.

GRAHAM: The first thing...

QUICK: You have 30 seconds.

GRAHAM: -- that we have to do is come to grips with the reality that we're facing as Americans. In 1950, there were 16 workers for every Social Security recipient. Today, there's three. In 20 years, there are two.

I want to make sure that no American company leaves America because you can't find a worker.

American workers always get the first preference. But if you can't find an American worker, after you advertise at a competitive wage, I don't want you to be at a loss. Bring people in based on merit. Let's take a broken immigration...

QUICK: Senator Graham, thank you.

GRAHAM: -- system...

QUICK: I'm sorry. That's your 30 seconds...

GRAHAM: -- and make a merit-based immigration system that will help our economy. We're going to need workers in the future.

QUICK: Senator Graham...

GRAHAM: Let's just choose rationally.

QUICK: Thank you, Senator.

(CROSSTALK)

QUICK: Gentlemen, hold on a second.

PATAKI: Let me -- let me try to get a word in edgewise.

QUICK: Go ahead,

SANTORUM: That's not what's happening.

PATAKI: In Washington, they talk over each other...

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Each one...

(CROSSTALK)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Senator, let's -- let's have -- let Governor Pataki have a chance to speak.

PATAKI: Yes. Very simply, you guys talk over each other in Washington all the time. I'm not used to that. I listen when people talk.

We have a skills gap. You mentioned the construction company. The construction industry says one of their biggest problems are they can't find the craftsmen to do the work.

What we have to...

(CROSSTALK)

PATAKI: -- do in America is honor blue collar work again. We have to honor the carpenter, the plumber, the electrician, who can actually build something and instead of just saying that a college degree live -- delivers prestige, let's celebrate those who do things with their hands and elevate their skills using training in high school and community...

QUICK: Governor Pataki...

PATAKI: -- colleges so that we can...

QUICK: -- I'm sorry, that was a...

(CROSSTALK)

PATAKI: -- have a better quality workforce that we honor...

QUICK: Governor Pataki...

PATAKI: -- as they build America's future.

QUICK: I'm sorry to talk over you, sir.

That was a minute.

PATAKI: Thank you.

QUICK: Thank you very much.

PATAKI: Thank you.

QUICK: Carl?

QUINTANILLA: My question for Governor Jindal, Paul Ryan says he would take the speaker job if it did not take away from his family time. The Department of Labor says 13 percent of American workers are eligible for paid family leave and the U.S. is the only developed nation in the world not to have guaranteed paid maternity leave for new moms.

Should the government work to change that?

JINDAL: Look, I think the government should work to change that, but that doesn't -- does not mean I'm for the government mandating that.

We already have too many government mandates out of DC.

Do I want people to have paid leave?

Sure.

Do I want people to earn higher wages?

Sure.

Do I want them to have better benefits?

Sure. The government can't wave a magic wand and make that happen.

Here's the problem. The last seven years, President Obama has tried to teach the American people that government is the answer to all of our problems.

Where has that gotten us?

We're on a path toward socialism. The way that folks can get better paying jobs with better benefits is if we have a growing economy. That means to repeal all of ObamaCare, a lower flatter tax code.

That means that we have an energy plan that makes sense. That means that we embrace an all of the above approach to energy. Those are good paying jobs -- $50,000, $70,000, $90,000 a year jobs with benefits.

But this president won't let us produce more energy on our domestic federal lands and waters. He won't allow the Canadians to build the Keystone Pipeline. He's got an EPA that's doing everything they can to kill private sector jobs in America.

So, yes, I want families to have better paying jobs and better benefits, but we're not going to get that with a government mandate, we're going to get that with a growing economy.

QUINTANILLA: Governor, thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

QUINTANILLA: John?

HARWOOD: Senator Graham, Americans have gotten used to seeing headlines about more and more big corporations relocating overseas to cut their tax bill. Now, many in Washington think the way to stop that is to lower our corporate tax rate.

But as we've seen, tax reform takes time. It hasn't happened yet.

In the meantime, do you fault those companies for leaving?

Do companies owe anything to their country, as well as their shareholders?

GRAHAM: We owe to every businessperson and worker in America the best environment in the world to create a job. We owe that to American businesses. Thirty-five percent corporate tax rate is the second highest in the world.

We need to lower it so they don't leave. The goal is to help the middle class. We can talk about corporations all day long but my goal is to help the middle class, somebody who makes too much to be on government assistance but still lives paycheck to paycheck.

When the kid gets sick you don't go on vacation.

(CROSSTALK)

GRAHAM: That's the purpose of my presidency, to grow the economy here. And let me tell you, our Democratic friends have a list a mile long of more government. That's not going to grow the middle class, that's going to create a burden on your children, which they're already overburdened. The best way to grow the middle class is to make it a good place to create a job.

You know why Boeing came to South Carolina when they could have gone anywhere to build the 787?

Because we wanted them. We had a low-tax structure.

HARWOOD: Senator Graham.

GRAHAM: A permitting structure that allowed them to build the building even faster than they thought they could build it. We welcomed them there. I'm going to take the South Carolina attitude --

HARWOOD: I want to remind candidates, you've got a one-minute limit on the -- on the response.

But I just want to follow up, Senator Graham. Four years ago, the nominee of your party said that corporations are people, too.

If that is true, the question is, do they owe any obligation to the country?

GRAHAM: I think everybody owes an obligation to the country. The ones that I'm most worried about are the 1 percent of Americans in uniform, who have been fighting this war for 14 years. They need a commander in chief who knows what the hell they're doing.

My first job as President of the United States is to rebuild the military and use it smartly. Admiral Mullen said the debt is a big threat to our national security. He's right. But people go where they're welcome when it comes to job creation.

If I'm President of the United States you will be welcomed in America.

HARWOOD: Senator Graham --

GRAHAM: This will be the place to come --

HARWOOD: -- thank you very much.

GRAHAM: And if I'm president of the United States --

HARWOOD: We're moving on.

GRAHAM: -- our enemies --

QUICK: You guys are making this just like home. This is just like (INAUDIBLE).

(CROSSTALK)

HARWOOD: Senator, we're moving on.

I'd like to bring on my colleague, Rick Santelli -- Rick.

RICK SANTELLI, CNBC HOST: Thanks, John.

Governor Pataki.

PATAKI: Hey, Rick.

SANTELLI: How are you doing tonight?

PATAKI: I'm doing great.

SANTELLI: Listen, America's central bank, the Federal Reserve, they've kept interest rates near zero since the 2008 financial crisis.

And, by the way, they had a meeting today, you think they raised rates?

No.

Shocking, isn't it?

PATAKI: Not at all.

SANTELLI: Listen, it's been a rough ride for American savers and retirees, they really rely on this interest income. And it's been a bonanza for the stock market, a bonanza.

And for investors that like the little bit more risk, it's been a bonanza for them as well.

So I guess what I'm asking is, do you think this policy is fair and do you support it?

PATAKI: No, I don't support it. But let me go back a little bit here. We need to grow our economy faster. We've had the worst economic recovery since the Great Depression. And it's because of policy in Washington and policy at the Fed.

And let me go back to Washington. In 2009 --

HARWOOD: Senator, that -- I mean, Governor, if that's true, why was our economy limping six years ago and now it's the strongest in the world?

PATAKI: John, no question Barack Obama inherited a economic disaster in 2009.

But what did he do?

Instead of focusing on pro-growth policies in the economy, he rammed through ObamaCare, the worst law of my lifetime, that hurt small businesses, hurt companies, raised taxes and almost completely eliminated one industry because of its taxes.

The Fed had to act. And the Fed did act and appropriately in reducing interest rates but they've reduced them now for seven straight years, that's never happened before. They've been zero for way too long.

They should raise the rates; the Fed should get out of manipulating the market and the Fed also, by the way, should reduce its balance sheet, $2.7 trillion. Let some of those bonds mature and put the money back in the banking system so our economy can grow.

SANTELLI: Thanks, Governor.

Senator Santorum, in the 2012 presidential debate, you were for the export-import bank, which facilitates government funding for U.S. exports. American companies like GE and Boeing are among the beneficiaries.

But you said that killing the bank here -- and I'm going to quote you -- ''is the last thing a true conservative should be doing.''

I don't know, government-backed funding isn't normally what I hear from true conservatives.

So why is this situation different?

SANTORUM: A true conservative wants to create a level playing field. That's what -- that's what we're -- that's what government is supposed to do. They're not supposed to favor one group over another.

And when it comes to our manufacturers, the level playing field is not in the United States. It's international. And so the federal government should have laws, tax laws, regulatory laws and, yes, finance laws. There's 60 other ex-im banks all over -- all over the world.

Every major competitor for the United States' manufacturing dollar has one of those banks.

And guess what? They use those banks a heck of a lot more than their -- than the United States of America does, number one.

So in order to have a level playing field, which is what conservatives talk about all the time, level playing field, then we have to have export financing and here's why.Because export financing doesn't help Boeing, or G.E.

G.E. just lost a contract, you know what they did? They went to . They got the X.M. (ph) bank in France to support it, and what did they do? They moved manufacturing out of South Carolina, out of Texas, moved to -- Hungary, and to France. G.E. is still making money. G.E. is still doing well, but American workers are out of jobs. That's why we have to have this level playing field so we can compete with the rest of the world.

MALE: Thank you, Senator.

QUINTANILLA: CNBC's coverage of the Republican presidential debate continues, live from the University of COlorado after this short break.

(APPLAUSE)

(INAUDIBLE)

(INAUDIBLE)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

QUINTANILLA: Welcome back to the University of Colorado, and the Republican Presidential Debate on CNBC.

(APPLAUSE)

QUINTANILLA: A question for Senator Santorum. People in this state have loved Coors Beer since it was founded in 1873. I can atest...

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

Now, the brewer later became part of SABMiller, but, now SAB may be bought by Budweiser owner, InBev. Is it right to have a third of brewers in this country owned by one company, and do you fear a company that size will have too much power over consumers.

SANTORUM: Well, first, since you mention Colorado, I want to thank the people of Colorado because four years ago you -- gave me the honor of winning the nomination out here in the state of Colorado. On a night we won three states, and it catapulted us to win 11 states ultimately, so, I just want to thank you very, very much for that support, and -- in response to that, I do drink a lot of Coors beer, so...

(LAUGHTER)

I try to help. The answer is pretty simple. The answer is simple. There are no shortage of breweries around the United States of America. I -- I do -- as I travel around the country, I do pints and politics, and I go to breweries all over the place, and there -- there's almost no town in America anymore that doesn't have a brewery, so I don't think we need to worry too much.

They're obviously -- if there's -- if there's some anti- competitive issues, you know, we have agencies to look at that. But, no, I'm not -- I'm not concerned that Americans are not going to have choices in beer.

QUINTANILLA: Well, let's get to that. I mean, another example, for example, is Walgreens.

SANTORUM: And I care about, by the way. I care about choices.

QUINTANILLA: I'm sure you do.

(LAUGHTER)

Walgreens/Rite Aid. Big deal, consolidation in drug stores, semiconductors, food. What is the line at which something becomes anti-competitive in your view?

SANTORUM: Well, I -- I would say this, that what you're seeing is -- in health care, you're seeing a lot of consolidation, and that consolidation is occurring because of Obamacare.

You're seeing it particularly in an area that I am concerned about, and that's in insurance -- health insurance. You're seeing the big health insurance companies fold up.

You've seen Obama try to seed health insurance companies, and they've all failed, I think, except one. Why? Because we have a system of Obamacare with minimum loss ratios that make it virtually impossible for a small insurer to operate effectively.

And this was the motive behind Obamacare. This wasn't incidental. This was deliberate, to make it so impossible for small insurers to survive...

QUINTANILLA: Senator.

SANTORUM: ...that they consolidate into a small group. Then the left can say, ''there is no competition, we need a single payer.'' That's why we have to repeal Obamacare.

(APPLAUSE)

QUINTANILLA: Thank you. Becky.

QUICK: Governor Jindal, I want to go back to something that you mentioned before with your tax plan. I know that you want to put a 2 percent tax on all families, just to make sure everyone has some skin in the game.

But every working American pays 6.2 percent, when it comes to Social Security taxes. They pay another 1.45 percent of Medicare. Isn't that skin in the game?

JINDAL: A couple things. You're talking about payroll taxes that fund programs. People pay for their Medicare, they pay for their Social Security.

I want every American to worry and care about how those folks in D.C. are spending our money. If $18 trillion of debt -- they're misspending our money. Earned success is so much more fulfilling than unearned success.

I don't want us to continue to create one class of Americans that pays income taxes, that pays for government, another class of Americans that's growing more and more dependent on government.

That's what we have today. Socialism is bad, not only for taxpayers, but people that they say they're trying to help. There's dignity in work, dignity in self-sufficiency.

I wanna quote you a president. Our (ph) previous president said this: he said, ''the problem is, is that tax rates are too high, government income revenues are too low.''

He said, ''paradoxically, lowering tax rates now is the best way to produce higher government revenues later.'' No, that wasn't President Reagan, as many are probably guessing at home. That was President Kennedy.

I see you know the answer. That was President Kennedy. Imagine if he were alive today -- and if he was at that last Democratic debate, imagine if you tried to say that in a party that's veering towards socialism. That wouldn't be welcome in today's Democratic party.

QUICK: Governor, thank you.

HARWOOD: Governor Pataki, you've indicated you believe climate change is real and caused at least in part by human activity. So, in 60 seconds, tell us what the federal government should do about it.

PATAKI: Yeah, absolutely. I -- one of the things that troubles me about the Republican Party is too often we question science that everyone accepts. I mean, it's ridiculous that, in the 21st century, we're questioning whether or not vaccines are the appropriate way to go. Of course they are. And it's also not appropriate to think that human activity, putting CO2 into the atmosphere, doesn't make the earth warmer. All things being equal, it does. It's uncontroverted.

I think part of the problem is that Republicans think about climate change, say, ''oh my God, we're gonna have higher taxes, more Obama, more big government, the EPA shutting down factories.''

That's not the solution that I see. I want Republicans to embrace innovation and technology. You know, there's one country in the world that has fewer greenhouse gas emissions than the rest of -- of the world. You know what that is? The United States.

Our emissions are lower than they were in 1995. Not because of a -- of a government program, but because of fracking, private sector creation...

(CROSSTALK)

HARWOOD: Is there a role for government?

PATAKI: ...replace coal plants -- government's roles -- is to incentivize innovation and the entrepreneurial spirit in America. We could have far more clean energy.

We could have next-generation nuclear, thorium reactors that have no risk of meltdown. We could have solar panels on every home that are four times more efficient than today.

HARWOOD: So, subsidies for those programs? For -- for those alternative energy sources?

PATAKI: R&D -- R&D credits. Let the private sector do this, develop this innovation. And not only would we solve our problems, we would have clean energy, cheaper energy here.

We could export those technologies to places like China and like India so we would grow our economy, have a far greater impact globally, have a secure domestic source of energy, and cleaner, healthier air.

That's the solution. Embrace science, embrace innovation and change.

HARWOOD: Thank you, Governor. Thank you, Governor. Carl?

(APPLAUSE)

QUINTANILLA: Question for Senator Santorum.

SANTORUM: Thank you. Can I just say something about that?

QUINTANILLA: After this question maybe.

(LAUGHTER)

The 2015 Nobel Prize winner for economics argues that slow growth causes poverty, and that leads to inequality. What would you do to ease inequality? And what would you do solve poverty? By the way, thanks to Larry Kudlow, CNBC, for this question.

SANTORUM: Well, if you look at our plan that I introduced, the 2020 Clear Vision for America, we increase growth by 10 percent, 1 percent a year. So we go from 2.3 to 3.3, in repealing Obamacare, it's another .7. So you're looking at 4 percent growth, according to the Tax Foundation.

And unlike Donald Trump and Bobby Jindal, we don't add $10 trillion to the deficit. In fact, our plan, while it creates as many jobs as their plan does and grows the economy as much as theirs does, we are a revenue-neutral plan because I believe that we need to reduce the size of government, yes, but we also need to reduce our deficit, and we need to get our budget balanced so we can start paying down this debt. And adding a trillion dollars with a tax cut and getting no more growth is not the way to do it.

But that's only half of it. The word ''economy'' comes from the Greek ''euthokis'' (ph) which means family. The family is the first economy. And the one thing that we do not talk about enough is how stable families are vitally important for the middle of America to be prosperous and to grow and be safe. And I will have policies, not just tax policies, but others that will make sure that families are strong again in America.

QUINTANILLA (?): Governor Jindal, I'll give you 30 seconds on this.

JINDAL: Well, thank you.

Look, if Senator Santorum wants to concede the tax cut wing of the Republican Party, I'm happy to fight for that side of the Republican Party. He's exactly right. I explicitly want to shrink the size of government; 22 percent over 10 years is not too much. We cut our state budget 26 percent in eight years.

This is a fundamental choice. We mustn't become a cheaper version of the Democratic Party, a second liberal party. We need to proudly say we're willing to cut taxes, shrink government, grow the American economy. President Kennedy said it to the Democratic Party. Why can't we say it in the Republican Party in 2015, let's cut taxes.

HARWOOD: Governor, if you cut spending and cut government so much, why did your legislature have such a big deficit?

JINDAL: John, our budget is balanced. We balanced our budget every year for eight years. Yeah, we've had to cut spending. You know what? We privatized or closed nine of our 10 charity hospitals. We did statewide school choice; $1.6 billion (ph) budget cut.

You're quoting an old number from the beginning of the year. We closed that gap. What they talk about, just like D.C., government's the only place where you give them less money than they wanted, they count it as a cut. They take last year's budget. They add inflation. They call it a baseline. We need to do zero-based budgets. We need to say just because you got money last year, you don't have it this year.

Let me close, though. We balanced our budget. We didn't raise taxes. In eight years, we never raised taxes. We cut taxes. Our -- our taxpayers, our families have been better off for it.

(CROSSTALK)

HARWOOD: No, we're going to move on. I'm going to bring on my colleague Sharon Epperson.

EPPERSON: Thank you, John.

Senator Graham, one in every four workers has saved less than $1,000 for retirement. Millions of Americans rely on their Social Security benefits for the majority of their retirement income. Now, you called for reforms to Social Security, but what would you do to fix the other part of the problem for future retirees and get people to save more?

GRAHAM: Well, number one, Social Security is not just a concept to me. I know why it exists; 50 percent of today's seniors would be in poverty without a Social Security check. I promise you, if you make me your president, I will save Social Security because I know why it exists.

Now, if you're looking for good beer policy, I'm your best bet. My dad owned a bar.

(LAUGHTER)

I know beer. We grew up, my sister and myself, in the back of that bar in one room with my mom, my dad and my sister who's nine years younger. When I was 21, my mom was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease. Neither parent finished high school. She died within a year. We were wiped out from the medical bills. And if it wasn't for a Social Security survivor benefit check coming into my family, we wouldn't' have made it because my dad died 15 months later.

So I...

EPPERSON: But Senator Graham...

GRAHAM: Wait a minute, please. I'm 22 and we're wiped out. I am 60. I'm not married. I have a military retirement. I'm in good shape. I would give up some of my benefits to help those who need it more than I do.

To young people here, I will ask you to work a little bit longer because we have to. The purpose of my presidency is to save this country and to save Social Security by working across the aisle just like Ronald Reagan. This is the biggest issue facing this nation.

EPPERSON: Thank you, Senator Graham. Thank you, Senator Graham.

Governor Jindal, you've been a strong supporter of for-profit colleges. These are institutions that educate many veterans, minorities and ***working class*** Americans. They make up about 11 percent of the college population at these schools, but they account for 44 percent of student loan defaults. Should for-profit schools be held accountable when they take taxpayer money and leave students deep in debt?

JINDAL: (INAUDIBLE) absolutely they should be accountable. They should be accountable to their students through the market. Look, you either trust the American people to make their own choices or you don't.

I know the Left thinks we need to be protected from ourselves. President Obama is trying to limit competition to the higher education market. As a result, you're going to see tuition prices continue to go up. We've had $1 trillion of student debt and counting. And he wants to exempt certain schools from the same oversight he wants to apply only to the for-profit market.

For some reason, the private sector is a bad word to this president. It's not in the real world.

In Louisiana, we fought so that the dollars follow the child and so the child following the dollar. What that means, from K-12, what that means is that parents and their families can decide what's the best way for their children to be educated. Higher education, we have a TOPS program, where, again, we will help if a student maintains a 20 ACT, 2.5 GPA, we'll pay for their tuition. They can take those dollars for private school of their choice in the state as well.

You either trust the American people or you don't. I know the Left doesn't. That's why you get ObamaCare. They want to tell us what kind of insurance to buy. That's why you get Common Core, they want to take away our gun rights under the Second Amendment. They want to take away our religious liberty rights.

So, yes, there's accountability. There's accountability to students through choice and competition. We don't need the nanny state to protect us from ourselves.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE: Thank you, Governor Jindal.

(APPLAUSE)

HARWOOD: And thank you, Sharon (ph).

This is the Republican Presidential Debate, live from Boulder, Colorado. We'll be right back.

(MUSIC PLAYING) (APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(APPLAUSE)

QUICK: Welcome back to Boulder, Colorado, and the Republican presidential debate right here on CNBC.

Gentlemen, this is our lightning round, where we have some questions for you we hope you can answer in 20 seconds or less. And we will go right down the line on this.

Governor Jindal, I'll start with you.

We're wondering, what are the three apps that you use most frequently on your cellphone?

JINDAL: I was just saying to my colleagues, I may be the last person in this audience without an iPhone. I'm actually one of the last folks -- I still have a BlackBerry in my pocket. And I basically use it for scheduling. I use it to keep up when my wife is here and my three kids at home.

The only games on that phone are Bricklayer. I use it to keep up with the news through the Internet. I may be the last American out there without an iPhone.

QUICK: No, no.

JINDAL: My apologies.

QUICK: I -- I'm with you. I still have a BlackBerry, too.

Senator -- Senator Santorum, how about you?

SANTORUM: MLB, NHL, so I'm a big sports fan. And ''The Wall Street Journal.'' Those are the three apps I use the most.

QUICK: Thank you.

Governor?

PATAKI: The one I use the most is Uber. You know, I used to get driven...

(LAUGHTER)

PATAKI: -- when I was governor, I had a driver. I don't anymore, but...

(CROSSTALK)

PATAKI: And it's an example of what millennials are doing to change America for the better. And I tweet a lot, too.

So Uber, Tweet -- Twitter and then I communicate with my family.

QUICK: Thank you.

Senator Graham?

GRAHAM: Well, number one, the only reason I have an iPhone is because I gave my number to Donald Trump. Don't do that.

(LAUGHTER) UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Governor...

GRAHAM: Donald has done more to upgrade my technology than my whole staff.

Number one, Fox News. Sorry about CNBC.

(LAUGHTER)

GRAHAM: We're in a Republican primary here.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Thanks. Thanks a lot.

QUICK: We take your time back. Yes.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Time is up.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Cut his microphone.

QUINTANILLA: We've got one more. One more lightning round.

Governor Jindal, should the day after the Super Bowl be a national holiday?

(LAUGHTER)

JINDAL: Well, absolutely, when the Saints go back to repeat, we were talking about beer sales earlier, all those folks from being hung over in Louisiana from drinking to celebrate Drew Brees winning this, I think it would be a great day to take off.

No, look, on a serious note, I do want to say this about the Super Bowl and our athletes. They can be great role models for our children and I'm obviously a Saints fan. Drew Brees and his wife great role models, great Christians.

So, yes, it should be a holiday.

QUINTANILLA: Senator?

SANTORUM: Well, since we're usually in the Super Bowl at the Pittsburgh Steelers...

Steeler nation, anybody?

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: No.

SANTORUM: No. I was in...

(CROSSTALK)

SANTORUM: -- I was in Kansas City over the weekend to watch the Steeler game and about a third of the crowd were Steeler fans. So I'm usually not alone when I call on Steeler Nation.

But we are used to being in the Super Bowl, so actually, it is in Pennsylvania already.

QUINTANILLA: Governor?

PATAKI: I -- I am a long suffering Jets fan. So my answer is obviously no, there's no reason to take off the day after the Super Bowl.

(APPLAUSE)

PATAKI: But let me just add this. The Mets are going to win tonight. Let's go, Mets.

QUINTANILLA: Finally, Senator?

GRAHAM: Well, I think a national holiday would be the day that commander-in-chief Barack Obama doesn't have that job.

(APPLAUSE)

GRAHAM: But unlike these other three, I want to win New Hampshire. Go Tom Brady. Go Patriots.

(LAUGHTER)

GRAHAM: Sorry, Colorado is late in the...

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Panderer.

(CROSSTALK)

QUICK: Jhon?

HARWOOD: OK, now we're at the point of the evening where we're just about to give our candidates a holiday from this debate, but not before they tell us in 30 seconds their closing statements.

Senator Graham, you're first.

GRAHAM: Somebody said -- or maybe I saw it on the bill of a cap -- that let's make America great again.

(LAUGHTER)

GRAHAM: America is great.

(APPLAUSE)

GRAHAM: I intend to make America strong again. I'm going to be the champion of the middle class, where I came from. If you make me your president, our best days are ahead. I'm ready to be commander- in-chief, ladies and gentlemen, on day one. I intend to war -- win a war that we cannot afford to lose.

I will be a commander-in-chief worthy of the sacrifice of those brave Americans who have been defending our nation. They have had our back. God knows, they have had our back... HARWOOD: Senator Graham...

GRAHAM: -- and I intend to have their back as commander-in- chief. Make me commander-in-chief.

HARWOOD: Thank you, Senator Graham.

Governor Pataki?

PATAKI: Thank you for the opportunity to be with this great audience tonight.

I'm a limited government conservative and I mean by that that not just when it comes to economic issues leaving them to the state, but social issues, as well.

And in that I differ from every single other candidate seeking the Republican nomination.

I take the Tenth Amendment very, very seriously.

I'm a Republican who embraces science and understands we have to work with the next generation of millennials to have the innovation and technology so that we can grow a 21st century economy.

And I'm a Republican who understands in Washington, when you're a leader, you have to put aside partisan politics to do what's right for the people.

We are one America. If we work together across party lines, there's no problem we can't solve and the 21st century will be America's greatest century.

Thank you very much.

HARWOOD: Thank you, Governor.

(APPLAUSE)

HARWOOD: Senator Santorum?

SANTORUM: I grew up in a steel town of Western Pennsylvania, outside of Pittsburgh, and when I announced for president, I announced from the factory floor. When I talk about making America the number one manufacturer again in the world, it's not just talk. When I talk about having the opportunity for people to rise again, it's not just because it polls well.

I represented the old steel valley of Pittsburgh. I represented a 70% Democratic district, and won with 60% of the vote. Why? Because I aligned myself with working men and women who feel that neither party, and certainly not Washington D.C. cares about them.

You elect me, we will get American workers on the side of the Republican party, and we can not be stopped if we do.

(APPLAUSE)

HARWOOD: Senator Santorum, thank you. Governor Jindal?

JINDAL: My message is to conservatives, this is our hour. Thanks to the insanity, the incompetence of the Democratic party, the American people are ready to turn our government over to us. It's not enough to let just any Republican, however. The reality is the idea of America is slipping away.

As Christians, we believe that the tomb is empty. As Americans, we believe that our best days are always ahead of us, and they can be again. We must win this election. We cannot allow Hillary Clinton to take us down this path towards socialism -- further down this path.

I've got the courage to apply our conservative principles. I can't do it alone. With your help, with God's grace, we can save the idea of America before it's too late.

HARWOOD: Governor Jindal, thank you very much. Carl?

QUINTANILLA: That concludes our first part of the evening.

END

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**Byline:** By Herbert Mitgang

**Body**

HERBERT MITGANG is a cultural correspondent for The New York Times.

Even in a picture-postcard city, the world intrudes. You leave a museum, your mind floating hazily across a Renaissance century and, suddenly, stepping outside the ornately carved doorway, you're stopped in your tracks by marchers demonstrating for some local cause. What does it signify? Once you've done the conventional trot through the squares, it can be enlightening for a tourist to look a little more deeply behind the facade -to heighten awareness of a place and its living people.

In the corridors of the Palazzo Vecchio, conversational analogies sometimes center on ancient disputes, such as those between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the city-states of medieval Italy.

Herbert Mitgang highlights Florence, Italy

But modern matters also insinuate. Sipping an espresso in his palatial office, beneath rosy nude frescoes on the ceiling and a painting of a second-string Medici on the wall, the Deputy Mayor of Florence, Giorgio Morales, talked of tourism, trade and jobs. He spoke of the commercial bonds between the United States and Italy; one of the local factories required American electrical supplies to fulfill a contract with the Russians for il gasdotto - the pipeline - which in turn meant employment here and fewer demonstrations.

Mr. Morales was sitting in for the Mayor, Elio Gabbuggiani, a member of the Communist party, who was on a goodwill cultural tour of the United States including, of all the hard-to-imagine sister cities for Florence, Philadephia. He had just heard from the Mayor who, with a sense of exasperation, had told him:

''Nobody I meet in the States wants to talk politics when they learn I'm from Florence. I tell them that we aren't a museum - we're a modern city where people live and work. But all they talk about are our paintings and sculpture and the bridges over the Arno.''

In the Uffizi Gallery, most of the art stops at the 18th century, but one room has been set aside, in the midst of the Giottos and Raphaels and Titians, for self-portraits by modern artists. These include several Americans, among them Robert Rauschenberg (no discernible portrait but his particular touches -arrows, calendars, blue newspaper mezzotints - are identification enough), Sam Francis, Raphael Soyer, William Merritt Chase, Isabel Bishop and a score of others, mostly Italian.

''I don't want to see that stuff,'' said an indignant American woman, passing through the gallery as part of a tour group. ''It's too modern.''

The Uffizi is celebrating its 400th anniversary, give or take a year. Uffizi (which means ''offices'') originally was used by Cosimo I for governmental and judicial tribunals, plus the mint, archives and workshops. Cosimo's son Francesco created a gallery on the top floor; it was opened to visitors in 1581. What started out as a small enterprise for friends dropping into the city of the Medici grew enormously; now about 1.3 million people walk through the Uffizi every year.

The special exhibition marking the quadricentennial is more a review of how its works have been restored than a new interpretation of the paintings themselves. The examples show that the restorer's touch, like the translator's in literature, is an art in itself.Nothing can quite match turning a gallery corner and coming upon Botticelli's ''Primavera,'' and the luster of other familiar masterpieces. They are never tiresome; new details seem to appear on second and third viewings.

It is a trade-off: Walking through these galleries in relative freedom in the off-season, when umbrellas are in order outside, against seeing the paintings during the warmer months, when the tourists stand ten-deep in front of the major works.

Nothing links past and present more than the atmosphere inside the Casa Guida, at No. 8 Piazza San Felice, where Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and wrote from 1847 to 1861. In the apartment, which is down the street from the Pitti Palace and hard by La Mangiatoia, a lively pizzeria, the resident English curators keep the writing tradition alive. Nigel Thompson is a poet and translator and his wife, Magdalen Nabb, is an acclaimed author of mystery stories. Her latest, ''Death of an Englishman,'' which evokes the atmosphere of Florence, was published recently by Charles Scribner's. In Miss Nabb's busy typewriter was her next mystery with a Florentine setting, ''Death of a Dutchman.''

W hile conducting visitors around the partially restored Browning apartment, she provides an informed running commentary: ''The Brownings were very aware of the Italian political scene, writing for the underground newspapers during the time of liberation. Elizabeth, quite wrongly, is considered a feminist. What is their appeal? Not their poetry, really, but the romance of their life - the rebellious daughter, the stern father, the running away to Italy, the dream and the romance depicted in the movie and play. The English called Florence a sunny place for shady people.''

Is there a crime problem with shady people here today? Yes, said the captain of the Carabinieri. Petty theft, shoplifting, ripping off the tourists? There's some of that, but the biggest problem in this floating city of visitors is drugs. Marijuana? No, he replied, hard drugs - heroin.

Another intrusion of the outside world appeared on a wall outside the Uffizi Gallery, a crudely drawn graffito showing a swastika

intertwined with a Star of David. It was an exception, put there some time after the bombing of the Rome synagogue last year.

In front of the Florence synagogue on the Via Farini, a Carabiniere was posted, armed with an M-12 Beretta machine-pistol, as a security measure. One of the two captains of the 1,100-man (women members for the national police force are under discussion) Carabinieri in the Florence region said that there were no anti-Semitic manifestations among the residents here. He attributed any such desecration to one of the many foreigners passing through the city.

The synagogue celebrated its 100th anniversary last year. It had survived, among other perils, the German Army presence in 1943-44; the Nazis had mined parts of the temple before retreating and bayonet marks, deliberately not repaired as a reminder of the dark days, could still be seen in the wooden ark containing the scrolls. The 1,200 members of the Jewish community here are integrated into the professional and merchant life of the city, and many families have been in Florence for hundreds of years.

How do the elected Communist and Socialist leaders of Florence (or the other Italian cities with leftist mayors) apply their theories in everyday affairs?

Deputy Mayor Morales, a splendidly attired Socialist, laughed and said: ''When you're putting down asphalt on the road, you don't need any Marxist philosophy. You just want to get the job done.''

But there are differences between the parties in local affairs, he explained. For example, in the matter of artistic patrimony - saving the buildings and monuments from building speculators - the Communists and Socialists, theoretically parties of change, are not inclined to permit it. Half in jest, he said the Christian Democrats would tear down the Palazzo Vecchio and allow an apartment house to be put up on its place.

He said that the local Communist officials were more attached to the ***working class*** in the factories; the Socialists with the middle classes and in general were more concerned about the quality of life - and that neither followed any party line from Moscow.

As he expounded on the Italian brand of independent, pragmatic socialism, it turned out that asphalt was more than a joking matter. A debate was going on about the worn pavement in the Piazza della Signoria: Should the cracked roads be replaced with traditional gray stone or with red brick? La Nazione conducted an informal referendum and the great majority of its readers opted for the more durable brick, as in some of the other squares in Tuscany. There was some talk of moving some of the gray stones (which are chipped by hand and cleverly hold rain water in their small crevices) from side streets to the major squares.

A Socialist commissioner was for it, a Communist commissioner against uprooting the antique stones. The C.P. commissioner argued, Don't take the stones away from the poor people for the benefit of the tourist streets. The debate continues: In Florence, even the stones can be political.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photos of Florence (Page 28) photos of Florence Map of Florence

**End of Document**



[***Unseating Helms: Rival Charts His Uphill Climb***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NK50-0038-D40F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1443 words

**Byline:** By ROBIN TONER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** RALEIGH, N.C., July 14

**Body**

Harvey Gantt is telling the Harvey Gantt story, spinning it into a rich tapestry of the American Dream.

It begins with his parents, striving in a segregated South, always believing in the promise of America. It ends with their son, the first black student at Clemson University, the first black Mayor of Charlotte, now center stage in an an epic political battle: a race against Jesse Helms for the United States Senate.

Mr. Gantt is preaching to the choir on this night in Greensboro, to a warmly supportive convention of black members of the United Church of Christ. But his message is one he has taken throughout this state and beyond: Mr. Helms can be beaten, North Carolina is ready to move beyond him, and Mr. Gantt, this proud product of the New South, is the man who can do it.

''We want people to get excited about this election,'' Mr. Gantt said. ''We want them to be driven crazy by the notion that they can make a difference. We want a crusade.'' Close Race With Incumbent Almost no other Senate race against an incumbent is as close in the public opinion polls the battle between Mr. Helms and Mr. Gantt. But the Helms mystique of invincibility is powerful in North Carolina; many Democrats have yet to recover from the 1984 Helms race, when former Gov. Jim Hunt, who seemed so formidable a challenger, went down to bitter defeat.

As a result, many Democrats look on the current polls as promising, but see a difficult, point-by-point struggle ahead. Mr. Gantt is trying to make people believe that this time the Democrats can prevail.

So begins another struggle for the soul of North Carolina, rich with characters and plot lines and passions that transcend the bounds of most campaigns. ''Elections with Jesse Helms always have a larger-than-life quality to them,'' said a Democratic strategist, and no novelist could have chosen a more intriguing rival than Mr. Gantt, a 47-year-old architect whose career has been a symbol of change in the modern South.

This will indeed be a crusade, many North Carolinians say, and not just between Democrats and Republicans. It has a national audience, swelled by artists outraged over Mr. Helms' campaign against the National Endowment for the Arts, by lesbians and gay men outraged over his repeated attacks on their causes, and by an army of conservatives cheering Mr. Helms on.

Battling for the Middle

Mr. Gantt's challenge begins with a simple equation. Democrats and Republicans alike say that 40 percent to 45 percent of North Carolina's voters are adamantly opposed to Mr. Helms, with about the same fervently behind him. The battle is for the white ***working-class*** and middle-class voters in the middle.

As a result, Democrats want to cast the race as a simple choice: an arch-conservative who is consumed with fringe causes and out of touch with the needs of the state versus a progressive workhorse devoted to education, health care, the bread-and-butter concerns of working families.

''That's where my message is: working families need a better break,'' Mr. Gantt said.

Republicans want a very different race, casting it as a struggle between a tax-and-spend liberal and a principled conservative who is a trusted incumbent committed to cutting Government spending and protecting basic values.

'Centerpiece Social Issue'

The issue of arts financing will probably be the ''centerpiece social issue'' of the campaign, said Charles Black, an adviser to the Helms organization.

For all the furor outside North Carolina, Republicans say that most voters here will side with Mr. Helms in his campaign against the National Endowment for the Arts for supporting works that Mr. Helms considers obscene. Some Democrats agree that the arts issue is problematic for their cause.

''It's not boobism,'' said Gary Pearce, who ran Mr. Hunt's 1984 campaign. ''When people see all the needs in this country, the S.& L.'s, the deficit, all the problems, and you say, 'Do you want $2 million of your tax dollars to go for this?' people say, 'That's ridiculous.' ''

The disgust was palpable on a local talk radio show this week, when a caller railed against an artist ''who covers her nude body with chocolate.'' The caller concluded, ''I'm all for Jesse Helms.'' The caller was referring to Karen Finley, an artist who was recently denied an endowment grant.

Mr. Gantt defends the endowment and opposes the restrictions on it pushed by Mr. Helms, although he adds he would''protect minors from these types of things.'' But he argues that the campaign should be about issues more important to North Carolinians.

'Hot Button Issues'

''I expect a lot of his issues will be what we call the hot button issues,'' Mr. Gantt said. ''We'll be saying, No, the thing we really ought to be concerned about in America is where we're going to be as a nation as we compete in this new kind of world.''

But some Democrats are wary, saying Mr. Helms is a genius at defining himself by defining his enemies. ''If you let Helms frame the race as whether you're for decent, God-fearing people, or are you for gays, radical feminists and arts people, then Helms will win,'' Mr. Pearce said.

This poses a strategic challenge for Mr. Gantt, who needs the financial backing of groups who want to defeat Mr. Helms, but could pay a political price for their support. One fund-raising letter for the Helms organzation has already declared that Mr. Gantt is ''backed by the powerful homosexual political lobby.''

Mr. Gantt shrugs it off. ''To the extent that those people are interested in defending themselves against the kinds of issues that Mr. Helms has been beating them up on, and want to contribute to our campaign, that's fine,'' he said. His supporters note that Mr. Helms draws heavily on campaign money from out of state.

Gantt Leads in Poll

An opinion poll for The Charlotte Observer, conducted from June 6 to June 11, right after Mr. Gantt won the Democratic nomination in a primary runoff, showed Mr. Gantt with the support of 44 percent, Mr. Helms with 40 percent and 16 percent undecided. It showed Mr. Helms backed by 50 percent of the whites, as against 35 percent for Mr. Gantt. But many pre-election surveys in other states have found whites reluctant to tell an unknown interviewer thay intended to vote against a black. The Observer telephone survey of 452 registered voters had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus five percentage points.

The newspaper noted that a poll in June 1984 showed Mr. Hunt with a 5 percentage point lead over Mr. Helms. Merle Black, a professor of politics and government at Emory University in Atlanta, said: ''On paper, Helms always looks beatable. A lot of Democrats have seen these numbers before and they know how hard it is to get to 50 percent plus one.''

Mr. Gantt, whom Democrats estimate needs close to 40 percent of the white vote to win, has an advantage that Mr. Hunt did not. In 1984, the drag of the Democratic national ticket was considered a crucial factor in the defeat of Mr. Hunt, who lost 52 percent to 48 percent, while Walter F. Mondale lost the state 62 percent to 38 percent.

There is an uneasy quiet in North Carolina as Democrats wait for Mr. Helms' next move. Some reporters here have written that the three-term incumbent seems to be keeping an unusually low profile in the state. His chief strategist, Carter Wrenn, declined a request for an interview.

No Conservative Campaign

He seemed almost serene in his Charlotte headquarters, decorated with upbeat slogans like, ''Don't say can't, say Gantt.'' He brushes aside the conventional wisdom that would have a black Democrat in a statewide race in the South run a carefully conservative campaign. He opposes the death penalty, will not rule out new taxes, is a supporter of abortion rights who recently addressed the National Organization for Women and does not run away from the liberal label.

''If being liberal means I care about education, call me liberal,'' he says. ''If it's moderate, call me moderate.''

He says he is enjoying himself. His loss three years ago, when he was defeated in his effort for a third term as mayor of Charlotte by a margin of 1 percent, only whetted his appetite for politics, he says.

But Mr. Gantt is riding a crusade. Before he left the United Church of Christ convention the other night, he was cheered on by the Rev. Benjamin Chavis Jr., executive director of the Church's commission for racial justice. Mr. Chavis told the convention that Mr. Gantt's battle may be ''an uphill struggle'' but reached to the precedent of David and Goliath.

''One of the things that gave David his buoyancy was the cheerleading of his community,'' said Mr. Chavis. ''And so we say to you tonight, Harvey: Go get him!''

**Graphic**

Photos: Harvey Gantt, who is challenging Jesse Helms for the United States Senate, greeting a supporter Saturday night in Asheville, N.C. (Associated Press) (pg. A1); Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, sheltering himself from the sun at a rally, is being challenged for his seat by Harvey Gantt. Recent opinion polls show the race is close. (Associated Press) (pg. A12)

**End of Document**



[***In Central Brooklyn, a Branch of 3d World***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P9C0-0038-D1H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER

**Body**

Just down the block from the shouting boycotters, the police barricade and the embattled Korean grocery store that have become fixtures on Church Avenue in Flatbush, a man in the everyday garb of Pakistan and Afghanistan - long, baggy, pajama-like shalwar kamiz and sandals - looked over the merchandise in the Home Boy's Discount Store the other day.

A youth walked by carrying a radio, not much smaller than a steamer trunk, blasting Caribbean reggae. A bearded, turbaned Sikh walked home with his groceries. A man burst into a store shouting in Creole, the Haitian patois of French spiced by Africa. He was told tartly, ''We don't speak that here.'' Then the clerk berated him to her co-workers, speaking in Spanish.

Across the street, Frank Parinango, from Ecuador, has a regular spot on the sidewalk by a parking meter, where he sells beaded bracelets, embroidered T-shirts and other vaguely ethnic objects.

'No Speak English'

How long had he been in America, Mr. Parinango was asked. He smiled broadly. ''No speak English,'' he replied.

The Third World has opened a branch in this piece of central Brooklyn. And the waves of immigrants arriving here from Central America, Asia and the Caribbean, among other places, with the traditional dream of a better life, are making Flatbush once again what it used to be in this city of immigrants: a stepping stone on the way up, a working people's neighborhood where the cuisine ranges from cow-foot soup to tandoori. ''The Haitian people are trying to make a good living; they're trying very hard,'' said Adeline Amboise, a secretary in the shipping office of Etranex Courier.

''They're hard-working people like all people who come to America to have a good life,'' she said. ''Whether you come from Russia or Haiti, it's all the same reason, even if people don't want to admit it.'' Come they have. Postal ZIP Code 11226, the Federal census district which roughly encompasses Flatbush, took in 17,706 immigrants from 1983 to 1987, the latest figures available, according to Frank Vardi, a demographer with the New York City Planning Commission.

The largest number of these, 6,027, were Haitians, making up 34 percent of the total immigration. Flatbush was the most popular destination in the city for Haitians, Mr. Vardi said, followed by the neighboring East Flatbush and Crown Heights sections.

The second-largest group, the figures showed came from Jamaica, 3,620 (20.4 per cent of the total), followed by: Guyana, 2,222 (12.5); Trinidad and Tobago, 841 (4.7); Grenada, 558 (3.2); Panama, 493 (2.8); China, 437 (2.5); Barbados, 389 (2.2); Dominican Republic, 311 (1.8); Vietnam, 244 (1.8); West Indian blacks of British citizenship, 203 (1.1); St. Vincent and the Grenadines, 198 (1.1); Cambodia, 168 (0.9); El Salvador, 141 (0.8); Belize, 114 (0.6); Colombia, 109 (0.6); Ghana, 99 (0.6); Pakistan, 95 (0.5); Hong Kong, 93 (0.5); Korea, 93 (0.5); Honduras, 78 (0.4); St. Lucia, 76 (0.4); Antigua-Barbados, 50 (0.3); North Yemen, 47 (0.3); Liberia, 45 (0.3); the Soviet Union, 43 (0.2), and Nigeria, 43 (0.2).

Following Relatives

''The immigration follows a pattern, because people come into an area because relatives have already settled there,'' Mr. Vardi said. ''It's typical of immigrants before. These patterns emerge over and over again in the resettlement of these neighborhoods by the new groups.''

As in the past, the interaction between the immigrant groups is not always smooth.

The current boycott started with a dispute between Haitians and the Korean grocery store owners, and some people who have studied both cultures say it may have roots in differing cultural mores.

Haitians, for example, come from a bargaining culture similar to that of the Middle East in which the customer tries to knock down the merchant's price. It is an alien concept to the more formal Koreans, who may have to face it across a gulf of differing languages.

For their part, Koreans have a cultural taboo against women touching other people. With women usually the cashiers in the Korean stores, their practice of not putting change in a customer's hand seems to many Haitians and other blacks as if the women are contemptuously throwing the money at them.

The boycott on Church Avenue seemed far away at places like Best Meats, around the corner on Flatbush Avenue, the main shopping street. Once a row of stores that sold kosher foods, it is now a supplier of goat's heads, cow's feet and pig snouts.

'The Melting Pot, for Sure'

''We have Southern blacks, Jamaicans, Mexicans, Panamanians,'' said the owner, Sam Biscardi, who is white. ''This is the melting pot for sure. Whatever you can think of, they're here. This neighborhood was always good.''

A few doors down, Ansell Palmer, a Jamaican, stood behind a counter filled with coconut drops, gizzardas and other confections of his island and voiced the universal New York shopkeeper's lament: ''The stores, they are getting so expensive. Every year the rents go sky high.''

Like nearly every shop, his was decorated with a memento of home: a Jamaican travel poster.

''Flatbush is one of Brooklyn's most desirable residential neighborhoods,'' the Works Progress Administration guide to New York said in 1939. Then, it was a largely Jewish neighborhood, a step from the Williamsburg and Lower East Side neighborhoods where the first immigrants settled.

Now, the brick walls of the Beth Rivka school are plastered with posters advertising an appearance by the Mighty Sparrow, the calypso legend; an Easter celebration party sponsored by the Sons of Guyana and posters for a Haitian ''Grand Soiree Patriotique.''

Some of the synagogues remain; others have been made into churches. There is a new Pakistani mosque on Coney Island Avenue - and a Pakistani bank under construction nearby - and another for Moslems from Bangladesh on Church Avenue. The newest immigrants, Vietnamese and Cambodians, are clustered in what appears to be the poorest area, grafitti-marred apartments near the park called the Parade Grounds. Already there is a Cambodian Buddhist temple with saffron-robed monks nearby.

Parochial School Uniforms

Much of Flatbush is made up of block upon block of well-maintained single-family houses, many owned by Jamaicans and other immigrants on the way up. In Roman Catholic churches like Our Lady of Refuge, which once served a mainly Irish ***working-class*** parish, the largest single group is made up of Haitians and a Mass is said in Creole on Sunday.

It is not a neighborhood without problems. Crack is one. Places like the corner of East 21st Street and Newkirk Avenue are known to the police of the 70th Precinct as a major drug location. Very young Vietnamese and Cambodians are said to have formed vicious criminal gangs dealing in drugs and prostitution.

''The neighborhood has been infested with drug dealers and people coming in to the neighborhood to buy drugs,'' said the Rev. Andrew L. Struzzieri, the pastor of our Lady of Refuge. He has been helping organize the community to fight drugs.

'Neighborhood of Hope'

''This is also a neighborhood of hope,'' he said. ''It's changed radically over the last 12 years. People are trying to unite against drugs. This is a beautiful neighborhood. The ethnic makeup - we're a real United Nations here. Whites, blacks, Hispanics, Pakistanis, some Koreans. Every single West Indian and Caribbean island. Christians, Jews, Moslems. It's quite a neighborhood.''

On Coney Island Avenue, where Jamaican, Hispanic and Italian mechanics in a row of auto repair shops were working on buses from the nearby private schools of Hasidic and Orthodox Jews, Mohammed Akbar Nati, a Pakistani, served up traditional dishes like Buryani zapped under a microwave in his restaurant named for his home in Punjab.

''We are a very young country here; we did not get our immigration until after John F. Kennedy,'' he said, referring to changes in the immigration law that opened the country to many new immigrants. ''But already we have doctors who live in Long Island, in Staten Island.''

But the last 19 years in New York have been good for Lalta, an Indian merchant who carries only one name in the tradition of his peasant village. His small store was stocked with curry and chili pepper and racks of videotapes of Indian movies. He owns four houses on Marlborough Street and has sent his six children through college.

''They all graduated with high degrees, too; not just ordinary degrees,'' he said proudly, adding: ''I have done well as far as I am concerned. I came from 40,000 miles away from here.''

**Graphic**

Photos: ''You have a better opportunity here,'' said Christabell King, who came from Guyana three years ago and is a supervisor at Sybil's Restaurant and Bakery in Flatbush.; Flatbush in Brooklyn attracts a range of immigrants. Working at Best Meats on Flatbush Avenue were, from left, Oscar Alcazar, from Mexico, Albeto Ortiz, from Panama, Ronald Stankey, of Irish and German descent, and Eddie Grasales, from Puerto Rico. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times) (pg. B1); Ethnic businesses in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn include Ansell Palmer's Premium Jamaican Bakery. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times); map of Flatbush (The New York Times) (pg. B2)

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41YW-1N00-00MH-F37J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A World in a Raised Eyebrow, but How to Film It?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41YW-1N00-00MH-F37J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID GATES;

David Gates, is the author of the novels "Jernigan" and "Preston Falls" and a short story collection, "The Wonders of the Invisible World." He writes about books and music for Newsweek.

By DAVID GATES;  David Gates, is the author of the novels "Jernigan" and "Preston Falls" and a short story collection, "The Wonders of the Invisible World." He writes about books and music for Newsweek.

**Body**

EDITH WHARTON published her first important novel, "The House of Mirth," in 1905, when the movies were still silent nickelodeon peep shows. She finished her last short story and died in 1937, just two years before the annus mirabilis of "Gone With the Wind," "The Wizard of Oz," "Beau Geste," "Dark Victory," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Gunga Din," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Ninotchka," "Stagecoach" and "Wuthering Heights." Yet the advent of film as a rival narrative mode to fiction seems to have left her work absolutely untouched. Thank God. If she had felt honor-bound to observe the quasi-cinematic rule of "show, don't tell," as fiction writers have ever since the movies started taking over, it would have put her out of business.

Wharton's fiction isn't simply about characters interacting but about the rococo social structures they've built and inhabit, about their minutely elaborate codes of behavior and the unannounced consequences of an infraction, about the wordless agreements and transactions that seem to happen in some sort of communal psychic space. If you could plunk a camera down in the middle of her fictional world, you would get the deeds, the words and the gestures; but without her narrator's explanations you would understand only part of what was going on. Her richly textured mix of reportage and discourse -- showing and telling -- makes her work seductively involving. But for filmmakers intent on bringing to the screen something of her world, her characters and her stories, it must be hell itself.

Here's a simple example, from "The Age of Innocence" (1920):

"It was not the custom in New York drawing rooms for a lady to get up and walk away from one gentleman in order to seek the company of another. . . . But the Countess was apparently unaware of having broken any rule; she sat at perfect ease in a corner of the sofa beside Archer, and looked at him with the kindest eyes."

True, a novelist might be able to "show" that Countess Olenska is committing an indiscretion: by an observer's raised eyebrow, or, if it still proved hard to suggest exactly why the eyebrow was being raised, by making a character deliver an expository "Well, I never" speech. But these New Yorkers would hardly make such a speech: part of their code is to be silent about their code.

So for Wharton, it makes sense simply to tell us what's going on, rather than to go through literary contortions to show us. When Martin Scorsese made his film of "The Age of Innocence" in 1993, he adopted Wharton's solution. (Not that she would have considered something as simple as a bit of exposition a problem; that's our aesthetic-ethical hangup, not hers.) In this scene and elsewhere, he has Joanne Woodward do voice-over narration straight from Wharton's text and jettisons the cinematically pure approach of trying to clue us in to every subtlety with gestures or expository speeches.

In places, Mr. Scorsese lets the voice-over tell too much, but mostly the device works, and it yields an experience that is a little like that of reading the novel. (Whether or not this is what film should do is a theoretical question; it's certainly something film can do.) We not only see and hear the characters, but we get Wharton's hovering ironic presence as well.

Terence Davies, however, takes the more purely cinematic approach in his respectful and intelligent new film adaptation of "The House of Mirth," which opened Friday. There's no narrative voice-over and nothing onscreen to orient us beyond the periodic "New York, 1906" and "New York, 1907." (Odd, since the book came out in 1905.) As a result, he's occasionally forced to make characters say things like "What brings you to Monte Carlo?" And without the help of such explicit narrative nudgings as "Her whole future might hinge on her way of answering him," Mr. Davies has to trust moviegoers to keep track of the subtext beneath the conversations and to navigate unguided through the moral complexities.

If you know the book, it's hard to tell how well he succeeds in making matters clear to someone who doesn't. But most of the audience will surely understand the main points simply from what they observe the characters doing and saying. The scrounging and ambitious socialite Lily Bart (Gillian Anderson) finds she can bring herself neither to marry only for money nor to marry the man who loves her, an only modestly well-off lawyer named Lawrence Selden (Eric Stoltz); her desire to live up to Selden's sense of her integrity helps strengthen her backbone just enough to undo her.

First Lily subverts her own campaign to marry a boring old-money milquetoast and dismisses a proposal from the vulgar parvenu Sim Rosedale. (In the novel, Rosedale is a blond-haired Jew, whom "the instincts of his race" have fitted "to suffer rebuffs"; since no sane filmmaker these days would want to open that can of worms, Mr. Davies lets Anthony LaPaglia's dark-haired Mediterranean-ness make the point that he is different from the other wealthy New Yorkers in Lily's circle.) Then she involves herself, with willed innocence, in someone else's adulterous mess, and malicious gossip does the rest. No longer welcome in the guest rooms of the wealthy, she sinks into the world of impoverished working women.

Mr. Davies (whose previous films will be shown by the Film Society of Lincoln Center in a retrospective at the Walter Reade Theater in Manhattan from Friday through Jan. 4) makes all these talky, hard-to-dramatize plot points reasonably clear. In turning a 462-page novel into a 140-minute film, he has naturally had to cut some corners, and in places he has actually improved the story, whose construction even Wharton's friend Henry James thought problematic. Mr. Davies's two most important departures from the text, though, are devil's bargains. Cutting out Gerty Farish, Lily's plain-Jane do-gooder cousin, and Nettie Struther, the ***working-class*** woman who shelters Lily in her tenement apartment near the end of the novel, speeds the story along and gets rid of some of the novel's most aesthetically dodgy and politically inconvenient moments. For today's audiences, these characters probably had to go. Yet their absence makes the film's social and emotional range far narrower than the novel's.

Getting rid of Gerty and conflating her with another of Lily's cousins, Grace Stepney, at first seems entirely ingenious. In the novel, cousin Grace is a tale-bearer and a time-server who does Lily out of an inheritance; cousin Gerty is a modest, earnest girl who hopelessly loves Selden, selflessly helps her rival Lily, works among the destitute and lives in just the sort of drab bachelorette flat that Lily is afraid of winding up in if she doesn't marry money. In combining them, the film makes a pair of so-so characters into a single strong antagonist.

But in losing Gerty, Mr. Davies loses Lily's -- and the film's -- connection to the "other half" of New York, into which she is finally unable to avoid sinking. The novel itself doesn't do much to foreshadow the world that's waiting for Lily, yet it does have Gerty to remind us once in a while that not everyone hangs around summer houses in Rhinebeck. When, in the film, we suddenly see Lily toiling in a milliner's shop -- in the novel, Gerty got her the job -- we've had no hint that such places even existed, and no idea how she got there.

Nettie Struther is a poor young women whom Lily had helped in her brief fit of do-gooding, and whom Wharton springs on us out of nowhere a few pages from the end of the book. Nettie runs into the now down-and-out Lily on the street and takes her up to her slum apartment to get warm and meet the family. If Mr. Davies had been bent on keeping Nettie, he could have planted her early in the picture (as Wharton should have done in the book).

But cutting Nettie must have seemed a no-brainer: her only apparent function in the novel is to give Lily a vision of life as it might have been, and presumably Mr. Davies found that scene in Nettie's apartment heavy-handed. No argument there. Certainly the explicit meaning Wharton reads into it -- that what ails Lily is her lack of "any real relation to life," and that a husband and baby might have attached her to "all the mighty sum of human striving" -- sounds unfortunately retrograde nowadays, at least to the kind of folks who go to art-house movies. Instead, Mr. Davies dispenses with Nettie and emphasizes by default the equally plausible, and far more fashionable, theory of what ails Lily: her lack of power and autonomy.

BUT no matter what Mr. Davies chose to do about Nettie Struther or Gerty Farish, the very end of the novel would still have stumped him.. He shows us exactly the events that take place in the book, but the rules he has established for his film preclude his pulling Joanne Woodward out of a hat to tell us what's going on in the characters' minds, hearts and spirits. Consequently, Wharton's tragedy becomes a mere downer. I'm being vague here, obviously, but what really happens at the end of the novel is nothing that can be seen or heard but only felt and understood. Wharton's ending moves us by the writing alone -- that is, by the telling; we can experience it only by reading.

These two versions of "The House of Mirth" -- or, I should say, the real "House of Mirth" and its cinematic representation -- suggest to me that fiction, by its very nature, can do a better job of storytelling than film, which in its purest form is story-showing. To a filmmaker, of course, they might suggest the superiority of motion pictures and the limitations of word-by-word linear narrative. The synesthetic medium of film can give us Lily Bart's face, her gesture, what she's saying, whom she's saying it to, how they're dressed, the garden they're standing in and Mozart on the soundtrack all in the same single moment -- try that on your Smith Corona. And to someone with no patience for theorizing, the two versions might simply suggest that a very good book is better than a pretty good movie. I like my theory, though. Something must explain why we put down Wharton's novel uncannily uplifted and come out of Mr. Davies's film just ever so slightly bummed.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gillian Anderson as the socially ambitious Lily Bart and Eric Stoltz as the not-rich-enough Lawrence Selden in Terence Davies's adaptation of "The House of Mirth." The film opened Friday. (Jaap Buitendijk/Sony Pictures Classics) (pg. 11); Daniel Day-Lewis and Michelle Pfeiffer in the 1993 film version of Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence." (Philip Caruso/Columbia Pictures) (pg. 16)

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**End of Document**



[***Police Chief Sees Drug Toll With Father's Eyes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GY7-7P90-TW8F-G3BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2219 words

**Byline:** By JAMES DAO and GARY GATELY

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE, Aug. 17

**Body**

Nicole Sesker sleeps in vacant buildings. She sells her body to buy heroin, living from trick to trick and fix to fix while dodging police officers who chase her from the street corners she haunts in plastic heels.

''I'm a survivor,'' said Ms. Sesker, a petite 36-year-old, in the rough-edged neighborhood of discount liquor stores and boarded-up row houses that she calls home. ''I'm out here surviving.''

In Baltimore, where the drug trade has brought one of the highest murder rates in the country, her story might not seem remarkable except for one detail: the stepfather who raised her from age 3 is the city's newest police commissioner, Leonard D. Hamm.

For nearly two decades Mr. Hamm has struggled with his stepdaughter's addiction, having discovered by reading her diary that the one-time star athlete snorted cocaine at age 17. He helped her find work, housing and rehabilitation only to see her lapse. Now he has reached a painful conclusion: she will find the strength to change only after she sinks lower.

''When she gets sick and tired of being sick and tired, I'll be there for her,'' Mr. Hamm said. ''She's not there yet.''

In his first interview about his stepdaughter, Mr. Hamm, 56, said he decided to speak to dramatize the depth of the drug problem in Baltimore and to underscore the need for new strategies.

As the new commissioner of one of the nation's largest police departments, Mr. Hamm is in the position of shaping his city's drug enforcement policies and his approach is clearly being colored by his painful experiences with his stepdaughter.

This spring, he initiated a program he calls ''Get Out of the Game,'' assigning a unit of community affairs officers to patrol some of Baltimore's toughest streets in search of addicts and low-level dealers -- not to arrest them, but to help them find treatment, job training, counseling and other social services.

The program is in its infancy, small in scope and lacks the imprimatur of Mayor Martin O'Malley, who declined to comment on it.

But it represents a shift for the department, which for much of the past decade has focused on locking up large numbers of nonviolent drug offenders. Though that strategy has helped reduce violent crime, it may have also reached the limits of its effectiveness, Mr. Hamm said.

''The piece that we need now is the healing part,'' he said. ''We can do all the enforcement we want, but if we don't help people find work, find affordable housing, get treatment, we'll just keep doing what we're doing, locking the same people up.''

James Kouri, vice president of the National Association of Chiefs of Police, said that many police chiefs had concluded that enforcement must be balanced with treatment and service programs. In Boston, Chicago and Winston-Salem, N.C., the police work with former gang members or social workers to identify at-risk youth and help them find counseling, drug treatment or job-training services.

''I think there's a mind-set change happening within law enforcement, that addiction is a disease and should be treated as a disease,'' Mr. Kouri said.

Ms. Sesker is typical of the repeat offender, having been arrested repeatedly for drug possession and having served time in the state prison. Her tale ''gives me a little more insight,'' Mr. Hamm said. But her life has also taught him that ''a person has to be ready to change'' to kick addiction. His stepdaughter, he asserts, is not. And so he said he kept her at arm's length, rejecting her demands for money, which he believes she will use to buy drugs, and ignoring her complaints about police officers.

Ms. Sesker is somehow still pretty, exuding world-weariness without the hollowed-out, haggard look of some heroin addicts. In interviews in the northwest Baltimore neighborhood of Park Heights, her moods swung from edgy defiance to tearful remorse. She cried easily when the subject turned to her family.

''I know he loves me and that when I need him he'll be there,'' Ms. Sesker said of her stepfather. ''I love my family that much that I wouldn't move in with them and require them to go through the struggle with me.''

But she disagreed with her stepfather on one important point: she is, she said, desperately ready to kick her habit. She just does not seem to know how.

''Anybody who's addicted to anything has hit the bottom,'' she said. ''I've been there, of course. I'm homeless.''

Mr. Hamm grew up in a low-rise public housing project in Cherry Hill in southern Baltimore, which was then a neighborhood of black ***working-class*** families, where he was the second of seven children in a Roman Catholic family. His mother prepared food at a nearby hospital and his father held jobs as a tailor, laborer and chemical plant worker.

An Addiction Takes Hold

Mr. Hamm attended City College High School, an elite public school where Kurt L. Schmoke, a future mayor, was a classmate and Elijah E. Cummings, a future congressman, was two years behind. Standing 6-foot-2, with a 42-inch vertical leap, Mr. Hamm starred on a basketball team that went undefeated two years running. He still wears its city championship ring.

After college and a brief stint in textile design, he joined the police force on a lark, but quickly decided he loved the work. One of his first patrols was in Reservoir Hill, a once-fashionable community that by the 1970's was succumbing to drugs. Mr. Hamm fell in love with the place, parts of which have undergone a revival, and lives there now in a brick row house.

By the time Mr. Hamm's stepdaughter was a teenager, Baltimore was reeling from drug turf wars and a murder rate so bad that it inspired television series like ''Homicide.'' Yet Nicole seemed as if she might float above it all, starring on the Woodlawn High School volleyball and basketball teams and earning good enough grades that a West Point recruiter urged her to apply, Mr. Hamm said.

But she also had started dating a man who Mr. Hamm said was a drug dealer; the man later went to prison on a case Mr. Hamm helped build. The man introduced Ms. Sesker to cocaine, Mr. Hamm said.

''She thought she was smart enough and strong enough to beat the drugs,'' Mr. Hamm said. ''But no one ever is.''

Mr. Hamm said his stepdaughter began stealing from him. And after her mother divorced Mr. Hamm in 1990, she began stealing from her, too. (Mr. Hamm said the divorce was not related to Ms. Sesker's addiction.) She briefly attended a local college, Coppin State University, but dropped out. And then she began snorting heroin.

''With heroin, the attraction is that it leaves you in a stupor,'' Ms. Sesker said. ''You're, like, peaceful, tranquil. And, like, if you have a lot of confusion going on in your life, then you want that stupor again. I became addicted real quick.''

Unable to hold a job, she tried selling drugs to sustain her habit. Then she began selling herself, she said.

By 1994, Mr. Hamm had risen to the rank of major and was commanding the Central Police District downtown. He started receiving reports that Ms. Sesker was telling officers to leave her alone because her stepfather was their commander.

''I told my men, you'd better do your job, regardless of who the suspect is,'' Mr. Hamm said. ''I came to understand: this is not the person I raised. The drugs changed that person into someone else. It became my focus to protect my family from her.''

Mr. Hamm left the department in 1996 to oversee security for a business group, the city school system and later Morgan State University. He returned to the department last fall and was confirmed as commissioner in March.

Over the years, he has attended some of Ms. Sesker's court hearings and tried to help her find work and housing, his aides said. But he rarely talks to her anymore. And his son, a 27-year-old police officer for the city's school district, can barely mention her name, Mr. Hamm said. Ms. Sesker's mother, who died three years ago, was heartbroken by her addiction, said Mr. Hamm, who has remarried.

Ms. Sesker was in prison when her mother died. Mr. Hamm and Ms. Sesker recalled that day as one of the saddest in their lives.

Occasionally, Mr. Hamm receives reports on his stepdaughter's condition from patrol officers. Representative Cummings, who lives next door to the commissioner, said, ''He loves her to death,'' but is trying to follow the advice he gives parents of drug addicts.

''What it's done is put him in a position to go places and say: 'Look, don't feed the habit.''' Mr. Cummings said. ''He can say that with authority, because he has lived it.''

Trying to Turn the Tide

Late last week, in an east Baltimore neighborhood known for its open-air drug bazaars, police officers wearing black T-shirts emblazoned with ''Get Out of the Game'' on the front and ''Stop Killing People'' on the back, went trolling for teenagers shortly after dusk.

Maj. Richard Hite, a barrel-chested man with a shaven head, his holster bulging beneath his shirt, approached a gangly teenager whose smile revealed gold-plated teeth. ''Nice fronts,'' Major Hite said.

The teeth, which cost about $1,500, were almost certainly paid for by a drug dealer trying to woo the boy into his organization, Major Hite figured.

''Working?'' he asked the boy. ''Going to school,'' the teenager said. ''What are you going to do with yourself?'' the officer asked. ''Play basketball,'' the boy, 16, said.

''Call this number,'' Major Hite said, thrusting a pamphlet that said ''Change Your Lifestyle'' toward the boy.

''They are like piece workers in a factory who don't get any health insurance, any overtime, any benefits,'' Major Hite said. ''We tell them: we might have a better deal for you.''

That deal is to put them in touch with city services, from job-placement counseling to drug treatment, in exchange for a pledge to stop dealing drugs or engaging in gang violence. The program is not intended for the hard-core dealers. Nor is it meant to replace enforcement, since the unit's cajolements come implicit with a threat: those who stay in the game will be arrested.

''We're going to deal with crime,'' Mr. Hamm said. ''This is not a feel-good, touchy-feely, give-you-a-break thing.''

Mr. Hamm acknowledged that the department could not create jobs or expand treatment programs, both in short supply. But he said that many addicts and dealers were not aware of the available services. He said that addicts had often approached him outside his home or at public events, seeking help ''to get out of the game.''

Peter Beilenson, who resigned in June as city health commissioner to run for Congress, estimated that Baltimore had more than 40,000 drug addicts. Mr. Beilenson said that 85 percent of all crimes in the city were drug-related, but that the vast majority of the crimes committed by drug addicts were nonviolent.

The community affairs unit has studied case management and counseling techniques. But its biggest obstacle is winning credibility on the street, Major Hite said. For that reason, Mr. Hamm has recruited two former drug lords, Melvin Williams, who now lives off real estate investments, and Benjamin Davis, a police department employee, to appear with Major Hite's team on street corners and before community groups.

''It's going to take a lot of work for people to trust them,'' said Robert Henderson, 24, after chatting with Major Hite. ''To everybody in the hood, the police are the bad guys.''

Some officials have expressed concerns that Mr. Hamm's program will turn police officers into overextended social workers. Indeed, Major Hite said his 10-member unit was tracking 150 cases and receiving around-the-clock cellphone calls from ''clients'' seeking help. But the stress is worth it, he said.

''I've been in this business 27 years,'' he said. ''I don't want to be known for locking up 10,000 people. I'd rather be known for changing a couple hundred lives.''

Off the Road to Recovery

A year ago, Ms. Sesker seemed on the road to recovery. She had stopped using drugs, was counseling prostitutes for a nonprofit group and was engaged to marry the father of her daughter, Nikia. But she could not stay off the drugs. And now she is back on the streets, while relatives care for Nikia, who is 3.

On a recent evening she was wearing a pink denim shirt with a rolled-up pink T-shirt to tie back her hair. Her feet clicked in clear plastic heels. Tucked under her arm were magazines, a box of chocolate cakes, a clear plastic purse stuffed with dollar bills and a pack of cigarettes.

''I don't want to be here anymore,'' she said, tears streaming down her face. ''I really just want to get the hell out of here.'' She was upset that a police officer had told her to stop loitering a few hours before. She called her stepfather to complain, but he did not answer. Turning to a visitor, she tearfully said she just wanted to check into a motel to shower and watch television.

''I don't take watching television for granted anymore,'' she said. ''I don't take baths for granted. Or washing my hands. Simple things. I just don't take any of it for granted anymore.''

She said she hoped that a cousin would bring her $65 for the motel room. But it seemed clear that no one was coming.

''I guess I'll have to find a date,'' she said, then walked off toward the darkening avenue.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Nicole Sesker, top, and her stepfather, Leonard D. Hamm, have struggled with her addiction. (Photo by David Y. Lee for The New York Times)

(Photo by Steve Ruark for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Sonya Moore and Namhyun Kim, members of the Baltimore Police Department's community affairs unit, passed out pamphlets and talked with residents of Baltimore. (Photo by David Y. Lee for the New York Times)

Nicole Sesker, 36, showed an undated photograph of herself as a child. Ms. Sesker, who is addicted to heroin, says she is desperately ready to kick her drug habit. (Photo by Steve Ruark for The New York Times)(pg. A11)

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[***ABOUT BOOKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NT70-0038-D3J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Shirley Horner

**Body**

AFTER the fires of controversy cool, an artist too strongly identified with the struggles risks oblivion. Indeed, it often seems these days to Bernarda Bryson Shahn that not many remember Ben Shahn, her husband and once one of America's most popular painters, who spent the last three decades of his life in Roosevelt, where she still lives.

How persistently Shahn fervently embraced the political causes of the times is the subject of an acute and significant book, ''Ben Shahn: New Deal Artist in a Cold War Climate, 1947-1954,'' by Frances K. Pohl. The new study takes up Shahn's life after he had made a choice, to shun Abstract Expressionism for figurative art, a style ''to clearly convey the stories he wanted to tell.''

Thus, in the 30's, the socially relevant content of Shahn's paintings reflected aspects of the New Deal era. In the 40's, still responding to contemporary causes, Shahn's art not only aided the war effort but also bolstered labor unions then organizing workers to support the Democratic Party.

''For Full Employment After the War: Register/Vote'' is the title of a poster that Shahn created in 1944 for the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee; its image of two welders, one black and one white, was widely reproduced in union halls, newsletters and magazines across the country. Although visually effective, the sketch, as Dr. Pohl notes in her book (University of Texas, Austin; $24.95), met the criticism that Shahn would face throughout his career - that he had created propaganda, not art.

Five years earlier, before Shahn became chief artist of the graphics division of the newly founded Congress of Industrial Organizations, he had moved to Roosevelt, then known as Jersey Homesteads, an experimental community begun in 1936 in Monmouth County. How the 41-year-old Brooklynite, already a famed figure, came to settle there was directly connected to his art.

In 1937, Shahn had been commissioned by the Farm Security Administration to paint a mural for a community center in Homesteads, and, as he reflected in an interview for The New Yorker magazine in 1962, he found the place ''unique''; it was settled by garment workers from Manhattan who like himself were liberal Democrats who ''revered'' President Roosevelt. As Edwin Rosskam, one of Shahn's neighbors, recalled in a folksy memoir, ''Roosevelt, New Jersey: Big Dreams in a Small Town and What Time Did to Them'' (Grossman Publishers), here was a small town of ''staunch, quarrelsome, socialist-oriented individualists'' where a ''powerful personality'' like Shahn, ceaselessly relishing ''fierce arguments'' against injustice, could feel at home.

But the beginnings of Shahn's lifelong dedication to humanitarian issues trace back even further. Born in Kovno, Lithuania, into a family of craftsmen in 1898 and emigrating to the United States seven years later, he had displayed talents for drawing at an early age. As a teen-ager, he worked as a lithographer while completing his education at night. When he entered the National Academy of Design in 1922, he had nine years of professional drawing experience.

Two years later, he made the artist's traditional pilgrimage abroad, so that not surprisingly, as Dr. Kenneth W. Prescott comments in ''Prints and Posters of Ben Shahn'' (Dover Publications), Shahn's paintings ''reflected the influence of Europe's Postimpressionist masters.''

In a lecture he gave at Harvard in 1956 (his talks there have published by that university's press as ''The Shape of Content''), Shahn looked back on such derivative art as having ''a nice professional look about it.'' But for ''the critic within,'' it was another story.

''Is that enough? Is that all?'' Such were the questions that had plagued him until ''I began to realize that how professional my work might appear, even however original it might be, it still did not contain the central person which, for good or ill, was myself.''

First with a series of portraits based on the Dreyfus case, then with a group of paintings related to the Sacco-Vanzetti trial and executions, he began to sense that ''my own work was becoming identified with my person,'' as well as the ''highly rewarding'' response from ''an entirely new kind of public, a great influx of people who do not ordinarily visit galleries.''

In becoming an artist ''entranced by the social dream,'' Shahn turned away from the ''mass movement'' known as Abstraction, taking hold in the 1940's - an art he described as ''cubes and cones and threads and swirls of paint,'' devoid of self-commitment or idea.

For Dr. Pohl, a native of British Columbia who is a professor of art history at Pomona College in California, it was Shahn's absorption with those social and political ideas and with his insistence on an art of recognizable images that ''drew me,'' she said in an interview.

Although in the 1970's it seemed that Shahn, according to Dr. Pohl, had ''disappeared from the front ranks of the art world,'' his concepts of art appealed to her background. Not only is Kimberly, B.C., she explained, ''a mining town where my grandfather worked in the mine for 30 years, but my mother's parents came from Italy after World War I.''

Naturally, she said, ''I was drawn to Shahn because of his sympathy for ***working-class*** life and especially because of his Sacco and Vanzetti series with its Italian-anarchist heroes.''

True, as Dr. Pohl writes, ''history does not repeat itself'' - and yet. Try to read her chapter ''Defending Civil Liberties at Home and the American Image Abroad'' without thinking of the current debates over financing the National Endowment for the Arts and imposing constraints on artists.

Initially, Dr. Pohl indicates that the 1950's had begun favorably enough for Shahn. His paintings were appearing in major group exhibitions at the Whitney, the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art, and they sold for sums of $450 to $2,000.

But the 50's had also begun ''with a new emphasis on the threat of communism,'' an urgency to ''exorcise the tiniest shadow of anti-Americanism'' - and the ominous ''proliferations of atomic weapons.'' On the podium, Shahn called for ''a resurgence of humanism among artists,'' for concern with ''the implications of man's way of life,'' and he joined groups like the New Jersey Committee for Peaceful Alternatives and the American Continental Congress for World Peace.

In 1952, Counterattack, the newsletter that listed people suspected of Communist associations, came out with a lengthy attack on Shahn because, for example, his images had appeared in leftist publications.

Dr. Pohl's book says that CBS, for which Shahn had executed an ad promoting the network's coverage of the coming Presidential conventions, blacklisted him until 1955.

Shahn's involvement with the peace movement in New Jersey ''appears to have been of particular interestto the F.B.I. in the early fifties,'' Dr. Pohl writes. Although Shahn would admit he might have joined groups now being declared ''subversive,'' he ''had never been a member of the Communist Party.'' Later the file on him was closed, although, Dr. Pohl writes, it was reopened a number of times over the next 13 years.

Shahn's audience further widened in the 50's and 60's while he courageously pursued what he called his credo: that the artist, in ''keeping his integrity,'' must supply ''some of the moral stamina our country needs.''

Among his memorable prints are those in support of the civil rights movement. When three young civil rights volunteers were killed in Mississippi in 1964, Shahn, as Dr. Prescott writes, ''reacted with characteristic compassion and energy,'' and his portfolio of the three martyrs ''was his way of expressing his shock and anger.''

Before his death in 1969, Shahn's return to the Jewish traditions of his youth further distinguished his prodigious career. He completed 50 drawings, known as the Hallelujah Suite, magnificent drawings of biblical themes, striking for their calligraphy of skillfully fashioned Hebrew letters.

Although the New Jersey State Museum has the complete collection of Shahn's graphic work, some of the most zealous collecting of his art is taking place in Berkeley, Calif., where since 1979 Dr. Stephen Lee Taller, a physician, has been amassing an archive of Shahn memorabilia. His data base holds almost 6,000 listings about Shahn's paintings, drawings, posters, book illustrations and photographs.

For Bernarda Shahn, who is also an author, illustrator and artist, the ''seeming decline of my husband's work'' is not troubling, she said. What is more important, she said, is ''the innate quality of his art, which gives it its validity as art without respect to the styles of the times.'' The treatment accorded to Shahn's work in other countries, for example Italy and Japan, affirms, she said, ''that his reputation goes beyond the events of the present.'' At present, Mrs. Shahn is writing a book about her husband. ''And one should not forget,'' she added, ''that every writer - even I - who writes about art is writing about his or her own point of view.

My recommendation is that if you want to know Ben Shahn, go to almost any museum in the country and look at the work. What you will feel about what's before you means more that what is said about it.''

**Graphic**

Photos; Ben Shahn at his studio in Roosevelt in 1968 and ''The Passion of Sacco and Venzetti,'' from series done in 1931-1932; ''English Hallelujah'' from Hallelujah Suite drawings; 1944 Poster for C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee; Ben Shahn's blend of art and politics (NYT)

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[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4746-RCC0-01CN-H09C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2249 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "ALL OR NOTHING," starring Timothy Spall, Lesley Manville and Alison Garland. Directed by Mike Leigh (R, 128 minutes). After his foray into period drama and the mysteries of artistic collaboration in "Topsy Turvy," Mr. Leigh returns to more familiar terrain: the hard luck and domestic distress of the contemporary English ***working class***. Mr. Spall and Ms. Manville play the depressed, bickering couple at the center of the drama, whose love for each other has been ground down by the routines of work and the unpleasantness of their children. But though the members of this family -- and the neighbors and coworkers whose equally unhappy lives round out the movie -- are frequently shown at their worst, it is impossible not to identify with them, or to love them as Mr. Leigh does. His tough, democratic generosity of spirit is evident in every frame (A. O. Scott).

"AUTO FOCUS," starring Greg Kinnear, Willem Dafoe and Rita Wilson. Directed by Paul Schrader (R, 104 minutes). In the tawdry life and violent demise of Bob Crane, star of the television sitcom "Hogan's Heroes," Mr. Schrader has found a subject well suited to his preoccupations with sex, pornography and the existential agony of self-deluded men. As played by Mr. Kinnear, Crane is an affable, charming fellow undone by fame, promiscuity and videotape. His sex addiction is made creepier by his compulsion to record his trysts with the aid of technology supplied by John Carpenter (Mr. Dafoe), a video expert who was later tried in Crane's murder, and acquitted (a verdict the film regards with implicit skepticism). Despite Mr. Kinnear's smart, vivid performance, the movie keeps Crane at a distance. Mr. Schrader is ultimately less interested in the man than in the condition, and he has produced a moral tale that is chilling and disturbing but never really moving (Scott).

\* "BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE," with Michael Moore. Written and directed by Mr. Moore (R, 119 minutes). Mr. Moore's latest documentary -- a rambling inquiry into the sources of violence and fear in American culture -- is tendentious and infuriating, full of ideological cheap shots and bullying interviews. It is also generous, disturbing, honest and funny. Since the subject, which sometimes seems to be nothing less than the nature of American society itself, is large and self-contradictory, it seems only fitting that the film (and the filmmaker) should share those attributes. The movie, populated by scapegoats, fools and striving, decent ordinary citizens -- in addition, of course, to Mr. Moore himself -- really does present an argument, but it should incite quite a few, which is not such a bad thing (Scott).

"COMEDIAN," with Jerry Seinfeld. Directed by Christian Charles (R, 81 minutes). Having starred in one of the most successful television sitcoms ever, Mr. Seinfeld decided to break into the small time, returning to the comedy clubs where he cut his teeth and trying to put together an entirely new act. Mr. Charles's film, shot in grainy, low-light video, shows snippets of the act and provides glimpses of Mr. Seinfeld's offstage life, but its main concern is the professional culture of stand-up. In the company of his peers, Mr. Seinfeld reflects on the hard work and anxiety of his profession, and his efforts to keep his career going are contrasted with the struggle of a young comic named Orny Adams to start one. The movie is always engrossing, even if it is, inevitably, somewhat superficial. Not that there's anything wrong with that (Scott).

"FORMULA 51," starring Samuel L. Jackson, Robert Carlyle and Emily Mortimer. Directed by Ronny Yu (R, 92 minutes). Mr. Jackson, who wears a kilt, plays Elmo McElroy, an outlaw pharmacist with a formula for a super-potent recreational drug stronger than any known narcotic, stimulant or hallucinogen. This witlessly profane, pointlessly violent picture, on the other hand, is alternately soporific and emetic. Elmo, on the run from the Los Angeles drug dealer he double-crossed, teams up with a Liverpool lowlife (Mr. Carlyle) and his ex-girlfriend (Ms. Mortimer), a hired assassin. Mr. Yu's caffeinated style generates neither humor nor suspense, and the movie comes off as a dumbed-down version of "Snatch" or "Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels," if you can imagine such a thing (Scott).

"FRIDA," starring Salma Hayek, Alfred Molina and Geoffrey Rush. Directed by Julie Taymor (R, 122 minutes). Ms. Taymor's celebration of the life of the Mexican surrealist painter Frida Kahlo almost transcends the limitations of the biopic genre. Yes, the events of Kahlo's passionate, painful life are flattened out and crowded together, and no, we don't really understand her any better at the end of the movie, but when it departs from the conventions of realism, "Frida" explodes with color, music and sensuality. Ms. Hayek plays the artist with more charisma than insight, and her scenes with Mr. Molina (who plays Diego Rivera, Kahlo's straying, devoted husband) are clunky and literal, but Ms. Taymor is a playful, inventive and emotionally astute filmmaker constrained (as her subject rarely was) by convention. This is a responsible, pat film biography that wants most desperately to be a musical, and that almost succeeds (Scott).

"MOONLIGHT MILE," starring Jake Gyllenhaal, Dustin Hoffman, Susan Sarandon and Ellen Pompeo. Written and directed by Brad Silberling (PG-13, 123 minutes). Mr. Silberling's picture, loosely based on events in his own life, could easily have turned into what Ms. Sarandon's character, the grieving mother of a murdered young woman, calls a "cliche parade." The subject -- a family and a fiance struggling to come to grips with their devastating loss -- is ripe for overdramatic sentimentality. Though its conclusion is too tidily therapeutic, and though elements of its story (especially Ms. Pompeo's sad, waifish postal worker) strain credibility, "Moonlight Mile" has an understated, lived-in quality and a wry, unforced sense of the absurd. The soundtrack of early 1970's album cuts (including the title song, from the Rolling Stones' "Sticky Fingers") certainly helps. Mr. Gyllenhaal's performance as the fiance, in particular, is smart and unpredictable, a portrait of Vietnam-era youthful indecision that reminds you of the young Dustin Hoffman. The real Mr. Hoffman, meanwhile, plays the murder victim's father, who clings to his not-quite son-in-law as a way of holding onto his lost daughter (Scott).

\* "PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE," starring Adam Sandler and Emily Watson. Written and directed by Paul Thomas Anderson (R, 97 minutes). In collaboration with Mr. Anderson ("Boogie Nights," "Magnolia"), Mr. Sandler, without shaking off his familiar angry doofus persona, becomes the most improbable and inspired romantic hero in some time. He plays Barry Egan, an awkward, volatile bathroom-supply salesman who collects pudding in his spare time and who is harassed by his seven sisters and ensnared in a phone-sex extortion scam. Into the chaos of Barry's life -- brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Anderson, with help from John Brion, who composed the swooning, percussive score -- comes Lena Leonard (Ms. Watson), who falls in love with him for no good reason. Which is fitting, since this movie delights in its own irrational, exuberant romanticism and will leave you in a flushed, intoxicated state best captured by its title (Scott).

"RED DRAGON," starring Anthony Hopkins, Edward Norton and Ralph Fiennes. Directed by Brett Ratner (R, 126 minutes). In "Dragon," Hannibal (the Cannibal) Lecter is played once again with relish -- and probably wasabi mayonnaise -- by Mr. Hopkins. But Lecter is such a huge presence at this point that he capsizes the picture's narrative, which is presumably a manhunt for a serial murderer other than Lecter. Lecter is in prison, but a killer is attacking families in their homes on a lunar cycle. The F.B.I. asks Will Graham (Mr. Norton), a retired agent, to help find him before the next full moon. So Graham asks Lecter for help. The best material in the picture is sparkling, drawing-room comedy, like the exchanges between Graham and Lecter. And there are gamey comic moments featuring Philip Seymour Hoffman as the tabloid reporter Freddy Lounds. But while Mr. Hopkins excels at Grand Guignol comic relief, it's tiresome because we've heard it all before. The entire picture is a third-generation Xerox copy: it's a thriller too timid to thrill (Elvis Mitchell).

"THE RING," starring Naomi Watts and David Dorfman. Directed by Gore Verbinski (PG-13, 115 minutes). This American remake of a famous Japanese suspense film is about an urban legend that has come to life: whenever a mysterious, unlabeled videotape is run, its unlucky viewer gets a phone call just after seeing it. The voice on the other end of the phone says simply, "Seven days." It's how long the viewer has to live; and the corpse looks like something out of a Francis Bacon daydream. When her niece dies after seeing the videotape, Rachel (Ms. Watts), a Seattle reporter, decides to investigate the rumors. And that's when "The Ring" begins its downward spiral. She watches the freakout tape, complete with suffering animals, a fly crawling across the screen and static-ridden flash cuts. Much of what follows consists of close-ups of the clues that Rachel, desperate to beat the clock and stay alive, sifts through to solve the mystery. But while impressively made, this impassive and cold feature fails, in a spectacular fashion, to deliver the thrills (Mitchell).

\* "ROGER DODGER," starring Campbell Scott, Jesse Eisenberg, Isabella Rossellini and Elizabeth Berkley. Written and directed by Dylan Kidd (R, 105 minutes). Roger Swanson (Mr. Scott), the slick motor-mouthed adman who jabbers his way through Mr. Kidd's impressive filmmaking debut, is one of those bar-room pundits who have an answer for everything, including a Darwinian philosophy of sex whose pseudo-scientific logic camouflages a deep misogyny. The movie follows Roger and Nick (Mr. Eisenberg), his innocent teenage nephew from Ohio, through a grueling night of New York pub-crawling during which Roger tutors Nick on how to pick up women. Mr. Scott's portrayal of this charismatic creep is a dazzling star turn and change of pace for an actor who usually plays earnest good guys (Stephen Holden).

"SWEET HOME ALABAMA," starring Reese Witherspoon, Josh Lucas and Patrick Dempsey. Directed by Andy Tennant (PG-13, 102 minutes). In this fluff ball of a fairy tale, Ms. Witherspoon is Melanie Carmichael, a rising New York fashion designer from humble Southern roots who is forced to choose between two Prince Charmings. One is the handsome, courtly son (Mr. Dempsey) of the mayor of New York, who showers her with roses and diamonds, the other her childhood sweetheart, the hunky Southern stud (Mr. Lucas) she left behind. Things are on course for her to marry the mayor's son until she returns to Pigeon Creek, Ala., to divorce the childhood sweetheart and discovers the flame still flickers. A star to her petite bones, Ms. Witherspoon charms her way through this wisp of a movie that peddles a fake populist sentimentality while jokingly refighting the Civil War with Melanie the winning side's trophy (Holden).

"THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLIE," starring Mark Wahlberg, Thandie Newton and Tim Robbins. Directed by Jonathan Demme (PG-13, 104 minutes). Ms. Newton plays the recently married Regina, who returns home to her spacious Paris flat to break off with her husband, Charlie, an art dealer. She finds him gone and the apartment ransacked. When Charlie's corpse turns up and a pack of mysterious strangers pop around threatening Regina and asking questions about a treasure that he supposedly left behind, she's stunned. The truth about Charlie is that everybody knew more about him than she did. Regina's first hope is Joshua (Mark Wahlberg), a helpful American. But when even Joshua turns out not to be what he seemed, she has to turn to Bartholomew (Mr. Robbins) at the American Embassy for help. This knockabout, moderately successful remake of the 1963 comic thriller "Charade" lacks the heartless, silken cool of the original. Most of the remake's allure comes from the sensual, butter-voiced Ms. Newton; with her Mr. Demme has found the 21st-century corollary to Audrey Hepburn (Mitchell).

\* "WHITE OLEANDER," starring Michelle Pfeiffer, Alison Lohman, Renee Zellweger and Robin Wright Penn. Directed by Peter Kosminsky (PG-13, 110 minutes). Janet Fitch's best-selling novel about the tormented relationship of an artist, imprisoned for murdering her unfaithful lover, and her teenage daughter, who is shuttled through a succession of foster homes, has been adapted into a movie of unusual depth and subtlety that captures several moods of Los Angeles. Ms. Pfeiffer gives the most complex screen performance of her career as the beautiful mother, a remorseless narcissist, who raises her daughter to believe the two of them are superior to ordinary mortals. Ms. Lohman's equally impressive portrayal of the daughter, herself a talented artist, maintains a perfectly calibrated balance between resentment and adoration. Ms. Zellweger and Ms. Penn are also memorable as foster mothers, one an insecure, clinging sometime B-movie actress, the other a trashy former stripper (Holden).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Willem Dafoe, left, and Greg Kinnear in "Auto Focus," about the life and death of Bob Crane. (Frank Masi/Sony Pictures Clasics); Mark Wahlberg and Thandie Newton in Jonathan Demme's "Truth About Charlie." (Ken Regan/Camera 5, for Universal Studios)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2002

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T7S-CSK0-007F-G2HR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***On the Road to Utopia in a Fractious France - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T7S-CSK0-007F-G2HR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By ALAN RIDING

By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

MANUEL POIRIER'S movie career got off to a slow start. He was 40 by the time his first film was released, and even then, forced to act as his own producer, he could afford only one print. Yet, somehow, the right people saw it and liked it and the doors that Mr. Poirier had been knocking on for years suddenly opened. Within two years he had made three more movies, and the last of these, "Western," won the Grand Jury Prize at the 1997 Cannes International Film Festival.

No small wonder that this stocky, balding Frenchman describes himself as a realistic utopian. His original utopia was to make films, and while he had neither the background nor the contacts to do so, he never doubted that he would succeed. Now he is applying his optimism to France's complex social situation. While he worries that French anxiety about immigration is feeding support for the extreme rightist National Front, he believes that different nationalities and races can, and do, coexist happily in France. In "Western," which opens in New York on Friday, he set out to demonstrate this.

"I need to believe in utopia and a social utopia," he said the other day in an interview in a small hotel in Montmartre. "A few years ago, when I threw out my ideas, people would say, 'That's utopian,' and the discussion would end. Now if they say that, I keep going."

So, into "Western," a French version of the classic road movie, he has inserted themes of friendship, love and identity as seen through the eyes of a Spaniard, a Russian, an African and a good number of natives of Brittany, where the film is set. The choice of Brittany is not accidental. Since the time of Napoleon, this westernmost corner of France has struggled to preserve its own culture, language and identity despite pressure for national uniformity emanating from Paris. Brittany knows only too well what it is like to be different and not accepted.

Still, for all the seriousness of Mr. Poirier's message in "Western," it is presented with humor and poignancy. Paco, a burly Spaniard played by Sergi Lopez, is a traveling shoe salesman who gives a ride to a hitchhiker, a slightly built Russian immigrant called Nino (Sacha Bourdo). When Paco stops to investigate a noise, Nino drives off in the car, which is full of expensive shoes. Forlorn at the certainty of losing his job, Paco is given a lift to the nearest police station by Marinette (Elisabeth Vitali), who in turn feels sorry for him and offers him a couch for the night.

The following morning, sipping a coffee morosely in a local bar-tabac, Paco spots Nino walking toward him. He chases him and beats him up sufficiently for Nino to end up in a hospital. But Paco soon feels guilty, and when he visits the injured Russian, he is touched by Nino's explanation that the stolen car represented his only hope of ever picking up a woman. Paco has never had this problem. Indeed, he is getting along famously with Marinette until she suggests that they test their new love by separating for three weeks. By now recovered, Nino is ready to hit the road again. And Paco, at a loose end until his trial separation from Marinette is over, reluctantly joins him.

WITH Nino still looking for love and Paco evicted by love, their friendship is then forged by a series of adventures and mishaps. On the way, they meet Baptiste (Basile Siekous), a self-proclaimed Breton even though he comes from the Ivory Coast, who is ever cheerful although he gets around only by wheelchair. He shares with them a game called Bonjour la France, in which they sit in an outdoor cafe and say good morning to passers-by. Some ignore them; others offer the expected French response of "Bonjour, monsieur." One man gives the amused Baptiste an equally sincere suggestion: "Go back to your own country."

The feel-good mood of the film was evidently a welcome antidote to the pessimism that had become fashionable here of late (at least until France won the World Cup soccer championship this month). And this no doubt helped the movie to earn excellent reviews in French newspapers. Writing in Le Monde, though, Jacques Mandelbaum wondered whether the moral of "this multicultural fable" was not a trifle optimistic. "It stems from the fiction that, no matter where he is born, no matter where he lives, everyone feels at home in this world," he wrote.

Could it be that Mr. Poirier identifies with outsiders because he was born in Peru of French parents who returned to France to live in the Paris suburbs when he was 4? Perhaps, he conceded. A more likely explanation, though, is the road-movie-like life he led before he finally realized his dream of making films. "I was inside society and outside because I was looking for myself," he said softly.

After dropping out of school at 16, he did a series of odd jobs until he seemed to find a metier as a cabinetmaker. He felt trapped, though, and soon moved on, at one moment working as a volunteer at a prison, at another teaching carpentry to underprivileged children in a community center. But the idea of movies stayed with him.

"When I was a teen-ager, just the fact of seeing a film made me feel less lonely," he said. "I realized that through a film you could share an emotion, a sensation, a point of view, a reflection. And I thought, 'Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to share your feelings this way?' One day the idea simply became too strong, so I stopped work and decided to make films."

He began in the late 1980's with three short films, which were shown in festivals and on television. But his relative success with shorts provided no bridge to feature films. He wrote his first screenplay, "La Petite Amie d'Antonio," or "Antonio's Girlfriend," about a young woman's love for an immigrant Spanish construction worker, but he could find no backer. Depressed by his problems, he left Paris and moved to the tiny Normandy village of Morsan, 100 miles to the north. And there, one strange evening, he shook off his blues.

"I went to collect milk from the nearby farmer," Mr. Poirier recalled. "He was watching an interview on television with a movie director who was recounting the success of his latest film. I remember walking out of the farmhouse and thinking, 'What am I doing in this village when that other director is on television?' And that somehow gave me a burst of energy."

Still unable to raise the money for a full-length film, he tapped funds available for shorts and made the first 20 minutes of "La Petite Amie d'Antonio." Then, after showing this appetizer to a French television company, he was able to acquire the rest of the film's modest $400,000 budget. The film's good notices led him to the producer Maurice Bernart, who backed Mr. Poirier's second movie, ". . . a la Campagne," or ". . . to the Countryside," a semi-autobiographical story about a Parisian man who moves to Normandy. Next came "Marion," a somewhat darker film that touches on class tensions and differences through the story of a wealthy Parisian couple with a weekend mansion in Normandy who try to adopt a little girl from a ***working-class*** family.

While these two films did modestly well, "Western" is clearly Mr. Poirier's breakthrough film in France: it has drawn 1.2 million viewers. And it is his first film to be released in the United States. It also reinforces a nascent trend in French movies to turn away from the concerns of middle-class Parisians to what non-Parisians like to call "real people." For the director, though, it simply involved pulling together themes that have long interested him.

"I always wanted to make a road movie, and the savagery and isolation of Brittany worked well for that," he explained, lighting a cigarette and sipping a beer. "I had been dealing with the question of friendship in earlier movies and I wanted to go further to address the question of identity. I also wanted to make a film about love. Then suddenly, all these elements came together: the road, Brittany, two friends, identity, the question of being different, women, love."

The choice of Mr. Lopez, 38, as Paco was almost automatic. Mr. Lopez's movie debut was as Antonio in Mr. Poirier's first feature film. After that film was completed, in what the French call a "coup de coeur," the rookie director said he wanted Mr. Lopez to appear in every film he made, even if only in a walk-on part. For Paco's partner in "Western," Mr. Poirier sought a different image, "someone small, with an accent, not too successful with girls, not from the Mediterranean." Mr. Bourdo, 36, a theater actor, acrobat and mime who moved to France from Russia in 1990, proved the perfect fit.

"When we were making 'Western,' we weren't thinking about Cannes or success or anything," Mr. Bourdo said in a telephone interview from Marseilles, where he is working on a new film. "We were just living the adventure that Manuel Poirier had put us into. The film was like a voyage. We made a very good trip with Manuel. Sergi became my best friend, and Manuel was great. For me, our society today is not normal, but Manuel is normal. He is fair, so he's different."

Mr. Poirier decided to shoot "Western" chronologically, but he said that this approach suited a road movie in which the story was evolving and improvisation was possible, and in which Mr. Lopez and Mr. Bourdo could gradually build up their real friendship. In the process, Mr. Poirier was able to find his new utopia.

"In 'Western,' in contrast to the unhealthy atmosphere in much of France, there is the reality of very different people who can live together," he said. "They may be a minority, but I know they exist in France. You have a Spaniard, a Russian, an African, whites, who can all laugh together. It's not the reality of the country, but it is a reality. It exists, so it is less utopia. But perhaps it was utopia that enabled me to make the film."

**Correction**

An article on page 9 of the Arts and Leisure section today about the French film "Western" misstates its opening date in New York. It was two days ago, not next Friday.

**Correction-Date:** July 26, 1998, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: ODD COUPLE Sacha Bourdo, left, as a Russian immigrant who befriends a Spanish traveling salesman played by Sergi Lopez, right, in "Western." The film won the Grand Jury Prize at Cannes in 1997. (New Yorker Films) (pg. 9); OPTIMISTIC REALIST Manuel Poirier filming "Western." (New Yorker Films) (pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** July 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/The East Village;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41XC-C790-00MH-F0KD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***From Mean Streets to Cutting-Edge - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41XC-C790-00MH-F0KD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By MAGGIE GARB

By MAGGIE GARB

**Body**

IN 1967, when Tom Birchard started waiting on tables at Veselka, a Ukrainian diner on Second Avenue at Ninth Street, the East Village was a somewhat battered ***working-class*** neighborhood. On summer evenings, children played stickball in the street while adults sat on lawn chairs on the sidewalks or on stoops, chatting with neighbors. There was a club where reputed mobsters met, and there were pawn shops, Italian bakeries, Jewish delicatessens and car mechanics repairing tires and rebuilding motors on the side walk.

"It was pretty quiet during the day, since everybody went to work, but in the evenings there was a real street social scene," Mr. Birchard said. "All that has changed. It's almost a completely different place today."

Now an owner of Veselka, Mr. Birchard lives in the East Village with his wife, Sally Haddock, a veterinarian, and their three children. He is one of a handful of residents who has watched the tumultuous changes in the neighborhood that runs from the Bowery and Fourth Avenue to the East River between Houston and 14th Streets.

In the late 60's, rents in the East Village were cheap. Hippies, artists and musicians moved into run-down tenement apartments. Jazz clubs and coffeehouses sponsoring poetry readings and evenings of folk music began appearing. But by the mid-70's, as the city's economy bottomed out, the neighborhood fell on hard times.

"All that optimism disappeared, almost overnight," Mr. Birchard said. "The neighborhood became crime and drug ridden. It was a dangerous place for quite a few years."

Twenty years later, the neighborhood changed again as drug sales and crime disappeared and college students, followed by affluent young professionals, began renting and buying apartments.

"It's been a lot of years since I heard of anybody getting mugged, and the drug problem is vastly improved," Mr. Birchard said.

Though the Russian and Turkish Baths are still open on 10th Street, many of the old bakeries and Russian coffeehouses have been replaced by restaurants, bars and boutiques that cater to a younger, hipper crowd. Along the avenues and side streets there are tattoo parlors, cybercafes, vintage clothing stores and shops selling every style of lingerie.

The neighborhood continues to attract artists, actors and musicians. It is home to some of the city's cutting-edge performance spaces, including P.S. 122, the New York Theater Workshop and the WOW Cafe. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, the Episcopal church at the corner of Second Avenue and 10th Street, has provided a home for the experimental theater work of Richard Foreman since the late 60's. The church also provides office and performance spaces for dance and poetry organizations.

"The church is very supportive of the arts," said the Rev. Julio Torres, priest in charge at St. Mark's. "The space is constantly used for rehearsal or dance performances or poetry readings. The neighborhood has changed a great deal. It has grown much more expensive to live here, but the arts have stayed on."

In 1996, police removed about 100 squatters who had lived in long-neglected city-owned tenements on 13th Street for more than a decade. Such abandoned spaces would be hard to find today. Building owners, aware of the growing demand for apartments in lower Manhattan, began raising rents and converting tenements to co-ops and condominiums about five years ago.

Prices for co-ops and condominiums have quadrupled since 1996, said Jordan Gitterman, an owner of Magnum Realty, which specializes in East Village properties. Though most buildings in the neighborhood remain rental, condominiums are going on the market with prices ranging from $250,000 for one bedroom to $450,000 for three bedrooms.

"Before this big swing in the 90's, this was a pretty rough area," Mr. Gitterman said. "There are still some rough blocks, but it has changed from a low-income area to a trendy, hip area for young people."

One recent condo conversion is a 20-unit building on East Fourth Street, between Avenues B and C. The building's history encapsulates much of the neighborhood's last hundred years. Built as a church rectory in the early 20th century, the building was later sold and used as a yeshiva for Eastern European boys. It was vacated sometime in the late 60's, reopened as an arena for amateur boxing matches 10 years later and then was boarded up until it was sold to Urbatech Designers and Builders in 1989, said one of the company's owners, Yoram Finkelstein.

Urbatech renovated the building and put the apartments on the market in the early 1990's, but found no buyers. "We had an ad in the paper in the early 90's, and people would call and hear it was on Avenue C and they would just hang up," Mr. Finkelstein said.

AFTER renting the apartments for a decade, the company put the apartments on the market again in September and sold more than half in two months. Prices run from $340,000 for two bedrooms, to $380,000 for a one-bedroom unit with a roof terrace to $425,000 for a three-bedroom unit, he said.

Even more surprising to many longtime residents is the steep rise in rents in the last five years. Apartments that rented 10 years ago for $500 or $600 now go for two or three times that. Studio apartments rent for $1,300 to $1,400, one-bedrooms go for $1,700 to $1,800 and two- and three-bedroom apartments run as high as $3,000, said Jack Bick, owner of Charaton Realty.

"If you want to live in the East Village, you better be prepared to pay a lot of money," he said. "The only way to get anything for under $1,000 is to share a bedroom."

He and other area brokers attribute the rapid rise in rents to New York University students who began flowing into the neighborhood in the mid-90's. Most of the neighborhood's apartments fall under the city's rent regulation laws, which generally permit landlords to raise rent by 20 percent for new tenants, and the rapid turnover in student tenants has propelled rents upward. Since students tend to stay in apartments for just a couple of years, landlords can raise the rent when the students graduate and move on.

"By their third and fourth year in college, all the students want to live in the East village," Mr. Bick said. "And Mommy and Daddy say, 'O.K., we'll foot the bill.' "

N.Y.U. currently owns two buildings in the neighborhood: a large performance and classroom building on Second Avenue and a dormitory for 84 students on Seventh Street, said an N.Y.U. spokesman, John Beckman.

Not everyone is pleased with the changes in the neighborhood. Many longtime residents and recent immigrants are finding it difficult to find affordable housing in the East Village. Even some of those living in rent-regulated apartments are feeling the pressure.

"We've seen a lot of people who are priced out or pushed out," said Melissa Aase, program director for Project Home, a nonprofit housing advocacy group based at the University Settlement, a community center on Norfolk Street. "New landlords knowing they can get much higher rents are using extreme tactics to encourage people to leave regulated apartments."

Ms. Aase's organization has worked with tenants in 10 East Village buildings in the past two years. In each case, landlords were pressuring tenants to move out of rent-regulated apartments, she said. Sometimes the building owners withheld repairs, other times they turned off the heat, and some sued to evict tenants in Housing Court.

"An eviction case is the easiest thing," Ms. Aase said. "If people are Cantonese-speaking or Spanish-speaking, it's easy to take them to court. They often don't know what their rights are, and they don't have legal representation."

Until recently, the East Village's public schools were considered an obstacle to improving the community. The neighborhood falls within District 1, which is the smallest in the city. Its schools, built for the vast numbers of eastern and southern European immigrants flowing into the neighborhood in the early 20th century, were left half empty in the early 70's.

But a new district superintendent, the opening of a handful of charter schools and the arrival of some highly motivated educators have transformed several of the neighborhood's elementary schools. Among the standouts are the Children's Workshop School, founded by a group of teachers in 1993, which mixes students of different ages and abilities and uses literature instead of reading textbooks; the experimental Earth School, opened in 1992, where children learn, in the words of "The Parents' Guide to New York City's Best Public Elementary Schools," by Clara Hemphill, "ecocentrism, recycling, healthy habits and peace"; and the Neighborhood School, which uses no textbooks.

Ms. Hemphill also highlights P.S. 19, which features a variety of special programs in the performing and visual arts, along with an alternative program in which English- and Spanish-speaking students share a classroom and are taught intensely in both languages. All of the schools run from prekindergarten to grade six. None require entrance exams.

"We integrate the arts as a natural part of the school day," said P.S. 19's principal, Ivan Kushner. "This community has a lot of people who are interested in the arts, and so we use that in our program."

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about living in the East Village misstated the name of a real estate agency. It is S. Charatan Realty, not Charaton.

**Correction-Date:** December 24, 2000, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Second Avenue between Seventh and Eighth Street in the East Village, which now draws a younger crowd.; The south side of Seventh Street between Avenue A and First Avenue; Tompkins Square Park; St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery. (Photographs by Frances Roberts for The New York Times); On the Market: 2-bedroom 625-square-foot co-op at 546 East 11th Street, $329,000.; 2-bedroom, 2-bath condominium at 217 East Seventh Street, $535,000.; 2-bedroom, 2-bath condominium at 175 East Second Street, $849,000.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

POPULATION: 64,756 (1997 estimate).

AREA: 0.65 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $34,201 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $450,000.

MEDIAN PRICE ONE YEAR AGO: $350,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $150,000.

MIDRANGE RENT ON A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,500.

MIDRANGE PRICE ONE YEAR AGO: $1,200.

MIDRANGE PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $900.

GOVERNMENT: City Councilwoman Kathryn E. Freed, Democrat.

CODES: Area, 212, 646, 917; ZIP, 10009.

STUYVESANT'S FARM: Much of the western section of the East Village was once a farm owned by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch director general of the New Netherland colony in the 17th century. A harsh and autocratic ruler, Stuyvesant surrendered the colony to England in 1664. According to the American Institute of Architects Guide to New York City, Stuyvesant's country house sat roughly at the intersection of 10th and Stuyvesant Streets. The Bowery -- or Bouwerie, Dutch for plantation -- ran along the southwestern edge of Stuyvesant's estate. Stuyvesant is buried in a vault in the cemetery of St Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, which stands on the site of what once was the Stuyvesant family chapel at the corner of Second Avenue and 10th Street.

Map showing the location of The East Village.

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[***TALKING MONEY WITH DAN MARINO; Playing It Cautious After the Game's Over***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:477M-DS40-01CN-H1YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By GERALDINE FABRIKANT

**Body**

HOW comes the hard part.

For 15 years, Dan Marino just kept earning more money. Soon after joining the Miami Dolphins in 1983 with a four-year, $2.1 million contract, he became their star quarterback. By the time he retired after the 1999 season, he was earning $6 million a year.

In the interim, the high-school-handsome quarterback with the tousled hair and perfect high-arc passes became one of the most popular players in pro football. His indomitable spirit, which kept him on the field when he was so badly injured that even walking seemed tough, helped make him a legend in South Florida.

Some sports legends make it to both the Hall of Fame and bankruptcy court. But not Dan Marino. In all the years he was mesmerizing fans with his comeback drives, his contracts totaled about $50 million and he amassed a nest egg that associates now value at $40 million to $45 million. Although Mr. Marino declined to comment specifically, they say he has about $23 million in liquid assets, $15 million in personal real estate and several million dollars in private investments that include a golf course, office buildings and a bank.

He is still a big earner: as a co-host of "Inside the N.F.L." on HBO and "The N.F.L. Today" on CBS, Mr. Marino probably takes home about $2 million a year. And he continues to earn more than $1 million a year from endorsements for Nabisco, part of Kraft Foods, as well as AutoNation, the car dealership chain, associates say.

But the shift to a career as a sportscaster is a big one. Gone are the Sundays when Mr. Marino felt "like he was in control of the whole afternoon."

His TV performances have been successful. Since Mr. Marino joined CBS, it has narrowed the ratings gap with Fox's "N.F.L. Sunday." Still, there is no telling how long that career will last. Neither Joe Montana nor Joe Namath made it on television.

"When athletes play, they view themselves as invincible," said Marvin Demoff, Mr. Marino's longtime agent. "Once you stop playing and you go to the network, you realize that other people can do what you do, and lots of them don't work out."

While quarterbacks are expert at sizing up situations and overseeing split-second responses, Mr. Marino has shown little interest in playing that role on the investment turf. Mr. Marino rarely disagrees with his advisers.

The end of his playing career has already affected how Mr. Marino, 41, thinks about money. According to Mr. Demoff, two years ago Mr. Marino considered moving to a costlier home, with an estimated price of about $14 million, on Jupiter Island, Fla. Though cost was only one factor, he ultimately decided against it.

Not that he does not live well. He and his wife, Claire, and their six children -- including two adopted daughters -- live in a palatial Italian-style villa in Westin, Fla., near Ft. Lauderdale.

The formal living room -- with marble floors, velvet sofas and cathedral ceilings -- could be found in many a high-end house. But the family room bears the mark of Mr. Marino's fame. Aside from the requisite giant-screen television and oversize leather arm chairs, there are glass cabinets crammed with trophies.

A golf cart sits in the driveway alongside his 1989 Porsche -- the only car he owns, but not the only one he drives. AutoNation routinely lends him cars. He is now driving a Ford Excursion.

Sitting in his family room, dressed in blue slacks and a sports shirt, he talked somewhat hesitantly about his finances. He did not, in fact, seem greatly interested in investments. Frequently, he would refer either to Mr. Demoff, now a managing director for Neuberger Berman L.L.C., an asset management firm in New York, where he oversees a division that handles investments for athletes, or to his money manager, Francis Frankel, known as Shorty, also at Neuberger. "My business is me," Mr. Marino said. "I let them do the investing."

Though he has hung onto much of his fortune, Mr. Marino does not compare himself to stars like John Elway, once quarterback for the Denver Broncos, who built a series of car dealerships. "John prides himself on being a businessman," Mr. Marino said. "I never did." He can tick off some stocks he owns, but his first interest remains sports and his television programs.

He and his wife have done well in real estate, though, in part because prices in South Florida have risen so sharply. Their sun-washed yellow home, surrounded by bougainvillea, is not their only holding, though it is by far the costliest. One local real estate agent valued it at $8 million.

In 1991, they bought land on Jupiter Island, planning one day to build the beach house his wife wanted. "We paid about $1 million for the lot, but it was a great investment," he said. The land is now probably worth about $4 million, real estate agents say. The couple also own a small house elsewhere on Jupiter, valued about $1.5 million.

Two years ago, the Marinos saw that dream house, and contemplated selling the lot and the two houses they already owned.

BUT first Mr. Marino turned for advice to Mr. Demoff, who made a chart detailing how Mr. Marino's finances would change if he bought the house. At the time, Mr. Marino did not have two television deals, and Mr. Demoff concluded that with Mr. Marino's future earning power unsure, such a large purchase carried a certain risk.

"Once Dan saw that risk, he said, 'O.K., I will do nothing -- I will start worrying more about the future,' " Mr. Demoff recalled.

Mr. Marino's request for a detailed economic analysis of the move was no surprise to his advisers. "Dan has always been someone who asked: 'Am I doing O.K.?' " Mr. Demoff said. "He always worries."

Today about 60 percent of Mr. Marino's liquid portfolio is in stocks, and the balance in tax-free bonds. The money is managed by Mr. Frankel, who has worked with Mr. Marino since 1984. Over the last six years, the equity portfolio has risen 7 percent on an annualized basis, exceeding the S.& P. 500 by more than 1 percentage point a year.

Like many star athletes, Mr. Marino is frequently approached with ideas, often from restaurant chains. Some have worked. The Dan Marino Town Tavern, in which Mr. Marino traded his name and advertising clout for equity, is about to open a fifth restaurant in Florida. But he has also been burned. A restaurant chain in Texas, Italian Oven, failed. And an investment in Einstein Bagels also did poorly.

Mr. Marino has long been cautious about money. The only son of a driver who delivered newspapers, Mr. Marino and his two sisters grew up in a blue-collar Pittsburgh suburb, where his father frequently tossed a football with him in the backyard.

The family lived simply. "I don't remember my dad having any money," Mr. Marino said. "We lived week to week. On Fridays, my Dad did his books and paid his bills. He might have 40 bucks or 20 bucks for the week. We didn't go on vacation. We didn't leave Pennsylvania until they began recruiting me for colleges like Clemson and Notre Dame."

Like many ***working-class*** children, Dan Marino held a series of odd jobs, from mowing lawns to shoveling snow, but he dreamed of becoming a star athlete. While mowing lawns in the summer, he vowed he would never do that kind of work when he was older.

He was so obsessed with sports that he did not watch much television or show an interest in cars, his father, Dan Marino Sr., recalled. In fact, three learner's permits expired before the young athlete finally got his license at 18.

At the University of Pittsburgh, he was a star quarterback, but he was only the 27th selection in the National Football League 1983 draft. Finally the Miami Dolphins' head coach, Don Shula, grabbed him.

Mr. Marino's father introduced him to Mr. Demoff, then a well-known agent and lawyer. When "I first met Dan, he had no sense at all about money," Mr. Demoff recalled.

After he signed with the Dolphins, "I remember putting $50,000 in the bank and living my first season off it," Mr. Marino said. "I had a car. I got myself a nice new stereo and I was happy."

Mr. Marino was quickly befriended by Steve Clark, a Miami lineman whose father, Spence Clark, was a money manager in Utah. Mr. Marino hired the elder Mr. Clark to handle his investments.

Mr. Clark put some of Mr. Marino's money in real estate tax shelters, which were already coming under government scrutiny. Mr. Demoff recalled that when he looked at Mr. Marino's finances the first time, "I was very uncomfortable." He added: "It didn't pass the smell test. I had two major accounting firms do independent reports." In fact, he said, "I found that Clark had had some trouble with the I.R.S."

When asked if he had had problems with the government, Mr. Clark said, "Not really." In a telephone interview last week, he added: "We won about 20 cases with the I.R.S. We had averaged a 35 percent rate of return on people's money."

Mr. Demoff told Mr. Marino, "You are not going to like this, but you are wrong to be working with Clark, and I want you to switch."

Mr. Demoff, who by then was also representing Mr. Elway, introduced him to Charles Dostal, Mr. Elway's adviser, as well as Mr. Frankel, then a money manager at Lehman Brothers and an avid football fan. Mr. Marino chose Mr. Frankel. "He had a good track record and we just kind of clicked," Mr. Marino said.

OVER the years Mr. Demoff replaced other advisers as well. "We used to have annual 'state of the union' meetings at Dan's house with Shorty, myself and the accountants," he said. "I watched the accountant in a meeting with the Marinos. He was going over expenses by line item and he got to landscaping and told Claire that the line item was too high," Mr. Demoff said. "Danny got annoyed and Claire got upset. The Marinos don't need to be scolded. We found another accountant."

Perhaps because he has such a strong relationship with his own father, Mr. Marino has "put my trust in Shorty," who is 70.

Mr. Marino has never been a stock picker, though he can tick off conservative holdings like Wal-Mart, Pfizer and Citigroup. And he appreciates that Mr. Frankel "didn't go real hard into the tech stuff." Mr. Frankel, a dedicated value investor, said he was always cautious about technology stocks.

Mr. Frankel said Mr. Marino's portfolio was up about 5 percent in 2001, but down about the same amount this year. "This year has been my Waterloo," he said in an interview.

Over the years, Mr. Frankel has moved more of Mr. Marino's investments to bonds because of his income needs.

Those needs are large. The Marinos' son Michael, now 15, is autistic.

That probably affected the family more than any other single experience. At first the Marinos did not realize anything was wrong, but by the age of 2 Michael was still not talking, and tests soon revealed his condition.

The discovery stunned both Marinos, who poured enormous energy into getting their son the best help possible. Michael's illness also propelled the Marinos into philanthropy. They established a foundation that raises money to help children with development disabilities. To date the foundation has raised $3.6 million. (At a recent black-tie fund-raiser, Mr. Marino got up and sang a mean version of "Mustang Sally.")

TODAY Michael is in a regular school. "He started mainstreaming about five years ago," his grandfather said. "He is doing great."

Mr. Marino know he has an expensive lifestyle. His other children are all in private school, he bought a house for his parents, "and my wife is not cheap either," he said fondly.

And he is keenly aware that his children do not understand how unusual their lives are. "It will take time for them to realize how difficult it is to duplicate this life-style," he said. But with his current discipline, he will probably serve as a good role model.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Since Dan Marino retired from football, he has begun a new career as a sportscaster. (Vincent Laforet/The New York Times)(pg. 1); Dan Marino warmed up for a game as a freshman at Pitt in 1979, above. In 1985, the Dolphins' star sat with his wife, Claire, in their limousine after their wedding, top. At right, he announced his retirement in 2000. (George Gojkovich); (Associated Press); (Reuters)(pg. 11)

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[***THEATER: ARTHUR MILLER'S 'VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MK70-0008-Y1MK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

IT'S thrilling to watch two long-estranged old friends come to one another's rescue in their hour of darkest need. And, in a figurative sense, that's just what is happening this moment at the Ambassador Theater. The two old friends I refer to are Arthur Miller and Broadway. Mr. Miller hasn't had a success in a Broadway house for well over a decade. Broadway is in the midst of its leanest season in years. But thanks to the stunning revival of ''A View From the Bridge'' that opened last night, Mr. Miller has found a haven on Broadway again, and Broadway has found a much-needed evening of electric American drama. I hope no one wakes us up and tells us that this is all a dream.

Frank Rich reviews Arthur Miller's "A View From the Bridge" at Ambassador Theater

Who would have predicted this fortunate turn of events? Not this theatergoer, who has some strong reservations about Mr. Miller's play, which first appeared on Broadway as a one-acter in 1955 and is seen here in the full-length, now standard version that Peter Brook first staged in London in 1956 and that Ulu Grosbard mounted Off Broadway in 1966. Those reservations aren't eliminated by this production, which originated last season at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater, but they are certainly minimized by the shrewd and forceful direction of Arvin Brown and by the tumultuous star performance of Tony Lo Bianco. Mr. Lo Bianco is such a dynamic and enveloping force that the audience has no chance to even think of questioning the play until well after it's over.

The star plays Eddie Carbone, the Brooklyn longshoreman with a secret, unrecognized passion ''that had moved into his body like a stranger.'' That passion is an incestuous, possessive love for the 17-year-old orphan niece, Catherine (Saundra Santiago), whom he and his wife Beatrice (Rose Gregorio) have raised like a daughter. ''A View From the Bridge'' is about the destruction the jealous Eddie wreaks on himself and his family once Catherine falls in love with Rodolpho (James Hayden), an Italian cousin of Beatrice's who is living at the Carbone house as an illegal immigrant. Eddie's reckless path of vengeance leads inexorably to catastrophic violence, but not before he has committed the cardinal sin against his close-knit community - informing to the immigration police.

Mr. Brown stages ''A View From the Bridge'' for what it most successfully is: not a McCarthy-era parable or a universal morality play, but a vivid, crackling, idiomatic psychosexual horror tale. Though the evening eventually builds to an operatic crescendo, the director takes the rise slowly, reinforcing the playwright's gift for realism so that we'll be drawn fully into the sordid chain of events. Mr. Miller's ear for his characters' ***working-class*** vernacular is extremely well served, the comic rhythms included. The strategically placed theatrical eruptions come to a boil suddenly in otherwise small-scale, earthy domestic scenes.

This is a play that, in its own words, offers ''no mystery to unravel,'' but the air is charged with tension in this production. When Eddie kisses Rodolpho on the mouth in the desperate attempt to brand him as a homosexual before his niece, the moment still catches us unawares and shocks. The spellbinding mood is enhanced by the designers, who give the waterfront a foreboding, film noir aura. Hugh Landwehr frames the shabby Red Hook living room and the street outside against the intimidating span of a bridge and a long dark staircase that surely must lead to doom. Ronald Wallace's lighting suggests that every playing area, even the corner phone booth from which Eddie makes a fateful call, is illuminated by a single hanging lightbulb.

Mr. Brown's staging is also to be applauded for what it deemphasizes in the text. Along with the contrived plot setups, notably a sudden bail negotiation in Act II, the trickiest aspect of this play is Alfieri, the lawyer who serves as a Greek-chorus narrator. Alfieri speaks in the rhetoric of tragedy and constantly makes portentous announcements about Eddie's ''destiny'' running ''its bloody course.'' But as many have noted, Eddie does not have the grandeur of a tragic hero - he's merely a psychotic about to be devoured by his long-repressed sickness. To downplay the exalted claims that Mr. Miller makes for his protagonist through Alfieri, Mr. Brown has enlisted that fine actor Robert Prosky to play the lawyer in the most unassuming, intelligently humorous manner imaginable. The strategy considerably lightens the play's burden of pretentiousness.

Mr. Prosky's performance typifies the supporting cast's high caliber. Miss Santiago makes a very impressive Broadway debut as Catherine. She isn't a Lolita or a fool but a genuine innocent who just doesn't recognize until too late why her uncle so domineeringly demands her affection and obedience. Once that recognition comes, the actress blossoms from a girl into a woman, and, by the end, into a woman old before her time. As her suitor, Mr. Hayden is also an affecting overgrown child, pathetically clinging to his immigrant's politeness in the face of Eddie's repeated taunts - until, finally, he, too, must reach adulthood through rage. Alan Feinstein is charismatic in his delineation of the more brutal expressions of anger that define Rodolpho's brother, Marco.

As the wife Beatrice, the play's smartest and most brutalized character, Rose Gregorio is chilling. When she lashes out bitterly at Eddie about her own unhappiness, he's too absorbed in his own obsession even to look at her. Forced to see that both she and her husband are now forever isolated in their own separate miseries, Miss Gregorio yanks her eyes and mouth into slashes of pain that are horrifying to behold. And she tops this later on, when she conveys Beatrice's dawning realization of Eddie's ultimate betrayal by locking herself into her chair, hands on knees, as if the weight of her knowledge is crushing her to death.

It says a lot about Mr. Lo Bianco's performance that, powerful as it is, it does not obliterate the others. True to the production, his Eddie is in human scale. The character doesn't know what's eating him - or at least he's the last to know - and the actor uses subtle means to fill in gradually the guilt and self-revulsion that only slowly come to the surface.

At first a jocular if testy neighborhood Joe, Mr. Lo Bianco then seems to drift apart from himself - as if he were outside looking in, trying to decipher with everyone else the unarticulated warped logic that leads him to challenge Catherine's every little effort to venture from the nest. ''His eyes were like tunnels,'' says Alfieri, and so Mr. Lo Bianco's are. Volatile one moment, totally withdrawn the next, the actor travels within a cloud of impenetrable turbulence that visibly buffets all around him.

But even early on, there's a hint of the larger explosion to come: we see an undefinable, split-second twist of perverse malevolence to the casual hand gesture that Eddie uses to dismiss Catherine's plea to wear high-heeled shoes. Once Eddie finally does recognize that what he hungers for in life is not the ''respect'' he talks about but his niece, the shattering guilt transforms him into a sweaty, deranged, hissing animal - a rat. Mr. Lo Bianco is a slight, anonymous-looking man, but he looms up to make the theater shake.

Maybe we can't be deeply moved by this cruel man's plight, but we are nonetheless trapped totally inside it. What is deeply moving about the evening is the spectacle of seeing our theater lovingly make the absolute most of its still usable and valuable past.

Immigrant Informer

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE, by Arthur Miller; directed by Arvin Brown; setting by Hugh Landwehr; costumes by Bill Walker; lighting by Ronald Wallace; fights staged by B.H. Barry; associate producer, Barbara Livitz; production stage manager, James Harker. The Long Wharf Theater production presented by Zev Bufman and Sidney Shlenker. At the Ambassador Thea- ter, 215 West 49th Street. Louis ................................Stephen Mendillo Mike .....................................John Shepard Alfieri .................................Robert Prosky Eddie ..................................Tony Lo Bianco Catherine ............................Saundra Santiago Beatrice ................................Rose Gregorio Marco ..................................Alan Feinstein Tony .......................................Paul Perri Rodolpho .................................James Hayden First Immigration Officer .................Ramon Ramos Second Immigration Officer ...............James Vitale Mr. Lipari .............................Mitchell Jason Mrs. Lipari ...............................Rose Arrick First ''Submarine'' .......................Tom Nardini Second ''Submarine'' .....................Joseph Adams

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Tony LoBianco

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[***This Art Is Your Art, This Art Is My Art - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P3V-3W90-TW8F-G2Y7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

WELCOME to the Smithsonian -- America's museum!'' Lawrence M. Small, the Smithsonian's recently ousted top executive, wrote in a peppy preface to the latest edition of the institution's official guidebook. ''Our goal,'' he declared, ''is nothing less'' than to ''set the standard of museumgoing excellence for the world.''

Whatever his criteria for excellence, Mr. Small, whose title was secretary, hightailed it out of the Smithsonian this spring after being faulted for squandering its money on personal expenses and for moonlighting on corporate boards. On June 19 the Smithsonian Board of Regents (seconded two days later by a scathing report from an independent panel) rebuked itself for having given Mr. Small and his deputy the green light every step of the way.

Few people familiar with the Smithsonian in Washington and its various underperforming, weirdly performing and, in some cases, barely existent art and culture museums were much surprised by any of this. The institution has been deteriorating for a while, which has come to seem like part of its musty machinery. Besides, in the grand arena of national politics, why should anyone care about the sins and missteps of a museum complex?

One reason is selfish: As taxpayers we are footing the bill. The net budget that keeps the Smithsonian's museums up and running comes from federal tax dollars. Museum admission may be free, but we pay every time we walk in the door and even if we never walk in.

Mr. Small was right about the Smithsonian being America's museum.

It is and has been since 1836, when the government accepted a gift from James Smithson, a British scientist who wanted to found ''an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge'' for a young nation. (Smithson, who never set foot in America, is buried near the Smithsonian Castle.)

That national identity is the real reason to care about what shape the Smithsonian is in. Through its museums of African and Asian art, it defines our view of the larger world. Through its museums of American, African-American and American Indian art and cultures, it presents our view of ourselves. The Smithsonian is a national self-portrait, one we sit for every day.

It is by no means, however, unitary. Each museum has its own director, staff, specialty and style. Some of the museums have risen above the troubles of recent years. Others have succumbed to them. Still others have wandered off in their own direction. Here follows a highly opinionated snapshot survey of what these art and culture museums (the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, in New York is not included) look like as the Smithsonian enters, or doesn't enter -- we'll see -- a reform phase in its long and instructive, for better and worse, life.

FREER GALLERY OF ART AND THE ARTHUR M. SACKLER GALLERY The best first: Let's begin with the joined-at-the-hip Freer and Sackler galleries, which together form the national museum of Asian art. Of all the Smithsonian museums the Freer started out with the greatest advantage: a stupendous collection. It was assembled by Charles Lang Freer (1854-1919), a self-made entrepreneur who made a fortune in railroads, retired in his 40s and spent the rest of his days shopping for art. At first he went for the new. He became a friend and patron of James McNeill Whistler -- his rococo Peacock Room is a Freer Gallery centerpiece -- and brought a villa in Capri where he mingled with artists and writers from the United States and Europe.

By then, though, he had also made his first trip to Asia. And his timing was heaven-kissed. In colonial India, where the British were bringing ancient treasures to light, he walked off with carved panels from the stupa at Bharhut and stunning Chola bronzes. Japan, in a Westernizing frenzy, was tossing out art left and right, and Freer made a haul. He also bought Chinese art from Japanese collections, then went to China for more: bronzes, ceramics and painted scrolls, all of which he gave to the Smithsonian, along with money for the Freer building on the Mall.

The Sackler, with its own collection, opened next to the Freer in 1987, but architecturally it's unhappy. Most of it lies underground in descending levels of dim, narrow galleries in an all but unnavigable space. So a bad design, but the only thing that Freer could complain about. His legacy is preserved and advanced in a museum with a record of solid leadership, prolific scholarship and superior exhibitions. The current one, ''Encompassing the Globe: Portugal and the World in the 16th and 17th Centuries,'' is a perfect example, a tour de force of visual brilliancy and culture-spanning history with objects from Africa, South America, Asia and Europe.

HIRSHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN Like the Freer, the Hirshhorn, our national museum of contemporary art, originated as a private collection. And like the Sackler, it is saddled with an ungainly building. It resembles a drum on a stool, with snaky galleries and escalators like those at Macy's. The Sculpture Garden is no garden. It's an unshaded pit: an oven in summer and a killer of sculpture year round.

The Hirshhorn manages to transcend all this with shrewdly chosen and mounted shows. Recently a gray-walled survey of Hiroshi Sugimoto's photographs tapped into the building's Sputnik modernism. Robert Gober looked good here a few years back; the constricted space suited his art of repression and release. A current show of work by Wolfgang Tillmans fares less well: In a museum that has a problem with intimacy, his studiously casual style stiffens up.

The funny thing is that despite its strong programs and eccentric casing, the Hirshhorn lacks a distinctive profile. Possibly an aggressive acquisitions program would help, although that would take money. Or maybe it's simply that a ''national museum'' identity short-circuits a ''contemporary art museum'' identity. You can't be Smithsonian and subversive. You can't be avant-garde and on the Mall.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY AND THE SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM (DONALD W. REYNOLDS CENTER) But I have seen subversive shows at the Smithsonian: the American Art Museum. I think particularly of ''Picturing Old New England: Image and Memory'' in 1999, which mixed Winslow Homer, 19th-century genre art, second-string Modernism and material culture in setting out to show the complicated politics and consumerist impulses that underlie aspects of our national history.

The American Art Museum organized several shows in this vein, subtle and bold, and took a lot of heat for them. Now that critical approach is out of fashion, and there's little evidence of it at the museum, which reopened last summer after having closed for extended renovations.

Its collection now overlaps and is interwoven with that of the National Portrait Gallery, resident in the same building. There's a logic to this. It's all American. The American Art Museum has some terrific likenesses and the Portrait Gallery has some fabulous paintings; check out John Singleton Copley's dishy self-portrait.

But the merger as executed is a jumbled mess, with the American Art Museum the loser. Its notoriously scrappy contemporary collection is out in force and looks chaotic; so does a dense, manic folk installation: too many things, too little space. A museum that not so long ago was creating etched-in-acid sophisticated exhibitions now offers bulk in place of substance, giving visitors so much to consume that they don't have time to think.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIANOverstuffed seems to be the Smithsonian style du jour. It's the one that prevails at the National Museum of the American Indian, the latest Smithsonian addition to the Mall. For decades the core collection was displayed in dusty quarters in Upper Manhattan, a holdover from an earlier age of ethnology, its vitrines filled with some of the most beautiful objects in the world.

In 1994, now under the auspices of the Smithsonian, it relocated to the Custom House in Lower Manhattan and became a different thing. The anthropologists departed; the new museum was designed largely by American Indian artists, scientists, historians and tribal elders. Only a fraction of the collection was on view, augmented by a battery of technological bells and whistles -- voice-overs, touch screens -- and evocations of an Indian spirituality.

In short, what some people had understood to be an art museum had become a cultural center. Identity, not aesthetics, was the focus; agency was the dynamic. This remains true in the museum's Washington home, a terraced cliff of a building. Its permanent installations are fitted out with eye-catching, attention-distracting, message-delivering displays. Over all the emphasis is on experience and oral history, not on scholarship.

That an ethnically distinct museum would want to control the terms of its ethnicity makes complete sense. But the museum does itself no favors when it closely skirts theme-parkism, the feel-good, anti-intellectual take on culture that has long been the American way. The National Museum of the American Indian's break with mainstream museology delivered a healthy shock a decade ago. Now it feels stale.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART The American Indian museum's exhibitions don't feel nearly as stale, however, as what's been presented at the National Museum of African Art in recent years. True, the museum came with disadvantages: no significant collection and a twin of the subterranean premises occupied by the Sackler. But rather than be inventive with its limitations, it has generally gone the conservative route, renting tightly packaged traveling shows or mounting bland ones of its own, like a current exhibition, ''African Vision: The Walt Disney-Tishman African Art Collection,'' which gives little sense of the objects' complicated histories in Africa or in the West.

This is maddening to behold, given that African art history is one of the most exciting fields going. For fertile cross-cultural thinking about what art is and does, it tends to leave other disciplines in the dust. But the news seems not to have reached this museum. In a city with a majority African-American population, where a museum of African art might be a cultural driving force, it has been asleep at the wheel, and to some of us a symbol of the Smithsonian's demoralized state.

To get a sense of how things could be different, visit the ''African Voices'' display across the Mall at the National Museum of Natural History. Designed in 1999 by a curatorial team that included the art historians Mary Jo Arnoldi and Christine Mullen Kreamer, it replaced an old installation that, with its references to cannibalism, was little more than a racist joke.

The Africa in ''African Voices'' is not mysterious, scary or Edenic. It is a multilayered, vivacious contemporary presence with a deep history. The sensation-filled installation -- noisy and crowded, confusing and stimulating, like an African city or market -- in some ways resembles the displays at the Indian museum, but the jumble is used here to evoke reality, not to mythologize or preach.

I'm not suggesting that the ''African Voices'' style be translated to the National Museum of African Art. But it's heartening to know that Ms. Kreamer is now at the African museum and has a superb show on view there about the little-studied role of language in African art. Called ''Inscribing Meaning: Writing and Graphic Systems in African Art,'' and incorporating traditional and contemporary art, it's a collaboration with the Fowler Museum of the University of California, Los Angeles, a standard-setter among ethnology-based art institutions.

''Inscribing Meaning,'' which was probably done on a tight budget, is the most interesting homegrown show the National Museum of African Art has offered in some time and comes with a substantial book. Clearly Ms. Kreamer should be encouraged to develop more projects of this kind. Maybe she should be given carte blanche. The museum needs her more than she needs it.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN HISTORY AND CULTURE Finally, there is the case of the National Museum of African-American History and Culture, at present a homeless institution, with an unsettled future and a puzzling past. The Smithsonian Board of Regents favored establishing the museum in the existing Arts and Industries Building next to the Castle, but Congress repeatedly rejected the idea.

In 1995 the funds raised for the museum were merged with those of the small Anacostia Museum, in the primarily black, ***working-class*** Anacostia neighborhood of southeast Washington. And for a while the African-American museum floated between two temporary sites, the Arts and Industries Building and the Anacostia. Neither was ideal. The Anacostia is far from the center of the city. The Arts and Industries Building, in chronic need of repair, was an awkward space for art.

Eventually Congress assigned a piece of Mall real estate for a National Museum of African-American History and Culture. Why did this take so long? More useful to ask how long it will take the building to materialize. Nothing can happen without more private money, and during Mr. Small's tenure, private giving declined.

In an apparent fund-raising gambit the new museum is currently presenting what it calls its ''inaugural'' offering, not in Washington but at the International Center of Photography in Manhattan, through Sept. 9. Titled ''Let Resistance Be Your Motto: African American Portraits'' and composed of loans from the National Portrait Gallery, it's a polished, glamorous, unadventurous show, delivering no news, setting off few sparks: a parade of familiar faces.

That a national museum of African-American history and culture should have to wait decades for a place at the center of Washington, and is still waiting, is bad enough. That its first exhibition should be a boilerplate affair, neither increasing nor diffusing knowledge, is baffling.

And so America's museum wanders on. What to do? Needless to say, there are no easy answers; maybe no right answers period. More money from the government to the Smithsonian, and from the Smithsonian to its art museums would be a start. Even more useful would be some organized way to generate private donations. With some extra cash, the Hirshhorn could buy more art and the American Art Museum could buy better art, and get back to doing the kind of think-piece shows it does well. These shows will never be blockbusters. So what? James Smithson's gift wasn't for blockbusters. It was for information, knowledge.

The National Museum of African-American History and Culture? Just build it. Start now. Will this spark controversy? I hope so, and I hope the museum itself will continue to. The Smithsonian could use some controversy, which is a very different thing from scandal. American culture as a whole could use a shakeup. It needs to be knocked out of its 1950s-style complacency, the complacency of a nation that is rich and spoiled, and knows it, and doesn't care.

But whatever changes are made to the Smithsonian under a new regime, enforced uniformity should not be one. Yes, the museums make for a motley architectural array. Yes, some of the museology is a little off the wall, some of the standards and goals questionable. Yes, diversity is a complicated matter: ethnic diversity is good; ethical diversity is a problem. But diversity is the name of the American game, the color of the American portrait. We question it, we chafe at it, but we continue to live it. Bless us at least for that.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the collection at the Smithsonian Institution misstated the location of the burial site of the museum's benefactor, James Smithson. His crypt lies inside the Smithsonian Castle, not near it.

**Correction-Date:** July 8, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: Left, the Wolfgang Tillmans exhibition at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. Insets: top, John Singleton Copley's self-portrait, 1780-84

below, a 10th-century bronze sculpture of the goddess Parvati. (Photography by Lee Stalsworth/Hirschhorn Museum)

The National Portrait Gallery, whose collection now overlaps with that of the American Art Museum, in the same building. (Freer Gallery of Art/Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, Smithsonian Institution)(pg. 22)

The Castle, above, the main information building of the Smithsonian Institution. (Photographs by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. 1) Chart: ''The Nation's Jumbled Attic'' Each of the Smithsonian Institution's art and cultural museums (in boldface) has its own director, staff and specialty, and each has been presenting its own style of exhibition. (pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** July 3, 2007

**End of Document**



[***2 Brooklyn Areas Ask What Factories Are Doing to Them***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PKT0-0038-D1PT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 21, 1990, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 25, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1481 words

**Byline:** By ALLAN R. GOLD

**Body**

One block from the elementary school and its 1,200 students is a storage site for radioactive and hazardous wastes. New York City's biggest sewage plant and one of its three incinerators are nearby.

The area is chockablock with lots where garbage haulers pick through thousands of tons a day of city trash, and 11 companies handle chemicals that the Government classifies as extremely hazardous. Beneath 70 acres of streets is a 14 million gallon reservoir of petroleum products that have leaked from storage tanks.

From sewage odors to oil spills to incinerator emissions, these ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhoods of Greenpoint and Williamsburg, the most heavily industrialized in New York City, face an extraordinary collection of environmental threats and nuisances.

After decades of quiet acceptance, many residents are asking questions about what is happening around them. They are forming environmental groups, and in marches, meetings, pleas to politicians and letter-writing campaigns, they are asking state and city officials why their neighborhoods should continue to bear what they see as an unfair burden.

To some extent the residents are angry about environmental unpleasantness as much as environmental danger. And in some cases, they may be doing losing battle with history. But they are also asking for changes that will make the industries in their midst easier and safer to live with.

''Industry is not the bad guy,'' said Debbie Lalor, a member of Greenpoint Against Smell and Pollution, one of several environmental groups formed in the last four years. ''It's just that our awareness has grown.''

''They're asking government to look at the community, to recognize it's an overburdened community,'' said Carol Steinsapir, program director at the Community Environmental Health Center at Hunter College. The center published an influential report last year that catalogued what is known about the chemical hazards in the area.

Officials do not deny that Greenpoint and Williamsburg have been much abused.

''I think they have some legitimate concerns,'' the regional director of the State Environmental Conservation Department, Carol Ash, said. ''It took the community some time to get our attention, but they have it.''

The deputy mayor for policy and development, Barbara Fife, termed the neighborhoods an egregious example of zoning policy.

Fine Against Mobil

The residents' appeals have obtained some results. The state has begun to monitor the air for toxic emissions like benzene. The city and state are working to control the garbage sorting. The state recently fined the Mobil Oil Corporation $500,000 fine for a big kerosene spill, and Mobil was ordered to perform an environmental audit of its operations.

City planners are considering ''fair share'' zoning, to more widely distribute unpopular services, Ms. Fife said.

Much has eluded the protesters. High on the list of unfulfilled requests is a government-sponsored environmental audit and inventory to determine what hazards exist and what are the cumulative effects of so many threats in a small area. The residents want an end to the nasty smells of the Newtown Creek sewage plant. They seek to shut the incinerator, which the Federal Government has deemed substandard, and the low-level radioactive- and hazardous-waste area.

The residents add that they would like to see the day when their neighborhoods are no longer an unofficial city garbage dump traversed by hundreds of trucks at all hours of the day.

History of Industrialization

In part, the answers to the environmental questions are in the history of Greenpoint and Williamsburg.

The neighborhoods along the East River have been an industrial center since the mid-1800's. Factories and small businesses were attracted by the waterfront space. Fuel storage depots have been in the area since just after the Civil War, when petroleum companies sought isolated locations and waterborne transportation.

Workers followed the jobs. Housing was built within walking distance of the factories. Although manufacturing has declined, many of the 140,000 people in the area still live close to such plants. Some former industrial sites have been turned over to residential use.

Immigrants filled the factory jobs in the early part of the century. And they are still attracted to the racially and ethnically diverse community, a phenomenon typified by the recent influx of Polish people.

'Don't Have Much Political Clout'

It has never been a wealthy community, and several people have suggested that fact offers, at least partly, a reason why projects like incinerators and sewage plants end up there.

''Neighborhoods like that don't have much political clout,'' said Adam Cohen, a member of the Williamsburgh Around the Bridge Block Association.

Among the activities raising concerns are 11 companies that work with large quantities of extremely hazardous chemicals and 16 petroleum storage areas, including one at the edge of the area and one at the sewage plant, with a total storage capacity of 89 million gallons of oil and gasoline, 32 million cubic feet of natural gas and 20 million gallons of liquefied natural gas, according to the Hunter College study.

In 1978, the Coast Guard found a subterranean pool with 17 million gallons of oil products that had over the years leaked from tanks. Three million gallons have been pumped out. But worries persist about whether the reservoir represents a health threat.

One of 3 City Incinerators

Of greater concern, though, is odor from the Newtown Creek plant, which opened in 1967. New York is planning to upgrade the plant to meet Federal standards and hopes to deal with the smell. The treatment capacity is going to grow, which is especially galling to the community because the plant handles mostly sewage from Manhattan.

Next to the plant is a 31-year-old Sanitation Department incinerator, one of three such sites. A Federal court has ordered that it be upgraded to cut emissions. But residents worry that it will still pollute.

The resients are also greatly concerned about the proposed construction of another incinerator, at the old Brooklyn Navy Yard.

For three years, Mr. Cohen and many others in the community have been trying to close the low-level radioactive- and hazardous-waste storage site, Radiac. The operations are in two small connected buildings about a block from Public School 84 and a block from the East River.

Storage of A-Wastes

Other neighbors worry about the proximity of the waste site to a longtime neighbor, the huge factory of the Amstar Corporation, food warehouses and several apartment buildings.

The president of Radiac, John Tekin, said his 21-year-old company served a useful function, had an unblemished safety record and was entitled to remain because the area was zoned for the heaviest industrial uses.

The state agrees. As recently as last year it renewed the company's permit for hazardous-waste storage. Radioactive and hazardous wastes are trucked from New York State and elsewhere, stored and shipped out for final disposal.

Residents and others said it was incredible that the state would permit such businesses so close to houses, schools and other activities.

The opponents contend that Radiac could never obtain the permits if it were a new business seeking to open at the site.

''It's the worst possible thing you can have near a school,'' a teacher at P.S. 84, Eugenio Rosado, said. ''It seems safe. But I don't trust any of them.''

Doubling at Fresh Kills

More than anything else, a year-old fight over garbage hauling and sorting has galvanized the neighborhood on environmental issues.

''It was the catalyst for moving this community in the direction of saying we've had enough,'' said Inez Pasher, a member of Community Board No. 1, which represents Greenpoint-Williamburgh.

In December 1988, the Sanitation Department doubled the fees it charges haulers for dumping at the Fresh Kills, S.I., Landfill. Instead of dumping there, the haulers are taking the garbage to landfills in other states.

First, though, the companies take the refuse to transfer stations, where it is sorted for recycleable materials, compacted and loaded on trucks for shipment.

Many transfer stations opened in Greenpoint and Williamsburg because of the industrial zoning. They added truck traffic and odor problems. The moves represent another slap at a community that already had its share of environmental insults.

After a delay in winning government attention, embittered residents have won a moratorium on new permits for such operations, until the state and city can figure out how to regulate them better. Meanwhile, the trucks continue to roll as the summer, and the prospects of more odors, grow nearer.

Tomorrow is Earth Day, and somehow, residents are managing to restrain their enthusiasm for the event.

''Unfortunately,'' Ms. Lalor said, ''we don't feel particularly celebratory around here.''

**Graphic**

Photo: The Greenpoint and Williamsburg sections of Brooklyn are home to environmental hazards including radioactive waste, a subterranean reservoir of oil and the Newtown Creek sewage-treatment plant, foreground. (The New York Times/Keith Meyers) (pg. 25); Trash along the bank of Newtown Creek in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, one of the most industrialized neighborhoods in the city. The area also has radioactive waste and a subterranean reservoir of oil. (The New York Times/Keith Meyers); map: environmental guide to Greenpoint and Williamsburg areas of Brooklyn (The New York Times/April 21, 1990)

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[***High Anxiety***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P0D-NR90-TW8F-G3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 17, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2546 words

**Byline:** By JIM RASENBERGER

Jim Rasenberger's book ''America, 1908: The Dawn of Flight, the Race to the Pole, the Invention of the Model T and the Making of a Modern Nation'' will be published this fall by Scribner.

**Body**

IT was two years ago, in June 2005, that residents of the Upper West Side got their first glimpse of the two glass-sheathed towers that were to rise on Broadway at 99th Street. The local community board was having its monthly land use meeting -- not generally an occasion of high drama -- and Gary Barnett, president of the Extell Development Company, came to share renderings of his proposed buildings. As he unveiled them, a gasp was heard throughout the room. ''People shrieked,'' recalls Sheldon Fine, chairman of Community Board 7.

Mr. Barnett had spent millions of dollars acquiring air rights from properties next to his own lots on the east and west sides of Broadway. These air rights, as the neighborhood came to learn, allowed him to build hundreds of feet higher than the 16-story ceiling that defines much of Broadway above 96th Street.

For those who still didn't grasp Mr. Barnett's intentions, the name he gave his towers was a hint: Ariel East and Ariel West. According to Mr. Barnett, the name Ariel was borrowed from a star. In fact, the only celestial body commonly known by that name is one of the moons of the planet Uranus, but the message was clear. Mr. Barnett aimed high.

Not since Donald Trump's Riverside South project in the early 1990s, said Mr. Fine, has a set of buildings on the Upper West Side aroused as much opposition as Mr. Barnett's towers. Petitions circulated, gathering signatures by the thousands. Demonstrators took to the streets. None of this, however, did anything to stop the towers. Floor by floor they rose, plywood forms giving way to rebar and concrete, and finally to acres of glass. Residents will begin moving into Ariel East in September and into Ariel West later in the year.

Mr. Barnett is delighted. ''We think they're turning out to be two beautiful additions to the neighborhood,'' he said. ''We think we've got twin stars.''

Miki Fiegel, a real estate agent who helped lead the fight against the towers and now sees them through her windows, has a different view. ''I think they are two of the ugliest excrescences I've ever seen,'' she said.

The towers are indisputably high and shiny, mirroring each other across Broadway like curiously tall fraternal twins. Ariel East rises 37 stories, more than twice the height of the buildings at its flanks. Ariel West, on the opposite side of Broadway, is shorter at 31 stories, but still dwarfs everything around it.

On bright mornings, the towers blaze with sun, sending bolts of reflected light into apartments to the east. To the west, they cast long moving shadows, like binary sundials. And as the neighborhood undergoes its most extensive overhaul in more than half a century, they leave many yearning to turn back the clock.

''I loved my neighborhood,'' said Ann Shirazi, a social worker who since 1974 has lived around the corner from the Ariel site. ''Now I can't walk from 100th Street to Broadway because I cannot -- I cannot -- look at those buildings.'' Farewell, Fruit Stand; Hello, Bank

Like other current hot spots of development around the city, the blocks that run up the West Side between 96th Street and Columbia University lay architecturally dormant for decades.

Most of the housing stock still dates to the turn of the last century, after the subway came through in 1904, or to the 1920s, when a new wave of construction added 14- to 16-story steel-framed apartment houses. The neighborhood was, in many ways, a nebulous place, lying below the radar of developers and beyond the pale of what trendier New Yorkers consider habitable Manhattan.

As compensation for grittier streets, quiescent nightlife and the disdain of friends who lived to the south and east, residents got affordable rents, good light, Riverside Park and a remarkably diverse community that, on its better days, resembled an idyllic small town with Broadway playing the role of Main Street.

''Everybody knew everybody else,'' Ms. Shirazi said. ''Business people. Artists. Musicians. People who were well known, people who would never be known. It didn't matter.''

For the past decade, gentrification has been burning a steady course up Broadway. Apartment prices have risen to match south-of-96th-Street values. Small businesses have struggled to meet escalating rents. Neighbors count the recently fallen: the Movie Place, La Rosita restaurant, Ivy Books, the fruit stand near 105th, the lumber store on 108th.

Or they count the banks, 14 of which now line a 17-block stretch between 96th Street and 113th Street. The banks exist apparently to finance the buyers moving into the neighborhood's new co-ops and condos, like the Ariel towers, where apartments priced from $1.6 million to $7.5 million are selling briskly, and where residents will enjoy a swimming pool, a fitness center, a billiards lounge and the current must-have of every luxury building, their own in-house movie theater. The Gash in the Ground

The architectural onslaught now sweeping over the neighborhood puts all the earlier concerns about gentrification into perspective. Even as the Ariel towers reconfigure the Broadway skyline, several new towers are about to rise to the immediate east, in Park West Village, a 2,500-unit superblock complex bounded by Amsterdam Avenue on the west and Central Park on the east, and bisected by Columbus Avenue.

The most notable addition will be a 30-story apartment building on the west side of Columbus, south of 100th Street. Christened ''the spike'' by neighborhood residents, this tower is to be joined by four low-rise residential buildings and 320,000 square feet of retail space packed into three contiguous blocks. The commercial linchpin will be a 60,000-square-foot Whole Foods Market.

With excavations under way and years of construction ahead, the 23 acres of Park West Village are undergoing a transformation the likes of which they haven't seen since the 1950s. That was when Robert Moses ordered the demolition of hundreds of row houses to make way for the complex's seven high-rise buildings.

Developed under the federal urban renewal program and according to the best urban planning of the time, the buildings were arranged around a central mall of grass, trees, playgrounds, benches and parking lots. When the complex opened in the late 1950s, realtors advertised ''the charm of country living in the very heart of the city.''

''The property had so much open space,'' said Lois Hoffmann, president of the Park West Village Tenants Association. ''Sunshine and trees. Benches to sit on. The wonderful amenities of life.''

The seven buildings still stand, but the surroundings have changed considerably. Ms. Hoffmann said 40 mature trees, many of them saplings when she moved in 37 years ago, have been cut down on the west side of Columbus Avenue. The tennis courts on the east side have been silenced, the rhythmic plunk-plunk of tennis balls replaced by the steady thrum of excavators across the street. The grocery store where people shopped and the diner where they gathered in the afternoon are gone.

Instead, a deep gash opens in the ground where new buildings will soon rise.

To the many sophisticated and politically savvy residents of Park West Village, a hard lesson has been how little control they have over what is to be built around them.

''I understand property rights; I own property,'' said Paul Bunten, a 20-year resident. ''What has been an eye-opener for me is thatthe developer is allowed to exercise his property rights with no input from the community -- that there really isn't a mechanism for it in these large-scale development programs that have such an enormous impact on the lives of people who already live there.''

Last month, the real estate executive Jeff Winick, the man in charge of selling commercial property at Columbus Village (as developers are renaming the neighborhood), flew to Las Vegas to attend the spring convention of the International Council of Shopping Centers. It was a fruitful journey. Mr. Winick expects to have 65 percent of the commercial leases signed by the middle of next month.

''Basically, we're creating a whole new neighborhood,'' he said. ''We really believe we're creating an environment that's going to change the whole area.''

That, of course, is exactly what worries the people who liked it the way it was. 'Any Height That Makes Sense'

The resentment some neighborhood residents harbor toward the developers of these projects -- Mr. Barnett of Extell, Joseph Chetrit and Laurence Gluck at Park West Village -- is raw and often personal. Mr. Barnett argues that it is also misplaced. He has broken no laws in developing his towers, he says.

''We're developers,'' Mr. Barnett said. ''We'll develop any height that makes sense. We live in a city, a democratic city, where there are city agencies that are proactive and responsive to their communities' needs and desires. They're making the rules. We abide by the rules.''

Moreover, Mr. Barnett insists, Extell went out of its way to do right with its Ariel towers, and he seems genuinely bewildered by the fact that they are not more widely appreciated.

''If you compare what was there -- you had really decrepit buildings and a 30,000-foot block in the middle of the Upper West Side that was run-down.''

Extell, he continued, ''didn't come here and slap down a really ugly brick building,'' one that would have been less difficult and less costly. ''We took great care to try to put up beautiful buildings that would enhance the neighborhood,'' he said.

For all the anger that buildings can incite, development is seldom a simple tale of good versus evil. One person's eyesore may be another's sight for sore eyes; one generation's architectural debacle could become the next generation's architectural icon. New York development is best appreciated by those with a taste for irony, paradox and unintended consequences.

The very way of life now cherished by the mostly middle-class inhabitants of Park West Village was made possible only by the displacement of 11,000 people, mostly poor or ***working class***, who were among hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers similarly forced from their homes by mid-20th-century ''slum clearance'' programs.

The whole history of New York is one of tearing down and rebuilding. A century ago, during the first skyscraper boom of the 20th century, as the population of the city was growing at a rate of 90,000 a year, New Yorkers who left town for any period of time came back to a place they hardly recognized. Many despised the new skyscrapers -- ''monsters of the market,'' Henry James called them in 1907 -- but New York would surely be a lesser city without them.

And there are good reasons to build tall in New York right now. The city will need hundreds of thousands of new homes if its population is to swell by a million people by 2030, as Mayor Bloomberg recently predicted in his PlanNYC. The greatest need is for affordable apartments, but even luxury buildings like the Ariel towers relieve pressure on the housing market.

As concerns about global warming escalate, high-rises and high population densities are generally acknowledged to be good for the environment. It is partly for this reason that Judd Schechtman, an urban planner who moved to West 106th Street three years ago, says his neighbors should embrace towers, and stood up at a recent community board meeting to tell them so.

''New York is environmentally friendly specifically because we are extremely dense,'' Mr. Schechtman said a few days later. ''I think people should open their minds. Especially people who are so progressive and environmentally and socially conscious.'' Two Churches, Two Strategies

Ms. Shirazi, the social worker who cannot bear to look at the Ariel towers, recalls how she used to walk the street with her husband and imagine the neighborhood improved. ''We'd look at these beautiful old buildings and we'd say, 'Boy, if these could just be cleaned up,' '' she said. ''But you have to be careful what you wish for. Because the trade-off -- it's like making a pact with the devil. It's destroyed the soul of the neighborhood.''

A block east of where Ms. Shirazi lives, on Amsterdam and 100th Street, the soul of the neighborhood is entwined in the fates of two churches on opposite sides of Amsterdam, their steeples so close they could almost lean over and touch across the avenue.

On the east side, facing 100th Street, the century-old Trinity Lutheran Church appears to be in decay. The brickwork and roof are worn and blemished, and scaffolding covers much of the facade. Most glaringly, the stained-glass windows are gone.

They have been removed and replaced by clear glass, on the advice of experts who warned that the original windows might not survive the excavation about to begin to the church's immediate west, where one of the new Columbus Village buildings will rise.

According to the Rev. Heidi Neumark, Trinity's pastor, the developers gave the church $100,000 to remove the windows but have provided nothing to replace them after construction ends. Ms. Neumark worries that her financially strapped church will not be able to afford the cost on its own.

''It feels very tragic,'' she said, contemplating the church's future without its old windows.

Across Amsterdam Avenue from Trinity Lutheran is St. Michael's, an Episcopal church built in 1890. The roof is newly tiled, the stone walls are clean, the Tiffany stained-glass windows are intact. St. Michael's is flush after selling its air rights to Mr. Barnett -- rights that contributed to making the height of Ariel East possible.

The church's rector, the Rev. George Brandt, would not disclose how much Extell paid the church but acknowledged, ''They gave us a lot of money.''

St. Michael's is using some of that money to develop a 12- to 14-story, mixed-use tower on the southwest corner of Amsterdam and 100th Street; the rest will go to preserving church buildings.

The deal has angered many neighborhood residents and provoked some parishioners to leave St. Michael's in protest. Father Brandt is convinced, though, that he made the right decision.

''I might do some things differently,'' he said. ''But I felt this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to secure resources for the parish. We're focusing on the future.'' Changing the Rules

The shape of that future became a little clearer this month when Community Board 7 voted unanimously in favor of rezoning 51 blocks between 96th and 110th Streets. The change would limit buildings to a height of 145 feet on Broadway -- about 14 stories -- and prevent the transfer of air rights from side streets, effectively preventing anything as tall as the Ariel towers from being built again in the neighborhood.

The City Planning Commission supports the new zoning, as does Manhattan Borough President Scott Stringer. The changes could be in place by September.

Perhaps it's not surprising that Mr. Barnett of Extell calls the new zoning a bad idea -- ''a classic case of overreaction,'' he said -- but he appreciates one of its ironies. His towers will now command their height, alone and unchallenged, in perpetuity. ''If anything,'' Mr. Barnett said, ''it just makes our views forever.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: BIG DREAMS -- A pair of shiny towers rising on Broadway between 99th and 100th Streets have profoundly transformed the neighborhood's traditional cityscape. (Photo by Jacob Silberberg for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

The future, as seen from Trinity Lutheran Church at 100th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. (Photo by Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

Judd Schechtman, above, supports new towers

Miki Fiegel, left, opposes them. (Photos by Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

Tall buildings, above and below, are rewriting the iconography of the Upper West Side above 96th Street. (Photos by Jacob Silberberg for The New York Times)(pg. 8) Map of Manhattan highlighting developments built but not occupied, under way and soon to begin: HIGH AND WIDE -- Taller towers and blocklong development are changing the face of the Upper West Side. (pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** June 17, 2007

**End of Document**



[***BENTON MURAL MAY BE SPLIT UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MRS0-0008-Y3BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1354 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL BRENSON

**Body**

An important mural by Thomas Hart Benton, the American painter, which was sold last May for a figure reported at $2 million on condition that the buyer would make ''every effort'' to keep the 10 panels together and in the United States, may now be broken up and sold abroad.

The mural, called ''America Today,'' was painted by Benton in 1930 for the New School of Social Research and is considered a prime example of ''American scene painting'' or ''regionalism.'' It was sold by the New School to Christophe P. Janet, a Manhattan art dealer, who specializes in old master European paintings.

According to the original agreement, Mr. Janet was obligated to tell the New School if the conditions of the contract would not be met. He recently informed the school that such a possibility now existed. Albert W. Landa, vice president of the school, then wrote a memorandum to the school's president, Jonathan Fanton, saying Mr. Janet ''was having great difficulty reselling them'' and was at present negotiating with a ''consortium of museums.'' The memo added that there was a strong likelihood that the mural would be broken up.

An important mural by Thomas Hart Benton, the American painter, which was sold last May for a figure reported at $2 million on condition that the buyer would make ''every effort'' to keep the 10 panels together and in the United States, may now be broken up and sold abroad.

''The purchaser pledged that he would make every effort to resell the mural in this country and not to sell them individually,'' the memo said. ''This is not a binding pledge. We recognized from the start that if there was no institutional purchaser, there was a chance they would be sold individually.''

'A Sincere Effort'

The memorandum also said, ''If there are any sudden press calls concerning resale, we should say that Janet and his colleagues have made a sincere effort to keep to the agreement.''

Mr. Janet said he was ''still trying'' to ''make all efforts to keep them together.'' ''I have done and will continue to do everything I can to keep them together,'' he said. ''As time goes by, it's a greater financial burden.''

When asked if the work would be sold outside the country, Mr. Janet replied: ''All endeavors are being made not to sell them abroad. Our intention is that all other avenues are explored in priority over such an eventuality.''

''America Today'' established Benton's reputation as a muralist. As with other ''American scene'' painters, such as Grant Wood and Reginald Marsh, one of Benton's artistic ambitions was to create a style and subject matter that would be distinctly American. The fourwall panorama of American ***working-class*** life includes images of a boxing match, a cabaret show and people working, dancing, drinking and riding the subway. The scenes are packed together, sometimes piled on top of one another, and painted with the kind of vigor and meandering line that would leave a mark on Jackson Pollock, one of Benton's students. An aim of the mural was to create a sense of the dynamism of New York City and of American life in general.

''They are an important monument of 'American scene painting,' '' William Rubin, director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern art, said of ''America Today.'' ''It was a moment in which one of the major 'American scene' painters was painting in New York, about New York. The program was very elaborate. It was a big undertaking, done when Pollock was his student, posing for the mural.''

School Tried to Sell Mural

Before the deal with Mr. Janet, the school advertised the mural in Antiques magazine and tried to sell the mural to several American museums, for an asking price in some instances considerably higher than the price for which the work was eventually sold. A source at the Whitney Museum of American Art said the mural had been offered to the museum for $5 million.

Since acquiring the work, Mr. Janet has also been trying to place it in an American museum. But the size of the mural, the asking price and the fact that the mural was made to fit a particular site with an eccentric architectural molding that partly determined the shape of the panels continue to be major stumbling blocks.

Mr. Landa said he had complete confidence that Mr. Janet had adhered to the contractual conditions. ''The institution feels that Mr. Janet has done exactly what he said he would do, and we're very satisfied,'' Mr. Landa said. He indicated, however, that the school would take no action if Mr. Janet did eventually sell the panels independently, even outside the country. Mr. Landa suggested there was little the school could do.

''There is a question in my mind how binding the agreement can be,'' Mr. Landa said. ''The purchaser put into writing that every effort would be made to keep the work together, in America, because we requested that. Even if they said they would do it contractually, there was a question how they could be held to it.''

The situation raises the question of the degree to which a seller is protected, even when there is a signed contract with the buyer, stipulating what the future of the work involved in the transaction should be. The buyer has recourse if those conditions are broken, but lawyers agree that the legal protection is minimal.

In 1930, shortly after the Mexican artist Jose Clemente Orozco painted a mural for the New School, Benton was asked by Alvin Johnson, the school's founder, to do a mural for what was then the trustees' room. Benton worked on it for nine months and was not paid, except for the materials. ''It was my first wall, and I did it for nothing, just expense money,'' Benton said in 1968, when he was in New York to receive a New School honorary doctorate. ''But it led to eight other murals, which paid me very well, so it was a good thing for me.''

Mural's Condition Deteriorated

Over the years the room became a classroom, then a seminar room. Because of the crowds, the smoke, the heat and humidity, the condition of the mural deteriorated. Benton restored it twice, in 1956 and 1968. He left word how it should be restored after his death.

Although Benton did not want the mural sold while he and his wife were alive, he is known to have understood that it might be sold eventually. He and his wife died within months of each other in 1975. Soon after, the school, looking for money for rebuilding purposes, began trying to sell the work.

''We have been involved in a concerted effort in the last year to expand the endowment,'' Mr. Landa said when the sale was made last May, ''but our highest priority had to do with our continuing anxiety about our ability to protect the mural.''

After unsuccessful negotations with a number of museums, including the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, the school sold the mural to Mr. Janet. At the time Mr. Janet said, ''Our commitment is to keep it as a group and as part of the American patrimony.''

He insists that is still his commitment. ''I'm making all efforts to keep them together,'' he said. ''I am still trying to speak with all institutions in the country that would make sense.''

Sale Is Possible

''There is a possibility the work could be sold in the near future,'' he added. He would not say to whom and in what form.

If the work is broken up, there is little the school can do. According to Larry Kars, a tax lawyer, the only way the original seller might retain control of a work is if he or she found out about a sale that would breach the original contract before the sale was made. If the party to whom the mural is resold buys the work in ''good faith,'' the work is his, and there is little hope of getting it back.

The main recourse open to the original owner is to file suit for damages. But that, Mr. Kars suggested, is often a problem. If the school wanted to sue, for example, it would have to determine how it has been damaged - perhaps in terms of the school's reputation as a place to which works of art could be bequeathed in trust. Then it would have to go to litigation, Mr. Landa said, which could take years. Even if it won the suit, it would almost certainly not regain control of the work in question.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Thomas Hart Benson

**End of Document**



[***IN HARD TIMES, POP MUSIC SURGES WITH FRESH ENERGY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N140-0009-21G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

''It's like a jungle, sometimes I wonder how I keep from going under,'' Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five chanted on their plain-spoken rap hit ''The Message,'' the most powerful pop record of 1982. They were talking about the South Bronx, Harlem, and America's other inner-city neighborhoods, but they could just as easily have been talking about the pop music business.

In 1982, pop was a game called Survival of the Fittest. The major record labels slashed their staffs to a minimum, cut back their rosters of artists, and howled to anyone who would listen that the recession, video games, and the increasingly prevalent practice of taping albums rather than buying them was killing music. But this was not entirely true. Home taping, competition from new entertainment technology, and the ailing economy may have been killing the major labels, or trying to. The music was just fine.

''It's like a jungle, sometimes I wonder how I keep from going under,'' Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five chanted on their plain-spoken rap hit ''The Message,'' the most powerful pop record of 1982.

In fact, the atmosphere of gloom and doom that pervaded the music industry this year was actually good for the music, toughened it up. Superstars who had coasted through much of the 1970's, churning out uneven albums to meet record company deadlines, saw the handwriting on the wall, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. A number of rock and soul artists made their best albums in years, albums that probed what Americans are thinking and feeling, how we live as well as how we love: Lou Reed's ''The Blue Mask'' (RCA), Joni Mitchell's ''Wild Things Run Fast'' (Geffen), Marvin Gaye's ''Midnight Love'' (Columbia), Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' ''Long After Dark'' (Backstreet), Billy Joel's ''The Nylon Curtain'' (Columbia), and the ex-Eagle Don Henley's ''I Can't Stand Still'' (Elektra).

Even artists whose most recent work has been more consistent outdid themselves: Bruce Springsteen (''Nebraska,'' Columbia), Elvis Costello (''Imperial Bedroom,'' Columbia), Donald Fagen of the rock duo Steely Dan (''The Nightfly,'' Warner Bros.), Warren Zevon (''The Envoy,'' Asylum).

For black pop, 1982 was a year of feverish creativity. Marvin Gaye's ''Midnight Love,'' his most successful album since the mid-70's, combined good old-fashioned Motown and even 1950's vocal group stylings with the latest synthesizer technology and rhythmic influences from Africa and the Caribbean, and Mr. Gaye played most of the instruments himself. Prince, the one-man band, made a double album, ''1999'' (Warner Bros.), that was one of a number of black records utilizing elements of white rock and synthesizer pop. ''Planet Rock'' (Tommy Boy Records), a 12-inch single by Afrika Bambaataa and Soul Sonic Force that was an important influence on Grand Master Flash's ''The Message,'' actually borrowed its instrument track from the German Techno-pop band Kraftwerk.

And modern African pop music began to have a significant impact, not only as an influence on Marvin Gaye and other American soul singers, but as a phenomenon in its own right. In England, African pop was the in-group fad of 1982. A Nigerian pop singer with a large following in Britain and Europe, King Sunny Ade, made the year's freshest dance-music album, ''Juju Music'' (Mango), which combined traditional African percussion with synthesizer and pedal steel guitar.

New pop music that was more familiar-sounding than African pop came from an even more exotic source, Australia. At year's end, the debut album by the Australian band, Men At Work, sat perched at the top of the best-seller charts. Australia's Sheena Easton, AC/DC, and the Little River Band, as well as New Zealand's Split Enz, also scored American hits this year. Australian pop tended to emphasize mainstream values and sturdy workmanship rather than innovation. Even the new-wavish Men at Work sounded like a market researcher's idea of a rock band, with a style built on the work of the Police and other new-wave bands that have won broad acceptance. Such cautious commercialism helped Australian performers make it onto the restrictive playlists of America's AOR (Album Oriented Rock) FM radio stations.

Throughout the year, there were signs that FM radio's ostrich-like conservatism was finally beginning to backfire. The AOR format, which mixes the most predictable contemporary fare with generous helpings of older music by such bands as Led Zeppelin and the Who, lost listeners in a number of important cities. In Los Angeles, the new-wave-oriented KROQ-FM fought its way toward the top in a ratings war with the city's AOR giants. Closer to home, WLIR-FM on Long Island switched from AOR formula programming to a new-music format modeled on KROQ. Led Zeppelin's 10-year-old ''Stairway to Heaven'' remains the most-requested and most-played song on AOR radio, but the times, they are a-changing.

The darlings of new-music radio in 1982 were a new crop of English synthesizer bands. The Human League, Soft Cell, and A Flock of Seagulls enjoyed substantial sales success in America, and while such bands as Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, the Depeche Mode, and Yaz failed to win an American audience that matched their English followings, new singles and album tracks were inescapable in dance clubs and on new-music radio.

These bands varied in their use of synthesizer technology, but most of them substituted electronics for guitars, bass, drums, horns, and other conventional instruments. Soft Cell and Yaz each consists of an emotive singer and a single musician who creates all the instrumental backing synthetically. Many listeners argued that synthesizers still lack the range and sonic richness of electric guitars and acoustic instruments. But even diehards like Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, who had never used synthesizers on their albums, began to experiment with them this year. Rapid changes in synthesizer technology are altering the face of pop music; before long, pop groups without guitars, basses or drums will be as commonplace as guitar bands are now.

In this brave new world of the not-so-distant future, jazz-rock will no longer be the slick, flashy, formula-prone stuff that went by that name in the 1970's. Jazz-rock will be harmolodic. The term, a contraction of the words harmony, motion, and melodic, was coined by the jazz saxophonist and visionary Ornette Coleman to describe his rigorously systematic, emphatically rhythmic brand of free improvisation. In his jazz quartets of the 1960's and 70's, and more recently in his electric band Prime Time, the players improvise together, creating a dense musical fabric that never degenerates into chaos because each musician's part is shaped by Mr. Coleman's distinctive thematic material.

''Of Human Feelings,'' originally recorded several years ago by Mr. Coleman and Prime Time, was released by Antilles Records this year to unanimous critical acclaim. But several veterans of Mr. Coleman's earlier electric bands had already absorbed the music captured on ''Of Human Feelings'' and used it as a foundation for their own harmolodic experiments. The guitarist James Blood Ulmer's ''Black Rock'' (Columbia), the drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson's ''Man Dance'' (Antilles) and Mr. Coleman's ''Of Human Feelings'' were the year's most significant jazz-rock albums. Their impact will be felt in rock circles as well as among jazz and fusion musicians in the months and years to come.

The pop record industry's prophets of doom warned this year that if the music business does not receive some sort of compensation or subsidy to make up for the depredations of home taping, the music will suffer. According to their scenario, the major record labels will ax new music and cut back the development of fresh talent first, rather than risk alienating established stars by refusing to meet their increasingly exorbitant demands. But the major labels cannot afford to ignore new talent and they know it. Plenty of independent labels are ready to step in and groom new artists, and with even the most established performers selling far fewer records than they used to, the music industry's future must depend on the new talent it develops today.

So even though the pop record business suffered through 1982, new artists and old-timers alike began putting the self-indulgence of the 1970's behind them and getting down to business. Suddenly, pop music was relevant again, whether it was Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five sending out ''The Message'' from the black ghettos, Bruce Springsteen singing about ***working-class*** disillusionment and despair in ''Nebraska,'' or Elvis Costello dissecting upper-crust anomie in the ''Imperial Bedroom.'' And this was positive news indeed.

**End of Document**



[***Blacks Say Life In Los Angeles Is Losing Allure***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WS90-008G-F0M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KENNETH B. NOBLE,   Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

For perhaps half a century, Los Angeles has lured blacks, along with hundreds of thousands of other immigrants from the South and Midwest, with its promise of jobs and the luxury of space. But in the last decade, fed up with high housing costs, drugs and crime, blacks have been fleeing Los Angeles, not only to outlying areas, but also to other states, particularly in the South.

In fact, demographers and geographers say, middle-class and ***working-class*** blacks, born in California, are on the verge of disappearing altogether from some neighborhoods.

According to population surveys conducted by the Census Bureau, from 1985 to 1990, 61,773 blacks moved out of Los Angeles County. That represents 6.9 percent of the 901,200 blacks over the age of 5 counted in the 1990 Census.

"We are seeing a total restructuring of Southern California's black community," said James H. Johnson, a geographer at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill who studies black migration. "In a community where you have other ethnic groups growing rapidly, these changes have enormous political and electoral significance."

Demographers say most blacks are moving to neighboring counties like Riverside, San Bernardino and Ventura. But a surprising number are moving to other states to seek economic opportunity, especially in the South, even if they do not have roots in that area.

Although South-Central Los Angeles is still predominantly black, in little more than a decade it has also become one of the nation's fastest-growing Hispanic neighborhoods. And by the turn of the century, experts say, Hispanic people will outnumber blacks in both that neighborhood and the county. Asians are also rapidly moving into Los Angeles County in numbers expected to double by the end of the century to at least 12 percent of the total population.

In South-Central Los Angeles, movie theaters, dance clubs, barber shops and pool halls that once catered to a black population are vanishing. Central Avenue, once the center of black life in Los Angeles, now is home to Hispanic-run appliance and furniture stores. And as the neighborhood has changed, there have been clashes between the two groups.

Blacks who are leaving point to the still struggling Southern California economy, whose hard-hit defense industries employed tens of thousands of blacks in relatively high-paying jobs. But almost as important as a chief motivation for the exodus is the area's long eroding quality of life.

Kaama Moseley's parents fled the poverty and bigotry of segregated Arkansas 50 years ago for the jobs, hope and vigor of the West Coast. Now, disillusioned with Los Angeles's stagnant economy, drugs, crowded schools and gangs, Ms. Moseley, her husband and three children have recently resettled in Lithonia, Ga., a semirural suburb of Atlanta.

"It's kind of ironic," said Ms. Moseley, 37, a hairstylist who grew up in East Los Angeles and who until now has lived her entire life in California. "I left California for the same reason my parents abandoned the South. They couldn't make a decent living there, with Jim Crow and all of that, and I couldn't make it anymore in California. I was fed up and tired of that vicious economic cycle."

In an interview in her new home, Ms. Moseley said she left the state partly because her livelihood as a professional hair-braider depended almost entirely on blacks, and over time the market was diminishing.

"I have a product that's designed for black people, so I needed to go where they were," she said. "There are a lot of black businesses here, and a lot of black people who are doing very, very well."

Now, she says, she is the pioneer in her family. "I have a brother coming here in late January or February, and then my younger brother is coming as well," she said. "And a lot of my cousins have been asking me about moving."

Marilyn Thompson, 45, a telephone company manager who lived in Los Angeles for nearly 20 years before moving to Atlanta last year, also said the doors of opportunity seemed open for Hispanic and Asian residents but shut for blacks in California.

"It seems like you can come into California and have nothing and end up with everything," she said of other immigrants to the state. But, she said, blacks "can't seem to get ahead."

Ms. Thompson, who had lived in Baldwin Hills, an affluent black neighborhood on a hill that overlooks South-Central Los Angeles, added that the constant threat of crime and violence had made the city increasingly uninhabitable.

"I lived in a pretty good area, Baldwin Hills, but it didn't matter where you live, you had that element coming in," she said. "That gang scene was getting out of hand. I was tired of those drive-bys."

Some well-educated and relatively affluent blacks see an equally grim picture. Lisa Collins, a 38-year-old lawyer, and her husband, Arthur, a 39-year-old doctor, said they were planning to leave Los Angeles as soon as they could establish their careers elsewhere. Originally from Indianapolis, they cited high living costs and the deteriorating public school system as reasons to move.

"If I was living in Indianapolis, I'd have 50 acres, probably 10 horses and a mansion with a maid," Mrs. Collins said.

The Collinses said they had delayed having children because they lacked confidence in the Los Angeles public schools. Mrs. Collins said: "It seems like most of my friends have enrolled their kids in private schools here. Or they have moved to areas where at least the schools are decent."

Recent studies suggest that while white flight from urban areas has often begun among the middle and upper classes, black flight here is encompassing the entire economic spectrum.

The Census Bureau analysis, conducted for the University of Michigan Center for Population Studies, provided details about the millions of people who moved to, from or within metropolitan Los Angeles in the second half of the 1980's.

"What's important and new about this," said William Frey, a demographer for the Michigan center, "is that the black outmigrants are not only middle class, but also on the lower end of the economic scale."

Dr. Johnson, the North Carolina geographer, said: "The typical picture of poor blacks is that they are the ones who remain in economically depressed communities who become welfare dependents. What these data suggest is that a substantial cadre of poor and disadvantaged blacks are moving in search not of welfare but better economic opportunities."

The blacks who are leaving Los Angeles for other areas in California are generally leapfrogging the familiar suburban destinations of whites, like Orange County, and heading farther east toward Riverside and San Bernardino Counties or up the coast north to Ventura County. From 1980 to 1990, the black population in the Riverside-San Bernardino area increased 113 percent, making it the fastest growing black community in the country.

The blacks who are leaving California altogether are heading to Southern states -- including Florida, Georgia and Texas -- as well as to Illinois, New York and Washington state. Dr. Johnson said some blacks from Los Angeles are also moving to Las Vegas, Nev., where they are seeking service jobs in the casino industry. Other blacks are moving to Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, apparently because they have roots in those states.

South-Central Los Angeles's last major ethnic transition occurred in the early 1940's during World War II. Before then, the neighborhood was a mosaic of Italian and Hispanic immigrants and blacks, who had fled the stifling racism of the South. But as more and more blacks moved in, the whites moved out, eventually creating one of the country's most racially segregated areas.

After riots in the Watts section in August 1965, many factories pulled up stakes, taking with them well-paying manufacturing jobs. The area further deteriorated in the 70's and 80's as the few remaining major companies closed their factories.

But the area's economic demise did not dim the hopes of a wave of immigrants from Mexico, Central America and Asia who began to push blacks out of Watts and other areas. Between the 1980 and 1990 censuses, the black population of Los Angeles County dropped to 11 percent from 13 percent of the population, while the Hispanic and Asian populations swelled.

At the same time, many black residents have become increasingly resentful of the new immigrants, who many say are taking most of the region's low-wage jobs.

Ms. Moseley said that Asians who own many of the small businesses in Los Angeles tend to hire other Asians as workers, not blacks.

"I'm not taking anything from them, because I'm trying to emulate them and to watch them and to do as they do, because what they've done is what you're supposed to do," she added. "You come and find an opportunity and seize it, so you can't blame them for that. It just puts us in a very awkward situation as natives.

"I told myself, this is something that's bigger than you," she continued. "You can't change the political structure. Sometimes it's better to leave, which a lot of people have done."

**Graphic**

Photos: South-Central Los Angeles, although still predominantly black, now is also home to a growing population of Hispanic people. A mural on a drugstore in the neighborhood reflects that mixed composition. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times); Kaama Moseley braiding the hair of her daughter, Toya Albert, at their new home in Atlanta. Ms. Moseley said, "I couldn't make it anymore in California." (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times) (pg. 16)

Graph: "A CLOSER LOOK: Demographics of Blacks Leaving Los Angeles County" shows statistical breakdowns related to age, economic status, education, and sex. All numbers are based on the rate per 100 people in 1990 and cover the period from 1985 to 1990. (Source: University of Michigan) (pg. 16)

Chart: "Moving Out"

As Asian and Hispanic people moved into Los Angeles County, newrly 6 out of every 100 blacks moved out. Graph shows migration figures for Whites, Blacks, Asians, and Hispanics, based on 1990 population data. Figures cover the period from 1985 to 1990. (Source: University of Michigan) (pg. 1)

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**End of Document**



[***For Teen-Agers, the Lessons of Africa***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PSJ0-0038-D4WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By AMY HILL HEARTH

**Body**

IT would be hard to find two images of America's ethnic history more celebrated than the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock in 1620 and European immigrants glimpsing the Statue of Liberty as they arrived in New York Harbor at the turn of the century.

But to many black Americans, those images are irrelevant. When they look to the past, they see suffering and injustice. Except for recent emigres, black Americans are descendants of people who were brought to this country on slave ships.

To help black American teen-agers grapple with that and the feelings of rootlessness it may engender, Barbara A. Glover, a teacher at Woodlands High School in the Greenburgh Central 7 School District, takes a group of teen-agers to Africa twice a year. The trip is organized through a nonprofit organization Mrs. Glover founded in 1983 called the Africa Study Group. The students traveling are from junior and senior high schools, mostly in Westchester.

''Once they've been to Africa, the kids feel more equal to other ethnic groups,'' Mrs. Glover said. ''They feel like they're part of America and they feel like contributing.''

On a recent weekday evening, six of 11 students who went with Mrs. Glover to Togo, Ghana and Benin during winter break in February met to share their experiences.

The mood was lighthearted, as students recalled bargaining for food at a marketplace, eating at restaurants where fish was served with the heads on (considered ''yucky'') and the fascination Africans had for American clothing, especially sneakers.

But after the laughter died down the students quietly discussed the deeper lessons of the trip.

''Africa doesn't seem as far away as it did'' before, said Matthew Jackson, a tenth-grader at Woodlands High School. ''You see when you're growing up that it's like Tarzan swinging from vines and then you see what it's really like.''

What the students said they saw in Togo, Ghana and Benin - three West African nations considered poor by Western standards - were content, hard-working people. Africans, they noted, have made many contributions to the world and each ethnic group (''tribe'' is considered a white man's word) developed its own rich culture.

'The People Seemed Happy'

''The thing I liked the most was that the people seemed happy,'' said Denise Tucker, a tenth-grader at Woodlands. ''They didn't let anything keep their spirits down.''

Matthew, while agreeing with her, added that it ''seemed to be a very difficult life.''

Adiso Ross, who attends Fordham Preparatory School in the Bronx and lives in Greenburgh, noted that the West Africans lived a better life than many black Americans. He added that he felt so comfortable with the African people that he did not want to leave.

''I feel a lot closer to Africa and I'd like to go back to try to help in some way,'' he said.

Another student, Gregory Fitzgerald, said he now hopes to study French because it is the official language of Togo. He is already making plans to return to that country for a longer visit. A tenth-grader at Woodlands High School, Gregory - along with Matthew - were among the founders recently of a new student organization called the African-American Heritage Club.

The students visited fishing villages, schools and clinics, but perhaps the most memorable journey was to the ''slave castle'' in Ghana known as Elmina. A slave castle was a fortress built along the Atlantic Coast where captured Africans were imprisoned before being sent overseas. White Europeans lived in grand quarters above these squalid prisons. Many slave castles, built in the 15th century, still exist as museums today.

''It was still damp and rank,'' said Zelda Strong, a White Plains High School junior. ''Even after all this time.''

Memorials put up long ago by white soldiers to honor their leaders who lived in the slave castle were ''very insulting,'' said Matthew.

Castle Becomes a Prison

''It makes you see the nerve of these people,'' said David Cannon, a Woodlands High School tenth-grader, discussing how white soldiers forced the Africans to help build the castle and then imprisoned the Africans there.

Mrs. Glover said it was not uncommon for students to become ''sad and weepy'' upon visiting a slave castle. But she added that she believed it was important for the students to ''see the whole story.''

Many of the students had taken World History or African Studies at school and therefore had some knowledge of Africa. But Mrs. Glover also held extensive orientation meetings and made reading assignments prior to the trip. ''It's a historical trip, not a vacation,'' Mrs. Glover said. ''I tell them, 'you're not going to lie on a beach, you're going to work hard and discover who your ancestors were.' ''

The itinerary of each trip is usually suggested by the students, depending on their interests and perhaps current world events. Most students are from Westchester, but teen-agers from as far away as Colorado have participated. Among the destinations on previous trips were Gambia, Guinea Bissau, Ivory Coast, Kenya, Morocco and Senegal.

Putting Together the Group

So far, no white students have traveled with the Africa Study Group, although they are welcome, Mrs. Glover said. A few white students have indicated interest but then dropped out. ''White kids sometimes find it difficult to be the minority'' in a group composed mostly of blacks, she said.

The teen-agers who travel with the Africa Study Group are in the sixth to 12th grade, but the typical age is 15, Mrs. Glover said. Most are from middle- or ***working-class*** families and often they earn at least part of the money to pay for the trip. The trips have ranged from $1,000 to $3,000 in cost, depending on the destination; the February one cost each student about $2,000.

Africa Study Group operates a scholarship fund to help defray these costs. The address of the fund is 405 Tarrytown Road, Suite 217, White Plains, N.Y. 10603. The group is in need of volunteers, including adults willing to pay their own way and accompany the group as chaperones, Mrs. Glover said. The next trip - to Kenya, Zimbabwe and Zambia - will be in August.

Parents of students who have traveled with Africa Study Group seemed as enthusiastic as their children. ''He found out more about himself,'' said Clarence A. Ross, father of Adiso, who is 15. ''He asks more revealing questions'' about how Africa ''fits into the world.''

'There's an Interchange'

Mr. Ross said that an additional benefit is that his son can relate better to students who made the more traditional trip to the European continent during winter break. ''Now he can compare his experience with kids coming back from Moscow or France,'' he said. ''There's an interchange.''

Mr. Ross added that ''especially boys'' should make the trip to Africa. ''Black boys have a real problem'' in our society, he said. ''They are expected to act a certain role that is not a positive role,'' and journeying to Africa helps them ''to get more of a feeling of self.''

Ella Fitzgerald, the mother of 15-year-old Gregory, agreed. The trip ''made a lasting impression'' on her son, she said.

''Reading about it is one thing,'' she explained, ''but going is another thing altogether. It's been a very positive experience. He's always looking at the pictures and remembering something else.''

Mrs. Glover said that visiting Africa helped students understand the evolution of black culture in this country, including ''how others have made sacrifices for them,'' such as during the Civil Rights Movement. After the trip, many students have become ''more politically involved,'' she said.

Mrs. Glover suggested that it was better for black Americans to face the history of their people when they were still teen-agers. ''Maybe you wouldn't have such outrageous anger later on,'' she said, explaining that black children who have not examined the past often go through a crisis as young adults when they discover the ''true story'' of black America.

Students who traveled with the Africa Study Group often become close friends, having gone through what Mrs. Glover termed ''a rite of passage'' together. The group that made the trip in February put together a scrapbook of newspaper clippings, information about West Africa, rules for the trip and some writings by the students themselves.

Thoughts Inspired by the Trip

Adiso wrote an essay about Soukous, a form of music popular in Africa for about 30 years that has recently attracted international attention. Matthew wrote a piece called, ''Why More Blacks Are In Sports Than in the Business World.'' ''Racism is killing African-Americans in the business world,'' he wrote. ''Why do we see more Michael Jordans than Donald Trumps? Why do you think this is so?''

Zelda, 16, wrote of her fondness for a poem called ''Still I Rise'' by the black poet, Maya Angelou. ''My favorite two lines of the poem are 'Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave' and 'I am the dream and the hope of the slave,' '' she wrote just prior to the trip, adding:

''The most precious gift I think my ancestors have given me is the gift of freedom. I hope that one of the dreams that my ancestors dreamt was that one day I would return to my ancestral homeland, so that I could see where my true roots began.

''For this is the reason why I want to experience Africa and all of its historical richness.''

**Graphic**

Photo; Matthew Jackson, Barbara A. Glover, Robert Castro and Zelda Strong, from the left, above, with a photo album of their trip to Africa. Denise Tucker, far left, and Gregory Fitzgerald with African souvenirs. (NYT/Alan Zale)

**End of Document**



[***For Israeli Settlers, Life Under Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41SY-J570-00MH-F3P4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Dateline:** MIGDALIM, West Bank, Nov. 27

**Body**

A retired merchant seaman, Dimitri Geffen lovingly built his house like a cargo ship. It has a ship's bell for a doorbell and an industrial crane to hoist packages from the street into his hilltop home. From his vast terrace, he can see deep into the Jordan Valley dunes. For an Israeli man of limited means, it is a palatial abode, not like the "chicken coop" in central Israel that he abandoned to move to this isolated Jewish settlement.

"But what's it all worth if I get shot dead?" he asked.

Mr. Geffen, who enjoys driving on sabbath Saturdays and eating pork, is adamantly secular. He moved to Migdalim more than a decade ago in order to improve his family's quality of life. Smoking Palestinian cigarettes, surrounded by Chinese artifacts that he collected in his travels, he does not fit the world's image of the Jewish settler.

But he represents a swath of ***working-class*** Israelis who moved to the government-subsidized settlements for "a villa," as the Israelis joke. And over the last two months, as the violence between Israelis and Palestinians has made their existence hellish, some of those "quality of life" settlers have contemplated pulling up stakes or have temporarily moved their families to relatives' homes inside Israel. Like Mr. Geffen, they have no desire to trade their lives for their land.

In contrast, the ideological core of the settler movement is digging roots ever deeper into the rocky hills. Settler leaders, while insisting that they do not want their members to become martyrs for the cause, offer testimonials of what settlers have endured and what they are prepared to endure. They brush aside reports about settlers who are being frightened into abandoning the heavily fortified Jewish enclaves in the West Bank and Gaza.

"I tell people, 'If you're still here right now, after all this, then either you realize that you're pioneers, or you're stupid,' " Pinchas Wallerstein, a longtime settler leader, said, speaking in his bullet-riddled office in Psagot, overlooking the minarets of Ramallah. Even the display panel on his telephone has a bullet hole.

Throughout the seven-year-old peace effort, the expanding presence of Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza has undermined Palestinian confidence in Israel's sincerity. International mediators repeatedly cautioned Israel that settlement expansion was not only a diplomatic roadblock but a ground-level provocation to the Palestinians.

Some 150,000 to 200,000 Jewish settlers live in the West Bank and Gaza. Many are linked to one another and to Israel by a network of Israeli roads that bypass Palestinian villages; they are protected by thousands of Israeli soldiers.

Physically, the settlements dot the West Bank in strategic positions. Their red-tiled roofs perch above crowded Arab towns. Even though the overwhelming majority of the Palestinian population is now under Palestinian rule, Palestinians see the West Bank as a Swiss cheese with the settlements as the holes.

What Palestinians call the Aksa uprising began at Al Aksa Mosque in Jerusalem at the end of September. Since then, the Palestinians feel, the Israeli Army has declared war on them, shooting unarmed protesters as well as gunmen, shelling private homes as well as military headquarters, and razing olive trees and fruit orchards. The army has tripled the number of troops roving the West Bank and Gaza -- it will not provide specific numbers -- and has set up roadblocks separating one Palestinian town from the next.

The settlers, for their part, feel hated and, worse, hunted like animals.

The Palestinians have turned the Jewish communities, always points of friction, into the targets of their rage. With considerable backing from the Palestinian population, Palestinian gunmen have declared open season on the settlers and the soldiers in their midst.

"I call it Al Aksa roulette," said Menahem Gourary, general secretary of the Binyamin area regional council. "You never know at which hour, on which road, in which school, the bullets will rain down."

For the settlers, many of whom were getting used to an easy, almost suburban existence, every day and especially every night bring fresh shootings and roadside bombings aimed at driving them away. At night, their children hide in bathtubs or under their beds, trembling. By day, they travel to school accompanied by military escorts or armored vehicles, if they are lucky.

Hanoch Yerez, an immigrant from the Bronx, is a counselor who tries to help settler children cope with the stress. In Psagot, he riffled through their drawings. A typical one featured a stick-figure man in a kaffiyeh pointing a pistol at a boy in a skullcap. In one exercise, the children wrote letters to Israel's prime minister, Ehud Barak. "Please save us," one little girl wrote.

For those who believe deeply in the settlement cause, the recent violence is upsetting but not surprising, since they had long been convinced that the peace effort would disintegrate into bloodshed. Like Evita Mazuz, an English immigrant and longtime resident of Psagot, they defiantly surround their balconies with sandbags and rail not at the Palestinians but at the Israeli government.

"It's like sitting in a pond, waiting to be slaughtered," Mrs. Mazuz said, as she rocked her 8-month-old son, Noam, on a plastic horse beneath the sandbags. "My kids ask me why there are Jews being killed and their government doesn't do anything. What can I tell them?"

But for those who are not believers, the situation is far more challenging.

Moshe Cohen, 36, a plumber who lives in Migdalim, describes himself as "just a guy who couldn't afford Tel Aviv." Now, he says, he has ended up driving the roads with a loaded Uzi in his lap, peering into the hills for sharpshooters.

"Until two months ago everything was terrific: we had a high quality of life, mountain air, a beautiful view from our living room window," Mr. Cohen said. "Suddenly we woke up two months ago and realized that we were in Lebanon. Believe me, we did not come here to die for the holiness of the land."

An Israeli newspaper poll found that 6 percent of the settlers are preparing to leave their homes, and 4 percent more are considering such a step.

Earlier surveys had found that more than a third of settlers would evacuate the hills if the government compensated them. Real estate agents across the country report that at a time when the market is stagnant, they are getting a disproportionate number of calls from settlers who are researching their options.

Migdalim, a small secular community, is encircled by four Palestinian villages in the eastern West Bank between Ramallah and Jenin. It had been home to 40 families until earlier this month, when one family of Russian immigrants picked up and returned to their homeland, leaving behind only a car with a bullet-shattered windshield.

Mr. Geffen, a grizzled man with a wry sense of humor, considers his home to be like "a little house on the prairie." He says he leaves his keys in his car and his house unlocked. There has not been a theft in the village in 16 years, he said. Until October, Migdalim residents lived peacefully beside their Palestinian neighbors, employing some, shopping in their towns, sharing a water well, he said.

Now, like all the men in the settlement, he patrols the periphery at night, armed and dismayed at finding himself conforming more and more to the image of a typical settler.

His hilltop was totally barren when the Israeli government approved a settlement there in 1986, he said.

"I understand that the Palestinians claim this land," he said. "Yasir Arafat is totally clear. But the Israeli government is not clear. What are the borders of Israel? They never say. They spend a lot of time talking to each other, the politicians. But they never talk to us."

If the government tells him to leave, he will go "for the sake of peace," Mr. Geffen said. But he is unwilling to abandon his now spoiled idyll voluntarily and especially not without government compensation for his $100,000 home.

One of his neighbors, Yossi Warshenbrot, wrote Mr. Barak a letter demanding some kind of action. He and his wife, Rickie, commute into central Israel. Their route is a shooting gallery, where two Israelis have been killed in recent weeks, and Mr. Warshenbrot said he had begged the army to post a jeep at the most dangerous junction. He also agonizes over the school bus that takes 40 toddlers from Migdalim to another settlement without a military escort.

"The situation is intolerable," he said. "What I say is either provide me with the security or find me alternative housing. I neither want nor am I willing to be anyone's cannon fodder."

At the Camp David negotiations last summer, the Palestinians appeared prepared to accept Israel's proposal to annex large settlement clusters in exchange for a land swap and the evacuation of small isolated settlements, like Migdalim, that are home to a minority of some 50,000 settlers. Whether the Camp David understandings will ever be revived remains to be seen.

Israeli leftists are urging the government to evacuate the isolated settlements immediately and to assist settlers who want to leave. A. B. Yeshoshua, a leading writer, published an open letter to the settlers that appealed, "For the sake of your children, evacuate!" He said that Israelis' hearts were hardening to the settlers' plight, and that Israelis would hold the settlers responsible for endangering themselves and Israel as a whole.

But other Israelis are appalled by what they consider to be the far left's insensitivity. Several settler leaders, in fact, believe that there has been a surge of support for the settlement movement because, they say, it has become clear that the settlers are on the front line of a battle to drive all Israelis from their homes.

Some settler leaders seem invigorated by the fight. In the bustling basement of Mr. Wallerstein's office building, soldiers and civilian workers monitor the conflict in two bunker-like control rooms. A map tracks the movements of settlers' cars outfitted with global positioning systems. A chart lists what roads are opened and closed. A hot-line operator keeps a log of violent incidents.

"The high morale of the people in Psagot is insane," Mr. Wallerstein said of his settlement, which has seen more shooting incidents -- 75, including one seven-hour gun battle -- than any other. "There are people saying, 'Let's shoot Arabs, let's block roads,' but they are the minority. Most people believe that they are pioneers and that their lives involve sacrifices."

Feeding her baby, Mrs. Mazuz seemed resigned to the sacrifices. When the nightly shooting began, she said, her 7-year-old son started wetting his bed.

The baby screamed through the night. She and her husband would go to bed alone and wake up accompanied by many of their eight children. Now, she said, they have all adjusted to it, which bothers her. But she would never contemplate moving.

"I feel I've got nowhere to go," she said. "If we leave here and go farther in, then they've got what they want and it'll be the same thing in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Evita Mazuz played with her 8-month-old son, Noam, on the sandbag-fortified balcony of their home in the Jewish settlement of Psagot.; Dimitri Geffen, a settler on guard duty, and his wife, Laila, in front of their home in Migdalim. The home is much better than they could afford in Israel, "but what's it all worth if I get shot dead?" he asks.; A school bus returned children safely back to their mothers in the secular Migdalim settlement from a school in a nearby settlement. (Photographs by Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)

Map of Israel shows the location of Migdalim: Migdalim, home to 39 families, is surrounded by four Arab villages.

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**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:475P-JB80-01CN-H38S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "ALL OR NOTHING," starring Timothy Spall, Lesley Manville and Alison Garland. Directed by Mike Leigh (R, 128 minutes). After his foray into period drama and the mysteries of artistic collaboration in "Topsy Turvy," Mr. Leigh returns to more familiar terrain: the hard luck and domestic distress of the contemporary English ***working class***. Mr. Spall and Ms. Manville play the depressed, bickering couple at the center of the drama, whose love for each other has been ground down by the routines of work and the unpleasantness of their children. But though the members of this family -- and the neighbors and coworkers whose equally unhappy lives round out the movie -- are frequently shown at their worst, it is impossible not to identify with them, or to love them as Mr. Leigh does. His tough, democratic generosity of spirit is evident in every frame (A. O. Scott).

"AUTO FOCUS," starring Greg Kinnear, Willem Dafoe and Rita Wilson. Directed by Paul Schrader (R, 104 minutes). In the tawdry life and violent demise of Bob Crane, star of the television sitcom "Hogan's Heroes," Mr. Schrader has found a subject well suited to his preoccupations with sex, pornography and the existential agony of self-deluded men. As played by Mr. Kinnear, Crane is an affable, charming fellow undone by fame, promiscuity and videotape. His sex addiction is made creepier by his compulsion to record his trysts with the aid of technology supplied by John Carpenter (Mr. Dafoe), a video expert who was later tried in Crane's murder, and acquitted (a verdict the film regards with implicit skepticism). Despite Mr. Kinnear's smart, vivid performance, the movie keeps Crane at a distance. Mr. Schrader is ultimately less interested in the man than in the condition, and he has produced a moral tale that is chilling and disturbing but never really moving (Scott).

\* "BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE," with Michael Moore. Written and directed by Mr. Moore (R, 119 minutes). Mr. Moore's latest documentary -- a rambling inquiry into the sources of violence and fear in American culture -- is tendentious and infuriating, full of ideological cheap shots and bullying interviews. It is also generous, disturbing, honest and funny. Since the subject, which sometimes seems to be nothing less than the nature of American society itself, is large and self-contradictory, it seems only fitting that the film (and the filmmaker) should share those attributes. The movie, populated by scapegoats, fools and striving, decent ordinary citizens -- in addition, of course, to Mr. Moore himself -- really does present an argument, but it should incite quite a few, which is not such a bad thing (Scott).

"COMEDIAN," with Jerry Seinfeld. Directed by Christian Charles (R, 81 minutes). Having starred in one of the most successful television sitcoms ever, Mr. Seinfeld decided to break into the small time, returning to the comedy clubs where he cut his teeth and trying to put together an entirely new act. Mr. Charles's film, shot in grainy, low-light video, shows snippets of the act and provides glimpses of Mr. Seinfeld's offstage life, but its main concern is the professional culture of stand-up. In the company of his peers, Mr. Seinfeld reflects on the hard work and anxiety of his profession, and his efforts to keep his career going are contrasted with the struggle of a young comic named Orny Adams to start one. The movie is always engrossing, even if it is, inevitably, somewhat superficial. Not that there's anything wrong with that (Scott).

"FRIDA," starring Salma Hayek, Alfred Molina and Geoffrey Rush. Directed by Julie Taymor (R, 122 minutes). Ms. Taymor's celebration of the life of the Mexican Surrealist painter Frida Kahlo almost transcends the limitations of the biopic genre. Yes, the events of Kahlo's passionate, painful life are flattened out and crowded together, and no, we don't really understand her any better at the end of the movie, but when it departs from the conventions of realism, "Frida" explodes with color, music and sensuality. Ms. Hayek plays the artist with more charisma than insight, and her scenes with Mr. Molina (who plays Diego Rivera, Kahlo's straying, devoted husband) are clunky and literal, but Ms. Taymor is a playful, inventive and emotionally astute filmmaker constrained (as her subject rarely was) by convention. This is a responsible, pat film biography that wants most desperately to be a musical, and that almost succeeds (Scott).

"I SPY," starring Eddie Murphy, Owen Wilson, Bill Mondy and Malcolm McDowell. Directed by Betty Thomas (PG-13, 96 minutes). This film version of the old television series teams up Mr. Murphy and Mr. Wilson in the Bill Cosby and Robert Culp roles. The slim plot and its predictable third-act twist involve the theft of the Switchblade, the newest example of United States Stealth plane technology, by evildoers. That's the word used by the spy boss, McIntyre (Mr. Mondy), who assigns the bumbling special agent Alexander Scott (Mr. Wilson) to retrieve the stolen plane from the evildoer Gundars (Mr. McDowell). Scott is hooked up with the megalomaniacal boxing champ Kelly Robinson (Mr. Murphy). The president himself asks Robinson to go to Eastern Europe with Scott, serving as part of Scott's cover, so that they can infiltrate one of Gundars's huge parties and find out where the Switchblade is hidden. It's a novel notion, trying to shoehorn two actors who are born scene-stealers into a buddy comedy. But in this case, there are far more laughs in the idea of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Wilson fighting to upstage each other than there are in the movie (Elvis Mitchell).

"MOONLIGHT MILE," starring Jake Gyllenhaal, Dustin Hoffman, Susan Sarandon and Ellen Pompeo. Written and directed by Brad Silberling (PG-13, 123 minutes). Mr. Silberling's picture, loosely based on events in his own life, could easily have turned into what Ms. Sarandon's character, the grieving mother of a murdered young woman, calls a "cliche parade." The subject -- a family and a fiance struggling to come to grips with their devastating loss -- is ripe for overdramatic sentimentality. Though its conclusion is too tidily therapeutic, and though elements of its story (especially Ms. Pompeo's sad, waifish postal worker) strain credibility, "Moonlight Mile" has an understated, lived-in quality and a wry, unforced sense of the absurd. The soundtrack of early 1970's album cuts (including the title song, from the Rolling Stones' "Sticky Fingers") certainly helps. Mr. Gyllenhaal's performance as the fiance, in particular, is smart and unpredictable, a portrait of Vietnam-era youthful indecision that reminds you of the young Dustin Hoffman. The real Mr. Hoffman, meanwhile, plays the murder victim's father, who clings to his not-quite son-in-law as a way of holding onto his lost daughter (Scott).

"RED DRAGON," starring Anthony Hopkins, Edward Norton and Ralph Fiennes. Directed by Brett Ratner (R, 126 minutes). In "Dragon," Hannibal (the Cannibal) Lecter is played once again with relish -- and probably wasabi mayonnaise -- by Mr. Hopkins. But Lecter is such a huge presence at this point that he capsizes the picture's narrative, which is presumably a manhunt for a serial murderer other than Lecter. Lecter is in prison, but a killer is attacking families in their homes on a lunar cycle. The F.B.I. asks Will Graham (Mr. Norton), a retired agent, to help find him before the next full moon. So Graham asks Lecter for help. The best material in the picture is sparkling, drawing-room comedy, like the exchanges between Graham and Lecter. And there are gamey comic moments featuring Philip Seymour Hoffman as the tabloid reporter Freddy Lounds. But while Mr. Hopkins excels at Grand Guignol comic relief, it's tiresome because we've heard it all before. The entire picture is a third-generation Xerox copy: it's a thriller too timid to thrill (Mitchell).

"THE RING," starring Naomi Watts and David Dorfman. Directed by Gore Verbinski (PG-13, 115 minutes). This American remake of a famous Japanese suspense film is about an urban legend that has come to life: whenever a mysterious, unlabeled videotape is run, its unlucky viewer gets a phone call just after seeing it. The voice on the other end of the phone says simply, "Seven days." It's how long the viewer has to live; and the corpse looks like something out of a Francis Bacon daydream. When her niece dies after seeing the videotape, Rachel (Ms. Watts), a Seattle reporter, decides to investigate the rumors. And that's when "The Ring" begins its downward spiral. She watches the freakout tape, complete with suffering animals, a fly crawling across the screen and static-ridden flash cuts. Much of what follows consists of close-ups of the clues that Rachel, desperate to beat the clock and stay alive, sifts through to solve the mystery. But while impressively made, this impassive and cold feature fails, in a spectacular fashion, to deliver the thrills (Mitchell).

\* "ROGER DODGER," starring Campbell Scott, Jesse Eisenberg, Isabella Rossellini and Elizabeth Berkley. Written and directed by Dylan Kidd (R, 105 minutes). Roger Swanson (Mr. Scott), the slick motor-mouthed adman who jabbers his way through Mr. Kidd's impressive filmmaking debut, is one of those bar-room pundits who have an answer for everything, including a Darwinian philosophy of sex whose pseudo-scientific logic camouflages a deep misogyny. The movie follows Roger and Nick (Mr. Eisenberg), his innocent teenage nephew from Ohio, through a grueling night of New York pub-crawling during which Roger tutors Nick on how to pick up women. Mr. Scott's portrayal of this charismatic creep is a dazzling star turn and change of pace for an actor who usually plays earnest good guys (Stephen Holden).

"THE SANTA CLAUSE 2," starring Tim Allen, Elizabeth Mitchell and David Krumholtz. Directed by Michael Lembeck (G, 98 minutes). In which Santa (Mr. Allen) returns from the North Pole to find a wife and patch up his relationship with his teenage son. Meanwhile, back at the office, a rogue toy Santa (Mr. Allen) has staged a coup d'etat and is threatening to fill the stockings of the world's children with coal. Instead, the kind people at Disney offer them this disposable holiday goodie, decked out with maudlin spirit-of-the-season hokum and smirky Tim Allen charm for the grownups (Scott).

"THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLIE," starring Mark Wahlberg, Thandie Newton and Tim Robbins. Directed by Jonathan Demme (PG-13, 104 minutes). Ms. Newton plays the recently married Regina, who returns home to her spacious Paris flat to break off with her husband, Charlie, an art dealer. She finds him gone and the apartment ransacked. When Charlie's corpse turns up and a pack of mysterious strangers pop around threatening Regina and asking questions about a treasure that he supposedly left behind, she's stunned. The truth about Charlie is that everybody knew more about him than she did. Regina's first hope is Joshua (Mark Wahlberg), a helpful American. But when even Joshua turns out not to be what he seemed, she has to turn to Bartholomew (Mr. Robbins) at the American Embassy for help. This knockabout, moderately successful remake of the 1963 comic thriller "Charade" lacks the heartless, silken cool of the original. Most of the remake's allure comes from the sensual, butter-voiced Ms. Newton; with her Mr. Demme has found the 21st-century corollary to Audrey Hepburn (Mitchell).

\* "WHITE OLEANDER," starring Michelle Pfeiffer, Alison Lohman, Renee Zellweger and Robin Wright Penn. Directed by Peter Kosminsky (PG-13, 110 minutes). Janet Fitch's best-selling novel about the tormented relationship of an artist, imprisoned for murdering her unfaithful lover, and her teenage daughter, who is shuttled through a succession of foster homes, has been adapted into a movie of unusual depth and subtlety that captures several moods of Los Angeles. Ms. Pfeiffer gives the most complex screen performance of her career as the beautiful mother, a remorseless narcissist, who raises her daughter to believe the two of them are superior to ordinary mortals. Ms. Lohman's equally impressive portrayal of the daughter, herself a talented artist, maintains a perfectly calibrated balance between resentment and adoration. Ms. Zellweger and Ms. Penn are also memorable as foster mothers, one an insecure, clinging sometime B-movie actress, the other a trashy former stripper (Holden).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Will the real Santa please stand up: Tim Allen battles a pretender in the film "Santa Clause 2." (Joseph Lederer/Disney Enterprises); Owen Wilson, left, and Eddie Murphy in "I Spy," a film based on the 1960's television series. (Bruce McBroom/Columbia Pictures)

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**End of Document**



[***A One-Woman Revolution***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:596J-SH61-DXY4-X3MX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By BROOK LARMER

**Body**

The patch of Wimbledon grass known as the Graveyard of Champions was supposedly exorcised four years ago, when the blue-blazered gentlemen of the All England Lawn Tennis Club demolished Court 2, built a new grandstand in its place and, in 2011, renamed the haunted space Court 3. But the tennis fans watching the 2013 championships still knew. Li Na, China's tennis rebel, knew, too. This was the same cursed court where top seeds like Pete Sampras and Serena Williams had suffered ignominious defeats, falling to unheralded players in the early rounds. Now Li, the former French Open champion and sixth-ranked player in the world, teetered one game away from a third-round loss to the Czech veteran Klara Zakopalova. ''At that moment,'' she told me later, ''I suddenly saw myself with my bags going to the airport. It made my heart ache.''

For two hours, Li had struggled against her hard-hitting opponent. Trailing 5-6 in the third set, she walked to the baseline knowing that she had to break serve just to stay alive. Lose the next four points, and she might carry out her pretournament threat to quit the sport she had been forced to start playing nearly a quarter-century ago. Her spring season had been a bruising free fall from the heights of her second Australian Open final in January to her second-round flameout at the French Open in May. Now the graveyard was calling.

As Li crouched at the baseline, the cluster of Chinese fans waving little red flags went still. On the first serve, Li blasted a winner down the line. Five points later, she pounced on her first break-point opportunity, scorching a forehand winner -- and letting out a scream -- to even the set at 6-all. Two more games, another roar: Li had survived. It was just a third-round match, and she had played erratically. But after her recent run of defeats -- marked by what appeared to be a lack of conviction at decisive moments -- pulling out this victory felt redemptive. ''I fought like mad,'' she said with a grin. ''Winning this match felt as good as getting to a Grand Slam final.''

One more obstacle awaited Li that afternoon. Walking into the press room in her sleek white sweatsuit, she looked warily at the assembled Chinese reporters. Her smile was pinched. China's state-run media, which happily extols her victories for bringing glory to the motherland, had recently intensified its attacks on her streak of individualism, which has grown only stronger since she left the Chinese sports system in 2008. The furor began after her collapse at the French Open a month earlier, when a reporter for the government's Xinhua news agency asked her to explain her disappointing result to her nation's fans. ''I lost a match and that's it,'' Li snapped. ''Do I need to get on my knees and kowtow to them?'' Her comment ignited a round of official criticism, rebuking her lack of patriotism and manners. Now, the very same reporter raised his hand to ask Li, once again, to address her fans. She glared at him for almost a full minute before mumbling, ''I say, 'Thank you, fans.' ''

Li Na might prefer that we forget about China and judge her by her character and accomplishments alone. Hers, after all, is the tale of a conflicted ***working-class*** girl -- the daughter of an athlete whose own dreams were thwarted by political strife -- who rose to become one of the finest, richest and most influential players of her generation. All in a sport that most of her compatriots had never watched before.

A mercurial star who blends speed and power -- and occasional meltdowns -- Li became Asia's first and only Grand Slam singles champion when she won the French Open in 2011. She is also the first Chinese-born player to crack the world's Top Five -- an elite group she rejoined last month after her run at Wimbledon. With nearly $40 million in sponsorship deals signed in the past three years, she is now the third-highest-compensated female athlete in any sport, trailing only Maria Sharapova and Serena Williams.

Still, it is impossible to separate Li from China. She is one of the country's biggest celebrities, with more than 21 million followers on the Twitter-like Weibo (by comparison, LeBron James has 9.4 million Twitter followers). A record 116 million Chinese viewers watched her triumph in the French Open, a bigger audience than the Super Bowl attracted that year. The tens of millions of dollars in endorsements that Li has collected depend on her connection to the Chinese market. Had she been born in Chile, Chad or even Chicago, she would not be one of the top three earners. Nor would the Women's Tennis Association be unveiling a new pro tournament next year in her home city of Wuhan, in central China. Five years ago, the W.T.A. staged two tournaments in the country; in 2014, there will be eight. The W.T.A.'s chief executive, Stacey Allaster, credits Li with helping spark a tennis explosion in Asia. ''If the Williams sisters had the greatest impact on the first decade of this century,'' Allaster says, ''then I would say, without a doubt, that Li Na will be the most important player of this decade.''

But even now, Li's game is plagued by a maddening unpredictability -- not unlike the W.T.A. in general, where a decade of relative instability at the top has led to a few players reaching No. 1 without winning a Grand Slam. (Caroline Wozniacki, of Denmark, was only the latest example.) This situation has prompted unfavorable, often unfair, comparisons with the men's tour, which has been defined over the past decade by scintillating battles among four of history's greatest players (Roger Federer, Rafael Nadal, Novak Djokovic and now Andy Murray).

On the women's side, the only truly dominating player this decade has been Serena Williams. Her return to the sport full time last year after being sidelined by injuries has re-established a more natural order in women's tennis, with two Grand Slam winners, Maria Sharapova and Victoria Azarenka, serving as her worthy, if not yet equal, adversaries. But Wimbledon blew that order into disarray -- none of the four semifinalists had ever won a Grand Slam -- and showed how erratic the women's game can still be.

As the U.S. Open begins this week, Li senses an opportunity. At 31 years old, she still possesses great foot speed and thunderous ground-strokes, including what many consider to be the most cleanly struck backhand in the game. In the past, Li has tended to fade in the later majors from a lack of fitness and focus. (At the U.S. Open, she's gotten to the quarterfinals only once, in 2009.) But this summer, after watching her at Wimbledon, I followed Li back to Beijing to witness up close her demanding midseason training regimen with her coach, Carlos Rodriguez. Li is making a big push to make the world's Top 3 and to win another Grand Slam. ''Anybody could win the U.S. Open this year,'' Li said. ''Why not me?''

Born in 1982, Li Na was, like many Chinese athletes, pushed into sports against her will. Her father -- a former badminton player whose career had been cut short by the chaos of the Cultural Revolution -- was the ''sunshine of my childhood,'' she said. Even so, he gave his daughter no choice when he enrolled her at age 5 in a local state-run sports school. Though she was a strong athlete, her shoulders were deemed too broad and her wrists not supple enough to excel at badminton. A coach persuaded her parents that she would have a better chance in a sport that few Chinese at that time had ever seen. ''They all agreed that I should play tennis,'' she said, ''but nobody bothered to ask me.''

From the beginning, Li chafed at the harsh strictures of the state-run sports machine. China's juguo tizhi -- or ''whole-nation sports system'' -- churns out champions by pushing young athletes to their limits every day for years on end. The first time Li defied her coach came at age 11, when, on the verge of collapse, she refused to continue training. Her punishment was to stand motionless in one spot during practices until she repented. Only after three days of standing did Li apologize. She continued training for her father's sake -- ''His love was my source of strength,'' she said -- even though her coach never uttered a word of praise in their nine years together.

When she was 14, her father died of a rare cardiovascular disease. She was playing in a tournament in southern China at the time, and her coach didn't tell her for several days, waiting until the competition was over. ''It is my deepest pain that I did not make it to say goodbye to him,'' Li wrote in her autobiography. Her mother sank into debt, and Li remembers being driven to win in tournaments so that she could earn small bonuses to fend off creditors.

Despite the turmoil, Li's tennis flourished. Her first national junior title came just months after her father's death. The following year, she was invited to a 10-month Nike-sponsored training program in Texas. After her return, she told an interviewer that she aimed to make the Top 10 in the world, and by early 2002, her goal actually seemed attainable: the 20-year-old was ranked No. 1 in China and had even climbed, at one point, into the world's top 135. And then she disappeared.

Without telling any of her coaches, Li slipped out of the national training center one morning later that year. To avoid suspicion, Li said, she carried only a small bag of necessities. On the desk in her dorm room was a letter she had written to tennis authorities requesting an early retirement. The note didn't elaborate on her reasons: the burnout from excessive training, the outrage at her coaches' attempts to squelch her romance with a male teammate named Jiang Shan, and the debilitating period which the team leader wanted her to play through by taking hormone medicine.

Within hours, Li was in Wuhan with Jiang, planning their new life as university students. ''As soon as I got home, I turned off my mobile and refused to take any phone calls,'' Li later wrote. ''Freedom was delicious.''

Tennis is infamous for tumultuous relationships, usually between parent and child star, coach and protégé. Li is now married to Jiang, a former Davis Cup player. Jiang became her first and only boyfriend at age 16. Romances between teammates were technically forbidden, but Jiang was Li's refuge -- first from the system, then from the vicissitudes of success and failure.

Over the years, Jiang has often served as Li's coach -- only to be demoted to the roles of sparring partner, cheerleader and punch line. In post-match interviews, Li likes to joke about Jiang's snoring, his weight fluctuations, his control of the family credit card. The couple have been together so long -- almost exactly half of Li's life -- that Rodriguez said, ''They are not two people, but one person, fused together.'' That doesn't stop them from bickering in public. During an early-round match at Wimbledon, when Jiang exhorted her after a missed shot, she retorted in Mandarin, ''You're not my coach!''

Just hours before her fourth-round Wimbledon match with the 11th-seeded Roberta Vinci, Li seemed annoyed with her husband again. They were warming up on one of the practice courts. As Jiang hit an amped-up version of Vinci's skidding slice backhand, Li looked out of sorts, netting backhands, lifting forehands long. At one point, Jiang whipped a shot past her and Li responded by angrily crushing a winner. ''Sometimes,'' she said later, arching an eyebrow, ''I think my husband's purpose is simply to make me unhappy.''

Once the match began, though, Li couldn't miss. She handled Vinci's slice with ease and breezed into the quarterfinals. ''I felt so good I could've run for another three hours,'' she said. Li had matched her deepest Wimbledon run, and with Williams, Sharapova and Azarenka gone, the highest seed left, at No. 4, was Li's next opponent, Agnieszka Radwanska, whom she had beaten handily at the Australian Open in January.

The vibe in Li's camp was so positive that nobody anticipated the attack on her that same day in People's Daily, the official mouthpiece of the Chinese Communist Party. ''When star athletes' personalities have become insufferable by the standard of social customs and traditions'' the editorial read, ''who is to rein in their unchecked insolence?''

Despite China's desire to have Li embody the country's ambitions, she has made it clear that she plays for herself as much, if not more, than for her homeland. ''When people say that I represent the nation,'' she told me later, ''that is too big a hat for me to wear.'' Li's independent streak is part of what makes her resonate deeply with China's younger generation, who have nicknamed her Big Sister Na. But for the country's leaders (be they national, athletic or media), this is a fundamental challenge to the way the Chinese Communist Party has rallied its subjects for 64 years.

Li said she didn't see the People's Daily editorial. Rodriguez forbids her, as best he can, from reading media coverage during tournaments, and Jiang acts as sentry to shield her from articles that might affect her mood. Still, when the coverage stings, Jiang tries to soothe her. ''We Chinese have a saying: 'For any hero, half will compliment, half will slander,' '' he said. ''I tell her to forget the attacks, the pressure, the expectations. But it's hard to forget. We're only human.''

Li tried to be lighthearted when I asked her about the Chinese press: ''In the past, I used to be really bothered by [bad stories]. Now I just think that perhaps [the Chinese media] think that I'm not famous enough, so they want to help me out.'' Her laugh sounded hollow.

Li has become a lightning rod in China, provoking a conversation about the role of freedom -- and patriotism -- in sports and society. When the editorial came out, her fans angrily defended her right to be herself in an online debate that consumed Chinese microblogs. ''At the beginning, I would be affected by everybody's expectations, but I came to realize that people were just projecting their own dreams onto me,'' she said. ''I'm not a saint. I, too, am an ordinary person. I have my ups and downs. So all I can do is focus on doing my job well.'' She added: ''I really, truly think that I am just an athlete. I can represent nothing but myself.''

More than a year into what Li calls her ''first retirement,'' in 2003, the new head of China's state tennis program, a former volleyball star named Sun Jinfang, visited her in Wuhan. As Li remembered the meeting, Sun said: ''I have heard from many people that there was a Li Na who played very well, but she suddenly quit. So I decided to come see for myself.'' At 22, Li was reveling in the joys of ordinary life for the first time: taking university classes in journalism, freely pursuing her relationship with Jiang, even playing a stint of intramural tennis with classmates who had no idea who she was.

''Why don't you play for yourself?'' Sun asked her. The questions surprised Li. No other official had ever spoken to her this way. But it wasn't clear what ''playing for yourself'' meant in a system that managed every aspect of players' lives -- from dictating the coaching, training and tournament schedule to taking 65 percent of players' earnings. Even so, in early 2004, Li put her academic plans on hold (she would eventually graduate five years later) and headed back to the court, unencumbered by a W.T.A. ranking or outsize expectations.

That year, she became the first Chinese player to claim a W.T.A. title by winning a tournament in Guangzhou as a qualifier. By 2006, she had climbed into the Top 25 in the world, but to break into the Top 10, Li believed she needed the freedom to manage her own career, something only a few Chinese athletes, such as the former N.B.A. star Yao Ming, had ever been offered. That freedom wouldn't be granted before the 2008 Beijing Olympics, the pride-fest in which the supremacy of the Chinese sports system -- its 51 gold medals topped the Americans' 36 -- was meant to mirror the rise of the nation.

With a Chinese flag affixed to her red Nike outfit, Li made an unexpected run to the semifinals, seemingly untroubled by the knee surgery she had undergone just months before. The local fans cheered her so wildly -- even in the middle of points -- that at one stage she yelled, ''Shut up!'' Li regretted the outburst, but reflected later: ''Chinese people needed a victory so badly to prove ourselves. I used to think tennis was simply a sport, but the craziness of that match made me realize that it was endowed with meanings that are far more significant.''

Once the Games ended, Li said she issued Sun an ultimatum: ''I told her, 'If I have no freedom, I'm going to quit.' '' Another young player, Peng Shuai, had been making similar demands. Whether to avert the desertion of her top stars or to help them realize their potential (as it was later presented), Sun soon introduced a policy called danfei, or ''fly solo.'' Under the new rules, Li, Peng and two others would still have obligations to the national and provincial teams, but they would be allowed to hire their own coaches, set their own schedules and keep a far greater percentage of their earnings. Instead of giving 65 percent of her income back to the federation and her provincial team, Li now pays between 8 and 12 percent, even as she bears the cost of travel, training and coaching. For China -- and for Li's career -- this was a radical change.

Flying solo was scary at first. ''Jiang Shan and I made plans for the worst-case scenario, where our savings would be reduced to zero,'' Li said. She'd never had to deal with the minutiae of finances or logistics before, since the state had done everything for her. But the benefits soon became indisputable. In 2010, with Jiang as her coach, Li reached the semifinals at the Australian Open and broke into the world's Top 10 for the first time -- just as she had vowed so improbably a decade before. A year later, she swept all the way to the Australian final, charming fans with her verbal volleys as well as her groundstrokes. Asked to describe what motivated her back-from-the-dead semifinal victory over top-seeded Wozniacki, she said: ''Prize money.''

The date that changed everything for Li -- and for the global landscape of tennis -- was June 4, 2011. There were no memorials in China that day for the protesting students who were massacred around Tiananmen Square exactly 22 years earlier. But 116 million Chinese fans -- nearly double the population of France -- gathered around their television sets to watch Li defeat the defending champion, Francesca Schiavone, for the French Open title. ''Li Na, we love you!'' read the banner on the screen of national broadcaster CCTV, while a presenter raved: ''A miracle, a breakthrough, a first in more than 100 years of tennis!'' The Chinese Web site Sohu Sports calculated that the victory would net Li 234 times the annual earnings of an average Chinese worker. ''But she absolutely deserves it!''

Stunned by the size of the Chinese audience, the W.T.A. ramped up its plans for expanding its presence in Asia while top brands rushed to sign endorsement deals with Li. With Rolex and Nike already signed up, her agent, IMG's Max Eisenbud (who also represents Sharapova), struck multiyear deals with Mercedes-Benz, Samsung and Häagen-Dazs, among others, pushing Li's total annual earnings to more than $18 million.

But fame and fortune seemed to disorient Li. She lost early in nearly every other event that year, and failed to make the quarterfinals in six consecutive majors. Last summer, at her request, Eisenbud put together a list of coaches from which she could choose. One of them was Carlos Rodriguez, an Argentine who had guided Justine Henin her entire career, including 117 weeks as world No. 1, and had recently opened a tennis academy in Beijing. ''I told Max immediately, 'Him, him!' '' Li recalled. ''I thought if he could make Justine a champion. ...'' She made the Montreal finals the first week they worked together in August 2012, and then won the Masters in Cincinnati the following week, her first tournament victory in 15 months.

On a muggy afternoon this past July, Li Na's quads were burning. It wasn't the heat, exactly, though the temperature at her training base in Beijing hovered around 94 degrees. Nor was it the torturous workout she'd endured so far: half an hour of running, jumping and agility drills; an hour of rapid-fire core and upper-body training in the gym; then two 90-minute sessions on court, honing her fitness and footwork -- and an attacking game she is sharpening for the U.S. Open.

The burning sensation came from the deep sand Li was churning underfoot -- part of a beach-volleyball court that Rodriguez has turned into a terrain of pain at his sprawling tennis academy called Potter's Wheel. For 45 minutes, Rodriguez pushed her through a series of lunging exercises in the sand pit, giving her only 30 seconds of rest in between (not coincidentally, almost the same amount of time a tennis player is allowed between points). The day before, during a timed cycling session, Li had screamed, ''I'm on the verge of dying!'' Today, after a set of lunging volleys in the sand pit, she bent over her aching legs, her entire body soaked in sweat, and exclaimed, ''Now I think I'm actually dying.''

At 5 feet 8 inches tall and 143 pounds, Li has an almost perfect body for tennis: agile feet, piston-like legs and a sculptured core and upper torso. ''I'm as fast and strong as I've ever been,'' Li said earlier that day, as she hunched over a full plate of rice, eggplant, pork and tofu at the academy's cafeteria. ''It just takes me longer to recover than when I was younger.'' As Li finished off her food, Jiang dumped several spoonfuls of a high-energy protein powder into a bottle of water and shook it vigorously. ''It tastes terrible, but I have to drink it every day,'' she said, grimacing as she forced it down.

The dozens of young tennis players eating at the tables around us were under strict orders not to bother Li. But a trio of boys, 12 or 13 years old, kept sauntering by, stealing glances at the small stud earrings that ringed Li's upper lobe and her tanned forearms, glaring white strips marking where her wristbands normally were. (The rose tattoo on Li's chest, which caused such a controversy in China when she got it at age 19 that she covered it up during televised matches, was hidden under her T-shirt today.) After she cleared her tray, separating plates and utensils just like all the other players, one of the boys sidled up to her. Li smiled and posed for a photo, but there was little small talk. She only wanted to get to her dorm room upstairs for a quick nap before another grueling afternoon with her coach.

Rodriguez is the ultimate guru, with an intellectual approach to the physical and psychological aspects of the game. Despite his gentle demeanor, his training regimen is so relentless that when Li began in earnest last winter, she told Jiang: ''How did Justine continue with Carlos for 15 years? I was ready to die after just three days.'' Returning midseason to this kind of training, Rodriguez believes, will help Li avoid a late-season slide."Li Na has the resources for two more years at the top,'' Rodriguez said. ''The only question mark will be her motivation at the end of the season.''

For now, at least, Li seems invigorated to be adding new dimensions to her game. At one point during practice, Rodriguez had Li stand on one leg on a wobbly pedestal near the net, cracking volleys without losing her balance. Coming to the net behind forceful approaches, Rodriguez says, will help her end points more quickly (key for a veteran) and add an element of surprise. ''I was reluctant at first,'' Li said. ''But if I don't try it now, perhaps I'd regret it when I retire. As Carlos told me, 'Without trying, you'll never know how good you can be.' ''

A glimpse of that future may have come on Wimbledon's Center Court, during Li's quarterfinal match against Radwanska. Her net-rushing tactics earned Li four set points in the opener. She served an ace on one of them, but when it was called out, she neglected to challenge, and the set went to the Polish player. Li battled back to win the second set before finally succumbing in the third. When a reporter asked Li if she wanted to know the correct call on the serve that would have won her the set -- and perhaps the match -- she stared in disbelief. ''Was it in?'' she asked.

Still, Li had a right to seem upbeat afterward. This was the first time since 2010 that she had reached the quarterfinals at Wimbledon -- fulfilling a goal that Rodriguez had set for her -- and the lifelong baseliner charged the net an astonishing 71 times in the quarterfinal match, winning 48 of those points. ''Many people maybe thought I was mad, coming up to the net again and again,'' she said. ''But I'm glad I was brave enough to try something new.''

Sinking into her white Mercedes coupe after a day of training, Li Na craved one thing above all: a massage. The manicure, the shopping, the spicy Sichuan meal: all those little luxuries would have to wait while her aching body got pounded and kneaded back into some semblance of normalcy. ''When I was growing up, I never got a massage, never needed one,'' Li said, as Jiang maneuvered into Beijing's snarled late-afternoon traffic. ''But now, anything less than a 90-minute massage and I won't be able to walk tomorrow.''

From the car, Li rang up the spa at their five-star hotel and was told that the early-evening slots were all booked. It would have been easy for Li to mention her name, but she enjoys a little anonymity, especially in China. Their suite was registered under a pseudonym, so she left the spa their room number. ''Yesterday, the receptionist said, 'You know, you look a bit like that tennis player.' Later, when she found out, she said: 'No way! But you're so skinny in person!' '' Li threw her head back and laughed.

The question of retirement looms over Li. Among the world's Top 30, only Serena Williams is older -- by five months. Relaxing on a rumpled single bed in her dorm room at Rodriguez's academy, Li laughed when the subject of age came up. ''I didn't like tennis for the first 15 years I played,'' she said, as Jiang, carrying an armful of dirty clothes, asked if there was any more laundry for him to do. ''But now, when I'm finally at a stage where I'm enjoying my tennis life, everybody keeps asking me when I'm going to leave.''

Age may be a subject Li avoids, but she makes no secret about wanting children -- and becoming ''a housewife trailing after my husband.'' The couple recently began renovating their three-story villa in Wuhan, where her mother and his parents still live. While Li trained in Beijing, Jiang flew down to shop for curtains and light fixtures, e-mailing her photos for approval. (When Li objected to the $10,000 price tag on one designer fixture, Jiang replied that it was the cheapest one he'd been shown.) If motherhood comes, Li is adamant that her offspring would not pursue a tennis career. ''It's too painful,'' she said.

In the state-run Chinese system, Li ''never heard a single positive word in a decade or more,'' Rodriguez told me, noting that she can still turn that negativity, at low moments, into a corrosive form of self-loathing. Henin was once psychologically fragile, too, he said. But he worked with her from age 13; Li, at 31, has a fully formed character shaped, in large part, by the Chinese sports system and her reaction to it. ''When I ask how she's doing, she almost never mentions anything good. I have to force her to tell me also what she is doing right.''

Rodriguez's probing into Li's feelings has provoked greater discomfort than his demanding workouts. In all her years in China, no coach ever asked Li about them. But Rodriguez pushes her to express herself so that her innermost thoughts -- and the experiences that shaped them -- can be dealt with. ''All of her sad memories and experiences are imprinted on her,'' Rodriguez said. ''They can never be erased, but she has to acknowledge that they have also helped forge her into the person and player she is.'' The process, Li told me, ''felt like spreading salt over a wound at first. It has been hard and painful, but once I spill things out, Carlos can help me find ways to get over it. He's made me much stronger mentally.''

Just days before Wimbledon began, Li vowed to quit in anger when she lost early -- her tailspin continuing -- at a warm-up tournament in Eastbourne. To her surprise, Rodriguez agreed. ''Everybody always says, 'No, no, Li Na, don't quit,' '' he recalled. ''I told her: 'Fine, you can quit. Stop playing if that's what you feel. But if you're quitting because you didn't like what happened today, have some courage. This is just a game, but you can't continue to run away from your problems. They'll follow you until the end of your life.' '' Shaken by his words, Li agreed to train hard for Wimbledon. ''At Wimbledon, we started to see a different person emerge -- more relaxed, more positive,'' Rodriguez said. ''Now I think she's hungry for more.''

By the time her three weeks of training ended in late July, Li seemed primed, physically and mentally, for the hard-court season leading up to this week's U.S. Open. Nothing is guaranteed, of course, and that unpredictability is part of what makes Li so intriguing. She still aims to win another Grand Slam, and she's doing everything she can in the time she has left on court to make that happen. But under Rodriguez's guidance, she now seems motivated less by pride and prize money than by the desire to leave the game on her own terms, with no regrets. ''I know I can't win every match,'' she said. ''But as long as I've gone through this difficulty, this process, all I need to do is try my best. Then I can be happy, whether I win or lose.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/25/magazine/li-na-chinas-tennis-rebel.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/25/magazine/li-na-chinas-tennis-rebel.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIM CHI YIN) (MM38

MM39)

Li Na begins a day of training with Romain Deffet in Beijing's southern outskirts. She trains six days a week, from morning to late afternoon, alternating fitness sessions and tennis. (MM41)

Li Na and her husband, Jiang Shan, courtside at Potter's Wheel Tennis Academy outside Beijing, where she trains daily with Carlos Rodriguez. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIM CHI YIN/VII MENTOR PROGRAM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM42)

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[***Public-TV Offshoot Finds That the Fringe Is a Risky Place to Be - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WWK0-008G-F3GH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

In the next two months, about 150 television stations across America plan to broadcast the offbeat film series "TV Families." This seven-part series is filled with surprises. Todd Haynes's "Dottie Gets Spanked" presents the protosexual fantasies of a 6-year-old boy obsessed with a sitcom actress. The anarchic Japanese family in Jon Moritsugu's "Terminal U.S.A." moves into territory well beyond Al Bundy. In Tamara Jenkins's "Family Remains," a young woman opens her front door and discovers that her long-lost father has been delivered in a coffin.

If the stories and images in "TV Families" are unusual, so is the source: the national public television system. The series was commissioned by the Independent Television Service, a little-known offshoot of public television that was authorized by Congress in 1988 and incorporated in 1989 to do a job that, critics complained, the Public Broadcasting Service was leaving undone.

The new service, with headquarters in St. Paul, was expected to produce innovative, risky programs. It would throw open the doors to a wide variety of independent film makers and video makers. It would tell stories that reflected the ethnic diversity of the United States, and it would reach out to underserved audiences like ethnic minorities, the ***working class*** and teen-agers. It would change the face of public television.

Five years and $40 million later, ITVS is still struggling to live up to its ambitious mandate. Although it was conceived as an intravenous line to channel fresh blood to PBS, only one three-hour series and four stand-alone documentaries have been put on PBS's "hard feed," the prime-time programming package offered to the 346 local PBS affiliates. (Two more documentaries are scheduled for broadcast in the next six months.)

Series with potentially high visibility -- like "The Ride," in which six teen-age video producers roamed the country talking to other teen-agers, and "TV Families" -- have been fed by syndicators or by ITVS itself to individual stations, most of which have scheduled the series late at night. In New York, for example, WNET, Channel 13, ran "TV Families" this fall at midnight. (The series will be repeated by WNYC, Channel 31, beginning next Wednesday.)

At the same time, there will be a political struggle when the new Congress gets around to reauthorizing the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which supplies ITVS with an annual budget of $8 million. Conservative critics of ITVS, who have attacked it as a pork-barrel project for liberal film makers, may feel that the time is ripe to deal the service a death blow.

"It's going to be a long year," said James T. Yee, the executive director of ITVS.

In truth, ITVS has known plenty of pain and struggle from the outset. It was created after a surprisingly successful lobbying campaign by the Association of Independent Video and Film Makers, whose demands that PBS be opened up to a wider talent pool coincided with an upsurge of anti-PBS feeling in Congress.

Both PBS and the corporation, which directs Federal money to public television and public radio, fought the ITVS idea. The very existence of ITVS was a rebuke to PBS. Even worse, the new service's budget was to come straight out of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's discretionary budget.

It took nearly two years of wrangling between the corporation and ITVS before contracts were signed allowing the new service to award production grants. In 1991, ITVS spent $3.1 million of its $6 million production budget to finance 25 projects solicited through an open call and selected through peer-panel review. The remaining production money went to limited series.

Expectations ran high, in part because ITVS's first director, John Schott, an independent producer responsible for the "Alive From Off Center" series, tended to describe the service in near-visionary terms, and in part because cash-starved film and video makers saw a golden opportunity to get their projects financed. The early results, however, were disappointing.

"It got off to a very rocky start, in part because of a view by the first executive director that it should be so different from what was on public TV that it would startle and make people rethink what public TV could or should be," said Robert Richter, the president of the Association of Independent Video and Film Makers.

The new service was expected to step up to the plate and hit a home run. It didn't. "I'd like to say they produced daring, in-your-face programming that really made people sit up and take notice, but it didn't really set the world on fire," said Alan Raymond, who with his wife, Susan, produced the acclaimed television documentaries "An American Family" and "I Am a Promise: The Children of Stanton Elementary School."

Thus far, of the 20 programs in distribution from the 1991 and 1992 open calls (38 were financed), 7 have been shown or are scheduled to be shown on 100 or more public-television stations.

Mr. Yee, while conceding that in the beginning, ITVS was "too ambitious, and not grounded enough in what it can and cannot do," argued that ITVS cannot be judged by the number of hours it gets on the national feed, which has become a tougher sell in recent years as PBS has gravitated toward more commercial fare and away from stand-alone documentaries. The service has done reasonably well, he said, in marketing its wares to PBS member stations, which are increasingly trying to establish distinctive, independent images.

"When we go locally, people want it," said Mr. Yee, who argued that in any case, risky projects cannot be held to the same measurement as safe ones. "Are we not allowed to try and fail at times? Not every project will succeed."

Lawrence M. Sapadin, a former ITVS board member, agreed. "ITVS was not designed to be exclusively a prime-time vehicle," he said. "It's a 'narrowcaster.' You may find that a program attracts only a third of the PBS stations but that it is used very well by those stations and has a real impact."

Critics of ITVS say the service has run into resistance for the simple reason that most of its programs have not been very good.

" 'Frontline' deals with hard-hitting important social issues, but the shows are well produced and find their way to the core schedule," said Peter Rosen, a producer who has made many music documentaries for PBS, referring to an investigative-reporting series that is produced by a consortium of public television stations. The problem with ITVS, he added, "is that the shows are so poorly made that they're embarrassing for PBS to put on the air."

Kathy Quattrone, a vice president of programming at PBS, said that PBS regards the new service simply as one among many programming suppliers competing for tight shelf space. "We hope we can pull the best for the national schedule," she said.

Mr. Yee, who took over as executive director in the summer of 1993 after serving as the executive director of the National Asian-American Telecommunications Association, has toned down the high-minded rhetoric and concentrated on the more practical challenge of getting programs made and put on the air. And he has served notice to film and video makers that they must think about how to grab and hold a mass audience.

"I tell them, think television," said Mr. Yee. "Think about who the audience is, how to make it more accessible."

If Mr. Yee sounds a bit harried, perhaps it is because he inherits a mandate fraught with contradictions. The mandate calls for him to create breakthrough programming, a tall order even for experienced film makers, but also to give newcomers a chance. He must take on controversial topics and then lob the hot potatoes over to PBS, where they stand a slim chance of making the national feed. He must reach out to ethnic and other minorities, yet attract as broad an audience as possible.

ITVS is preparing to invest $1 million in a three-year effort devoted to children's programming, with 30- and 60-second spots planned for the first year, to be slipped in between existing PBS children's programs. There are four limited series in the works as well: a survey of poetry in the United States, a series on AIDS in which patients and their families tell their stories, a look at television of the last 40 years and a history of the gay and lesbian civil rights movement.

Supporters of ITVS note with some bitterness that in following the command of Congress to take risks, ITVS may end up fashioning a powerful weapon against itself. Four of the films in "TV Families," for example, have won major prizes at American film festivals this year. But the provocative subject matter and approach of several of the films will not win conservative hearts and minds. Nor is it likely that a series on homosexuals and lesbians will do the trick.

"Yes, it is provocative and edgy, but now at least they see something," said Mr. Yee, referring to ITVS programming. "We're doing the job we're supposed to do, to take risks, and I am not going to be defensive about it in any way."

Five years after the founding of ITVS, risk and diversity may not carry the day in Congress, where talk of privatization, cutting the fat and closing down agencies is thick in the air.

Mr. Yee acknowledged that he will have to plead his case to a far less sympathetic Congress than the one that created ITVS. "If we don't find a common language," he said, "we're going to get creamed."

**Correction**

An article yesterday about the Independent Television Service misidentified a documentary film maker who commented on the service's early output. Alan Raymond, along with his wife, Susan, did the principal camera and sound work on the PBS documentary "An American Family"; the series was produced by Craig Gilbert.

**Correction-Date:** December 29, 1994, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photo: Jon Moritsugu and Ken Narasaki in "Terminal U.S.A.," a film in the series "TV Families," financed by Independent Television Service. (James Dwyer/ITVS)

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[***Resentment of New Thatcher Tax Feeds the Bonfire of Britain's Anarchists***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PGM0-0038-D2YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 29, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1510 words

**Byline:** By SHEILA RULE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, April 28

**Body**

For some people supporting the black flag of anarchism, the new head tax for local-government services in Britain is viewed as a form of violence, to which they are responding in kind in battles with the police and other attacks.

''Life is hard and getting harder,'' said a 29-year-old man who described himself as an anarchist and spoke on the condition that only his first name, Mark, be used. ''People are being brutalized by Thatcherism. Making someone homeless is violence. Taking away their hopes and dreams is violence. Forcing people to live in inhuman conditions is violence.''

For some, such a time came on a Saturday four weeks ago when a peaceful demonstration by tens of thousands of Britons against the new head tax broke out into running battles with the police, looting, assaults and arson. The police and the Government have blamed about 3,000 anarchists and other extremists for the rioting.

Although leading politicians did not single out anarchists in their public criticism of the rioters, Home Secretary David Waddington blamed ''certain criminal elements,'' and the Labor leader, Neil Kinnock, said those responsible ''went to the demonstration to make a riot'' and should be treated as criminals.

Angry and Alienated

But some anarchists who said they took part in the demonstration agreed that the riot was more a spontaneous cry from increasingly angry and alienated young Britons who live a world apart from the millions who have prospered under the Government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

The unpopular new tax, which falls on all adults 18 to 65 and replaces real estate taxes that had been paid only by property owners and people who rented from them, apparently seemed a fitting target for their rage. National newspapers have quoted surveys showing that the change will hurt millions of households and shift more of the burden of taxation from the richer suburbs to inner-city areas.

On Friday, the British press reported that the Government was considering major changes in the tax. The Press Association, Britain's domestic news agency, said changes in the tax now seem certain. The agency said alterations could require new legislation.

Anarchists Are Divided

Anarchists in Britain represent a wide range of interests and are divided on the use of violence. But they share the belief that government interferes unjustly with individual rights and should be done away with.

Many people who joined anarchists in the riot were pulled from the growing cadres of Britain's young dispossessed, sociologists and experts on public order said. They are young men used to living on the borders of the law, existing illegally as squatters or working and claiming welfare benefits at the same time.

Some are in situations like that of William Dean, 23 years old, one of the more than 300,000 men between the ages of 18 and 24 who the Government says are unemployed in England, Scotland and Wales. Mr. Dean is also among the growing number of young people who each night take their places in doorways or parks as members of a needy community estimated by Shelter, a national organization for the homeless, at about one million people throughout the country and 75,000 in London alone.

Moved From Wales

''I moved from Wales about eight months ago,'' said Mr. Dean, who said he did not join the riot. Huddled under a blanket in a doorway near Trafalgar Square, he said, ''I've been looking for work, anything, any kind, ever since. I had a few jobs in Wales, mostly training schemes that never went anywhere. Here, I've been begging but the police keep coming and telling me to move on, move on.''

He added: ''The people in government should be doing something for us but they don't want to do anything. They think we just got to put up with it. But you get angry when you can't get a job without an address and someplace to live and you can't get someplace to live unless you got a job.''

Carey Oppenheim, research officer for the Child Poverty Action Group, a London-based charity that advises poor families with children, said young people had been the group left most exposed by changes in social security benefits since 1986. People 16 and 17 years old, for example, were once entitled to welfare benefits of their own but now must pass a complex set of requirements to qualify for assistance, including joining a youth training program that critics say tends to answer the needs of employers more than those of the unemployed.

Welfare-rights groups say the authorities have also discontinued the allocation of special grants to pay for pressing needs of unemployed people or single parents who receive supplementary benefits. Now if such people need money for essentials like clothes or beds, they must apply for an interest-free loan to be repaid by deductions from their welfare benefits. But Ms. Oppenheim said: ''People on income support are already on the bread line. They can't afford loans.'' Miles From Mainstream Like some of the people they attract, anarchists also live miles away from mainstream Britain. Several who were interviewed described a loose network of individuals who come together to support a variety of causes. The groups include anti-nuclear anarchists, animal-liberation anarchists, Communist anarchists and anarcho-syndicalists, who favor creation of a classless society.

For the most part, there are no formal organizational structures, no membership lists and no leaders so that, in the words of one anarchist, ''there's no building to raid, no organization to close, no one to catch.'' Organization has been largely limited to producing posters and graffiti intended to draw crowds to a demonstration, a rock concert or other event.

A hodgepodge of leaflets provide information on everything from how to shoplift and get away with it, to how to sabotage the construction equipment of major corporations.

As many as 300 newspapers also spread the various messages of Britain's anarchists. One joke asks: ''What do you get when you put three anarchists together?'' The answer: ''Three separate newspapers.''

But Mark and others say that a growing number of ''alternative'' cafes, bookstores, cooperative associations and advice centers suggest that anarchism and similar beliefs are gaining more solid footing.

'Our Numbers Are Growing'

''The common thread of solidarity among anarchists is that we are all being trounced by government,'' said Mark, who wore shoulder-length hair and two small hoop earrings in one ear. He is a counselor at a community center that advises the unemployed on housing, jobs and welfare benefits.

''We want to take responsibility for our lives away from government and put it on ourselves,'' he said. ''Our numbers are growing all the time as more and more people are forced into positions where they can't rely on the state for any assistance. They are banding together for mutual support and survival and creating their own safety net because the state has taken its safety net away.''

Paul Wilding is a member of a small, violent anarchist group called Class War, which the police blame for instigating the riot. Mr. Wilding, 24 years old, said the group's members did not organize the disturbance but did support it. He views Britain's anarchist community with some disdain, describing it as largely one of politically inactive, vegetarian pacifists who live as illegal squatters ''in a dropout, punk hippie type of life style.''

The approximately 300 members of Class War, which claims to have branches in Salem, Mass., and New York City, as well as in Finland, Poland, West Germany, the Philippines and Australia, have a different agenda. For one thing, the group has become involved in organized politics.

Election in Kensington

One member ran as a candidate in the affluent Kensington area of London. The candidate got only 57 votes, but Class War and its political message gained a lot of publicity, which was the main goal of the campaign. The group's members tend increasingly not to be from the traditional anarchist community, Mr. Wilding said, but ''are normal people who go to work and all that.''

''We are the only nonpacifist, pro-nuclear and carnivorous anarchists in Britain,'' said Mr. Wilding, who dresses in black and is enrolled in a six-month course that he hopes will lead to a philosophy degree from a polytechnic school.

''Class War supports one kind of violence, ***working-class*** violence against the ruling class and their agents,'' he said. ''With our 'Bash the Rich' campaign, we encouraged people to go into rich areas and smash them up. With 'Stop the City,' we wanted to stop the financial markets for a day. When the yuppification of London came, we encouraged people to fight back. We put up a lot of graffiti threatening violence to discourage people from moving to those areas and we encouraged people to vandalize yuppies' cars and attack their homes.

''We want to initiate people into a hatred of the rich,'' Mr. Wilding said. ''We are saying that people who got a raw deal in society should fight back. There are a lot more people getting a raw deal now.''

**Graphic**

Photo: There are more than 300,000 men between the ages of 18 and 24 who the British Government says are unemployed. One is William Dean, who spends his nights in doorways near Trafalgar Square in London. (The New York Times/Jonathan Player)

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PN20-0038-D476-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***How John Sayles Shuffled 'Shannon's Deal'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PN20-0038-D476-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 33, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1517 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN; Samuel G. Freedman is the author of ''Small Victories,'' a book about one year in an inner-city high school, to be published next month by Harper & Row.

**Body**

When the writer John Sayles and the producer Stan Rogow first collaborated nearly a decade ago, the result was memorable in ways neither man had intended. A project they deemed commercially lucrative and artistically intriguing - a film adaptation of ''The Clan of the Cave Bear,'' Jean M. Auel's best-selling novel about prehistoric tribes - failed spectacularly on both counts. While bringing in a paltry $1.9 million at the box office, the movie reaped an abundance of ridicule, both for its spectacle of Hollywood stars in animal skins and its dialogue of grunts and gestures, translated in English subtitles.

Reunited again, Mr. Sayles and Mr. Rogow have swapped the pelts for suits, the Neanderthals for lawyers and the primordial landscape for a blue-collar side of Philadelphia, which at least means that a few grunts and gestures can be salvaged. The result, a series entitled ''Shannon's Deal,'' begins a six-episode run tomorrow night at 10 on NBC. The series' two-hour pilot, which the network broadcast last June, was shown again this past Friday.

The pilot - which introduced Jack Shannon, a former corporate attorney now pursuing a low-echelon brand of general practice - received unanimous raves for Mr. Sayles's writing, Jamey Sheridan's performance in the title role and the jazz trumpeter Wynton Marsalis's Ellingtonian score. Beyond that, the pilot placed among the Top-10 shows for the week.

And if there is an artistic lesson in the success to date of ''Shannon's Deal,'' as well as in the failure of ''Cave Bear,'' it could be that their creators convey best what they know best. From the unvarnished New England ''townies'' in the 1980 film ''Return of the Secaucus Seven'' to the beleaguered West Virginia coal miners in the 1987 ''Matewan,'' Mr. Sayles as writer and director has displayed a keen sensitivity to ***working-class*** America. And it is Mr. Rogow's own experiences in the mid-1970's as a lawyer in the slums of Boston's Roxbury district that gave birth to the fictive Jack Shannon.

''I never wanted to go to court, because poor people couldn't win in court,'' Mr. Rogow, who is now 40, recalled during a recent telephone interview from his production office in Los Angeles. ''Certainly back then, before many of the consumer laws were passed, the law favored the landlord over the tenant, the creditor over the debtor. So, you tried to cut deals, to get cases settled outside. Because once you set foot before a judge or jury, you knew you'd lost.''

Indeed, the conceit that most separates ''Shannon's Deal'' from precursors as varied as ''Perry Mason'' and ''L. A. Law'' is that its protagonist virtually never tries a case. Instead, he serves his clients by negotiating settlements with other lawyers, wheedling district attorneys into dropping charges, trading favors with court clerks for postponements.

''Once you get your characters into court,'' Mr. Sayles said during an interview, ''it's hard to do anything new with them. And it's true that for Shannon, as well as for his clients, the best thing is not to be in court. That's one of the meanings of the phrase 'Shannon's deal.' He's like a poker player who knows that winning doesn't always mean having the best cards. It's the bluff. It's the stall. It's figuring out everyone else without giving up anything of yourself.''

Gambling serves as more than metaphor in ''Shannon's Deal.'' Jack Shannon, as viewers learned in the pilot, is a compulsive bettor who quit his corporate-law job after wagering away his substantial earnings. He is also, perhaps not surprisingly, newly divorced. Two of the supporting characters in the series are his precocious pubescent daughter (Jenny Lewis) and his bookie's collection agent (Richard Edson), each one a reminder of Shannon's failings. What little stands between him and chaos is his secretary Lucie, played by Elizabeth Pena.

As a loser, at least in certain respects, Shannon stands apart from the generally triumphant attorneys of popular culture. His closest artistic relative would probably be the Paul Newman role of Frank Galvin, the besotted lawyer trying to recover his esteem in David Mamet's screenplay for ''The Verdict.'' John J. O'Connor, reviewing the ''Shannon's Deal'' pilot for The Times, hailed Shannon as ''an issue-oriented hero for the 1990's, someone who has been to the top and found it wanting, someone who has returned to the pressing topics of the day: morals and ethics.'' The pilot's plot, it is true, turned on the illegal supply of arms to the Nicaraguan contras, and one of the segments Mr. Sayles has written for the series centers on the issue of child custody. But ''Shannon's Deal'' is driven as much by character as by plot, and Shannon is hardly an uncomplicated crusader. The pilot lampooned not only his former colleagues in the corporate suite but also a self-righteous reporter for an alternative newspaper.

''This is a guy,'' the 40-year-old Mr. Sayles said of Shannon, ''who went through the 60's not in antiwar demonstrations but working to put himself through school. Grew up in Philly, went to Temple, was a real grind. Made Law Review because he spent so many hours in the library. His only break was playing poker. But he had to win to pay his tuition. Then he goes corporate and becomes what F. Scott Fitzgerald calls 'the object of his former contempt.'

''What he's trying to do now, personally and professionally, is rebuild his self-image. He doesn't really know who he is. He doesn't know what kind of relationship he can have with his daughter, or with any woman he might get involved with, or with the law itself. All he knows is he doesn't want to sit at the big-stakes table anymore. I don't think that makes him heroic or antiheroic. People can do heroic things and still mess their lives up.''

It was this complex and humane sensibility that first drew Mr. Rogow to Mr. Sayles in the early 1980's. At that point, Mr. Sayles was a critically respected but commercially modest novelist with only ''Return of the Secaucus Seven'' to his directoral credits. ''But he could write a contemporary story and make it seem absolutely timeless,'' Mr. Rogow recalled. ''And his voice was outside of any jargon that would date it.'' Even before ''Cave Bear'' was released, Mr. Rogow had retained Mr. Sayles to write a second screenplay, entitled ''A Safe Place,'' which followed a mercenary who turns against his employers. But before the script could be filmed, Mr. Rogow severed his relationship with Atlantic Releasing, the independent studio that was to have underwritten the movie.

A year later, while watching ABC's ''Moonlighting,'' Mr. Rogow decided to pursue Mr. Sayles yet again. ''They were breaking every rule every week,'' he said of the hip, satiric detective series. ''And I thought, if they can get away with it . . . .'' Even Mr. Sayles, who generally restricts his TV intake to professional basketball, had noticed that the medium's bonds of format were loosening. He was struck particularly by the emphasis on style and design in ''Miami Vice'' and by the use of multiple plots in ''Hill Street Blues.'' He also had found his two earlier experiences writing TV films - ''Perfect Match,'' about a bone-marrow transplant, and ''Unnatural Causes,'' about Agent Orange - agreeable enough to warrant trying a third.

With seed money secured by Mr. Rogow, Mr. Sayles wrote not only the ''Shannon's Deal'' pilot but drafts for two hourlong episodes. NBC executives approved filming the pilot, which was directed by Lewis Teague (''The Jewel of the Nile''), and once the pilot won high ratings and enthusiastic reviews, they agreed to shoot and broadcast this spring's six episodes. Whether ''Shannon's Deal'' returns next fall depends on how these fare.

Even in its brief existence, however, ''Shannon's Deal'' has exceeded Mr. Sayles's availability to continue writing it: He recently completed an original screenplay called ''City of Hope,'' about ethnic politics in a small city, and is attempting to raise $3 million so he can direct it. His cinematic adaptation of ''A Yellow Raft in Blue Water,'' Michael Dorris's 1988 novel about three generations of a Montana Indian family, is awaiting production. And in the coming months he intends to complete ''Los Gusanos,'' an epic novel about Cuban immigrants in Miami that he began writing 12 years ago.

The consequence, at least to ''Shannon's Deal,'' is that Mr. Sayles will write no more than the two episodes he already has completed, although he will remain a consultant to the series. In his stead, Mr. Rogow has signed seven writers, among them Joel Oliansky, whose screenplays include ''Bird'' and ''The Competition''; David Greenwalt, the director and co-producer of the film farce ''Secret Admirer''; and Mark Rosner, the co-producer of the former NBC series ''Crime Story.''

''Everyone I showed the pilot to said yes,'' Mr. Rogow said of his search for writers. ''What John and I had established was very unique. We had terrific characters to speak through. And we were providing a chance to talk about issues of justice. It wasn't what you'd call a hard sell.''

**Graphic**

Photos: Above, Shannon (Jamey Sheridan, at left) questions a seedy songwriter (David Crosby) in the segment to be shown on NBC tomorrow at 10 P.M. At left, Mr. Sayles: ''Once you get your characters into court, it's hard to do anything new with them.''

**End of Document**



[***BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN FASHIONS A COMPELLING, AUSTERE MESSAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P000-0009-24NB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

Rock and roll at its best has always been something more than entertainment; it has been a way of looking at the world. The ostensible subjects of most early rock and roll songs were girls, cars and fun, fun, fun, but the very sound and rhythm of the music and the attitudes implicit in the lyrics conveyed a sense of freedom, an opening up of possibilities (particularly possibilities for the young) that ran against the grain of the generally conservative 1950's and anticipated the social upheavals of the next decade.

As rock grew more self-conscious, the range of attitudes it conveyed expanded apace. The Rolling Stones explored extremes of drugs, sex and revolt against authority, while the Kinks sang about preserving old-fashioned values in the face of societal breakdown and situational ethics. John Lennon offered the example of a man confronting squarely and finally learning to surmount the deepest, most wrenching sort of personal pain, while Van Morrison argued that one could find salvation only by surrendering to a force greater than one's self. Every major rock artist, and many minor ones, forged a distinctly personal world view, though some were muddled or superficial.

Robert Palmer reviews rock and roll of Bruce Springsteen

But by the mid-1970's, most of the popular performers in rock's mainstream no longer seemed impelled to define a world view of their own. If multiplatinum-selling bands like Styx, Journey, Foreigner and REO Speedwagon cared at all about spelling out a set of values, a moral stance, they tended to do so by reflecting the unspoken assumptions of their own hedonistic milieu - the consumer society that had once been a counterculture. James Taylor, Jackson Browne and the other singer-songwriter introverts of the 1970's mainstream seemed caught up in their own brooding personae. In the ''Me'' decade, suggesting to the other guy that one's personal choices might be of some value to him seemed perilously close to invading his ''space.''

Rock's new wave was the inevitable rebellion against this state of affairs. But for the most part, the new wave has remained a thing apart, cordoned off from the world of arena-scale, FM-radio-certified rock that is the only rock most Americans are exposed to. Only one major mainstream artist emerged during the 1970's to challenge big time rock's colossal failure of nerve: Bruce Springsteen.

The relationship between Mr. Springsteen and his fans has always been a special one, largely because he has insisted that his music have moral purpose, that it provide, in a world of crumbling values and institutions, a sense that life can (or should) mean something. The setting of his songs, ***working-class*** New Jersey, seems unpromisingly circumscribed, but he has portrayed it in extraordinary detail, and it serves him well as a metaphor for an entire world facing bewildering technological changes, continuing economic crises, sharp and sometimes tragic generational divisions, and painfully diminished opportunities for growth and accomplishment.

Mr. Springsteen has rarely matched this personal vision with music of equal distinction. He tends to recycle the same chord sequences over and over, and with a few exceptions his melodies are genre melodies, variations on a Chuck Berry singsong or on the ascetic contours of the traditional Anglo-American folk ballad rather than melodies with personalities of their own. His albums have been plagued by prolix overproduction that inflated drama into bombast and sometimes made his concern for his audience seem grandly selfserving. Yet his essential seriousness of purpose has consistently shone through, often in spite of its overblown musical surroundings.

On his most recent album, last year's ''The River,'' Mr. Springsteen opted for stripped-down arrangements and more finely honed vocal intensity, rather than the almost operatic overkill of earlier disks. His new album, ''Nebraska,'' which Columbia will release this week, takes the reductionist tendency of ''The River'' to its logical conclusion. Using only his own guitar and harmonica, occasional and strictly functional synthesizer backdrops, and a Teac cassette recorder, Mr. Springsteen has fashioned an austere, compelling and cost-efficient state-of-the-union message.

One might have expected the sparseness of this musical setting to emphasize the sameness of Mr. Springsteen's melodies and chord progressions, but the effect is precisely the opposite. The twinkeyboard orchestral richness and sledgehammer rhythmic force of Mr. Springsteen's E Street Band would have turned these songs into more of his typical rock and roll fare, and most of them are not rock and roll songs at all. They are folk ballads and story songs, set to melodies that are effectively evocative precisely because they sound so traditional.

One song, ''Highway Patrolman,'' begins with a formal, firstperson introduction redolent of the 18th century: ''My name is Joe Roberts I work for the state/ I'm a sergeant out of Perrineville barracks Number Eight.'' Then, in the next couplet, Mr. Springsteen manages to introduce the song's second major character and set the stage for its central conflict: ''I always done an honest job as honest as I could/ I got a brother named Franky and Franky ain't no good.''\*

This combination of folk-rooted formal clarity and economical, sharply drawn detail is characteristic of most of the 10 songs on ''Nebraska.'' The songs that do not take their musical cues from the ballad tradition draw on early rock and roll, particularly rockabilly and the old standby Chuck Berry. ''Open All Night,'' for example, takes a chugging Chuck Berry rhythm and melody and sets a Chuck Berry protagonist and his automobile down on the Jersey Turnpike, where the ''sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers'' and the car radio is ''jammed up with gospel stations, lost souls callin' long distance salvation.''\*

Those ''lost souls'' could be Mr. Springsteen's protagonists. If ''Nebraska'' is his state-of-the-union message, the union as he sees it is darkly troubled. The narrator of the title tune is the Nebraska killer who murdered 10 people on a cross-country spree and explained himself when he was caught by saying, ''I guess there's just a meanness in this world.'' In ''Atlantic City,'' a man who ''got in too deep and could not pay'' reluctantly goes to work for the mob. ''Johnny 99'' is a young man laid off from the Mahwah, N.J., Ford plant who takes out his frustration on a hapless hotel clerk -with a gun.

Joe Roberts, the ''Highway Patrolman,'' is a decent sort, but he puts his family above his duty by letting his no-good brother escape to Canada to avoid standing trial for a shooting. The narrator of ''My Father's House'' drives off into the night, compelled by a vivid dream he's had to visit his father's house, where he grew up. When he gets there, ''a woman I didn't recognize came and spoke to me through a closed door,'' saying ''no one by that name lives here anymore.'' Feeling ''cold and alone,'' the man turns and leaves, driving back down ''this dark highway where our sins lie unatoned.''\*

''Nebraska'' is a stark, brooding, and frequently ominous album, shot full of pain and loss. All Bruce Springsteen's albums have been ''personal,'' especially compared to the escapist entertainment that passes for rock and roll on AOR (Album Oriented Radio) and at the top of the best-seller charts these days. But this is his most personal record, and his most disturbing.

Any artist who confronts the world around him in an attempt to define a set of values and a reason for living is running a risk. What if the world simply doesn't make sense? What if there is no reason for living? Several of the songs on ''Nebraska'' circle around these disquieting possibilities, and its final song, ''Reason To Believe,'' attempts to come to terms with them. ''At the end of every hard-earned day,'' it concludes, ''people find some reason to believe.''\*

But ''people'' and Bruce Springsteen are not necessarily the same thing, and the song fails to dispel the mood of profound unease engendered by the rest of the record. It's been a long time since a mainstream rock star made an album that asks such tough questions and refuses to settle for easy answers - let alone an album suggesting that perhaps there are no answers. Facing that possibility has driven more than one sensitive soul right up to the edge of the abyss, and over it. One can only hope that Mr. Springsteen will either find Copyright ''some reason to believe'' or learn to live without one. \* c1982 Bruce Springsteen ASCAP.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photos of Bruce Springsteen

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[***If You're Devout, Get Out!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41RW-9BV0-00MH-F4SV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Brent Staples;

Brent Staples writes editorials on politics and culture for The Times, and is the author of the memoir "Parallel Time: Growing Up in Black and White."

By Brent Staples; Brent Staples writes editorials on politics and culture for The Times, and is the author of the memoir "Parallel Time: Growing Up in Black and White."

**Body**

God's Name In Vain

The Wrongs and Rights

of Religion in Politics.

By Stephen L. Carter.

248 pp. New York:

Basic Books. $26.

Visit a church at random next Sunday and you will probably encounter a few dozen people sprinkled thinly over a sanctuary that was built to accommodate hundreds or even thousands. The empty pews and white-haired congregants lend credence to those who argue that traditional religious worship is dying out. Rich congregations survive through endowments that pay the staff and keep the buildings in good repair. But threadbare congregations limp along with mounting bills, in leaky sanctuaries until they can no longer afford to remain open. By one estimate, as many as 50 of these small, struggling churches shut their doors for good each week during the mid 1990's -- a staggering total once you do the yearly math. Vacant wooden churches, bleached gray by the sun, are common in rural America. But in the land-hungry city of New York, dead churches are gutted to make nightclubs, supermarkets and, especially, condominiums, in which the vaulted ceilings above the sanctuary become a valued selling point.

The quest for spiritual fulfillment has moved away from church and into the secular world, where prayer and religious yearnings are displayed more publicly than ever -- in a fashion that was hardly imaginable a quarter-century ago. Americans are practicing a spacious ecumenicalism that draws on traditional faith while accommodating a broad range of religious inflections, including those that have migrated into this country from Asia, South America and the Caribbean. Traditionalists see this as the equivalent of barhopping by a generation that values self-fulfillment and personal freedom over religious discipline and duty. But the traditional church is also at fault. It has failed to present religion in a style that the modern world could accept and understand -- and has lost touch with the evangelistic impulse that built the great congregations in the first place. To put it in business terms, the traditional church has failed to protect its franchise and its market share.

The new ecumenicalism has reached even into Congress, which opened a session this September with a prayer by a Hindu priest, whose religion embraces a pantheon containing thousands of gods and a cosmology that differs strikingly from the Western one. The ecumenical impulse is evident at the bookstore, where books on spiritual development have sold so well as to make folk heroes of the poet Robert Bly and the Afrocentric spiritualist Iyanla Vanzant as well as of the Dalai Lama. In the sports arena, professional football and basketball players kneel conspicuously to pray after the big game. And let's not forget the political campaign, where statements of belief are now seen as mandatory, and flow daily into the public record.

Anyone who mocks another's religion is in for a drubbing in the public square. This punishment was administered to Bob Jones, the president of Bob Jones University, for casting the Roman Catholic Church as "the religion of Antichrist"; to Louis Farrakhan, the minisster of the Nation of Islam, for defaming Judaism; and, just this fall, to a conservative fundamentalist group, the Family Research Council, whose Web site attacked Congress for that Hindu prayer.

The Yale law professor and evangelical Episcopalian Stephen Carter has somehow missed the evidence of this new ecumenicalism. In his 1993 book "The Culture of Disbelief," Carter argued that religious Americans were under siege -- in the language of the old Negro spiritual, " 'buked and scorned" at every turn. He continues this line of argument in "God's Name in Vain," claiming that our culture marginalizes religion, making it "easy to paint people who put God first as dangerous fanatics." Carter's colleagues at Yale will not be happy about the bitterly written portion of this book that portrays unnamed "elite campuses" as places where "it is perfectly acceptable for professors to use their classrooms to attack religion, to mock it . . . to refer to those to whom faith really matters as dupes."

The claim that an elite university would tolerate open religious bigotry is implausible on its face. In an age of speech codes and rigidly enforced tolerance, a professor who trashed a student's religion would be brought up on charges and subjected to institutional ridicule. But the threshold for what Carter defines as an antireligious attack turns out to be very low. Judging from the examples in "God's Name in Vain," he regards even the slightest challenge to a statement of faith -- even a statement of faith by a politician -- as a blatant insult to religious people generally. He also mistakes the widespread public revulsion at the fundamentalist culture wars of the 1980's and 90's for disdain of religion in general. This argument borders on the preposterous, as does Carter's attempt to liken the civil rights movement of the 1960's to those culture wars.

"God's Name in Vain" argues that a religious voice should be welcome in democratic politics, but cautions that religion loses its integrity and legitimacy when it succumbs to the lure of the merely political. The proper role of religion, he asserts, is to serve as a moral witness from afar, so that when religious believers come to politics, they come "purified, as prophetic voice calling the nation to account for its wrongs rather than as angry voices telling the nation what to do." Great moral conflicts -- like the fight against slavery -- require sorties into politics. But as a rule, Carter believes, politics robs religion of its "prophetic" power and its ability to witness in the biblical sense of the word. By Carter's lights, both the civil rights movement and the Christian Coalition were co-opted and eventually brought low by staying too long in the great Babylon of electoral politics.

When asked to name his favorite philosopher during the campaign, George W. Bush offered Jesus. Vice President Al Gore made his own play for the religious vote by selecting as his running mate Senator Joseph Lieberman, an observant Orthodox Jew who sounded at times like a fundamentalist on the stump. Carter completed "God's Name in Vain" before my colleagues and I on The New York Times's editorial page chided Senator Lieberman for seeming to "cross the boundaries of tolerance" by asserting that morality could not be maintained without religion. That Carter would have made much of the Lieberman dust-up is clear from how he treats the nonevent surrounding Bush's citing of Jesus. Carter attributes a sinister motive to those who took exception, writing that "the objection to the expression of Bush's view was really an objection to the view expressed: that is, that he was foolish, or perhaps undemocratic, to be influenced more by Jesus than by anyone else." In other words, Carter views even reasonable challenges to statements of belief as bigoted and antireligious by their very nature.

It is possible to scrutinize Bush's statement without making any judgment at all about truth or falsity. He might have named, say, Alfred North Whitehead instead of Jesus. But by naming the latter he signaled religious voters -- especially those on the Republican right -- that he would be their man in the White House. This was also a signal to ***working-class*** voters, who generally resent intellectuals and were baffled when Al Gore mentioned his admiration for the French philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty. (Bush made fun of Gore for this on the campaign trail.) One could take note of these political implications without disrespecting Bush's beliefs.

Carter's contention along the way that the state should cede more power to religion will strike many people as a recipe for warfare in the streets. But his case for school voucher programs that permit children to attend parochial schools at public expense is strong -- and could yet prove prophetic, given how the courts are beginning to smile on the concept of public funding for religious educational institutions. The argument that millions of children must have their lives snuffed out by failing schools and incompetent teachers just to keep impregnable the wall between church and state has worn thin in millions of homes, including my own.

The traditional church's sufferings stem mainly from its failure to adapt quickly enough to new religious appetites and new social realities -- most notably, divorce, unwed motherhood, birth control, open homosexuality and the wish of women to serve as pastors. The costs of failing to keep up are evident in all those stained-glass condominiums and those miles of empty pews, as well as in highly visible defections like the one staged last month by former president Jimmy Carter, whose family had belonged to the Southern Baptist Church for generations. Carter resigned quite publicly, saying that church doctrine (which, among other things forbids the ordination of women) had become so "rigid" as to be no longer compatible with his faith.

"God's Name in Vain" bypasses these ecclesiastical failures and self-inflicted wounds, focusing instead on what the author sees as the corrosive effects of wading too deeply into the dangers of electoral politics. His advice to religions is: spend less time in the world -- a place of depravity" -- and "more time in the garden," creating a "a moral cocoon" consisting of family, community and institutions over which religious people have control. The moral cocoon would be warm and cozy, but religion is by its very nature a group activity -- and the group dies out without new blood. To stay alive and prosper, religions must keep abreast of a messy, nondenominational world that is dominated at the moment by religious flexibility. The retreat "into the garden," as Stephen Carter terms it, is a moribund strategy that would feed institutional decline.

The problem is that fundamentalism is incompatible with the capacious ecumenicalism that rules the public square. The fundamentalist movement arose in the early 20th century as a backlash against modernism, science and the life of the mind. Early fundamentalist doctrine attacked competing religions -- especially Catholicism, which it portrayed as an agent of the Antichrist -- and insisted on the literal truth of the Bible, a strict return to "fundamental" principles and a thoroughgoing rejection of modernity. The next wave, sometimes called evangelicalism, moved away from hard-core antimodernism but retained a profound anti-intellectualism that is only just beginning to fade. Evangelical colleges are just beginning to shake off this tradition, but cannot yet be deemed cosmopolitan. The fundamentalist-evangelical axis that made itself felt during the culture wars carries the hallmark of the early movement: a finished, proprietary version of divine truth that precludes other interpretations.

Carter consistently blurs the differences that still exist between fundamentalism and religious forms or movements that share none of its aggressively proprietary nature. The notion that the civil rights movement of the 1960's has anything in common with the culture warriors is both distasteful and imprecise. The civil rights movement used the black Southern religious structure to win basic, secular justice, including the right to vote and receive a decent education. The culture warriors tried to inflict minority religious values on a wider world that fundamentalists have always viewed as depraved and bound for hell. The public backlash against the religious zealotry of that period was wholly justified. By undertaking a culture war, religious conservatives strengthened the public distaste for religious combat and enhanced the public appreciation for religious tolerance.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Boris Kulikov)

**Load-Date:** November 26, 2000

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[***The Bold Murals Of Tucson's Streets***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PYS0-0038-D4KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 5; Page 9, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1507 words

**Byline:** By TOM MILLER; TOM MILLER, who lives in Tucson, is the author most recently of ''The Panama Hat Trail'' (Vintage).

**Body**

WHILE stuck in traffic on Tucson's south side recently, I noticed something that had previously escaped me. It was a painting of a woman asleep on a pillow, in a friendly desert landscape, against a backdrop of waterfalls, canyonland and bluffs. The artistry was confident, but no one would confuse it with museum-quality. The peaceful scene was painted on the side of a restaurant, visible to anyone driving down South Sixth Avenue.

Murals such as this one, signed Dee Dee Reeb, proliferate in Southwestern cities - owing to both Mexican traditions and cooperative weather - and Tucson's mural industry seems to be thriving these days.

Murals are the great egalitarian art form; they are inexpensive to paint, free to view and available to all. Cruising for murals affords the viewer a glimpse of Mexican, Indian and Anglo cultures.

With a few gallons of gas, a carfull of visitors can spend a worthwhile afternoon entertaining themselves exploring urban art. In Tucson this means primarily on the south and west sides, where ***working-class*** Chicano and Indian populations predominate.

El Rio Neighborhood Center, 1390 West Speedway, is a good place to start, first because its exterior walls have the most murals - six in all - but also because it was there that the current wave of socially influenced Mexican-American wall art began in Tucson.

El Rio was established 20 years ago when city officials, who had planned a public golf course in the barrio, compromised with neighborhood activists and agreed to a community center as well. El Rio wears its own history and that of Mexican people proudly on its walls. One side shows hundreds of people behind a banner proclaiming El Rio Belongs to the People, while a wall in the open-air interior patio shows a supra-realistic Tlaloc, the Aztec rain god, with a rectangular head, orange-ringed eyes and hooklike teeth, looking over a water fountain.

The marching crowd and Tlaloc were both painted by Antonio Pazos, an assistant supervisor at the center. Facing Tlaloc is a mural called ''El Libro y La Esperanza de Nuestra Raza'' (''The Book and the Hope of Our Race''), painted by a local artist, David Tineo, in 1976, which shows a woman with wings clutching a book with an eagle and a serpent - symbols of Mexico - looking out. When Arizonans voted to make English the state's official language last year - an amendment recently thrown out by a U.S. District Judge - Mr. Tineo gave the woman tears and wrapped the book in chains.

Also at El Rio, Mr. Tineo and a partner, Tomas Bandaries, painted ''Revelations,'' an enormous and furious color cacophony of world tension, judgment, death, hunger, conquest and unborn souls. Another of Mr. Tineo's works, ''Compass to the Southwest,'' reflects subjects covered in books in the social, natural and physical sciences, published by the University of Arizona Press, on whose office wall (1230 North Park) the mural was painted. Included are planets, plants, a helix, an early Jesuit mission and adult fetuses rooted to the earth by their umbilical cords. Mr. Tineo, who often works with children on schoolyard murals, painted an interior mural with Mr. Bandaries at the United Steel Workers Hall in Clifton, Ariz., which will be dedicated this month. Chicano muralists in the Southwest, who look to the Mexicans Diego Rivera (1886-1957), David Siqueiros (1896-1974) and Jose Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) as their forebears, have taken the traditional form and added their own imprint. According to Judith Baca, artistic director for the Social and Public Art Resources Center in Venice, Calif., murals give voice to the disenfranchised and brighten otherwise drab and unused surfaces.

Luis Gustavo Mena does much of his work on the sides of restaurants and other businesses whose occupants want a singular image on the street. He painted President Benito Juarez of Mexico on the side of the Hair Trend salon, 3477 South 12th Avenue; Padre Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, a Mexican revolutionary, on the side of the Circle K convenience store, southeast corner of Ajo Way and South Sixth Avenue, and a shocking pink '64 Cadillac on the wall of the 12th Avenue Car Wash in the 4600 block of South 12th Avenue between Ohio and Oklahoma streets. Mr. Mena says that Tucson's walls show ''art you won't see at resorts or galleries. Public art has more impact. You don't have to hang around a long time. You see it - then drive on. That's the intention.'' Mr. Mena's most distinctive work, on the wall of a Mexican seafood restaurant, Xochimilco, 2702 South Fourth Avenue, shows three generations of ancient warriors, according to the artist. It appears to be three polychrome Aztec deities migrating toward a shrimp dinner.

While most of Tucson's murals come from the Chicano community, perhaps the best known one is resolutely Anglo. It shows cowboys lassoing cattle under a B-movie western sky, with snorting bulls, and a ranchhouse in the back. The mural fills the outer walls and inner buildings of Farmer John Meats, Grant Road at Flowing Wells, whose sister packing plants in California show pigs on their walls. It was originally painted in the early 1960's by the late Leslie Allen Grimes, a Hollywood set painter. Once, a man leaving a nearby bar at night mistook a dirt road on the mural for a real road and crashed into the wall. Arno Jordan, who periodically touches up and embellishes Farmer John murals, soon painted over the dirt road.

Another commercial mural plays with the business it advertises - an electrical supply company, Henry Electric on East Ninth Street at North First Avenue. One wall shows a cutaway view of the inside - rows of fuses, fixtures and the like, while in the front Duane Merrill, a graphic artist for a billboard company in Tucson, shows electrical parts floating through outer space - light bulbs, sockets and a circuit breaker are shown against a background of a sphinx and some pyramids.

Local governments, school districts, arts councils and business groups have underwritten murals in public spaces such as the walls of housing projects, bus stop benches, school yards and at an underpass, but some of the most revealing work can be seen at the Yaqui Indians' Pascua Neighborhood Center, 783 West SahuaroStreet, where Yaqui history, symbols and rituals are spelled out in art form. The Yaquis, driven out of Mexico many generations ago, have a number of settlements around Arizona, this one among the earliest. (Cameras and other recording devices are forbidden.) One mural there, by Daniel Leon, a construction worker, called ''At the Enchanted Fall of the Yaqui Deer Dancer,'' is resplendent with roses, a flower that, in Yaqui beliefs, formed with the first drop of Jesus's blood at the crucifixion. A mural-in-progress at the Old Pascua community shows the United States, Mexican, Arizonan and Yaqui flags at San Ignacio, the church on the west side of the village's interior courtyard.

The Yaqui deer dancer carries strong symbolism. I was reminded of this on a drive through Tucson's southside recently when, having seen the deer dancer on at least a half-dozen buildings and community centers, I saw him dancing again between two pay phones on the wall of Delano's grocery store, 4119 South Sixth Avenue. ''Every week people stop to ask about it and take pictures,'' the owner, Steve Lozano, said. Another deer dancer on the building's south side has had his legs amputated by a drive-in window and his head smothered by a beer sign.

While you can't judge a restaurant by its mural, the outside art makes the inside of a cafe more inviting. Such was the case at Mi Cabana, 4317 South Sixth Avenue, a small, friendly restaurant I found during one of my mural-hunting forays. Its south wall seems to anticipate the 500th anniversary of Spain's arrival in the Western Hemisphere. It shows a coastal Indian, bow and arrow at the ready, with Columbus's ship soon to arrive. The artist, Bernabe Tapia, works as a house painter, a plasterer and general handyman in Tucson.

More favorites include a wall on the Community Food Bank, 23 West 27th Street, full of food harvesters near pyramids behind Mexican jungle growth, by Antonio Pazos. It includes a woman with a crown of corns one food bank worker calls ''Our Lady of Perpetual Commodities.'' Another striking scene, by Frank Franklin, is on a wall outside a private home and gallery at 825 North Anita Avenue; it shows an angel placing a rose on the heart of a dreaming mariachi.

During the controversial tenure of Gov. Evan Mecham, a building at 930 North Stone Avenue sprouted new graffiti every few days, commenting first on the statewide political feud, then on broader issues. The graffiti had been sprayed on by the author Leslie Silko, who replaced it with a poem in Spanish encouraging revolution against the rich. Set against a backdrop of a spider, a snake gobbling up skulls, subterranean and celestial bodies, the impish artwork is both energetic and precise. Ms. Silko reports that one day she found a note on the wall, in Spanish, thanking her for the mural.

**Graphic**

Photos: A mural titled ''Eugenics'' by Luis G. Mena at Oury Park; ''Aztlan'' by David Tineo at El Rio Neighborhood Center; Luis Gustavo Mena in front of one of his works (pg. 9); Mural at Farmer John Meats, a packing plant (pg. 29) (Timothy Fuller)

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[***PAPA GETS THE BLAME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PSD0-0038-D4MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 24, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1643 words

**Byline:** By ROGER SHATTUCK; Roger Shattuck, the author of two books on Marcel Proust, has most recently published ''The Innocent Eye: On Modern Literature and the Arts.''

**Body**

A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE

Volume Four: From the Fires of Revolution to the Great War.

Edited by Michelle Perrot.

Translated by Arthur Goldhammer.

Illustrated. 713 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:

The Belknap Press/Harvard University Press.

$39.95.

As with icebergs and volcanoes, seven-eighths of human life remains out of sight. Behind the great events and eminent figures traditionally recorded as history lie teeming behaviors that fill our time - all-pervasive, only half predictable, sometimes wicked. Therefore by conventions of civility in speech and dress we limit access to one another's lives. There are things we would rather not know. Yet the opposite pull of curiosity can become very strong.

Our appetite for the underside of history has long been served by accounts of daily life, by histories of taste and of morals, by personal narratives and, primarily, by novels. Early in this century the influential French Annales school of history deflected the focus of scholarly history from narratives of great events to scrutiny of mentalites - lasting attitudes or mental habits underlying events. That school has succeeded so well in France at least that some historians are leaving mentalites behind in order to burrow even further down toward cases. A large library has accumulated of studies of villages and small-time individuals.

The new emphasis on the history of everybody has now been consecrated in an ambitious five-volume series - ''A History of Private Life'' - published by the distinguished Seuil house in Paris and masterfully translated by Arthur Goldhammer for Harvard University Press. Because of the copious illustrative materials - paintings, drawings, caricatures and photographs, all cannily chosen and wittily captioned to display domestic life - one responds first to a magnificent picture book. It is disappointing to discover that a team of resourceful researchers (unacknowledged in the American edition) assembled the illustrations independently; the authors never refer to the array of images. With foolish parsimony, the American edition omits the handsome colored endpapers of mural paintings and wallpapers that emblazon the Seuil volumes.

A respected nonacademic scholar, Philippe Aries, who liked to call himself a Sunday historian, ''willed, conceived, and prepared'' the series. He died in 1984, when it was half completed. Aries's study of the history of the family in ''Centuries of Childhood'' (1962) has left a visible mark on the first three volumes. He and his collaborators were aware of a problem affecting a history of private life beginning with ancient Rome. The notion of privacy as a valued condition related to individualism did not really take shape until the 19th century, primarily in England. The 20-odd authors of the first three volumes, including the eminent Georges Duby, circumvent this potential difficulty by writing social history with a major emphasis on domestic life and sexual mores. Their generally competent essays offer us something between a nonalphabetical encyclopedia and a miscellany, with no primary subject and no sustained argument.

This approach changes in the fourth volume, devoted to the crucial 19th century. That is when separation of home from work place became established, and people began to seek privacy consciously. Furthermore, for this modern period the available documentation about daily life in words and images becomes overwhelming and can be shaped to support almost any thesis. Michelle Perrot, the editor and principal contributor to this volume, has woven two books into one. All the essays except one on England offer sociological studies of private life in 19th-century France combined with severe critical judgments of that life. The shuddering political events of the period are rarely referred to. Three short essays - on the French Revolution, the development of the English ''sweet home'' and rituals and pastimes of the bourgeoisie - make the common point that the Revolution stopped short of liberating women from the home and retained public life for men. The change I refer to occurs in the essays by the main contributors. The way they recast Aries's ideas stands the series on its head. In his introduction to Volume Three, central in every way to the project, Aries explains how increased state intervention in people's lives during the 17th and 18th centuries encouraged the formation of a private sector: ''Ultimately the family became the focus of private life. Its significance changed. No longer was it merely an economic unit for the sake of whose reproduction everything had to be sacrificed. No longer was it a restraint on individual freedom, a place in which power was wielded by women. It became something it had never been: a refuge.''

A scholar best known for her study of the ***working class***, Ms. Perrot appears to continue this interpretation in her opening remarks to Volume Four. She states that ''the nineteenth century was the golden age of private life.'' But in the third paragraph of a 160-page section, she refers to the family not as a haven, but as ''a totalitarian unit'' provoking rebellion and explosion. After looking at some theories of the family from Hegel to Michel Foucault, she easily gathers evidence of family conflict that casts an unfavorable light on the bourgeoisie and paternalistic husbands. The golden age of privacy turns out to be the dark dungeon of family life. In a later section on childhood, Ms. Perrot again subjects the family unit to the ultimate curse of our time: ''totalitarianism.'' This antifamily verdict is not supported by a careful weighing of evidence to refute Aries.

In a 100-page chapter called ''Private Spaces,'' the social historian Roger-Henri Guerrand unfolds a broad panorama of information about domestic architecture and the consequences of extreme inequities in the distribution of wealth. Mr. Guerrand devotes his most impassioned pages to describing and praising the housing project for workers built by the industrialist Jean-Baptiste Andre Godin according to the socialist-utopian principles of Charles Fourier. Godin's social project in Guise (100 miles northeast of Paris) housed more than a hundred families in imposing four-story buildings with running water and toilets on every floor, glassed-in courtyards, medical services, baths and rubbish chutes. Mr. Guerrand dismisses Emile Zola's skepticism about the community, expressed after a brief visit, and states rhapsodically and inaccurately: ''Godin thus realized the Fourierist utopia.'' A few pages later Mr. Guerrand vents his wrath on another entrepreneur, Frederic Le Play, who encouraged workers to save money in order to buy their own homes. According to Mr. Guerrand this ''bizzare idea'' led to France's becoming ''a straitlaced country of self-satisfied homeowners.''

Such sweeping observations pass right by the real need to examine the relation of ownership - particularly absentee and corporate ownership - to our self-awareness as citizens of a community. To a disturbing degree, we have come to think in terms of owning our selves, our persons.

Alain Corbin, the third major contributor to this volume, has studied prostitution in France and published a much discussed work entitled ''The Foul and the Fragrant: Odor and the French Social Imagination'' (1986). Here Mr. Corbin has written 200 pages divided between information and apologia. His brief remarks on the confessional, alcoholism, Pasteur's revolution of the microbe and French psychologists at the century's end show a shrewd investigator at work. But his central subject is the history of contemporary sexuality, which he dates from about 1860, when ''the bourgeoisie began to suffer from its morality.'' The resulting liberation of sexual behavior is variously referred to as ''a slow but profound change,'' ''a mutation,'' and in his final sentence as a ''revolution.'' Mr. Corbin realizes that adequate documentation for these claims is hardly furnished in his brief, unsystematic accounts of adultery, licensed bordellos and courtesans of the demimonde. He ultimately locates the change in ''the emergence of a new species'' - namely, the persecuted figure of the male homosexual:

''When all is said and done, the pederasts of the nineteenth century were the first to develop the model of a strictly hedonistic sexuality, cut off from procreation, which was destined to enjoy a brilliant future. When homosexuals finally emerged from hiding to proclaim their normality, it was, as Philippe Aries remarked, in order to hold out to the young a triumphant new model of virility.'' (My translation.) The paragraph deserves scrutiny. Unless one reads it ironically as an admonition - and I do not - Mr. Corbin is welcoming this new model of strictly hedonistic sexuality and offers it to all of us to enjoy. He mentions no complications, no dangers, social, moral or medical. (In a 1982 article, Aries did discuss the role of the homosexual and the pansexual today - but in more judicious tones than Mr. Corbin's.) In her conclusion, Ms. Perrot picks up the song. The ''desperate effort'' of the 19th century to moor private life to the family dissolved into 20th-century concerns with self, body, psyche and ''sexuality liberated from procreation and marriage.'' It all leads to a ''new system of relations,'' of which unfortunately she provides no description or discussion.

Many of us are well enough informed about the early years of our own century to decide for ourselves about these large claims concerning our sexuality and our morality and about the degree to which such claims constitute a reliable ''history'' of private life, even in France. Anyone who reads the final volume of this series in French will discover the disintegration of the project into political and sexual special pleading. Such pleading is already present in Volume Four.

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***Sudden Fame on a Quest for Freedom;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41PT-F020-00MH-F1SW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Nobel Prize, Not Politics, Shakes Up the World of a Storyteller in Exile***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41PT-F020-00MH-F1SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1785 words

**Byline:** By ALAN RIDING

By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** PARIS, Nov. 20

**Body**

Until Gao Xingjian exhibited his ink paintings at a local cultural center this spring, his ***working-class*** neighbors in the Paris suburb of Bagnolet had no idea they had an artist in their midst. He was simply the polite Chinese immigrant who lived on the 18th floor of their run-down housing project. Only after the show did he become something of a celebrity, at least to those riding the elevator with him.

What his neighbors still did not know was that Mr. Gao was also a writer. Until Oct. 12, that is, when their building was invaded by reporters and television crews, Mr. Gao's face appeared on the nightly news and his name circled the world. He had won the 2000 Nobel Prize in Literature, and his neighbors were thrilled. They put up a sign in the building's drab lobby proclaiming it home to a Nobel laureate and began organizing a party to celebrate.

Elsewhere in France and beyond, however, a more common response to his selection was, who? Mr. Gao has 18 plays, 4 works of literary criticism and 5 books of fiction to his name, but his entire oeuvre has been banned on the Chinese mainland since 1985, while his best-known novel, "Soul Mountain," a lyrical account of a long journey through the Chinese backlands, has so far been published only in Taiwan, Sweden, France and Australia.

Little wonder that Mr. Gao (whose name is pronounced gow shing-jen), a slightly built man with a wry sense of humor who looks a decade younger than his 60 years, was himself taken aback by his award (which carries a prize of just over $900,000). Since taking up exile here in 1987, he has lived off paintings, not writing.

"My only reaction was, 'Can this be true?' " he said, recalling the telephone call from the secretary of the Swedish Academy. "He said: 'Yes, it's true. And you have to make a speech, with a written text, for 45 minutes.' 'That's very long,' I said. Then almost immediately the doorbell rang, and there was a crowd of journalists. Since then it has been a storm. You can't imagine. If I plug in the phone, it rings. It's like a dripping tap you can't turn off."

Still, the Nobel effect on his publishing career was immediate. French sales of "Soul Mountain," just 6,000 in the five years preceding his Nobel Prize, have now reached 45,000. HarperCollins, which had published the book in Australia, is bringing it out in the United States next week in a translation by Mabel Lee. Foreign rights for this and his second novel, "One Man's Bible," an often bitter semi-autobiographical account of China's Cultural Revolution, have been sold in several countries.

Of more immediate concern to Mr. Gao, though, is his address to the Swedish Academy on Dec. 7, three days before the Nobel awards ceremony. "It's very important," he said, "more important than the prize itself, because I have the chance to make a speech to the entire world. I have to give a message as a writer. The title will be: 'The Raison d'Etre of Literature.' "

That he has chosen not to talk about politics should please China's cultural authorities, who were angered that the country's first Nobel literature laureate should be a political exile. Yet Mr. Gao is not fleeing political controversy. Politics may have disrupted his life, but he was never an activist: his battles in China were always about literature; the "crime" that drove him out in 1987 was that his work reflected, not socialist realism, but Western literary freedom.

Mr. Gao's interest in Western culture dates back to his childhood in Nanjing in eastern China. His mother, a member of a Y.M.C.A. theater troupe before the Communist Revolution, was an avid reader of Western literature. "Thanks to her, we had lots of books everywhere, translations of classics, Balzac, Zola, Steinbeck," Mr. Gao recalled during a recent interview in French at a friend's home in Paris. "That's why I began to read at a very early age."

"I always had the dream of being a writer or painter or actor or playwright," he went on. "My mother and I would do little theater pieces at home. Sometimes my father was the only audience. I wrote my first novel when I was 10. It was an adventure story. At the same time, I painted. Early on, I was doing oils, water colors, calligraphy -- all sorts of things."

His mother discouraged him from entering the National Academy of Fine Arts, so instead he studied French in Beijing. And once fluent in the language, he had access to more experimental Western literature, including plays by Ionesco, Beckett, Genet and Artaud. To his astonishment, he also found that political documents banned in China were often available in French, among them Khrushchev's famous -- and secret -- denunciation of Stalin in 1956.

Chinese politics, however, posed a more direct problem. During the disastrous economic program known as the Great Leap Forward in the early 1960's, Mr. Gao's mother was sent to the countryside, where she drowned in an accident. He, too, was forced into farm labor, although by now he was also writing prolifically, albeit for himself.

"Don't send this to a publisher or a review," an older writer friend warned him. "You're too young. You don't know the dangers of writing."

Even research into literary form, he learned, could be a political crime. "Every written text in China had to include a eulogy to the Communist Party," he remembered, "even if you were writing children's short stories or teenage things about sadness or growing up. Everything was politicized."

Then, when the Cultural Revolution began in 1966, fearing imprisonment, Mr. Gao destroyed everything he had written.

More than a decade passed before China's intellectuals dared stir anew. Mr. Gao tested the waters in 1981 with a book of essays, "A Preliminary Discussion of the Art of Modern Fiction," which set off a debate about modernism and realism. He also resumed writing plays and joined the People's Art Theater in Beijing.

"The first play I wrote after the Cultural Revolution was 'Bus Stop,' but the theater said it was too avant-garde to put on at the time," he said of a play strongly evocative of Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." "So I wrote another play, 'Warning Signal,' which was presented first in 1982. It caused a polemic, but was not banned. Then 'Bus Stop' was presented in 1983, and I was attacked for spiritual pollution. I was ordered to make a public self-criticism and refused. Instead, I disappeared."

The voyage through southwestern China that followed eventually provided much of the material for "Soul Mountain," although he had begun the book before fleeing Beijing.

"I said to myself, 'I have already subjected myself to self-censorship, and still I was attacked,' " he recalled. "So I started writing a novel just for myself without thinking of having it published."

Five months later he returned to Beijing. He presented a new play, "Wild Man," at the People's Art Theater in 1985, but then the political mood changed again, and he could no longer be published. "The fight against spiritual pollution was not really against me, but against reformists in the Communist Party," he explained. "The writer was simply a symbol for warning others."

Mr. Gao began thinking of leaving China. He made one trip to Europe with a group of writers in 1985, then two years later, although on the blacklist as a writer, he was allowed to travel abroad as a painter. Convinced that the situation in China would deteriorate, he settled in Paris. Then, after the killing of demonstrators in Tiananmen Square in 1989, he resigned from the Chinese Communist Party and obtained refugee status in France. (He acquired French citizenship in 1998.)

His first task as an exile was to complete "Soul Mountain," which was published in Taiwan in 1990. The novel, which the Swedish Academy called "an odyssey in time and space through the Chinese countryside," is remarkable not only for its magical tales, folkloric roots and eroticism but also for its patchwork of narrative styles, from poems and monologues to ballads and conversations.

"A writer has to find his own language," he said. "But my language is not a style for me. In 'Soul Mountain' you find all genres of literary writing. It is a research into style. But it is the language that counts, the joy of plunging into a language and finding a thread. It's what I call the flow of language. You have to respect this linear journey. Even if you change the pronouns -- I, you, he -- a novel is still like a long monologue."

Even before "Soul Mountain" Mr. Gao's work had been noticed in Europe. Noel Dutrait, a French scholar, sought out Mr. Gao in Beijing in the early 1980's and began studying his plays. When "Soul Mountain" was completed, Mr. Dutrait and his wife, Liliane, set about translating it. Considered too long by major French publishers, it was brought out in its full 670 pages by a smaller French house, Editions L'Aube, in 1995. "The Other Shore," a collection of five of his plays, was published in English last year by the Chinese University Press of Hong Kong. It is distributed in the United States by the University of Michigan Press.

It was an admirer from Sweden who paved the way for the Nobel Prize. Goran Malmqvist, a China expert at the University of Stockholm, had also traveled to Beijing in the mid-80's to meet Mr. Gao. As it happens, Mr. Gao could not be found, but he later sent several of his plays to Mr. Malmqvist, who translated them and had them produced in Stockholm. Only in 1987 did Mr. Gao finally meet his Swedish champion, who has continued to translate his works, including "Soul Mountain."

Thanks to Mr. Malmqvist, then, Swedish readers and theatergoers (as well as members of the Swedish Academy) can read Mr. Gao in their own language. And it could only have helped Mr. Gao's candidacy that Mr. Malmqvist is one of 18 academy members who make the final selection of Nobel laureates. Since Oct. 12, Mr. Gao's fortuitous connection to the academy has prompted some Swedish newspapers to raise questions about conflict of interest, although Mr. Malmqvist has indignantly waved away any suggestion of impropriety.

Mr. Gao himself seems unperturbed. He said he felt lucky to have had friends around the world willing to promote his work when he was unknown. In 1997, for instance, Chinese friends in New York arranged for his play "Between Life and Death" to be presented in English at the Theater of the New City and his paintings to be shown at the Schimmel Center for the Arts. But he feels even luckier to be living outside China.

"I am not sad to be in exile," he said. "It has been a renaissance for me. I have been able to live off my paintings, and I have the luxury of writing what I want. I have many friends. Writing is a solitary business, but I am not alone."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gao Xingjian, playwright, novelist, artist and recent winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, with one of his paintings at his home in a Paris suburb. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. E1); "The Sacrifice 1," by Gao Xingjian, a Chinese-born writer and painter. (J. Hyde)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** November 21, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Once Derelict, Now Desirable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GPN-DHH0-TW8F-G35V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 24, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 11; Column 3; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2239 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK O'GILFOIL HEALY

**Body**

GRACE ADAMS and her family have seen the worst days of 870 Riverside Drive.

They moved in after the landlord absconded in the mid-1970's, leaving the city to foreclose on the building for unpaid taxes. They endured corrupt managers and broken pipes. They stuck around when rape suspects were arrested nearby, and when the police shot a gun-wielding man a few doors down.

Ms. Adams was there in 1983, when the tenants organized themselves, began managing the building and, with help from the city, converted it from derelict property into a co-op for low-income homeowners. They paid $250 per apartment and managed it modestly.

Now 73 years old, Ms. Adams is witnessing 870 Riverside's latest protean twist. To her astonishment, the modest co-op building, near the corner of 160th Street, has become a hot property.

The city's churning real estate market has surged into 870 Riverside and hundreds of other low-income co-ops called Housing Development Fund Corporation buildings. Scattered through Harlem, Washington Heights, Brooklyn and the Bronx, they were abandoned by landlords, seized by the city, then renovated and converted into co-ops for low-income tenants.

For years, the apartments sold for less than $7,500, always to people who made modest incomes, and they were largely overlooked by real estate brokers. But now that these neighborhoods are in big demand, the apartments are drawing buyers who can slide in under the co-op income caps but who have significant assets because they are middle-class retirees, or young people getting help from their families. Because of the demand for these apartments, firms like Halstead Property and the Corcoran Group are listing them for $250,000, $400,000 or as much as $950,000.

From one perspective, every boat is lifted. Buyers can snap up spacious apartments for below-market prices. Sellers who endured hard years in the buildings can get their reward -- cash out to retire or send their children to college. Through flip taxes, or fees paid when an apartment is sold, the buildings get a slice of the rising sales prices to pay for paint jobs, roof repairs or new boilers.

But housing advocates and some longtime residents recoil at those arguments. They say that Housing Development Fund buildings are supposed to be immune from the fluctuations of the real estate market, with its bidding wars, bubble talk and $800,000 asking prices.

Because co-op sales are not public records, there are no statistics that describe how prices have changed over the years. But brokers who sell these apartments and housing advocates familiar with the neighborhoods agree that prices have ballooned in the last few years.

Even at their current prices, Housing Development Fund Corporation apartments, usually called H.D.F.C.'s, are some of the last bargains in New York City.

Ron Ferdinand, a broker for Halstead, received 2,191 phone messages after listing a H.D.F.C. apartment for $100,000 last May. The calls came from as far away as Germany and Italy, Mr. Ferdinand said.

At 870 Riverside, an 1,800-square-foot four-bedroom apartment with French doors and sunny views is on the market for $599,000. ''Best deal in Manhattan,'' declares the broker, Prudential Douglas Elliman, in its online listing. A two-bedroom in the building, also listed by Elliman, is priced at $650,000.

The monthly maintenance is about 40 cents a square foot, or $712 for the four-bedroom and $576 for the two-bedroom.

But with bargains come hassles. In nearly every housing corporation building, catches and caveats are buried in the bylaws, and no two buildings share the same rules and restrictions.

Some have high flip taxes, with the sellers having to remit a portion of their profits to the co-op board. Some flip taxes are constant; others diminish the longer a resident has lived in the building. Some buildings even prohibit reselling an apartment for two to five years.

Many of the buildings carry income restrictions. Some are set against the city's median income, at 80 percent, 120 percent or 150 percent of median. Others are calculated by a formula multiplying maintenance costs by resale costs and other factors.

The limitations weed out many prospective owners. At 870 Riverside, a single buyer must earn less than $52,725 to meet the limits. A two-person family -- either a couple or a parent and child -- can earn up to $60,300. The limit for a family of four is $75,375.

It is difficult, however, for people who earn those salaries to afford the apartments. An annual salary of $50,000 is more than twice the average individual's yearly income in New York, but not nearly enough to get a mortgage on a $600,000 apartment, brokers say.

''The bank is not going to loan much,'' said Susan Skinner, one of two Elliman brokers selling the four-bedroom at 870 Riverside. ''What these apartments are designed for are people who have a moderate income but a lot of cash on hand. It's very difficult to find a buyer.''

So which buyers can meet the demands of a bank and the limits of a building? Recent retirees. People who have just sold a home. Anyone who's inherited money recently. Students with wealthy parents. Self-employed buyers whose income varies year to year. ''If someone has a trust fund, and they don't have a big income, that's great,'' said Holly Price, an agent selling a housing corporation co-op in Ditmas Park, Brooklyn, for $325,000. ''That would be perfect because it's so easy.''

The income caps apply only to new buyers, meaning that owners can remain in their apartment if their incomes rise past the restrictions.

Soaring prices and trust-fund buyers were unthinkable prospects 30 years ago, when the city and state set up the regulations and funds that would help convert 1,200 seized and foreclosed buildings into housing corporation co-ops. The conversions allowed the city to jettison hundreds of seized and foreclosed buildings while offering low-cost homes to low- and moderate-income tenants.

Many had decayed for decades and were infested with insects or drug dealers. Elevators didn't work. The boilers broke, the halls needed painting and the apartments needed new interiors. In one building, a tenant froze to death one winter night after his radiator broke.

Different buildings were converted under different sets of rules and timetables, but the basic formula was this: tenants of a city-owned building attended management classes and bought their property for a pittance. The city or state contributed tax credits and money for renovation.

''The vision was, we got to build housing for people in the neighborhood who have fought to stay and who deserve an opportunity for ownership,'' said Bill Perkins, a City Council member who represents parts of Harlem and has worked with housing corporation buildings for years.

And then, stasis. Years passed in buildings without any apartments turning over. The owners clung to their co-ops. Few outside brokers or buyers showed an interest. Even when a tenant died or stopped paying maintenance, the boards were loath to foreclose and sell vacant apartments, housing advocates said.

In the past few years, however, as Harlem became saturated with bargain hunters, boards discovered the value of their buildings. Apartments became available as aging owners died or retired, and the broader Manhattan real estate market discovered housing corporation buildings. Values started to soar.

''It's not a secret anymore,'' said Ann Henderson, associate director of the Urban Homesteading Assistance Board, a nonprofit advocate for affordable housing. ''We're trying to hold onto the scarce little affordable housing resources we have left, while the vultures are descending. We're fighting a losing battle.''

Of course, not all ofthe 25,000 housing corporation units in the city are being flipped, and many are selling for $150,000 or $250,000.

''You can't find that price anyplace'' for a regular co-op, said Anthony Stancil, who is buying a housing development co-op on 156th Street.

For $200,000, Catherine Ventura, a freelance writer, and her husband, a freelance television journalist, bought a studio and a one-bedroom apartment on the top floor of a housing corporation building on Manhattan Avenue at 123rd Street. The couple, who have a 6-year-old son, own an apartment in Hudson Heights but had wanted to move farther south, and Ms. Ventura said she pounced when she saw an online listing.

The building had stained glass, tin ceilings, marble hallways and income restrictions of about $70,000. Ms. Ventura's family met them, so they signed contracts and were approved by the board. They bought the co-ops in cash, and must live there for five years before they sell. When they do, they'll pay a 30 percent flip tax on the profits.

The family plans to move in on Aug. 1. ''It's a middle-class building,'' Ms. Ventura said. ''It wasn't a question of coming in with a lot of leverage and forcing people out. The apartments were on the market. We qualified.''

Homeowners like Erenita Chiuza, who recently bought a housing development apartment in Harlem, said they were drawn to the ***working-class*** character of the buildings. ''They were people like me, humble people and very nice,'' Ms. Chiuza said.

In other buildings, longtime owners are greeting their new neighbors with a mix of enthusiasm and unease. For Dawn Ziegler, president of a housing corporation co-op at Seventh Avenue and Central Park North, an apartment on the market there for $795,000 means that the owners are getting their due.

''It's a reward,'' she said, ''for the tenants who had the tenacity to go through the program, to put up with all the different personalities you have to go through in a poor community. Just having to go through that, and go through all the requirements H.D.F.C. put you through.''

But others worry about how the new buyers will change the buildings. Grace Adams's son, William, also owns an apartment at 870 Riverside Drive, and he is worried about the ramifications. Mr. Adams, 52, said the newer residents care more about property values than affordability and low maintenance. They have proposed amending the building's bylaws to eliminate income caps for buyers and have succeeded in reducing the flip tax to 10 percent of the profits of a sale from 40 percent, he said.

Mr. Adams, who has no plans to sell, said he gets upset when longtime residents decide to sell for as much as possible. He said he asks his neighbors whether they could afford a home at their asking price.

''It was intended to be affordable housing,'' Mr. Adams said. ''I was given an opportunity that should be passed on to others. What I'm seeing is -- greed is not a good word. Capitalism? I just wonder.''

On 156th Street, John Culpepper worries about the type of people paying $150,000 for apartments in a building where he bought his place for $250 in 1983. Mr. Culpepper, 74, was once a shipboard engineer, and became the keeper of the boiler in his building after the landlord abandoned the building.

Mr. Culpepper said he and other longtime tenants live frugally and try to keep the maintenance as low as possible. The 36-unit building is even firing its managing agent to save $1,300 a month in fees, he said. Each apartment will save about $36 per month.

''We have to be careful about who we accept,'' Mr. Culpepper said. ''If too many rich people come in here, they can change the agenda, and the little people have to play keep-up. We have to make sure the people we accept in here don't overrule the people who paid $250.''

Most of these buildings have no limits on resale prices, requiring only that the income restrictions are met, said Jordi Reyes-Montblanc, president of the Housing Development Fund Corporations Council.

Mr. Montblanc said a lack of oversight structures allows buildings to ignore the income caps, a violation that would revoke their tax credits. Housing corporation buildings are allowed to lift their income restrictions 10 to 15 years after their co-op conversion, but few have chosen to do so.

The Urban Homesteading Assistance Board monitors sales in about 60 buildings, but most others do not have to report buyer incomes or sales prices to the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development, which governs many low-income co-ops.

''The rules that are out there for these buildings are very unclear,'' said Andrew Reicher, executive director of the homesteading board. ''It leaves it open to abuse.''

Two years ago, the Department of Housing Preservation and Development sought to tighten resales of new housing corporation apartments. Buildings entering the city's Tenant Interim Lease program -- a precursor to becoming a housing corporation co-op -- must now adopt a 30 percent flip tax and set its income limits at 120 percent of median. New co-ops must agree to abide by these terms for 30 years.

Mr. Reicher said that there are about 300 buildings wending their way through the process of co-op conversion. Those buildings would fall under these new limits.

Board members at housing corporation co-ops say that they still have many of the original tenants, but more and more people decide to cash out and retire to Florida or Georgia or move in with family.

But Ms. Adams, at 870 Riverside, said she won't be one of them.

''I have no desire to sell my apartment,'' she said. ''I was born in New York, and I live in New York.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: MORE DEMAND -- Buildings like this one, at 1809 Seventh Avenue, at 111th Street, have been kept afloat by people with modest incomes. Below, Grace Adams has lived at 870 Riverside, at 160th Street, for 30 years, through the worst of times. Below left, Erenita Chiuza and her husband bought an apartment at 327 Edgecombe Avenue in Harlem. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

NEW OWNERS -- Yolanda Martin and Anthony Stancil in their new apartment at 501 West 156th Street. Left, Bill Perkins, a Harlem council member, wants the prices to stay low.

BROKER INTEREST -- Above, Susan Farber, left and Susan Skinner, Douglas Elliman brokers, are selling this three-bedroom apartment at 870 Riverside Drive. Left, Ron Ferdinand, from Halstead, is selling at 1878 Seventh Avenue, at 114th Street. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** July 24, 2005

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[***STRIKE IN POLAND LEADS TO BATTLES; WORKERS DRAFTED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NT50-0009-23WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 13, 1982, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1409 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GDANSK, Poland, Oct. 12

**Body**

The Lenin Shipyard here was struck by workers today for a second day, and fierce street battles broke out again in the streets between riot policemen and workers demanding the restoration of the outlawed trade union Solidarity.

Poland's martial-law Government reacted by ordering the shipyard ''militarized.'' This means that the workers, in effect, are now soldiers subject to military orders and discipline.

If they press their strike Wednesday for a third day, they could be court-martialed or even shot. (Some workers said on leaving the shipyard that they had been discharged for striking, according to The Associated Press, and others said that they had been told to report to army enlistment boards.)

GDANSK, Poland, Oct. 12 - The Lenin Shipyard here was struck by workers today for a second day, and fierce street battles broke out again in the streets between riot policemen and workers demanding the restoration of the outlawed trade union Solidarity.

The authorities announced that 148 people had been arrested as a result of the violence, the worst since Gdansk and other Polish cities were swept by protests on Aug. 31, the second anniversary of the founding of Solidarity.

Work Force of 17,000

In Warsaw, Jerzy Urban, the Government spokesman, said the strike here was limited to ''10 to 13 percent'' of the shipyard work force. The force is said to number 17,000. But there were estimates here that as many as 8,000 joined in today's strike.

Strikes were also said to have erupted for a second day in the nearby port city of Gdynia, and some reports said that 2,000 participated there.

But most telephone and telex communications between Gdansk and Gydnia and the rest of Poland remained cut off by the authorities for a second day, and it was difficult to know for certain whether protests had broken out in other areas as well.

1,000 Riot Policemen in City

As Poland's martial law rulers moved to face down the current challenge to their authority, policemen battled workers and other Solidarity supporters with tear gas, water cannon and concussion grenades. More than a thousand riot policemen, along with convoys of water cannons, armored vehicles and troop carriers poured into Gdansk throughout the day and evening.

(In Moscow, the Soviet Defense Minister, Dmitri F. Ustinov, said in a message marking Poland's Army Day, that the Polish Government could count on Soviet support to maintain Communist rule. The message did not mention the banning of Solidarity or the current strikes but did denounce ''counterrevolutionaries.'' Page A6.)

Truckloads of riot policemen converged on the main railway station tonight, firing jets of water, flares, tear gas and concussion grenades in all directions. Clouds of tear gas hung over the narrow cobblestone streets of the Old Town.

In the ***working class*** Wrzeszcz district, protesters had set up barricades of huge steel pipes and even placed a construction trailer on the main street. But these were overrun by masses of riot policemen and armored cars.

At St. Bridget's Church near the shipyard, where a corner is filled with flower tributes to Solidarity and pictures of its leader, Lech Walesa, who is being held in house arrest, elderly women wept from the gas as they took refuge.

For both the men around Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Prime Minister, Defense Minister and Communist Party chief, and the diehard supporters of Solidarity, the key question was whether the shipyard strike, set off by resentment at the bill passed by Parliament Friday dissolving Solidarity, would take hold and spread.

If they remained isolated, angry workers at the shipyard admitted today, they realized they would not be able to hold out for long.

Leaflets Are Distributed

A leaflet distributed outside the shipyard gates this afternoon said: ''Late news! We have reports that strikes have begun in more than a dozen big industrial plants in southern and central Poland.''

(Western reporters in Wroclaw, the southern industrial city where one person was killed in street fighting Aug. 31, said that the city was tense but that there had been no protests so far, according to Reuters.

(A reporter in Cracow said that workers at the huge Nowa Huta steel foundry had discussed whether to follow the lead of the Gdansk strikers but that they appeared to have decided to delay any protest action until Nov. 10, the second anniversary of the day in 1980 when Solidarity was declared a legal organization by a Warsaw court. Last weekend, underground Solidarity leaders called on their supporters to stage a four-hour strike on Nov. 10, but the Gdansk workers decided to go ahead at once.)

Support Among Younger Workers

Talks with workers and strikers around the plant gate today indicated that the main core of the strike's support at this point was younger workers, mostly bachelors. The blue-collar workers were backing the strike, people said, far more strongly than the office workers, who seemed reluctant to join.

The main group of activists appear to be in the early shift, which begins at 6 A.M., rather than the afternoon shift, which deals mostly with maintenance.

But with more than 300 of the key Solidarity activists still in prison, or internment, leadership is a critical problem for the shipyard strikers.

One source close to the striking workers said their action was ''more of a protest than a real strike.'' He said there was no real ''established leadership committee yet.'' One worker near the gate said that ''we need someone to jump over the fence and lead us,'' recalling the dramatic appearance of Mr. Walesa, then an unemployed electrician, in August 1980.

The strikers have been reporting to work, picking up their tools and going to their ships, workers at the gate said, but then not doing any work.

Today, they added, a procession carrying Solidarity banners marched around the yard trying to rally support.

'Support Is Essential'

A leaflet signed by the ''Interfactory Protest Committee of the Tri-Cities'' -Gdansk, Gdynia and Sopot - was distributed demanding ''the freeing of all internees, including Lech Walesa, the lifting of martial law and the restoration of Solidarity and all other unions including the students' association.''

''Mothers, wives and sisters,'' the leaflet said, ''your spiritual support is essential to us because this is our last chance for a better tomorrow.''

The Government spokesman said at his news conference in Warsaw today that he had ''no information indicating unrest in other cities on this second day of the Gdansk protests.

However, he said that eight shipyards and factories were struck Monday in Gdansk, Gdynia and Sopot. He said also that policemen had battled youths and onlookers late into Monday night. Here in Gdansk such battles continued at least until 11 P.M.

As today's strikes began, hundreds of helmeted riot policemen, many with tear-gas cannisters stuffed in their jackets, were in the area of the Lenin Shipyard gates, stopping cars and pedestrians from coming near.

The main gate, on a plaza dominated by a monument that honors workers felled by the authorities here during riots over food prices in 1970, was decorated once again with Solidarity banners. A graffiti addition to the huge sign over the gate proclaimed it the shipyard ''of Solidarity.''

Tension Increases During Day

Tension increased during the day as police reinforcements arrived and began patrolling. Printed signs were posted in shop windows warning of the penalties of martial law.

One asked: ''Fathers and mothers. Do you want to find yourselves recognizing your children on television in the crowd of rowdy youngsters tearing up paving stones?''

But shortly before 2 P.M., when the shifts were scheduled to change, the police suddenly pulled back and disappeared. Crowds gathered by the gate and the monument of three crosses and anchors, a symbol of Poland, to cheer the workers as they came out. They raised their hands in the victory sign, sang patriotic songs and tied a bundle of flowers to the gate.

But at about 3:30 P.M., the police, who apparently wanted to allow the workers to go home rather than confront them packed in the shipyard, reappeared.

Rounds of tear-gas cannisters were fired from launchers on jeeps, and men, women and youngsters scattered wildly into the side streets. The chases and clashes in the streets of Gdansk went on for hours as the police at times deployed columns of water cannons and marching troopers moved forward with shields and truncheons.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Polish armored car (page A6) map of Poland

**End of Document**



[***SHOOTINGS IN A SCHOOL: THE OVERVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SRX-0CR0-007F-G4N3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Oregon Student Held in 3 Killings; One Dead, 23 Hurt at His School***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SRX-0CR0-007F-G4N3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 3; National Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:** By TIMOTHY EGAN

By TIMOTHY EGAN

**Dateline:** SPRINGFIELD, Ore., May 21

**Body**

Minutes before the 8 o'clock bell rang to start the day at Thurston High School today, a student carrying three guns opened fire on hundreds of other students gathered in the cafeteria, killing one, the police said. Twenty-three other students were injured, five critically, by gunfire and in the resulting melee.

As the student tried to reload a .22- caliber rifle, a member of the wrestling team, who had been critically injured, tackled him, and other students helped subdue him. An hour later, the police said, at the suggestion of the 15-year-old boy, identified as Kipland F. Kinkel, officers went to his home and found two adults shot to death there. The boy's grandmother confirmed they were his parents.

"Kip is my grandson; he murdered his mother and father," said Katie Kinkel, who lives in Eugene, a college town that borders Springfield. Asked in an interview if she was certain, Mrs. Kinkel, badly shaken, said, "For sure."

The police said the teen-ager had been suspended from school the day before, on Wednesday, for bringing a gun to school. They said he had been charged with possession of a stolen gun and then released to his parents, who were both teachers.

As students, teachers and others in this Willamette Valley town of 55,000 people reacted with shock to the shooting, the latest in a series of fatal school shootings by students across the country, state and school officials in Oregon defended the high school's disciplining of Mr. Kinkel the day before.

The state superintendent of schools, Norma Paulus, said the school had acted responsibly on Wednesday by suspending the student, pending an expulsion after an investigation. "This is not a school problem," she said. "This is a societal problem."

The Governor of Oregon, John Kitzhaber, said: "All of us should look at how we have failed as a society and how this could happen in the heart of Oregon. It has been a priority to build prison cells and prison beds -- after the fact. These actions in no way prevent juvenile violence."

Megan Conklin, a junior who took the same school bus with Mr. Kinkel, said after the shooting, "He said on the bus that he was mad and he was going to do something stupid. He's a mean kid. He'd said some horrible things to me before."

Ms. Conklin was in the cafeteria when the shooting began. "He kicked the door, and he was in this trench coat, and I thought it was part of the play that we were supposed to have today," she said. "Then people started falling and screaming and bleeding. People were pushing to get out."

Michelle Calhoun, 17, said, "He walked in, didn't look like he was bothered by anything, and just started shooting at random. I'm angry. This is a good, happy school."

Her boyfriend, 17-year-old Mikael Nickolauson, a junior who had recently enlisted in the Oregon National Guard, was sitting nearby and was shot and killed. Tonight, Teresa Clark, a family friend answering calls to the Nickolauson home, said: "This is just a really hard time. Everything is up in the air."

At an evening news conference, the police said Mr. Kinkel probably would have shot more students if he had not been wrestled to the ground. They said they believe no one else but Mr. Kinkel was involved in the shootings at the school or the house.

Mr. Kinkel was carrying a semiautomatic, .22-caliber rifle, a .22-caliber handgun and a Glock pistol, they said. Among the critically injured was the wrestler who tackled Mr. Kinkel, Jacob Ryker.

Several students said Mr. Kinkel had been upset over teasing from older students, and that he had a temper and a troubled past. The police said that the boy had once been questioned by officers in a neighboring county for throwing rocks at cars from a freeway overpass.

Mr. Kinkel is the son of two teachers, William Kinkel, 59, and Faith Kinkel, 57. Mr. Kinkel was retired. Mrs. Kinkel was still teaching in a school district of Springfield, a ***working-class*** town near Eugene, about 110 miles south of Portland.

The Kinkel family lived in a new, rural development about 12 miles from the edge of Springfield, in a two-story frame house above the McKenzie River. They had one other child, a daughter, who is much older and does not live in town.

The boy was active in sports but in the last few years had undergone a marked change in personality, friends said.

"I coached him in soccer, basketball, and baseball," said Dave Wing, a grocery store owner, who knew the family well. "It was an excellent family. Good people. Kip had a temper though. If he didn't get his way, he would kick and shout."

Some neighbor boys said in the last years that young Kinkel started dressing in black and taking on the pose of a "Gothic," a youth persona with music and style, gloomy and dark.

"He was a good kid in grade school, but then his freshman year, he started wearing black and not talking to people," said Jessica Rose, a neighbor who rode the bus with the boy.

Some friends indicated that the boy may have intended to shoot up the school on Wednesday. . Students said he was angry about insults from seniors. On Wednesday, the police said, they were called to the school on a report of a stolen gun, questioned the boy, found the gun, and took him to the police station for booking and fingerprinting.

He was released under Oregon law for arrests on this type of offense, being in possession of a stolen weapon. The authorities said today that they would try the boy as an adult. In Oregon, because of his age he could not be executed if convicted.

The police said they did not know if the shooting at the boy's home occurred on Wednesday night or today.

The authorities said the boy took a family car to school today.

Just before 8 A.M., senior boys were gathered in the library for senior awards day, preparing to give out awards for sports and other activities. In the cafeteria, students were eating breakfast and socializing.

"I thought it was fireworks, and then I thought it was a cap gun," said Stephani Quimby, a student at the school.

"He walked in and he was wearing this big, long trench coat and he pulled out a rifle," said James Kistner, another student. "He squeezed off, I say, about three or four rounds. Then there was like a short pause. And from there on he just kept his finger on the trigger and let ammo fly."

Witnesses gave conflicting accounts of how long the shooting went on. Some students said it lasted as long as 10 minutes. "It didn't look like he was bothered by anything," Miss Calhoun said. "Like the shooting was just something he was doing."

Miss Calhoun said the dead student, Mr. Nickolauson, had been her boyfriend for nine months. She said Mr. Nickolauson was a native of Springfield, who loved science fiction.

A Springfield police officer who interrogated Mr. Kinkel, Capt. Jerry Smith, said, "When I spoke to him he was very calm."

Springfield is known as a timber town, with a rural feel, though in recent years it has been on an economic upswing with the arrival of computer-chip factories. Residents here said many students are familiar with guns, because they hunt.

The school does not have metal detectors, but it has a strict no-gun policy, and the students and teachers had spoken often about violence.

"You can't even bring a squirt gun into this school," said Shayla Johnson, a senior. She and three other friends were holding hands outside the school, where a fence was bedecked with flowers.

The wounded students were taken to two hospitals. Nineteen students were injured by gunfire. Others were hurt in the scramble to get out of the line of fire, hospital officials said.

"I ducked down, and then ran for the door -- we were all just trying to get out," said Miss Calhoun. "I'm really proud of those boys who tried to hold the kid down."

Miss Calhoun was carrying a single red rose in honor of her slain friend. "This school is the last place you would expect something like this to happen," she said.

One parent, Angela Graybow, was preparing a paper on school violence for the community college she attends. She said she believed Springfield was not immune. Once Mr. Kinkel had been arrested for carrying a gun, she said, he should not have been released. "They should have had somebody watching him," she said.

Some students said Mr. Kinkel used to make odd statements about building a bomb or committing violence, but few people took him seriously. "He threatened, people knew what was going to happen," said Pam Kelly, a junior at the school.

The police, as of today, took the bomb-building stories seriously. Fearing that the Kinkel house might be wired with a bomb, officers cordoned off several blocks.

Thurston is one of two public high schools in Springfield, and has about 1,700 students. No one interviewed could recall episodes of student violence, except a knife fight two years ago.

**Graphic**

Photos: A mother led her daughter from Thurston High School in Springfield, Ore., yesterday after a gunman killed a boy and injured other students. Mikael Nickolauson, 17, left, was fatally shot. Jacob Ryker, right, was wounded but managed to tackle the suspect, Kipland F. Kinkel. (Photographs by The Associated Press)(pg. A20); Paramedics helped one of the people Kipland Kinkel, below, is said to have shot yesterday in Springfield, Ore. (Associated Press)(pg. A1)

Chart: "Where the Shooting Unfolded"

Just before 8 A.M. yesterday, a 15-year-old student at Thurston High School walked into the school cafeteria and opened fire on hundreds of students, killing one and wounding 23 others.

Map of Thurston High School

1.The gunman enters the cafeteria through a side entrance and begins firing.

2.He is tackled by a student and is held until police arrive.

3.Within an hour, the wounded are taken to area hospitals.

4.Officials later discover two dead adults at the suspect's home.

Map of the Springfield showing location of Thurston High School, Sacred Heart Medical Center and McKenzie-Willamette Hospital

Gunshot Victims at the School

The dots represent the location of each victim's gunshot wounds. Other victims were injured in the confusion after the shooting.

(Sources: City of Springfield Department of Fire and Life Safety, Sacred Heart Medical Center, McKenzie-Willamette Hospital)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 1998

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[***DRAMA: FROM BRITAIN, 'PLENTY' BY DAVID HARE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NPR0-0009-2050-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1553 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

IT'S not until late in Act II that the audience hears the noise of breaking glass in David Hare's ''Plenty,'' but long before then, we've become terribly familiar with the harrowing sound of things going smash. A partial list of the evening's casualties would include at least three lives, one empire (the British), the egalitarian ideals of a generation and many of the conventions of the traditional narrative play.

But if this sounds reckless, Mr. Hare is no indiscriminate vandal. Out of the bloody shards of the ruins, this young British playwright has meticulously erected an explosive theatrical vision of a world that was won and lost during and after World War II.

''Plenty,'' which was first produced by England's National Theater in 1978, received its New York premiere last night at the Public's Newman Theater, where it brings this stillborn theatrical autumn to stunning life. Like the original production, the current one has been directed by the author and stars Kate Nelligan. It couldn't be any other way. Working with a largely American cast, Mr. Hare has staged his work with a precise and chilling lyricism that perfectly complements his disquieting writing. As for Miss Nelligan, the Canadian-born actress known for her screen role in ''The Eye of the Needle,'' mere adjectives are beside the point. Only a fool would hold his breath waiting to see a better performance this season.

IT'S not until late in Act II that the audience hears the noise of breaking glass in David Hare's ''Plenty,'' but long before then, we've become terribly familiar with the harrowing sound of things going smash.

The star, who is onstage throughout, plays Susan Traherne, an Englishwoman who, at 17, served as a courier for the French Resistance behind German lines. ''Plenty'' is about what happens to Susan during the war and in the two disillusioning decades to come. Convinced that the heroic values of the Resistance would carry over to the ''New Europe'' of peacetime, Susan soon finds herself traipsing through mindless jobs and destructive relationships in a declining England that is choking on ''plenty'' but has lost its moral rudder. Intolerant of both her society and intimates, she drifts into madness and takes her innocent, loving husband, a Foreign Service officer played by Edward Herrmann, down with her.

Mr. Hare tells Susan's tale in a dozen scenes that are ripped out of chronological order. His play's structure, which can be slightly confusing, employs flashback, flashforward and in media res. While it's a jigsaw puzzle that only comes together at the end, it's no gimmick: Mr. Hare has found a visceral theatrical embodiment for the central tension in his heroine's soul. The France of the 1940's is always as much in focus as the modern England of Suez and rampant commercialization; we constantly see each setting refracted through the other.

The liberated chronology also allows the author to crystallize his highly selective story and character details; he strips away psychological, plot and ideological exposition to achieve a concentrated naturalism. Susan, like the Hedda Gabler she sometimes resembles (gun included), is an incandescent, troubling force who doesn't have to be explained away: we see her in context and she just is. As Miss Nelligan says to Mr. Herrmann in their first meeting, ''I tell you nothing - I just say look at me and make a judgment.'' That complicated judgment, which is ultimately asked from all of us, is the incendiary crux of the play.

The writing's jagged fractionalization further gives ''Plenty'' a hallucinatory, nightmarish quality that makes it feel more like a disorienting Nicholas Roeg film than John Osborne's ''Look Back in Anger.'' The mood of mystery is heightened by Nick Bicat's subtly ominous music and the superb physical production.

John Gunter's sets float like haunted Magritte rooms within the stage's walls, which are papered with a ghostly black-and-gray mural of a bygone romantic England. Jane Greenwood's costumes, meanwhile, anchor the characters in vivid social reality. The lighting designer, Arden Fingerhut, gives the gloom of contemporary London a remarkable variety of dreamlike textures even as she creates the dangerous, pulse-quickening glow of a nocturnal war-torn France where parachutes plummet from the stars.

The dialogue within each scene is often a tour de force interweaving subliminal rage, ellipses and caustic wit. Mr. Hare doesn't waste words, and the ones he uses are crackling, whether they deal with the dreary English climate (even ''passion comes down at you through a blocked nose'') or the internecine politics of a Foreign Service that requires 6,000 officers to dismantle an empire that once only took 600 men to run. In the play's most remarkable scene - a diplomatic party in the midst of the Suez debacle - a grueling marital fight is blended in with an anguished political debate, comical small talk about an Ingmar Bergman film and the hilarious malapropisms of a sycophantic Burmese ambassador (Conrad Yama).

The mostly exemplary supporting cast begins with Mr. Herrmann, who may be giving the performance of his career as Susan's husband, a moneyed, generous, self-reproachful man who sadly pursues his diplomatic calling because, as he plaintively asks, ''What other world do I have?'' His sputtering collapse is preceded by one brave and rending effort to break through his cheery reserve and jolt Susan back into reality.

No less brilliant is George Martin, who provides a tragic yet funny, Graham Greene-esque version of the farcical, fussbudget British bureaucrat he performed in Harold Pinter's ''The Hothouse'' last season. There is also flawless work from Ellen Parker as Susan's best friend, a bohemian who survives her alienation as the heroine does not, and from Daniel Gerroll, as an amiable ***working-class*** fellow who is pitifully gored by Susan's sexual manipulations.

Miss Nelligan's performance can be admired in a multitude of ways: for its unflagging intensity, for its lack of mannerisms in delineating a neurotic character, for the seamlessness with which it blends the clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked Susan of 17 with the feverish, slow-burning firecracker of a woman who follows. In the play's middle stretches - when she's tossing out sardonic wisecracks about her advertising copywriter's job or calmly plotting to have a child by a man she ''barely knows'' - the actress manages to show us how a deeply disturbed woman could appear completely lucid, even dazzlingly self-possessed.

Later on Miss Nelligan provides ''a psychiatric cabaret'' - first when she lashes out with unprovoked obscenities at Mr. Herrmann in public circumstances, then when she levitates into drugged hysteria while meeting a revered but now pathetic old Resistance comrade (Kelsey Grammer) for a nostalgic assignation in a seedy Blackpool hotel room. Yet, as magnetic and moving as Miss Nelligan is, she never neglects the selfishness and cruelty of a woman who makes the wrong people pay for the failings of a civilization.

That's important, because, in Mr. Hare's view, Susan is perhaps more responsible for those failings than anyone around her. If the author believes that idealists have a right to ''a kind of impatience'' with a world that betrays their noble, hard-won victories, he also seems to feel that Susan should have struggled anew for those ideals rather than ''lose control'' by giving in to bitterness and cynicism. And, of course, his perspective applies not only to World War II Resistance fighters, but also to the endless waves of defeated idealists who came before and after.

That's why the sharp edges of this relentlessly gripping play reach beyond its specific milieu to puncture our conscience. It's also why ''Plenty'' pointedly ends not with its heroine's defeat, but with a blazing tableau in which the young, innocent Susan of 1944 climbs a bucolic hill to ''get a better view'' of the newly liberated France that once promised her a utopian future. In ''Plenty,'' Mr. Hare asks that we, too, climb up to reclaim a ''better view'' - but not before he has shaken us violently at the bottom of that hill, not before he's forced us to examine just how we choose to live in our own world of plenty right now.

Things Going Smash

PLENTY, written and directed by David Hare; scenery by John Gunter; lighting by Arden Fingerhut; costumes by Jane Greenwood; inciden- tal music by Nick Bicat. A New York Shake- speare Festival Production presented by Joseph Papp. At the Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette Street. Alice Park ...............................Ellen Parker Susan Traherne ..........................Kate Nelligan Raymond Brock .........................Edward Herrmann CodenameLazar ..........................Kelsey Grammer Frenchman No. 1 ..........................Ken Meseroll Leonard Darwin ..........................George Martin Mick ...................................Daniel Gerroll Louise ...................................Johann Carlo M. Aung ...................................Conrad Yama Mme. Aung ..................................Ginny Yang Dorcas Frey ..........................Madeleine Potter John Begley ............................Stephen Mellor Sir Andrew Charleson ........................Bill Moor Frenchman No. 2 ......................Dominic Chianese

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of cast of ''Plenty''

**End of Document**



[***The Best Buildings You'll Ever Hear***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NWF-37Y0-TW8F-G2J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2427 words

**Byline:** By NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

**Body**

COULD it be that we're entering a golden age in concert hall design?

The very idea may sound a little crazy, given how adamantly some people insist that the audience for classical music is slowly dying off.

To those skeptics the current explosion of new concert spaces may seem nothing but a last-ditch attempt to attract younger audiences. And there is some truth in the observation that the global cultural construction boom has more to do with drawing tourists than with satisfying a thirst for classical performances or the arts in general.

But plenty of the partnerships forged recently between orchestras and architects cannot be dismissed as acts of desperation or boosterism. Frank Gehry's completed Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles; Herzog & de Meuron's design for the Elbe Philharmonic Hall in Hamburg, Germany; Jean Nouvel's new Paris Philharmonie project: these are not only breathtaking architectural forays but a radical rethinking of the concert hall itself. Their exuberant forms and fluid interiors make the great halls of the late 19th century -- from Vienna's Musikverein to Carnegie Hall to Boston's Symphony Hall -- seem fusty by comparison.

The new halls seek to root classical music firmly in the present and forge an intimate bond among orchestra, audience and music. Such experimentation surely has its risks: As architects push the limits of design, acousticians are venturing into uncertain territory. Yet if these projects succeed, they could open the way to the rarest of achievements: a blissful balance between form and sound.

For more than a century the conventional wisdom for creating a great acoustical hall was a narrow, high, rectangular ''shoe box'' model with a maximum of 2,500 or so seats. The holy grail was Vienna's 1870 Musikverein, a Greek Revival invention of the Danish-born architect Theophil von Hansen.

But to contemporary architects the gold standard dates from 1963: Hans Scharoun's 2,440-seat Berlin Philharmonie, an odd-looking cluster of concrete forms clad in yellow metal panels. Scharoun's masterpiece, erected alongside the barbed-wire and concrete barriers of the Berlin Wall, was an aggressive attempt to tear down the traditional social hierarchies of the classical music world. Gone were the grand stairs, classical colonnades or golden interiors. Instead he planted the concrete bowl of his main performance space on canted columns, so that the underbelly of the hall became an extension of the street life outside. Draped over this interior, the strange yellow, tentlike skin was a joyfully democratic expression of the hall's public character and a landmark of communal solace in a divided city.

Yet what most intimidates today's architects is the performance space; 44 years after its completion, it feels even more radical than it did then. Rejecting the classical proscenium stage and uniform rows of seats, Scharoun created a vineyard pattern, a terraced landscape spilling down toward the stage on all sides. A few subtle shifts in the design break the symmetry, charging the room with energy.

In an instant Scharoun's creation seemed to wipe away a century of bourgeois formality and jolt classical music into the present. If the Musikverein in Vienna remained the model of acoustic perfection to some listeners, his hall offered a more relaxed, egalitarian experience that was in tune with a modern audience.

Acoustically the hall may not have quite the resonance of Vienna. But after a bit of fine-tuning it was soon considered one of the best halls in Europe. What is more, it reinforced the importance of what some experts describe as psycho-acoustics: the idea that a hall's visual characteristics could affect the way the audience takes in the music.

Yet the real lesson of Berlin, some orchestra managers and conductors say, was that the late-19th-century hall was no longer necessarily the ideal. Given the striking changes in musical programming, there was no longer a single acoustic recipe. That realization has encouraged architects to push creative limits.

''I think even Vienna is a bit of a myth,'' said Ernest Fleischmann, the former general manager for the Los Angeles Philharmonic. ''The hall is rather small. You can't put the really big orchestras on that stage. A Mahler symphony there is terribly cramped. The Eighth can hardly be accommodated at all.''

Of the current crop of architects challenging Scharoun's supremacy, the first out of the gate was Mr. Gehry, with his 2003 Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles. When he got started in 1987, Mr. Gehry was beginning to work with a sculptural freedom that Scharoun could barely have imagined.

He was captivated by the intimacy of Scharoun's performance space. ''I went to maybe five or six concerts there, and I was knocked out by it,'' he told me recently. ''The floors were concrete, the handrails were painted metal -- all the things that when you're designing that sort of thing seem antithetical. But there's this human feeling in it. It engaged you. It encouraged talk. It was the first time I experienced that in a concert hall.''

But if Mr. Gehry was buoyed by the interior's free-spiritedness, he eventually began to pursue a more compact, symmetrical form for his own. ''I was intent on making a beautifully proportioned room,'' he said. ''I knew my architecture would be difficult for the community already, and I thought of the symmetry as a kind of handrail to help you along.''

And then there was the endless fretting over the acoustics. Mr. Gehry recalls an argument that arose one evening when he was dining in Berlin with the Japanese acoustician Minoru Nagata, an early adviser on Disney Hall, and Lothar Cremer, who had worked with Scharoun in Berlin.

Both were well respected in the music world, but over dinner they could not agree on a preferable acoustical model. As Mr. Gehry remembers it, Mr. Cremer said the hall should be shaped like a coffin, wider at the orchestra. Mr. Nagata firmly favored a wedge.

''It wasn't quite a food fight,'' Mr. Gehry said. ''But it was a big argument. So I said innocently, 'You're both the best acousticians in the world, and you can't agree on this?' There was no answer.

''I realized it was like art,'' he said. ''You could make it great, but it was intuitive. There wasn't a formula for it.''

As a result he designed a building that is more voluptuous than Scharoun's yet also more cautious in some respects.

Unfolding along Grand Avenue in downtown Los Angeles the building's bold stainless steel ribbons enliven an alienating urban strip. Mr. Gehry lifted the bowl of the hall off the ground, allowing the streetscape to wind its way up through the building.

Inside, Mr. Gehry wraps the 2,265 audience seats around the stage as Scharoun did. But the design's luxurious wood surfaces seem almost Baroque, a perfectly symmetrical play of convex and concave forms that seem to press in on the stage.

Esa-Pekka Salonen, the Los Angeles Philharmonic's music director, said the close physical proximity prompted the musicians to reconsider their relationship with the audience. ''Everyone is physically close, which means that everyone is mentally very close,'' he said. ''We didn't have to overplay. We didn't have to use excess physical energy.''

''We understood that we couldn't just continue to play as we used to play things,'' he added.

Since then the appreciative response to Disney Hall has emboldened orchestral institutions and architects to experiment far more aggressively, raising the question of when the risks outweigh the dividends.

Acoustically, some of the most respected concert halls built over the past decade are in Japan: Suntory Hall in Tokyo, for example, and Kitara Hall in Sapporo. But neither hall is particularly adventurous. With its kitschy facade Kitara Hall could even be called an architectural dud.

By contrast,the swooping concrete curves of Santiago Calatrava's recent concert hall in Tenerife, the Canary Islands, are an exercise in self-indulgence, and the acoustics are considered unremarkable.

Such mixed results suggest the daunting challenges architects and their clients must surmount to create a great hall.

''Simply speaking, the hall is the instrument of the orchestra,'' said Christoph von Dohnanyi, the chief conductor of Hamburg's NDR Symphony. ''If you mess it up, the orchestra will be a mess. There are some orchestras that don't sound good because they play all the time in a bad hall.''

Not that the high stakes have dulled the architects' ambitions. One of the most tantalizing designs to emerge is Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron's Elbe Philharmonic in Hamburg, scheduled to open in 2010. Its gritty site, a pier at the edge of the industrial harbor on the Elbe River, evokes the city's long commercial shipping history. In an ingenious stroke these Swiss architects proposed to place the translucent glass hall directly atop an abandoned 1960s-era brick warehouse at the end of the pier rather than demolish it. (The warehouse will serve as a parking garage.) Conceived as an extrusion of the brick base and crowned by a series of crystalline peaks, the hall evokes a ship drifting in the harbor.

The design reaffirms how inventive some architects have become in situating their work in a city's specific physical and historical context. By placing the hall atop the warehouse, for example, Mr. Herzog and Mr. de Meuron have embraced the tough, heroic landscape of the European industrial age rather than trying to obscure or supplant it. The roof of the warehouse will be transformed into an enormous public terrace just below the gentle contours of the concert hall's underside, with a panoramic view of the harbor on one side and of the city skyline on the other. The terrace's vast scale and low height should create an intense sense of compression in the interstices between old and new.

Inside the 2,400-seat hall itself, balancing past and present becomes trickier. Like Mr. Gehry, Mr. Herzog and Mr. de Meuron began by obsessively studying the layout of Scharoun's Berlin Philharmonie. There are unmistakable similarities. Seats envelop the stage on all sides. Balconies tilt gently toward the stage, and a subtle asymmetry sets the room slightly on edge.

Eventually, however, Mr. Herzog decided to stop pondering Berlin. ''It was too perfect,'' he said in an interview. ''You can only fail. You can never do better.''

Taking a cue from their recent work on stadiums, the architects decided to include more seats for the audience at the back of the stage, so that the feel of the space would be somewhat like that of a bowl. The curving ceiling, designed as a result of acoustic analysis by Yasuhisa Toyota, who also worked on Disney Hall, will add to the enveloping effect. The balconies' forms undulate back and forth as they rise, setting the entire room in dynamic motion.

If the space succeeds, one imagines, it could be a wondrous experience for concertgoers. But the bolder architects and their acousticians become, the further they move into uncharted territory, leaving us to wonder what the ultimate result will actually be.

Of all the concert halls on the horizon, Mr. Nouvel's Paris Philharmonie may be taking the biggest risks of all.

Mr. Nouvel established a reputation in Europe as a concert hall designer with his KKL cultural and congress center in Lucerne, Switzerland. Although the exterior is spectacular -- its handsome, streamlined form jutting over a magnificent Swiss lake -- the hall itself is more or less a sober classical design, with a series of stacked balconies wrapped in a tight U around a rectangular room.

A more daring hall for the Danish Broadcasting Corporation, now under construction in Copenhagen, can be read partly as a homage to Scharoun: The interior is similar to the Berlin Philharmonie's, although the architect nudges the asymmetry slightly further. The auditorium is encased in a rectangular glass box, suggestive of a space enclosing a precious object. At night video images will stream across the exterior, transforming the enveloping world of the concert into a voyeuristic spectacle.

In his design for the Paris Philharmonie, Mr. Nouvel advances another step, brazenly tossing aside accepted conventions. Paris has never had a great concert hall. (Its resident institution, the Orchestre de Paris, is also viewed as a second-tier orchestra.) And part of his mandate was to generate excitement about the site, a barren strip of land on the edge of La Villette park in ***working-class*** northeastern Paris.

Mr. Nouvel first started working on his design while on vacation at a resort in the hills above Cannes, where he spent his evenings playfully moving food around his plate, contemplating potential configurations for the building's layout.

The result resembles a series of gigantic metal plates stacked loosely atop one another, forming a dreamy mountainous vista at the park's edge. Broad ramps rising from the park connect the structure to the Cite de la Musique conservatory by Christian de Portzamparc to the south and to the artery that rings the city to the east. In this science-fiction landscape people can ascend the ramps to terraces and restaurants before slipping inside the hall, or continue up to the top of the mound for a sweeping view of the park.

Embedded in the stack is the silvery, amorphous form of the 2,400-seat auditorium, as hypnotic as a pool of mercury. Viewed from above, its interior layout looks vaguely familiar, with part of the audience wrapped around the back of the stage. Yet the rest is an unsettling if exhilarating trip into the unknown. Concertgoers will make their way across narrow bridges to reach balconies suspended like horizontal pods inside the space. Once in their seats they should feel as though they have entered a womb and are floating within the music.

Will it work? We'll have to wait and see: The hall is not scheduled to open until 2012, and Mr. Nouvel is still working out his design. We have no way of knowing whether his Paris space or Herzog & de Meuron's Hamburg hall will equal or surpass the wonders of the Berlin Philharmonie or Disney Hall.

Still, the striking range of design approaches here suggests that the classical music world is entering a heady era. Each of these projects, in its own way, celebrates the communal experience, the links between musicians and audiences and the city that envelops them. They are reminders, in the end, that all great architecture is also an exercise in empathy.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Computer renderings of Elbe Philharmonic Hall, planned to open in Hamburg, Germany, in 2010. (Photo by Herzog & de Meuron)(pg. 1)

A new breed of concert hall: Above, the interior and exterior planned for the Paris Philharmonie, designed by Jean Nouvel

right, the 2003 Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, designed by Frank Gehry. (Photographs by Jean Nouvel)

(Photo by Richard Barnes for The New York Times)

Below, the Berlin Philharmonie (1963), designed by Hans Scharoun, is considered the gold standard by contemporary architects designing concert halls. Below right, its floor plan. (Photo by IPN)(pg. 32)

The exterior planned for Elbe Philharmonic Hall, which features a translucent glass tower atop a 1960s-era brick warehouse. The hall is expected to open in Hamburg, Germany, in 2010. (Photo by Herzog & de Meuron)(pg. 33)

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[***Building Flawed American Dreams***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TPX-C4R0-TW8F-G064-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID STREITFELD and GRETCHEN MORGENSON; David Streitfeld reported from San Antonio, and Gretchen Morgenson from New York.

Gretchen Morgenson reported from New York.

**Body**

SAN ANTONIO -- A grandson of Mexican immigrants and a former mayor of this town, Henry G. Cisneros has spent years trying to make the dream of homeownership come true for low-income families.

As the Clinton administration's top housing official in the mid-1990s, Mr. Cisneros loosened mortgage restrictions so first-time buyers could qualify for loans they could never get before.

Then, capitalizing on a housing expansion he helped unleash, he joined the boards of a major builder, KB Home, and the largest mortgage lender in the nation, Countrywide Financial -- two companies that rode the housing boom, drawing criticism along the way for abusive business practices.

And Mr. Cisneros became a developer himself. The Lago Vista development here in his hometown once stood as a testament to his life's work.

Joining with KB, he built 428 homes for low-income buyers in what was a neglected, industrial neighborhood. He often made the trip from downtown to ask residents if they were happy.

''People bought here because of Cisneros,'' says Celia Morales, a Lago Vista resident. ''There was a feeling of, 'He's got our back.' ''

But Mr. Cisneros rarely comes around anymore. Lago Vista, like many communities born in the housing boom, is now under stress. Scores of homes have been foreclosed, including one in five over the last six years on the community's longest street, Sunbend Falls, according to property records.

While Mr. Cisneros says he remains proud of his work, he has misgivings over what his passion has wrought. He insists that the worst problems developed only after ''bad actors'' hijacked his good intentions but acknowledges that ''people came to homeownership who should not have been homeowners.''

They were lured by ''unscrupulous participants -- bankers, brokers, secondary market people,'' he says. ''The country is paying for that, and families are hurt because we as a society did not draw a line.''

The causes of the housing implosion are many: lax regulation, financial innovation gone awry, excessive debt, raw greed. The players are also varied: bankers, borrowers, developers, politicians and bureaucrats.

Mr. Cisneros, 61, had a foot in a number of those worlds. Despite his qualms, he encouraged the unprepared to buy homes -- part of a broad national trend with dire economic consequences.

He reflects often on his role in the debacle, he says, which has changed homeownership from something that secured a place in the middle class to something that is ejecting people from it. ''I've been waiting for someone to put all the blame at my doorstep,'' he says lightly, but with a bit of worry, too.

The Paydays During the Boom

After a sex scandal destroyed his promising political career and he left Washington, he eventually reinvented himself as a well-regarded advocate and builder of urban, ***working-class*** homes. He has financed the construction of more than 7,000 houses.

For the three years he was a director at KB Home, Mr. Cisneros received at least $70,000 in pay and more than $100,000 worth of stock. He also received $1.14 million in directors' fees and stock grants during the six years he was a director at Countrywide. He made more than $5 million from Countrywide stock options, money he says he plowed into his company.

He says his development work provides an annual income of ''several hundred thousand'' dollars. All told, his paydays are modest relative to the windfalls some executives netted in the boom. Indeed, Mr. Cisneros says his mistake was not the greed that afflicted many of his counterparts in banking and housing; it was unwavering belief.

It was, he argues, impossible to know in the beginning that the federal push to increase homeownership would end so badly. Once the housing boom got going, he suggests, laws and regulations barely had a chance.

''You think you have a finely tuned instrument that you can use to say: 'Stop! We're at 69 percent homeownership. We should not go further. There are people who should remain renters,' '' he says. ''But you really are just given a sledgehammer and an ax. They are blunt tools.''

From people dizzily drawing home equity loans out of increasingly valuable houses to banks racking up huge fees, few wanted the party to end.

''I'm not sure you can regulate when we're talking about an entire nation of 300 million people and this behavior becomes viral,'' Mr. Cisneros says.

Homeownership has deep roots in the American soul. But until recently getting a mortgage was a challenge for low-income families. Many of these families were minorities, which naturally made the subject of special interest to Mr. Cisneros, who, in 1993, became the first Hispanic head of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

He had President Clinton's ear, an easy charisma and a determination to increase a homeownership rate that had been stagnant for nearly three decades.

Thus was born the National Homeownership Strategy, which promoted ownership as patriotic and an easy win for all. ''We were trying to be creative,'' Mr. Cisneros recalls.

Under Mr. Cisneros, there were small and big changes at HUD, an agency that greased the mortgage wheel for first-time buyers by insuring billions of dollars in loans. Families no longer had to prove they had five years of stable income; three years sufficed.

And in another change championed by the mortgage industry, lenders were allowed to hire their own appraisers rather than rely on a government-selected panel. This saved borrowers money but opened the door for inflated appraisals. (A later HUD inquiry uncovered appraisal fraud that imperiled the federal mortgage insurance fund.)

''Henry did everything he could for home builders while he was at HUD,'' says Janet Ahmad, president of Homeowners for Better Building, an advocacy group in San Antonio, who has known Mr. Cisneros since he was a city councilor. ''That laid the groundwork for where we are now.''

Mr. Cisneros, who says he has no recollection that appraisal rules were relaxed when he ran HUD, disputes that notion. ''I look back at HUD and feel my hands were clean,'' he says.

Lenders applauded two more changes HUD made on Mr. Cisneros's watch: they no longer had to interview most government-insured borrowers face to face or maintain physical branch offices. The industry changed, too. Lenders sprang up to serve those whose poor credit history made them ineligible for lower-interest ''prime'' loans. Countrywide, which Angelo R. Mozilo co-founded in 1969, set up a subprime unit in 1996.

Mr. Cisneros met Mr. Mozilo while he was HUD secretary, when Countrywide signed a government pledge to use ''proactive creative efforts'' to extend homeownership to minorities and low-income Americans.

He met Bruce E. Karatz, the chief executive of KB Home, when both were helping Los Angeles rebuild after the Northridge earthquake in 1994.

There were real gains during the Clinton years, as homeownership rose to 67.4 percent in 2000 from 64 percent in 1994. Hispanics and African-Americans were the biggest beneficiaries. But as the boom later gathered steam, and as the Bush administration continued the Clinton administration's push to amplify homeownership, some of those gains turned out to be built on sand.

Mr. Cisneros left government in 1997 after revelations that he had lied to federal investigators about payments to a former mistress. In the following years, HUD continued to draw attention in the news media and among consumer advocates for an overly lenient posture toward the housing industry.

In 2000, Mr. Cisneros returned to San Antonio, where he formed American CityVista, a developer, in partnership with KB, and became a KB director. KB's board also included James A. Johnson, a prominent Democrat and the former chief executive of Fannie Mae, the mortgage giant now being run by the government. Mr. Johnson did not return a phone call seeking comment.

It made for a cozy network. Fannie bought or backed many mortgages received by home buyers in the KB Home/American CityVista partnership. And Fannie's biggest mortgage client was Countrywide, whose board Mr. Cisneros had joined in 2001.

Because American CityVista was privately held, Mr. Cisneros's earnings are not disclosed. He held a 65 percent stake, and KB had the rest. In 2002, KB paid $1.24 million to American CityVista for ''services rendered.''

'A Little Too Ambitious'

One of American CityVista's first projects, unveiled in late 2000, was Lago Vista -- Spanish for ''Lake View.'' The location was unusual: San Antonio's proud and insular South Side, a Hispanic area home to secondhand car dealers, light industry and pawnshops.

Mr. Cisneros and KB pledged to transform an overgrown patch of land into a showcase. Homes were initially priced from $70,000 to about $95,000, and Mr. Cisneros promised that Lago Vista would be ringed with jogging paths and maple trees.

The paths were never built, and few trees provide shade from the Texas sun. The adjoining ''lake'' -- at one point a run-off pit for an asphalt plant -- is fenced off, a hazard to neighborhood children. The houses are gaily painted in pink, blue, yellow or tan, and most owners keep their yards green and tidy.

KB considers Lago Vista a ''model community,'' a spokeswoman said.

To get things rolling in Lago Vista, traditional bars to homeownership were lowered to the ground. Fannie Mae, CityVista and KB promoted a program allowing police officers, firefighters, teachers and others to get loans with nothing down and no closing costs.

KB marketed its developments in videos. In one from 2003, Mr. Karatz declared: ''One of the greatest misconceptions today is people who sit back and think, 'I can't afford to buy.' '' Mr. Cisneros appeared -- identified as a former HUD director -- saying the time was ripe to buy a home. Many agreed.

Victor Ramirez and Lorraine Pulido-Ramirez bought a house in Lago Vista in 2002. ''This was our first home. I had nothing to compare it to,'' Mr. Ramirez says. ''I was a student making $17,000 a year, my wife was between jobs. In retrospect, how in hell did we qualify?''

The majority of buyers in Lago Vista ''were duped into believing it was easier than it was,'' Mr. Ramirez says. ''The attitude was, 'Sign here, sign here, don't read the fine print.' '' He added that some fault lay with buyers: ''We were definitely willing victims.'' (The Ramirez family veered close to foreclosure, but the couple now have good jobs and can make their payments.)

KB and Mr. Cisneros eventually built more than a dozen developments, primarily in Texas. But the shine slowly came off Lago Vista.

''It started off fabulously,'' Mr. Karatz recalled. Then sales slowed considerably. ''It was probably, looking back, a little too ambitious to think that there would be sufficient local demand.''

And then the foreclosures started. ''A lot of people got approved for big amounts,'' says Patricia Flores, another Lago Vista homeowner. ''They bit off more than they could chew.'' Families split up under the strain of mortgage payments. One residence had so much marital turmoil that neighbors nicknamed it ''The House of Broken Love.''

Some homes were taken over and sold at a loss by HUD, which had insured them. KB was also a mortgage lender, a business many home builders pursued because it was so profitable. At times, it was also problematic.

Officials at HUD uncovered problems with KB's lending. In 2005, about two years after Mr. Cisneros left the KB board, the agency filed an administrative action against KB for approving loans based on overstated or improperly documented borrower income, and for charging excessive fees. Because HUD does not specify where improprieties take place, it is not clear if this occurred at Lago Vista.

KB Home paid $3.2 million to settle the HUD action without admitting liability or fault, one of the largest settlements collected by the agency's mortgagee review board. Shortly afterward, KB sold its lending unit to Countrywide. Then they set up a joint venture: KB installed Countrywide sales representatives in its developments.

By 2007, almost three-quarters of the loans to KB buyers were made by the joint venture. In Lago Vista, residents secured loans from a spectrum of federal agencies and lenders.

During years of heady growth, and then during a deep financial slide, Countrywide became a lightning rod for criticism about excesses and abuses leading to the housing bust -- which Countrywide routinely brushed off.

Mr. Cisneros says he was never aware of improprieties at KB or Countrywide, and worked with them because he was impressed by Mr. Karatz and Mr. Mozilo. Mr. Mozilo could not be reached for comment.

Still, Countrywide expanded subprime lending aggressively while Mr. Cisneros served on its board. In September 2004, according to documents provided by a former employee, lending audits in six of Countrywide's largest regions showed about one in eight loans was ''severely unsatisfactory'' because of shoddy underwriting.

HUD required such audits and lenders were expected to address problems. Mr. Cisneros was a member of the Countrywide committee that oversaw compliance with legal and regulatory requirements. But he says he did not recall seeing or receiving the reports.

Nor, he says, was there ever a board vote about the wisdom of subprime lending.

''The irresistible temptation to engage in subprime was Countrywide's fatal error,'' he says. ''I fault myself for not having seen it and, since it was not something I could change, having left.''

Mr. Cisneros left Countrywide's board last year. At the time, he expressed ''enormous confidence in the leadership.'' In 2003, Mr. Cisneros ended his partnership with KB because, he says, he felt constrained working with just one builder. He formed a new company with the same mission, CityView, that has raised $725 million.

Mr. Karatz has a different recollection of why the partnership ended.

''It didn't become an important part of KB's business,'' he says. ''It was profitable but I don't think as profitable in those initial years as Henry's group wanted it to be.''

Troubles in Lago Vista

Today in Lago Vista, many are just trying to get by. Residents say crime has risen, and with association dues unpaid, they cannot hire security. Salvador Gutierrez, a truck driver, woke up recently to see four men stealing the tires off his pickup. Seventeen houses are for sale, but there are few buyers.

Hugo Martinez, who got a pair of Countrywide loans to buy a two-bedroom house with no down payment, recently lost his job with a car dealership. He has a lower-paying job as a mechanic and can't refinance or sell his house.

''They make it easy when you buy,'' Mr. Martinez says. ''But after a while, the interest rate goes up. KB Home says they cannot help us at all.''

Five years ago, Carlo Lee and Patricia Reyes bought their first home, a three-bedroom house in Lago Vista.

After Mrs. Reyes became ill last year and lost her job, they fell behind on their payments. Last month, Mr. Reyes was laid off from one of his jobs, assembling cabinets. He still works part time at a hospital, but unless the couple come up with missed payments and fees, they will lose their home.

''Everyone isn't happy here in Lago Vista,'' Mr. Reyes says. ''Everyone has a lot of problems.''

Countrywide was bought recently at a fire-sale price by Bank of America. Mr. Cisneros describes Mr. Mozilo as ''sick with stress -- the final chapter of his life is the infamy that's been brought on him, or that he brought on himself.''

Mr. Karatz was forced out of KB two years ago amid a compensation scandal. Last month, without admitting or denying the allegations, he settled government charges that he illegally backdated stock options worth $6 million.

For his part, Mr. Cisneros says he is proud of Lago Vista. ''It is inaccurate to say that we put people into homes that they couldn't afford,'' he says. ''No one was forcing people into homes.''

He also remains bullish on home building, despite the current carnage.

''We're not selling cigarettes,'' he says. ''We're not drawing people into casino gambling. We're building the homes they're going to raise their families in.''

The Reckoning: Articles in this series are exploring the causes of the financial crisis.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, 1993-97, and former member of the boards of KB Home and Countrywide Financial (PHOTOGRAPH BY ERICH SCHLEGEL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A1)

THE DEVELOPER: Henry Cisneros in his office in San Antonio with Sylvia Arce-Garcia, an executive assistant. He is the head of CityView, a developer. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ERICH SCHLEGEL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

THE HUD CHIEF:Mr. Cisneros, second from left, when he was HUD secretary. Others, from left, are Donna Shalala, Leon Panetta and President Clinton. (PHOTOGRAPH BY WILFREDO LEE/ASSOCIATED PRESS, 1996) CHART: UNITED STATES HOME OWNERSHIP RATES (Source: Census Bureau)

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[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VOTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41J3-WD20-00MH-F1KM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Youths Use Varied Strategies to Feel Their Way to Choices***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41J3-WD20-00MH-F1KM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By SHAILA K. DEWAN

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**Body**

Asked for his views on the election, Bern Moorehead began with a little background: as a child, he spent a lot of time at a shooting range his mother owned, and he heard a lot of right-wing politics.

In a few days, he plans to pick up the absentee ballot from the dresser in his freshman dorm room at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. And he will weigh his long-held belief in a person's right to own a gun against something that has more recently become important to him: a woman's right to choose an abortion. "I'll sit down for a long time and stare at that ballot," he said.

Joanna Zahren, a freshman from a charismatic Christian family, knows more about presidential politics than ever before, because the newspaper is required reading in her political science class. She will drop off her ballot this weekend on a trip home to the mostly Republican town of Mooresville, N.C. She is leaning toward her family's choice, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, but worries that he is not up to the intellectual demands of the job.

"I've just been kind of conditioned," she said. "But I came to college, and I want to do my own thing and be my own person."

Hasan Allen, 20, who works at Cellular Etc. in the South Square Mall in Durham, had already voted, at a polling place that is part of North Carolina's new "no excuse" program, which lets people vote from Oct. 16 to Nov. 3. He took along a list of endorsements from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "I trust them to make the right decision," he said.

In an election year when the most talked-about issues -- Medicare, Social Security, prescription drugs -- can seem abstract to someone under 30, interviews with three dozen students and young adults here found no lack of interest in the presidential race.

While many of those interviewed confessed to being confused by -- or ignorant of -- various campaign issues, most said they were using a variety of strategies to pick (or at least muddle) their way to a decision. And even among the few who said they would not vote, apathy was not always the reason.

As a group, young people are often criticized for apathy toward politics, and with reason. In the last two decades, turnout in presidential elections among people 18 to 24 has hovered around 20 percentage points below turnout for all adults. Though there was a sharp rise in youth turnout in 1992, often cited as evidence that young voters respond to attention from candidates like President Clinton, that spike corresponded with a higher-than-normal turnout over all. And according to a recent poll by MTV and the Kaiser Family Foundation, fewer than half of 18-to-24-year-olds say they will definitely vote this year.

To some who run voter registration drives and encourage young people to vote, Mr. Bush and Vice President Al Gore have not done enough to make the issues relevant. "There's no recognition of the issues young people care about, in any of these speeches," said John Dervin, the spokesman for Youth Vote 2000, a Washington-based coalition of organizations that promotes civic involvement by young people. "It's almost like we aren't worth that extra couple of sentences. You throw out a $10,000 tax credit without saying, 'to keep you out of debt' or whatever."

Both campaigns point to MTV appearances and traditional networks of student support, but spokesmen for both Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore said their candidates did not tailor their messages when speaking on college campuses. "What we've seen from Governor Bush and the Bush campaign is a strong and consistent message aimed at all Americans," said Ray Sullivan, a Bush spokesman.

Some credit Mr. Gore with making a greater effort. Unlike Mr. Bush, Mr. Gore agreed to participate in a 90-minute question and answer session on MTV. And at a rally in Madison, Wis., last week, he catered to the college town crowd with expressions like "Hull-oh?"

But Mr. Gore is competing with Ralph Nader, whose change-the-system message and rock-star-studded rallies are credited with drawing a large youth audience, although some polls show that young people are no more likely to vote for Mr. Nader than are older adults.

The young voters interviewed here in the triangle formed by Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill were not likely to criticize the candidates for not reaching out. Rather, they tended to fault themselves for failing to grasp the issues. At North Carolina State University in Raleigh, Russell Johnson, 20, a business management major, said he did not plan to vote. "It doesn't relate to me, I guess," he said. But when asked what the candidates could have done to spark his interest, he said, "I just don't think I really take the time to understand it all."

People who had not registered to vote sounded embarrassed rather than defiant. But others told a different story about their peers. Malikia Bryant, 22, who graduated last May from North Carolina Central University, a historically black school in Durham, said her sorority had visited five high schools to register seniors. "We had to, like, bribe them," she said from behind the counter at the Marriott hotel, where she works as a receptionist. "We'll do a small step show if y'all register to vote," they told the students. She demonstrated step dancing, stomping and snapping in syncopation.

"They say, 'Until a black man runs there's no need for me to vote.' That's such a long shot," she added.

Still, at N.C. Central, a number of students said they had already voted in the campus's early polling station, which has had a steady stream of business. Travis Grady, a junior, was one who had cast his ballot for Mr. Gore. "I don't want anything to change," he said. "Clinton paved the way for us for the past three or four years. And Gore's going to be on the level."

Except, perhaps, for a state bond referendum for higher education, there was no single issue driving students to the polls in North Carolina. For many, the decision-making process involved a painful weighing of many issues rather than a sudden epiphany. Most often, those who had settled on Mr. Gore said his intelligence was the reason; those firmly in the Bush camp frequently cited a Republican upbringing.

Enthusiasm for the candidates as people was virtually nonexistent, with many students poking fun at rhetoric such as Mr. Bush's "affirmative access" or Mr. Gore's claim of inventing the Internet. "I think they're both crackheads," said Jenny Jones, 27, referring not to drug addicts but to people who appear less than rational. "I think they're a joke," she said, though she is planning to vote for Mr. Bush.

Carrie Goodman, a University of North Carolina freshman, said: "You don't know the real person. You know the persona they give the public."

Ms. Goodman had just come from volunteering at a shelter for families in trouble, and said her personal experiences had contributed to her concerns about welfare. The crystal chandeliers in the private home for the elderly where she had worked in her home town of Gastonia, N.C., for example, were too great a contrast with the shoddy conditions of the homes she had visited with her mother, a social worker. She said she will vote for Mr. Gore.

Constance Lindsay, curled up in deep communion with a sofa in the student union at Duke University, said studying in Ghana had made her question why certain countries get more aid than others. Although she said she would vote, she was not convinced that the election's outcome would affect her. "The one thing that did resonate with me is when Gore said he would give people $10,000," she said, referring to the candidate's proposal to make some higher education expenses tax-deductible. "Because I know how expensive it is to be here."

Like almost all of those interviewed, Ms. Lindsay said she had not considered voting for Mr. Nader. But she echoed several others in her wish that he had been included in the debates. "I just feel like we need more opposition for active dialogue," she said. "The infusion of new ideas is important. That's what alienates people."

Erica Smiley, 20, would seem to fit the profile of a Nader fan: she is a leader among progressive students at U.N.C., active in the Young Communist League and describes herself as a "queer woman of color." But she has been urging members of the Progressive Student Coalition to vote for Mr. Gore, to prevent a Bush victory.

"It's good to be theoretical," she said from underneath a bulbous knit hat, as an episode of "The Golden Girls" played on the TV in her room. "There's just a time and a place. There's no way in hell I could go to a small-town, Southern Baptist, ***working-class*** family and tell them to vote for Nader because they need to stand up to the system."

For the most part, the conversations focused on issues rather than demeanor. Erica Terry, a reporter with Choose or Lose, MTV's running campaign coverage, said that tendency fit with what she had seen as she has crisscrossed the country. "We're probably better at that than our parents or our grandparents, who seem to really care this year whether or not he's a nice guy," she said.

"I don't mind Gore's personality," was how Ashley Steed, a Duke senior who was weighing what she called Mr. Gore's willingness to help people against Mr. Bush's toughness on crime and support of a strong military, put it. "I think he gets a hard rap. But Bush gets a hard time for the mistakes that he's made. They'll get the power and the respect that they want from the office, not their personalities."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Participating in the political process in North Carolina are Malikia Bryant, top, who helped register high school students to vote; Hasan Allen, who voted using the N.A.A.C.P.'s endorsements as a guide; and Carrie Goodman, a college freshman who plans to vote for Al Gore. (Photographs by Bob Rives for The New York Times)

Chart: "The Youth Vote"

Vice President Al Gore, Democrat

Total: 43%

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 50%

30-44: 42%

45-64: 39%

65+: 45%

Gov. George W. Bush, Republican

Total: 43

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 40

30-44: 41

45-64: 47

65+: 41

Ralph Nader, Green Party

Total: 4

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 2

30-44: 4

45-64: 4

65+: 4

Patrick J. Buchanan, Reform Party

Total: 1

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 1

30-44: 1

45-64: 3

65+: 0

Are paying a lot of attention to the campaign

Total: 43

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 35

30-44: 37

45-64: 48

65+: 52

Watched the third presidential debate

Total: 56

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 46

30-44: 51

45-64: 61

65+: 62

Are mostly comfortable with Al Gore personally

Total: 50

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 63

30-44: 51

45-64: 42

65+:

53

Say George W. Bush is ill prepared for the presidency

Total: 45

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 49

30-44: 45

45-64: 44

65+: 43

Did not vote in 1998

Total: 35

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 51

30-44: 42

45-64: 24

65+: 20

Describe self as independent

Total: 30

AGE OF VOTER

18-29: 38

30-44: 24

45-64: 32

65+: 27

Based on 1,010 registered voters nationwide, interviewed by telephone Oct. 18-21.

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[***Main Street, The Movers Behind A New Look***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SNB-CS70-007F-G459-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BILL SLOCUM

**Body**

EAST HARTFORD, tucked away across the Connecticut River from its parent city and namesake, has always had something of an identity problem.

From its days as a farming community and river town to its more recent role as a highway nexus and home to aircraft-engine manufacturer Pratt & Whitney, the city was never much of a stopping point for people who didn't live there.

"The way I put it was, I wanted East Hartford to be a place to go to rather than a place to go through," said Bob DeCrescenzo, the city's mayor from 1993 to 1997.

The problem, as Mr. DeCrescenzo and others readily admit, was that East Hartford wasn't even much of a place to go through.

Pratt & Whitney was diminishing its presence drastically and the city faced double-digit unemployment. The storefronts along Main Street were dingy and often vacant, and crime was becoming an overriding concern.

"We were dying," said Raymond E. Tubbs, an art dealer and 28-year East Hartford resident.

Skip forward a few years to the present: The storefronts are being spiffed up and their interiors refurbished, unemployment is down to under 6 percent, and community spirit is high. The four-and-a-half-acre parcel on Main Street that for years was an abandoned supermarket site has been transformed into a town green that is host to annual music festivals as well as young mothers who take their toddlers to the playground there.

The improved state economy is one reason for the turnaround, as are efforts by business and civic organizations.

But one other factor is also cited by residents: East Hartford's membership in the Connecticut Main Street Program, a downtown renovation project sponsored by Connecticut Light and Power.

Lisa Bumbera, an employee of the utility company who coordinates the Main Street program in the state, describes it as tough love. Rather than sending grant money to participating municipalities, the Connecticut Main Street Program forces them to organize and figure out the financing of their projects.

"It's not a grant program," she said. "It's roll up your sleeves. You're going to do the work. We'll provide access to consultants, technical assistance, provide knowledge from other parts of the country on what's worked elsewhere."

Forty-three states have Main Street programs, but Ms. Bumbera said Connecticut is the only one where the program is entirely supported by a private business. The Main Street approach encourages communities to develop their own businesses, foster cooperation between local groups and preserve older buildings that give each downtown a particular character.

The Connecticut Main Street program began in 1995 with four communities, including East Hartford. Two years later three more municipalities joined in. They range from commerce centers to bedroom communities.

All have one thing in common: a desire to revitalize their downtowns.

"Main Street is a process," said Jerry Lintner, director of the Simsbury Main Street Partnership Inc. "There is a pattern that works."

Simsbury, like East Hartford, enrolled in the program in 1995; the two have been Connecticut Main Street's biggest successes. It's hard to imagine two more different communities: East Hartford, proudly blue-collar; Simsbury, affluent and suburban. Yet both saw hard times in the early 1990's.

"We had an eroding middle class," Mr. Lintner said. "Simsbury was very affected by unemployment. The answer for a lot of people was to relocate. It became too expensive to live here."

Reinvigorating a downtown area more than a square mile in size was seen as the answer a year before Simsbury joined Connecticut Main Street. Once joined up, the town was provided with structure and advice.

Another of the original four, New London, is the most likely participant in a downtown renewal project, as it is the business center of southeastern Connecticut. Its Main Street program, though, is a step behind East Hartford and Simsbury; it is still trying to organize itself and find an executive director.

James Mallove, chairman of a steering committee for the New London program, said Main Street in the past "was never able to involve the community."

"Part of the problem was there wasn't as much cooperation between city groups like the City Center Tax District, the neighborhood alliance, and church organizations," Mr. Mallove said. "New London has always been a kind of fractionalized city."

Creating cooperation is a major part of Main Street programming, its administrators say. Committees are formed to court opinion from landlords, tenants, home owners and others while adding muscle to common goals.

Not every town that has joined Main Street has been successful: Torrington, also one of the first four, pulled out after failing to find a director.

"A program manager is like the conductor," Ms. Bumbera said. "They're going to keep the various committees of Main Street going, hopefully in the same direction in conjunction with the board. Unless they have that cooperation, it's not going to work."

Even today, in better times, no one would ever confuse East Hartford with Litchfield County. Yet its Main Street has a certain undeniable visual quality, much of it in the form of a streetscape that looks plucked right out of the past.

In 1817, James Monroe reportedly called East Hartford the most beautiful Main Street in America. Back then, it was a fairly sleepy, pastoral town, its Main Street lined with Colonial-era mansions and shady trees.

The road grew busier with the passage of time, and the construction of highways like Interstate 91 and Interstate 84 sliced huge portions out of the city's flat landscape. With the emergence of the military industry during and after World War II, multifamily housing and postwar prosperity arrived. Its residents tended to be ***working-class*** immigrants trying to make a new life for themselves and their families.

"East Hartford is a big-shouldered city," said Main Street coordinator Tana Meier Parseliti. "People here are plain-spoken about things."

Then came the 1980's, and with them the beginning of the end for Connecticut's prosperous military industry. Pratt & Whitney's East Hartford work force was gradually winnowed from a high of 20,000 in the late 70's to 7,500 last year. Other businesses, particularly stores, fled.

Main Street was left with some attractive but quiet buildings, like Governor's Corners, built a century ago in Spanish Colonial Revival style. There was the Sage-Allen Building, a block-wide Art Deco edifice from the 1930's vacated by its original chain-store tenant after 50 years and left empty.

Then there was the Comstock Building, a one-time theater built in 1899 and a source of special pride to residents even as parts of it moldered quietly away.

"Every town in Connecticut had a building like this at one time, but very few are still standing," Mr. Tubbs said of the Comstock Building. "It has a Main Street look, a strong architectural presence."

After taking office, Mayor DeCrescenzo had the city buy the Comstock Building, renovate its exterior and light it up at night, a move described as symbolic of his commitment to a better future by pointing to the city's rich past. Now the building is being privately developed.

How much of this is due to Connecticut Main Street is an open question. Mary Beth Reid, executive director of the East Hartford Chamber of Commerce, noted that things like the Comstock rehabilitation and the creation of the town park were "not really connected" to the city's Main Street Plus campaign.

But Mr. DeCrescenzo called the Main Street program "a natural fit."

"Connecticut Main Street should be funded and run by the state government," he said. "Thank goodness C.L.&P. is willing to do it. They audit us and help us move forward. You can't let inertia set in. You've got to keep current, and have a sense of urgency."

Ms. Bumbera said East Hartford has seen the most success of any community taking part in Main Street, with $2.5 million in new investment and 50 new jobs. Those might not seem large numbers, but "We have to take baby steps before we can walk and run," she said. "For every new business that moves in, eyes are watching and people are looking. Investment shows confidence."

For East Hartford natives, the visible changes are small but profound. Three major development projects are being reviewed or supported by Main Street Plus, including one to renovate the Old Town Hall.

A new restaurant has just opened a block away from the downtown headquarters of Main Street Plus, which means you don't have to take a prospective business tenant to Hartford for a nice meal.

Mike Cardello grew up in East Hartford before moving out to make a living on the West Coast. Now he is back working on the interior of the city's first coffee bar and intends to stay awhile. "I see a big turnaround for the good," he said, "I think the visual change here is quite impressive."

One major problem still dogs the city. Main Street is an emergency alternative to Interstate 91 and a major traffic corridor between highways. Despite such volume, retail businesses don't thrive along a downtown where shoppers must cross the street with caution.

Bob Fortier, a town council representative and building supervisor, said he sees an average of 20 U-turns every morning and 30 every afternoon.

"Traffic is a major problem, and the speed of it," Mrs. Reid said. "You look at the big traffic count as a retail person, and you think you'd move there. But the traffic moves so fast it's dangerous."

Main Street Plus leaders say they are working to help devise a solution to this problem. In the meantime, three new municipalities have joined the state program in the past year: Middletown, Windsor and Coventry.

Coventry represents a new sort of challenge for Main Street. It regards itself not as a city or town but as a village. Its downtown is dominated by a lake and mills that date to the Industrial Revolution. The Coventry Main Street manager, Mary Lou Sullivan, says the village doesn't want new retail business so much as it wants innovative uses for the mills and a lower tax burden on residents.

"We could use a hardware store, a delicatessen, another restaurant," she said. "But most people want Coventry to stay rural."

If Main Street is about anything, Ms. Bumbera said, it is about making communities understand just how large a role they can play in their own development.

"People aren't aware of the leverage they can have, and developers take advantage of that," she said. "We need things like malls. But we need to understand why a downtown is important.

"We already have a core here. Rather than enlarge the infrastructure, which costs money to the towns and the utilities, let's build on what we have."

**Graphic**

Photos: Main Street in East Hartford. Snapshot, middle, shows abandoned supermarket site that has been replaced with a town green, above, where music festivals regularly appear and toddlers may play. (Photographs by Steve Miller for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Raymond E. Tubbs, a resident for 28 years, says: "We were dying." (Steve Miller for The New York Times)(pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** May 10, 1998

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R7Y0-0038-D0SM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mike Figgis Likes Looking at Life On the Dark Side - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R7Y0-0038-D0SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 2; Page 11, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1386 words

**Byline:** By KENNETH TURAN; Kenneth Turan is the film critic for Gentleman's Quarterly.

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

Mike Figgis was not only down in the dumps the day his directing career turned around a few years ago, he was literally down in a Dumpster as well, standing hip deep in five-inch recording tape boxes in an enormous trash bin in an alley in London's Soho district when the big break came.

Mr. Figgis, whose latest film, ''Internal Affairs,'' starring Richard Gere and Andy Garcia, has just opened, had written a treatment for what eventually became ''Stormy Monday,'' his highly regarded first theatrical feature, for the producer David Puttnam. But now, he said, ''It was seven or eight months later. I'd had no further meetings with David. The script hadn't been commissioned. I was disheartened and poverty stricken with three kids, not earning any money at all; so I took a job teaching film part time at the local polytechnic.''

And, knowing how much the school could use the discarded tape he spied in that Soho trash bin, he hopped inside ''and began offloading all those tapes, when Nigel Stafford-Clark, the man who produced a movie I'd done for TV, walked past, looking dismayed. He asked me how things were going, and I said, 'I have to be honest; it's not happening at all.' He offered to read my treatment, and eventually he agreed to take it on,'' which is how ''Stormy Monday,'' and Mr. Figgis's career, was launched.

A pleasantly ironic man of 41, with curly brown hair and a mustache to match, Mr. Figgis is not only someone who can see the humor in the most humbling situations, he is also, more to the point for a director, unfazed by them. When, for instance, Mr. Figgis was concluding a visit to the home of Sting, the star of ''Stormy Monday,'' the singer pushed a button to swing open his cast-iron garage door, heard ''an incredible splintering noise and asked, 'What is it,' '' Mr. Figgis replied, with appropriate sang-froid, ''I believe it's my car.'' It was.

This humor aside, as a director Mr. Figgis is paradoxically attracted to subject matter that is definitely on the dark side. ''Stormy Monday'' told atale of violence and double-crosses in the jazz club world of Newcastle in northern England, while ''Internal Affairs'' is concerned with corruption eating away at the Los Angeles Police Department. ''It's very suited to cinema, and it's something I want to work out of my system,'' Mr. Figgis says of the darkness. ''If you're prepared to go to that extreme emotionally, you have an incredible latitude for expression. Even if I did a comedy,it would probably end up black.''

It was Pierre David, the executive producer of ''Internal Affairs,'' who initially brought this particular black idea of good cops gone bad to the screenwriter Henry Bean. ''I read a file of clips on corruption in the L.A.P.D., and it was James M. Cain in the Valley,'' Mr. Bean recalls. ''It was so horrible and pathetic and wonderful, it knocked me out. I said, 'This is fabulous. I've got to do it.' ''

Mr. Figgis, in turn, had much the same reaction when he read Mr. Bean's script. ''I immediately got a buzz from it; it was much more complex psychologically in the key relationships than anything I'd read. There was a lot to get your teeth into, so I went for it.''

Going for it meant convincing the powers at Paramount that Mr. Figgis's overseas background wouldn't hamper his ability to handle domestic material. ''There was a huge amount of fuss about 'Well, he's English,' '' remembers Frank Mancuso Jr., the film's producer. ''But you can only take that stuff so seriously before you go on your stomach, and I felt instinctively that Mike and I could make a good movie together.''

Andy Garcia was already on board as Detective Raymond Avila, but casting the veteran street cop Dennis Peck proved more of a challenge, with everyone from Nick Nolte to Ken Russell coming under consideration. But Mr. Figgis, who had met Mr. Gere early on, was ''very intrigued by the possibilities of Richard,'' and Mr. Gere was equally intrigued by the role. ''He wrestled with it a while,'' says Mr. Mancuso. ''He felt drawn to it, but the way you're drawn to a part of yourself you wish never existed, a part that keeps calling out, 'Remember me in the corner?' ''

Part of the reason Mr. Figgis is himself drawn to this type of shadowy material may have to do with the circumstances of his growing up. He was born in Kenya, where his parents were members in good standing of the Happy Valley set depicted in ''White Mischief,'' and his grandfather nearly served as the defense attorney in the celebrated murder trial that served as the film's centerpiece. Mr. Figgis remembers his parents' life as ''a nonstop party, with a lot of drinking and loose living, a lot of immoral behavior.''

The family relocated to Newcastle when he was 8, and he calls the switch ''the biggest single influence on my development. From leading a very solitary kind of existence, with a big house and servants, I was suddenly in the ***working-class*** North of England, a very rough environment, where even the language was unfamiliar and learning it was like learning French.''

Mr. Figgis's first love was music. He is enough of a jazz buff to have named both of his sons Louis after Louis Armstrong (''It's highly amusing when we go through customs''), and he composed the score for ''Stormy Monday'' and shares the music credit for ''Internal Affairs.'' He worked with the embryo rock star Brian Ferry in a band called Gas Board and first joined a British experimental theater group, thePeople Show, as a musician.

But then ''one member of the group walked out, and it became like an experimental theater version of Mickey Rooney. They said, 'You're going to have to perform.' '' What followed was a decade on the road, traveling to the United States, South America and all through Western Europe. Mr. Figgis not only became friends with people like the actor Willem Dafoe, whom he met at an avant-garde theater in Amsterdam nearly 20 years ago, but he also considers his theater work ''incredible grounding for what I've done since. From a purely practical point of view,'' he says, ''I had the opportunity to study all those facets of production like lighting, acting and directing, even though calling it that would have been contrary to the philosophy of the group. It was an incredibly rich 10 years.''

But because what he'd always been interested in was ''music joined to something else,'' Mr. Figgis gradually turned toward film making. He applied in 1976 to the National Film School (where he was interviewed by David Puttnam), only to be ''incredibly dismayed when they turned my application down. I think they were very suspicious of my experimental theater background.''

Mr. Figgis nevertheless went ahead and made a dirt-cheap 15-minute 16-millimeter film called ''Redheugh'' and used that to help convince Channel 4 to bankroll a one-hour film called ''The House.'' That led to a phone call from Mr. Puttnam (''We never ever acknowledged to each other that we'd met before; it was as if I'd come out of nowhere,'' Mr. Figgis bemusedly recalls), who provided the initial encouragement for the treatment that became ''Stormy Monday.''

Once Mr. Figgis got to Hollywood, a place where producers regularly say things like, ''We definitely have the following stupendously successful actors committed, more or less,'' his ability to roll with the punches got a harsher test. He was all set to go into production with a film called ''Hotspot,'' to star Sam Shepard, Uma Thurman and Anne Archer, when the project fell apart, and six months of work was wasted.

''There is no bitterness attached to that; I genuinely did learn a very valuable series of lessons about how the town works, about my responsibility as a director,'' Mr. Figgis says. ''I cannot afford to be naive, I need to be aware of what is being said at all times, I have to involve myself full time. You cannot simply be an artist and detach yourself; you have to be in there.''

With yet another dark tale, an original script called ''Liebestraum'' - about murder and love in a small Midwestern town - on the horizon but still not set up, Mike Figgis is now trying to enjoy that curiously mixed feeling of finishing a picture. ''It's like getting out of prison,'' he says, choosing a not-surprising metaphor. ''You're highly relieved, but you wonder, 'What am I going to do now?' ''

**Correction**

An article in the [Arts and Leisure] section about the film director Mike Figgis misidentified a candidate for the role of Dennis Peck, a police officer in the movie ''Internal Affairs.'' He was Kurt Russell.  
**Correction-Date:** January 28, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

**Graphic**

Photos: Mike Figgis, left, with Andy Garcia, who portrays a detective investigating police corruption in ''Internal Affairs'' (Luke Wynne) (pg. 11); Sting in ''Stormy Monday,'' Mr. Figgis's well-received 1988 film (pg. 12)

**End of Document**



[***UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R4D0-0038-D3RK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Soviet Union Without a Communist Monopoly: The Academics' View***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R4D0-0038-D3RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 8, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Page 11, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1606 words

**Body**

Richard Pipes

Professor of history

Harvard University

I believe this is a revolutionary decision which completely reverses Lenin's policy adopted in October 1917, calling for the ''dictatorship of the proletariat.'' Lenin understood this to be a complete monopoly by his party, not only of all political processes, but of all organized life in the country, the economy included. All other parties were to be barred from this process on the alleged grounds that they were either counterrevolutionary or did not express the true interests of the ***working class***. Gorbachev seems to call for an abandonment of this policy. He is essentially jettisoning the Communist Party as the ruling organ in the country, casting it adrift and asking it to draw its strength from popular support, such as it can obtain. It is to compete with other parties for a role in the Soviet state.

My impression is that the Communist Party would receive no more than 5 percent or 10 percent of the popular vote, which would mean that it would become a relatively small minority party in the political spectrum. I believe that in free elections, if such are to take place, the majority of the Russian voters would cast ballots for one of three new parties. One of these I would tentatively call a Social Democratic party, which might absorb a considerable portion of the present Communist Party membership. This party would combine appeals for democracy with a program of socialism, such as we know from England under Labor, or Sweden. The other party would presumably be what I would tentatively call Christian Democratic, which would probably combine democracy with appeals to free enterprise and a strong pro-Western platform. The third major party would be a Russian nationalist party, which would stand on a platform of Russia for Russians and assume a strong anti-Western stance. This sort of party would probably demand very powerful centralized authority of the state. And then in additon there would be nationalist parties in most of the border lands, which would either espouse separatism or demand extensive regional autonomy. And finally my impression is, from what Gorbachev said, that he plans to shift the base of his power from the party to the state and, I believe, to run for President. A model for this could be the recent events in Hungary and Poland, which I think he orchestrated. Then the question remains whether he would really win office in a democratic election, because he is not popular in the country and he gains support from the street primarily when he is assailing the entrenched Communists. Whether he would obtain the same kind of support to carry out a broader program on his own, I am not certain, because there are people who are more popular than he, in whom the citizenry has greater confidence. So, to conclude, this is a historic event, but given the country's lack of experience with democracy, and the existing internal tensions, the future is murky and unpredictable.

Stephen F. Cohen

Director of Russian studies

Princeton University

The abolition of Article 6 is a step forward, but it's not a decisive development.

First, Article 6 only appeared in the Constitution in 1977, decades after Communist Party dictatorship was well established.

The second reason is that there has been de facto multiparty politics in the Soviet Union for the last three years anyway - politics, though not a multiparty system.

Third, even in a multiparty system the Communist Party is going to retain enormous advantages, much in the way for example that party machines dominated what were in effect various one-party cities and states in America for many years.

Fourth, the focus of a Soviet multiparty system would be the thousands of local soviets - or councils, or local assemblies - all across the country. Though Gorbachev has promised to shift ''all power to the soviets,'' those soviets remain powerless, in the fullest sense of the word, without their own authority and even revenue.

And fifth, more generally, dictatorships can be born in one night but durable multiparty democracies take a generation, if not more.

Ellen Mickiewicz

Professor of political science

Emory University

The Party Congress this spring will ratify the decision of the Central Committee plenum introducing a multiparty system. It has no choice; a number of parties have already come into existence. Besides, the Communist Party is facing rising defections in its ranks: large numbers of Communists, young and old, are turning in their party cards. Exposes of malfeasance, corruption, and incompetence are leading to ousters of party chieftains, as in Volgograd, where the main square was filled with people arguing, ''Down with everybody and everything.''

The Soviet party has to try to earn the leadership it can no longer take for granted. There isn't even a single Communist Party any more: the impetus for drastic political change has been generated for the most part by elements within the party itself. And the parties of the republics will be increasingly diverse.

Can the Communist Party retain its leadership in a system with genuine competition? It has the edge in resources, media control, and organization, but that won't be enough, in my view. The move to a genuine parliamentary system is under way.

Roman Szporluk

Director of Russian studies center

University of Michigan

I believe that the renunciation of the party's monopoly of power literally means the end of Communism as a distinct current on the left. Lenin's most original contribution to Marxism was his concept of the party. Lenin made the right of the party to rule independent of an actual popular mandate. In Lenin's point of view, a majority vote was not enough to have the right to rule. What really mattered was to be right, and one was right by knowing what was good for the worker and what was good for the peasant without getting their formal approval through competitive elections. So the real, momentous significance of the declaration that the party requires the people's approval through elections in order to remain in power is that it is a repudiation of Leninism. It means that the party does not have a right to rule automatically, as the party. Such a declaration, coming from Moscow, is comprable in its importance for the Communists to a declaration, coming from the Pope in Rome, that there is no God. From now on, Soviet politics will increasingly become an ethnic politics, and people like Gorbachev and others will increasingly present themselves as Russian leaders.

Zbigniew Brzezinski

Former National security adviser,

under President Carter

Just as Khrushchev's secret speech before the 20th party congress in 1956 marked the beginning of the end of Stalinism, Gorbachev's reform at the just-concluded plenum marks the beginning of the formal break with Leninism. Gorbachev in effect is embracing the prescriptions of Lenin's old ideological rival, Martov, and his Mensheviks. It took years for the struggle against Stalinism to be successfully concluded. It will take years to dismantle the remnants of Leninism, but the battle has now been joined.

However, it would be a mistake to see the recent decisions as marking a breakthrough to democracy. Much more likely is a prolonged period of democratizing chaos. One will see the rise in the Soviet Union of increasingly irreconcilable conflicts between varying national political and social aspirations, all united by a shared hatred for the existing Communist nomenklatura. One is also likely to see a flashback of a nationalist type among the Great Russians, fearful of the prospective breakup of the existing Great Russian empire.

The recent developments are the consequence of the progressive polarization of the situation in the Soviet Union. Gorbachev has come to realize that zigzagging increasingly meant a stalemate, and he thus had a choice of either moving dramatically towards democracy or towards repression. He chose the former, because he knew that repression would mean political violence and social stagnation. But the depth of the existing economic crisis in the Soviet Union and the intensity of rising national apirations is such that the plunge towards democracy is likely to produce not an operating democracy, but a prolonged internal crisis, marked by turbulence, some chaos and fragmentation. Gorbachev nonetheless should be admired for his historical boldness.

Adam Ulam

Professor of history and political science

Harvard University

I think that the present change in a sense is more symbolical rather than realistic. We don't have currently parties in our sense of the word in the Soviet Union, but what we do have is that the Communist Party itself is split into many factions, and in a sense that poses a greater danger to the survival of the Soviet system than the appearance of other parties, I think. The threat of secession by various national republics from the Soviet Union is a much greater threat than the threat posed by the still theoretical possibility of another party. It's much smaller than the threat being actually posed by the threat of secession by the Baltic republics or other republics of the Soviet Union. Of course, on the face of it, it's a welcome change, but it also opens the way, to be realistic about it, to the rise let's say of a right-wing party, let us say which could combine, say ,intense Russian naitonalism, with the stress on russian, with what might be called elements of neo-Stalinism. So, like in any political situation, this kind of reform opens the door not only, from the democratic point of view, to favorable but also to somewhat dangerous developments.

**Graphic**

photos: Richard Pipes; Stephen F. Cohen; Ellen Mickiewicz; Zbigniew Brzezinski; Adam Ulam

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[***'POPULAR' TROUPES OF LATIN AMERICA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PH20-0009-23DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 1, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 3, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1512 words

**Byline:** By Alisa Solomon

**Body**

Alisa Solomon is a freelance writer and critic with a special interest in Latin American theater.

On a sticky afternoon in East Harlem, Tato Laviera's concentration on the rehearsal of his new play makes him oblivious to the oppressive heat, his unabashed excitement infecting the actors, dancers, musicians and a few assorted spectators. The play, ''Here We Come,'' begins with a formal graduation ceremony, then focuses on the central moments in the lives of four Hispanic students.

To the accompaniment of an insistent conga beat, the actors shape their bodies into an abstract representation of one student's torment over the senseless death of his brother in a street fight. The players then re-enact the episodes of racism, violence, and confrontation which comprise this anguished memory. With its social themes, live music and imaginative staging, ''Here We Come'' will be an appropriate initiation to the Third Latin American Popular Theater Festival.

Alisa Solomon reviews Third Latin American Popular Music Festival

Produced by Joseph Papp, Teatro 4, and El Museo del Barrio, the festival begins tonight at the Public Theater and continues through Aug. 15. In addition to nightly performances by theater companies from nine different Latin American countries and various parts of the United States, the festival will also feature a variety of street performances in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx and a three-day conference of theater artists.

Now in its third year, the festival was well received by appreciative Spanish-speaking audiences in 1976 and 1980. This year, producers of the festival are making efforts to appeal to a broader American audience. ''Here We Come,'' for example, is Teatro 4's first bilingual production. Director Oscar Ciccone (??) sees this as ''the chance to demonstrate to a more general audience the vivacity and spirit of local Hispanic culture and to present some of the concerns of New York's Hispanic community.''

In addition, for the first time this year, non-Hispanic groups working in the popular theater form will participate in the festival. The Bread and Puppet Theater, coming to New York from Vermont, will teach its techniques for using life-size puppets and enormous masks to other groups in the festival, in a collaboration that will culminate in an original street show.

But above all, this year's festival, like its predecessors, offers American audiences a rare opportunity to see a representative sampling of an important contemporary theater movement - a movement that is populist, political and artistically sophisticated. Enrique Buenaventura, the Colombian playwright and theorist at the forefront of Latin America's new theater, considers this movement equal in importance to those in ancient Athens and Elizabethan England.

Indeed, in terms of sheer quantity, Latin American popular theater is impressive. In Colombia alone, where Mr. Buenaventura's own prestigious company, Teatro Experimental de Cali, is based, there are about a thousand popular theater groups. And there are many others throughout Central and South America.

These popular theater companies perform mostly for ***working-class*** and peasant audiences and address these audiences' social and political concerns. For example, ''El Extensionista'' (''The Agricultural Expert,'') by Felipe Santander, to be performed Aug. 5 by Mexico's Cooperativa Teatro Denuncio, tells the story of an educated agronomist who is sent by the Mexican Government to the primitive countryside to offer assistance to the impoverished peasants. The agronomist becomes a pawn in political entanglements he cannot understand or change. The award-winning play, ''Huelga'' (''Strike'') by Albio Paz, which will be performed by Cubana de Acero on Aug. 4 and 15, is based on workers' recollections of prerevolutionary conditions at a Cuban factory.

Not surprisingly, the political situation of such theater and the degree of artistic freedom and acceptance it enjoys depends on each country's prevailing political climate. Both Nicaragua's company, Nixtayolero, which will perform on Aug. 8, and Cuba's troupe, Cubana de Acero, come to the festival as their countries' official representatives. Cubana de Acero, the resident company of an iron plant near Havana, is financed by the Ministry of Culture.

Groups from Colombia, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Mexico and the Dominican Republic, on the other hand, have had to raise funds independently to finance their visit to New York - a difficult task for most of them, since they charge minimal admission prices. Other companies face even greater difficulties in their home countries. Groups from Guatemala and El Salvador, for example, have fled into exile in Mexico.

Artistically, too, the role of the popular theater varies from country to country. In Argentina, where there is a strong commercial theater that features local traditional drama as well as imported American musicals, the popular theater defines itself in contrast to the ''mainstream'' drama. In other countries, like Colombia, popular theater is the only theater. But in both situations the popular style stems from two related aims: to engage spectators actively as reflective, critical agents instead of as passive receivers of the dramatic experience, and to find a particular dramatic voice that grows out of indigenous culture. Mr. Buenaventura feels that ''popular theater must develop idioms specific to its own culture'' and break away from naturalistic conventions of 19th-century Western drama.

The result of this search for a popular style, while various in detail, is a drama that blends indigenous music and song, ironic humor, and broad characterizations into a sophisticated dramaturgy. The style finds its greatest influence in the plays and theories of Bertolt Brecht. And like Brecht, Latin American popular theater seeks to entertain its audiences at the same time that it urges them to think about the conditions of their lives.

The use of theater for political or educational ends has a long tradition in Latin America. As Gerardo Luzuriaga points out in his preface to ''Popular Theater For Social Change in Latin America,'' indigenous Peruvian theater was used to teach farming techniques centuries ago. When European missionaries arrived, they employed theater to Christianize the Indians, to teach them Spanish or Portuguese, and to indoctrinate them into colonial rule.

By the late 18th century, many Latin Americans had turned to popular theater as a means of protesting colonialism and encouraging cultural pride. And by the 19th century, popular plays explicitly called for revolution against social hierarchies. More recently, theater has been used for such purposes as literacy campaigns in Peru and Ecuador. In El Salvador, according to Mr. Ciccone, the guerrilla front uses underground theater as an integral part of its warfare, a medium ''of communication and concientizacion(consciousness raising) at a more or less massive level.''

But while most Latin American popular theater companies remain determinedly political, few of them engage in agitprop productions designed to incite riots or instant revolution. ''The point,'' Mr. Buenaventura explains, ''is to clarify socio-political issues and to encourage intelligent thinking about them.''

The extent to which the various Latin American governments perceive this as a threat is difficult to gauge. Mr. Ciccone said that none of the groups participating in this year's festival are required to submit their scripts for government censorship or approval; but many of them remain keenly aware of the possibility of repression and practice what he calls a ''precautionary auto-censorship'' which contributes to an allegorical or metaphorical style. In addition, some governments limit performances to city boundaries, so that companies are prevented from bringing their plays to rural and peasant communities.

Many of the popular theater companies express their political concerns not only in the content of their plays, but also in the way plays are created. The various companies offer training in popular theater methods, with an emphasis on improvisation and physical techniques and workshops in such skills as commedia dell'arte and acrobatics. The plays themselves are evolved collectively, with all of the company members sharing in creative decisions. Improvisation and group discussion contribute significantly to the development of scripts and staging.

American Hispanic companies participating in the festival, such as Teatro 4 and Pregones, have been directly influenced by the Latin American tradition and techniques. In developing its play, ''Areito de Pescadores'' (''A Rite of Fishermen''), Pregones, working with playwright Edward Gallardo, used the Latin American method of collective creation. The play, which is set in Vieques, Puerto Rico, uses music and is highly theatrical. For the Hispanic groups, as for their non-Hispanic American counterparts, the festival is a rare chance to engage in cross-fertilization of ideas and observation of other groups' work.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of a scene from El Mundo de los burros

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[***FUNNY BOOKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PH80-0009-23N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 1, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 3; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1401 words

**Byline:** By DAVID QUAMMEN; David Quammen is finishing a historical novel about thermonuclear espionage.

**Body**

GANGLAND By David Winn. 226 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $12.95.

THE REPLAY By Michael Curtin. 271 pp. New York: George Braziller. $9.95.

THE MATCH TRICK By Don Zacharia.235 pp. New York: The Linden Press/Simon & Schuster. $13.50.

THE male characters in David Winn's first novel share abiding memories of a powerful experience - what one of Mr. Winn's characters continually calls, with irony to which only he is impervious, ''The Greatest Adventure of Our Generation,'' Vietnam. The tone of those memories is less nostalgic than hysterical, with good cause, yet that doesn't prevent ''Gangland'' from being a very funny book. At moments, in fact, it is hysterically funny. That it so steadfastly refuses to come together - into any shape that is meaningful or even satisfying overall - seems almost an intentional joke on us, the readers, just as his own buffeted life seems a joke on the main character, Dunkle. But Dunkle endures his victimization with such endearing good will that it helps us endure ours.

David Quammen reviews David Winn's book "Gangland", Michael Curtin's book "The Replay" and Don Zacharia's book "The Match Trick"

Dunkle begins his part of the Great Adventure by being shot in the rump by his own sharpshooter partner during a training exercise in California. Later, he and the partner (called MCATS, for reasons never explained) find themselves in a foxhole outside the perimeter wire at Camp Delight in Long Pig Province, where Dunkle is fiddling with some exotic electronic machinery (his specialty) and MCATS is taking target practice at Dunkle's helmet, which has been tossed out into no man's land by mischievous Montagnards. Alas, MCATS is suddenly killed by an incoming rocket and subsequently memorialized with a small service at the camp chapel, an observance in which MCATS shares the principal role with an infantry point man who was carried off by a tiger and a corporal who choked to death on the pop tab from a beer can.

Dunkle must locate proof of the official order that sent him and MCATS outside the wire or face ominously unspecified repercussions. But the record of that order has been swallowed by a balky underground computer called ANIMA, of which the chief maintenance technician happens to be Dunkle. Despite Dunkle's efforts, the computer seems capable only of shutting itself down or telling bad jokes on the readout screens. ''THERE ARE THESE TWO SETS OF TWINS, SEE? ...'' the computer flashes. That sort of thing.

David Winn makes the loony Vietnam stuff work generally quite well, at its best like a frenzied cross between ''Going After Cacciato'' and ''Catch-22.'' He seems to know the texture of that war, and he has a fine touch for the half-insane but still plausible comic scene. Unfortunately, the rest of the novel - almost two-thirds of the total - has Dunkle caroming around southern California as a civilian in the mid-1970's. Here too Mr. Winn shows a keen eye and a good wit, lampooning the indigenous varieties of human and organizational flakiness: the Fastfood Marxists, for instance, who have a foundation grant to ''simulate an urban commercial cooperative'' and who get rich selling Bukharin Burritos. Finally, though, the California material degenerates into mere madcap surrealistic gumbo - frustratingly directionless and without either the force or the focus of Dunkle's Great Adventure.

But the loss is not total. The best parts of ''Gangland'' are simply much better than the whole.

\* ''The Replay,'' by Michael Curtin of County Limerick, is more Irish than a pint of Guinness in back-alley Dublin on March 17. That may be the limiting factor on its appeal to a wide American audience, but it is also the novel's greatest strength. Though Ireland has produced more than its share of literary giants over the past century, most of them wrote as expatriates, either viewing the old sod through a black haze of bitterness or disdaining to glance back that way at all. On the other hand, Mr. Curtin, by no means a giant, has written an Irishman's novel of Ireland that is so loyally, exultingly provincial that it travels rather well. Despite some annoying weaknesses in the contrivance of plot and motivation, ''The Replay'' has all the energy and concussive comedy of a fine drunken pub brawl - or a Sunday soccer match between two squads of overage layabouts.

The book is quite heavy on premise, and the premise is this: A legendary soccer contest, played 15 years earlier between an upperclass club team and a ***working-class*** pub team in the (apparently fictive) small city of Mellick, is to be replayed - as a grudge match, and with a staggering side bet of cash - by all the original participants, decrepit and middle-aged as they now are. Stanley Callaghan, lately a priggish schoolteacher and family man of fanatical respectability, earlier the wild chieftain of the pub lads, is the man to whom this challenge is presented. And Stanley, his ire up, cannot resist. Shucking away the 15 years of pious stodginess that began the night he met his beautiful wife (which was also the night of the first match), Stanley returns to the local pub he has forsworn. He meets the pathetic and disreputable friends he had deserted and attempts to flog their spirits (if not their bodies) into shape for the great, dirty, hilarious rematch. Even a midget goalie, recently deceased, is called on to do his bit. Obviously this format -broader story converges toward and hypes the Big Game, the climax of which serves also as climax to the broader story - is as hackneyed as a narrative format can be. But Michael Curtin reroasts the chestnut to a new freshness. His big match is a success, and his book with it, partly because soccer (the fundamentals and the tricks of which he communicates nicely) is so lively, partly because he has won us to his characters before they walk onto the field and partly because his powers of comedic invention are - like Stanley's pub team - up to the challenge.

Forgive Mr. Curtin his creaky plot and read ''The Replay'' for the character portraits, for the texture of life in Limerick and, most of all, for the laughs.

''THE MATCH TRICK,'' by Don Zacharia, is another comic novel about men who remember themselves wistfully as sporting heroes, but the athletic nostalgia remains a secondary theme, never developed to good effect, and the book's chief concern is, for me, the most tired of all imaginable subjects: marital malaise and sexual reawakening in a commuter suburb of New York City. Disallow my bias, posit an insatiable interest in the subject, and Mr. Zacharia's first novel is still quite disappointing. The problems are narrative aimlessness, confusion of tone and purpose, unexceptional prose and especially the intrusive sections of medium-core sadomasochistic pornography treated pretentiously as some sort of counterpoint. There are also a few moments of real, winning humor, and these rescue the book's first half. The second half goes unrescued.

Noel Roth is the protagonist here, a successful 36-year-old haberdasher with nagging memories of himself as a high-school basketball player. Noel is no Rabbit Angstrom - he was never a star - but he did once, on an evening of good luck and physical transport, score 15 consecutive field goals without miss. He can't locate the newspaper clipping, though, and no one else finds that particular memory plausible.

Noel's humdrum life changes suddenly when his wife is killed by a falling Westinghouse air conditioner in the course of her first extramarital affair. In shock, he retires with a lawn chair to the woods behind his house and reads Nixon's ''Six Crises.'' A nice touch.

But soon Noel becomes the willing love slave of a beautiful and very perverted woman named Nevers, and from that point the book loses all its loose-jointed, humorous charm. The Nevers scenes are neither appealingly sensual nor dramatic nor illuminating of a state of soul. They are just determinedly coarse. And they feature a 15-year-old black hooker named Melonie, whom Mr. Zacharia burdens with an ''Amos and Andy'' dialect so ineptly and offensively bogus that for this alone his typewriter should be impounded.

The match trick of the title, performed by Noel and his best friend at a party, involves an adolescent enterprise in flatulence. For pages and pages the author has begged us to wonder: What is it, this match trick? Believe me, you don't need to know.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing of man laughing behind a serious mask

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[***CHOICE TABLES; In Amsterdam, A Mediterranean Style Holds Sway***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46S6-1B90-01CN-H0MF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 15, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2022 words

**Byline:**  By MARK BITTMAN; MARK BITTMAN writes for the Dining section of The Times.

**Body**

EVEN the Dutch scoff at their cuisine and, like the Germans, often travel to Italy for good food (and weather). The alternatives -- ubiquitous, usually funky Indonesian places -- get tiresome quickly. What's truly difficult in Amsterdam is not so much finding good food but finding it at a place that reminds you where you are. It's not impossible, however.

Little of the cooking in Amsterdam is Dutch. The Asian influence is so powerful that even so-called Dutch restaurants offer satay and steamed dumplings. Local traditions exert some influence in city restaurants, mostly in the form of North Sea cod, good potatoes, fresh asparagus and bitterballen, deep-fried croquettes of stewed meat.

At this time of year, hit the herring stands, where two dollars will get you one of the world's great street-food dishes, what amounts to a ceviche of fresh, fatty herring sprinkled with chopped onions accompanied by bad dill pickles.

In many Amsterdam restaurants, the more sophisticated the fare, the more likely it is to have a Mediterranean touch. This is true even in the most venerable locations: the restaurant In de Waag, in the city's oldest medieval gate, is best known for its steak frites. (It's a good option in the unavoidable red-light district.) Similarly, the restaurant in Blakes Hotel, one of the city's newest and hippest, is built around a 17th-century landmark canal house but serves an Asian fusion melange straight from SoHo.

After a week of eating in Amsterdam, I found that my favorite restaurants were an eclectic mix. The Mediterranean influence was almost unavoidable, but I found each of these places special.

De Kas

Among the most beautiful restaurants in the world, this is a simply designed glass house in a park a few miles from the city's center flanked by two gardens. De Kas is, indeed, a greenhouse (built on the skeleton of the Amsterdam Municipal Nursery, demolished in 1997), with extraordinarily high ceilings (about 26 feet at the peak), exposed ducts and a huge, gleaming kitchen. Almost everything that is not transparent -- or green -- is black, white, stainless or blond; it's modern, simple and inviting. The feel is informal and comfortable, and the casual service is attentive enough.

The food is terrific; most of it is local and organic. I had lunch, a $29 prix fixe for two courses; dinner is $39 for three courses. In a display of bravado, there is one set menu, and that's it. I found this a bit scary, since few people eat absolutely everything, but the server made it clear that any allergies or preferences would be taken into account, and it was apparent that the kitchen would throw together a grilled cheese if that's what it took to make someone happy.

Actually there is a bit of choice, as there were two appetizers: a plate of asparagus with saffron sauce, a smudge of pureed broccoli and a couple of fillets of crisp-sauteed red mullet (rouget); or a broiled white peach with Parma ham, basil, raw spinach and a raspberry sauce. Both may sound a little over the top, but each was perfectly balanced.

The main course was roast lamb, served on a crunchy potato rosti with tarragon, an herb-and-flower salad, and fresh peas and beans (a vegetarian, indeed an omnivore, would be happy with a plate of these).

Little touches make De Kas exceptional. The bread is delicious, as is the olive oil and bright green Bari olives served with it. The wine list, which changes frequently, offers some of the usual stars but a few little-known bargains. The petits fours, brought with excellent coffee (itself a shocker) whether or not you order dessert, were irresistible.

Balthazar's Kitchen

The Jordaan is to Amsterdam what the Lower East Side is to New York: a ***working-class*** neighborhood with newfound cachet and many hip restaurants. Among these is Balthazar's Kitchen, perhaps the most widely praised by word of mouth; no one I asked for advice failed to recommend it.

It's unusual: First of all, the restaurant is only open Wednesday through Friday. The room is almost half kitchen, with the dining area -- the borders are ill-defined at best -- doubling as a storage area for various pots, pans and serving items. Three people work here: a couple (he does most of the cooking, she oversees most of everything else, though she cooks as well) and a server.

It looks like a permanent dinner party, with ingredients and utensils and equipment and people strewn about. It has a worn, bare-wood floor and is mostly lighted by attractive but glaring bare bulbs. The plates, cute four-ounce pale-green tinted glasses, silverware and Moroccan pierced-tin candleholders appear to have been carefully selected. The napkins, unfortunately, are paper.

The place's appearance made me a bit edgy, but nearly everything was superb during my visit. Despite the staff's frenetic pace and huge workload, things went very smoothly; the meal was relaxed and wholly enjoyable, the food compelling. The prix fixe menu is $24. For this you get assorted appetizers (no choice, but a wide selection) and a meat or fish dish, followed by dessert. Wines are inexpensive (as they are, for the most part, throughout the city), and there is a special cocktail each night (I savored a vodka martini infused with sweet Moroccan spices).

Appetizers included spicy chorizo with herbs and tomatoes; stir-fried mussels with chilies; a sweet escabeche of anchovies with red onions and raisins; roasted peppers in oil and garlic; and a Turkish flatbread with cheese and loads of herbs and garlic that I couldn't get enough of. With this came a fine dark rye with first-rate cold butter.

Main courses during my visit were mullet on a bed of good mashed potatoes laced with tomatoes; a highlight of this dish was a sauteed seaweed lamsoor, which translates as lamb's ear, presumably because the leaves are long and slender. The flavor was mild, bright green, new to me, and not at all seaweedlike. The meat course was four lamb ribs, roasted and served with an ultra-creamy saffron risotto and a garnish of fried arugula. Dessert was as appropriate and delicious as it was simple, a tart shell filled with creme fraiche and poached cherries.

Blue Pepper

Amsterdam is known for Indonesian restaurants, but Blue Pepper, one of the newest, is a bit different. First, the chef opened it after running a Michelin one-star kitchen in a city southeast of Amsterdam. Second, there is no rijsttafel, or rice table, the most familiar dish in Indonesian restaurants, in which a meal is made up of many little plates around a central bowl of rice -- a system largely invented by the Dutch to tame indigenous food.

Blue Pepper's food is served more traditionally: as separate courses. And the flavors are much more intense and distinctive than those at most rijsttafels. It has been called nouvelle Indonesian, but Blue Pepper seems much more traditional than most of the competition.

Besides its look, that is. Blue Pepper, another long, narrow, New Yorkish place, is blue. Almost the entire room is painted aqua, there are lapis halogen lamps, the chairs are ultramarine and black; even the wine coolers are blue. The effect is not as soothing as you might expect because the colors are so vivid and the design stark and modern.

This was the most expensive restaurant of my visit, but it also featured the most interesting food. Unfortunately, the service did not measure up, but the presentation was lovely. And, though many dishes were on the fiery side, none were even close to overwhelming; in fact, the flavors were exciting, varied and unusual. There is an a la carte menu, but there are also three prix fixes, at $45, $50 and $60. My companion and I ordered the latter two, which enabled us to try just about everything, but it was way too much food; I'd stick to the a la carte.

The inexpensive wine list -- fully half the bottles cost less than $20 -- is well-suited to the food; we had a Tokay pinot gris ($28).

That said, the highlights were: pangsit goreng, thin, crisp, meat pancakes on a bed of sweet, sticky fried noodles; a sweet-and-hot fish salad with fish fritters, glass noodles and vegetables; two satays, one of chicken not overcooked, which is unusual, served with peanut sauce and crisp-fried shallots, and an equally well-grilled lamb, with a hoisinlike sauce. Two soups were good, one like nothing I've ever had -- a clear broth, scented with horseradish, head-clearing, but not hot -- and the other laced with crisp bacon and chewy pork.

For the most part, the main courses held up. My favorites were parelhoen, a seared guinea hen served with long beans and a dark spicy sauce that was reminiscent of good mole; urapan, shredded vegetables with grated coconut and dried shrimp; and roasted lamb chops, lightly seasoned. If these somehow slackened the intensity of the meal, desserts struck like a bolt of lightning, especially toasted coconut ice cream with sweet, juicy black rice, with a litchi and some mango.

De Reiger

De Reiger is, like Balthazar's Kitchen, in Jordaan. It is a joy, a neighborhood bar where the snacks and drinks are good, the people are friendly, the service leaves no complaints and the meals are the Platonic ideal of cafe food.

Many of Amsterdam's brown cafes, so named because the walls have been stained with tobacco smoke over the centuries, are either tourist traps or watering holes; De Reiger is neither. (It even has a no-smoking section, though it is next to the bar, where people smoke nonstop; you're better off in the dining room, where smoking is permitted.) It is, however, almost brown -- a smoky Tuscan yellow, with brown wainscoting, older artwork, light fixtures, cafe chairs, and tables, few matching. There are places in the United States that try to look like this, but few are old enough to come by it naturally. De Reiger, young by brown-cafe standards, has been in business only since 1856.

The menu is eclectic, with a few Dutch specialties. The bitterballen, which I sampled everywhere I saw them, are the best in town, served with toothpicks and mustard; with a glass of beer, they make a fantastic snack or starter. Offered as a main course, white asparagus (which approaches a national obsession when in season) served with good ham, hard-boiled egg, small potatoes, cherry tomatoes and melted butter, makes an appetizer for two or four.

Also good is a dish of lightly fried cod cheeks bathed in a saffron broth with snow peas, long beans, broccoli, asparagus (green this time), tomatoes, green beans and chives; the vegetables were cooked as carefully as you could have wished. Braised lamb shank was soft and rich, as it should be, but a huge pile of wild spinach with garlic and mushrooms was the attention-grabber. Other appealing dishes were salmon terrine with eel, veal loin with spinach and mustard, and smoked suckling pig.

Once again, wines are under $20 a bottle, and not because they are lousy. A white Rioja ($14.50) had more character than many whites selling for twice that in most restaurants. More incredible, perhaps, was the per-glass price: $2.50.

Bill of fare

Credit cards accepted at all restaurants except De Reiger.

De Kas, Kamerlingh Onneslaan 3 (31-20) 462 4562. Lunch Monday to Friday, dinner Monday to Saturday. No nonsmoking section. Reservations recommended. Without wine, a three-course prix fixe dinner is $39 a person, at 1.04 euros to the dollar; two-course prix fixe lunch, $29. A driveway off Kamerlingh Onneslaan takes you into the park; look for a greenhouse.

Balthazar's Kitchen, Elandsgracht 108, (31-20) 420 2114. Dinner Wednesday through Friday. Reservations are essential; you are most likely to get a reservation from 6 to 6:30 p.m. or around 9 p.m. No nonsmoking section. Prix fixe dinner, $24; you would have trouble spending more than $40 with wine and tip.

Blue Pepper, Nassaukade 366, (31-20) 489 7039. Dinner Monday to Saturday. Reservations recommended. Prix fixe menus of $45, $50 and $60; a la carte, $30 a person for three courses, plus wine and tip.

De Reiger, Nieuwe Leliestraat 34, (31-20) 624 7426. Lunch and dinner daily. No reservations, and there is sometimes a line. About $40 a person with wine.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dining at Balthazar's Kitchen. View of the Jordaan neighborhood around De Reiger. Sonja Pereira, chef at Blue Pepper. At De Kas, gardens surround diners. (Photographs by Herman Wouters/Hollandse Hoogte, for The New York Times)(pg. 6); De Reiger, which opened for business in 1856.; Tending to the freshly grown ingredients at De Kas. (Photographs by Herman Wouters/Hollandse Hoogte, for The New York Times)(pg. 7)

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2002

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[***After Noriega: Panama City;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0KK0-002S-X1BF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Impasse Over Noriega Persists, But Order Returns to the Streets***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0KK0-002S-X1BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 27, 1989, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1541 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PANAMA, Dec. 26

**Body**

As the diplomatic impasse over the fate of Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega continued, businesses and government offices opened here today and other normal activities resumed for the first time since an American invasion deposed the military leader a week ago.

Panamanian and foreign officials said negotiations over a request by General Noriega for eventual asylum in Cuba were being handled here and ''in several other capitals.'' The general took refuge in the Vatican's embassy here on Christmas Eve.

Panamanian officials said President Guillermo Endara and his Cabinet were keeping their distance from the matter because, as one put it, ''we have more important things to do, like getting this country back on its feet and running again.'' But it was clear that the possibility of General Noriega leaving for Cuba or surrendering himself to the local authorities was not particularly welcome to the new Government.

'The Practical Thing'

''If he goes to Cuba, he's still going to be a headache,'' a senior aide to Mr. Endara said today. ''You can't forget that he still has a ton of money with which he could create a lot of problems for us.''

''We would much rather that the United States find some way to take him there,'' the official said. He added, ''That may not be the nationalist thing to do, but it's the practical thing.''

Across the capital, in fact, petitions began circulating today to demand that the Vatican refuse to grant General Noriega refuge and that he be handed over to the Panamanian or American authorities.

With the fighting all but over in the capital, many American troops are shifting to police duties, often as part of joint patrols with Panamanian security units. United States military officials said they expected those activities to continue until the new security organization called the Panama Public Force is fully organized and functioning.

Hugs and Kisses

''This is a new experience for us, and we're learning as we go along,'' said an 82d Airborne Division officer near the Marriott Hotel this morning. ''We've been trained for fighting, not for civil patrols.''

In Washington, the Pentagon spokesman, Pete Williams, said that it was too soon to say when the American forces would be withdrawn. ''It is too soon to start putting a date and a number together,'' Mr. Williams said. He said there are now about 24,000 American troops in Panama, about half of whom were flown down for the invasion last week.

On the streets, Panamanians approached American patrols to hug soldiers, shake their hands or kiss them. Throughout the ***working-class*** Calidonia area, which General Noriega claimed was a stronghold of support, graffiti has appeared proclaiming ''Gringos amigos, Noriega malo'' - bad.

For the bulk of the population in the capital, the tumult caused by the presence of the American troops was finally beginning to die down today. Responding to Government calls for employees of ''basic services'' to return to work, thousands of utility, hospital and sanitation workers showed up on the job this morning.

Lines for Gasoline

At gasoline stations, lines stretched for blocks as word spread that fuel was once again available. The capital's gaily painted jitney buses were also running for the first time since the fighting began last week; a transport union leader said it was their ''patriotic duty'' to resume service.

''I never thought that I would be so happy to see traffic jams or to have to stand in line in front of grocery stores,'' said Jose Luis Macias, a university student. ''Just the fact that those things are happening is reassuring after what we have been through during the last week.''

Television stations also resumed broadcasts, urging private businesses and stores to open their doors. Vice President Ricardo Arias Calderon said newspapers would begin publishing as soon as physical conditions permitted, but as employees returned to some major newspapers shut down by General Noriega in 1988 they found equipment stolen or destroyed by the Panamanian army units that had been guarding the premises.

'Extraordinary Opulence'

Popular sentiment against General Noriega has been kept at a high pitch by television broadcasts showing what announcers call ''the extraordinary opulence'' of his various homes and offices.

''Manuel Antonio Noriega is a criminal who has filled many human beings with sobbing, mourning and pain, who has robbed, killed and tortured,'' said one of the petitions in circulation urging the Vatican not to provide asylum for the general.

''To let him go free in another country or to grant him refuge or diplomatic protection would be to ignore the principles of justice and liberty for which Panamanian citizens have been fighting in recent years,'' it said.

Domenico Buglione, the Italian-born owner of a downtown jewelry store, said: ''The Pope simply cannot take him in, cannot accept him. Noriega should be put on trial, either here or in the United States.''

American officials said Michael G. Kozak, a State Department legal expert who last year took part in talks to have General Noriega relinquish power peacefully, is in the Panamanian capital, but they declined to give details about his activities.

Hunt for Noriega Associates

Around the capital, the hunt for associates of General Noriega continued. At roadblocks, American troops with photographs of members of General Noriega's high command stopped cars and checked passengers for any resemblance to those in the pictures.

Some civilian officials in the Noriega Government are now in American custody, including Mario Rognoni, a former Cabinet minister and personal spokesman for General Noriega, and Toti Suarez, said to be a go-between for corrupt activities and enforcer for the military. United States military officials would not say what charges the men faced, if any, but their homes were being closely examined.

''There's enough stuff in here to keep a forensic laboratory busy for a month,'' said an American lieutenant outside the home of Mr. Suarez, whom Panamanian opposition leaders have accused of torturing opponents of the previous Government. ''You can't believe some of the things we have found here.''

Government officials said they suspected that some of the hundreds of military and civilian collaborators of General Noriega, as well as missing members of his family, had taken refuge with him in the Vatican mission, the Cuban Embassy or the nearby residence of the Cuban Ambassador. American forces have surrounded the Cuban buildings as well as the Vatican Embassy.

Among those whose whereabouts still remain unknown are Col. Nivaldo Madrinan, the hated head of the political investigative police, and Mike Harari, an Israeli who was General Noriega's chief of security and adviser.

Still 'Limited Resistance'

Luis Del Fin Perez, a political officer at the Cuban Embassy here, said ''a small number of Panamanians, no more than 20'' had been granted asylum. ''We do not acknowledge the right of the United States to pursue anybody, but none of the people here are who they are pursuing,'' he said.

A spokesman for the American military, Col. Jerry Murguia, said ''limited resistance to the United States forces continues'' in parts of the capital area.

In Colon, the country's second-largest city, Government officials said 55 civilians had been killed in the fighting and about the same number wounded. There were still no comprehensive casualty reports from other provincial areas, though both Panamanian and American officials said organized armed resistance had diminished almost to nothing.

The Pentagon updated casualty figures today, saying 23 United States military personnel were killed and 330 wounded in Panama; in addition, 2 American civilians were killed. The Pentagon added that 297 members of the Panamanian military had been killed and 129 wounded.

The precise number of Panamanian civilian dead is not known, but it has been estimated in the hundreds.

Thousands in Detention

The United States has captured and detained about 4,640 Panamanians, including members of the Panamanian Defense Forces. The Pentagon said that the number of refugees has ranged from 5,000 to 13,000 as Panamanians move in and out of refugee camps. It also said that about 33,000 weapons had been captured or turned in to American forces in Panama.

At what just a week ago were barracks and stations of the Panamanian Defense Forces, former soldiers and policemen lined up to register for the new security organization. Many expressed bitterness at the conduct of their former commander, one of whose favorite mottos was ''Here, no one surrenders or cringes.''

''Noriega betrayed us and abandoned us,'' said Adrian Victoria, a 20-year-old former bricklayer's apprentice who said he had joined the Panamanian army three months ago because it offered a salary of $250 a month. ''He wasn't at the head of the troops. He should have stayed with us and led us.''

The owner of a major department store that had been looted in the first days of the invasion said he thought that the destruction was worth the changes that had been wrought. ''But tell the Americans it had better be over in another month or else it will turn around completely,'' said the businessman, whose wife has been cooking meals for American soldiers.

**Graphic**

Photo of American soldiers detaining 4 suspects near the home of an associate of Gen. Noriega (AP) (pg. A14)

**End of Document**



[***Bronx the Newly Chic Is Celebrated in Word, On Film and on Stage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0RR0-002S-X4DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1452 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

Suddenly, it is more than just a place: it is a fictional domain, as exotic as it is mysterious. The pull of its ethnic gravity is so powerful that it is inspiring a new generation of writers, playwrights and film makers to portray the life of its neighborhoods. So compelling is its geography that a cluster of recent book, film and theater reviews has actually used the word ''romantic'' in describing it. What is this magical terrain? The Bronx.

Yes, the Bronx, the borough for which Ogden Nash supplied the imperishable punch line: ''No Thonx!'' Not only is the Bronx ascending in the fictional firmament, it is positively hot. Even as writers and film makers are readying new works on the Bronx, a growing number of books, plays and films that take the Bronx as their subject have recently been critically acclaimed. Some examples:

\* ''A Bronx Tale,'' a one-man play written and acted by Chazz Palminteri, is a hit at Playhouse 91 in Manhattan, where it is performed on a set that re-creates the corner of 187th Street and Belmont Avenue, where Mr. Palminteri grew up. Universal Studios just bought the film rights for $1.5 million. Mr. Palminteri will write the screenplay and star in the film version, and Robert De Niro will co-produce the film, direct and play Mr. Palminteri's father.

\* ''True Love'' is an exuberant film comedy by the first-time director Nancy Savoca about a big wedding in another Italian-American ***working-class*** enclave in the Bronx.

\* ''Sleeping Arrangements'' (Alfred A. Knopf), is Laura Cunningham's chronicle of coming of age on the streets near Yankee Stadium in the Bronx of the 1950's. To Ms. Cunningham, who explores the parks and rooftops of her neighborhood with her childhood friends, the Bronx is a fantasy playground that feeds her dreams of exotic romance.

\* ''The 10th Man,'' Bronx-born Paddy Chayefsky's play, has been revived at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center. ''The 10th Man'' is set on Long Island ''but was actually written about the storefront synagogues they used to have in the Bronx,'' said Arthur Cantor, who was the producer of the original 1959 version directed by Tyrone Guthrie; Mr. Cantor is also the executive producer of ''A Bronx Tale.''

And That's Not All

In addition, the film ''The Awakenings,'' starring Robin Williams and Robert De Niro, has been shooting in the Bronx, the setting for the book of the same name by the neurologist Oliver Sacks of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx. It is about the use of the drug L-dopa in the 1960's to ''awaken'' warehoused victims of sleeping sickness in a mental hospital in the Bronx.

And ''Sea of Love,'' one of the biggest box-office movies of the fall, was a virtual class reunion of Bronx alumni.

''It was made by the Bronx bunch,'' said Ellen Barkin, the film's female lead. ''I lived on the same block he once did,'' she said of her co-star, Al Pacino. Martin Bregman, the film's producer, was brought up in the Bronx; so was the director, Harold Becker. Furthermore, the ''Sea of Love'' screenwriter, Richard Price, was a Co-op City boy who began his career writing about the Bronx in novels like ''The Wanderers'' and ''Blood Brothers.'' He has written a new movie about the Bronx, ''Mad Dog and Glory,'' scheduled to be produced by Martin Scorsese, which will be shot - where else? - in the Bronx, where Mr. Scorsese also shot scenes for ''Raging Bull,'' his 1980 film about Jake LaMotta.

Within the borough itself, the Bronx Council on the Arts is an informal clearinghouse for the activities of disparate artists and groups, like the Pregones Theater, a Hispanic ensemble theater company in the South Bronx.

''There's no SoHo, no neighborhood where artists live, so artists tend to feel isolated,'' said Betti-Sue Hertz, the council's director of development. ''But artists of all kinds are flourishing in every corner of the borough. I've been here since 1981, and there has been a real renaissance in the Bronx.'' The Question: Why the Bronx? Why all this activity?

''It was the dynamic and aspiring place for children of my generation, and it's still today a place of great aspiration and hope,'' said the novelist E. L. Doctorow. He contributed to the current binge of Bronxolatry in February with ''Billy Bathgate'' (Random House). This Bildungsroman is the tale of a poor high-school dropout who grew up near Bathgate Avenue and who was taken under the wing of the Bronx's legendary gangster Dutch Schultz.

To Mr. Doctorow, who was born in Mount Eden Hospital and grew up on Eastburn Avenue, the Bronx was ''the field for the imagination of my novel,'' and it was not the first time he has written about the borough of his birth. ''World's Fair'' was a novel in the form of a memoir about growing up in the East Bronx; and parts of ''The Book of Daniel'' were also Bronx-based.

''Things are just starting to happen here,'' Mr. Palminteri said. He grew up in the same Belmont Avenue neighborhood that produced Dion and the Belmonts, the popular 1950's harmony group. His play is the story of his own childhood and adolescence when he was taken under the wing of a neighborhood gangster, much to the consternation of his law-abiding bus-driver father.

'It's Had Such an Image Problem'

''You don't expect to see art from the Bronx because it's had such an image problem,'' Mr. Palminteri said. ''The Bronx got a terrible reputation, what with the South Bronx and the 'Fort Apache' movie.'' The 1981 film ''Fort Apache, the Bronx'' sparked community protests about racial stereotyping and Bronx-bashing. ''And 'Bonfire of the Vanities' didn't help any,'' he said of the Tom Wolfe best seller, which depicts the Bronx County Courthouse as a fragile island of safety surrounded by a borough from hell.

''It makes me smile to hear that the Bronx is in,'' said Ms. Savoca, the director of ''True Love.'' ''I think we could say that the Bronx is not really well known as a great cultural center. And if there's a Bronx renaissance, we here in the Bronx would be the last to know!'' Ms. Savoca lives on City Island, the Bronx equivalent of a fishing village on Long Island Sound.

''Bronx is the most authentic borough,'' Mr. Palminteri said. ''You know: the people yelling out the windows, the old New York we remember. I tell you, people never want to leave my old neighborhood. They feel they don't need to.''

''Bronx is a separate state of mind,'' said Ms. Savoca, who was born in Bronx Municipal Hospital and grew up in the Sound View section. ''Parts of the Bronx are so isolated and self-sufficient that people have no relationship with Manhattan. In a film, the feel of the Bronx is unique -it doesn't look like anything outside of New York, and yet it's not Manhattan.''

Away From Jaded Manhattan

She found, too, that there were advantages to shooting in the Bronx. ''In Manhattan, they're sick of movie crews making movies, but in the Bronx, people welcomed us because it was a real experience,'' Ms. Savoca said.

In fact, historically, the Bronx was quite a center of movie making, according to the Bronx County Historical Society. The Bronx was a silent-film mecca for a time at the Biograph Studios, which made films starring Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Mary Pickford and Pearl White. D. W. Griffith was one of the actors in the Edison Studio on Decatur Avenue. Other movies filmed in the Bronx included Mr. Chayefsky's ''Marty,'' ''On the Waterfront''and ''Love Story.''

''True Love'' was shot in several Bronx settings, including Morris Park, Zerega, Throgs Neck and Pelham Bay Park. Though some suggested to Ms. Savoca that scenes should be shot in Brooklyn, she rejected the idea.

''There is a kind of authenticity in the Bronx that you don't see in the parts of Brooklyn that have gotten more and more gentrified,'' said Ms. Savoca, firing another shot in the primordial battle between Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Area Codes and Nyah-Nyahs

''Brooklyn may say they're better than we are, but we're still part of New York City because we've still got the 212 area code,'' Ms. Savoca said smugly. ''Psychologically, that means a lot.''

''Brooklyn has always had more press, but more writers came out of the Bronx,'' said Mr. Doctorow, joining the fray. He mentioned that Herman Melville is buried there, in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Indeed, among the writers who were born or who lived in the Bronx, in addition to Mr. Chayefsky and Mr. Price, are Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Avery Corman, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Evan Hunter, Edgar Allan Poe, John Patrick Shanley, Kate Simon, Neil Simon and Herman Wouk.

''Actually, I'd like to keep it quiet that the Bronx is so great,'' added Ms. Savoca. ''It's so unaffected, you don't want it to change. Call attention to it and you begin to get tour buses.''

**Graphic**

Nancy Savoca's film ''True Love,'' above, and ''A Bronx Tale,'' a one-man play written and acted by Chazz Palminteri, right, are among the recent works inspired by the Bronx. (NYT/Linda M. Baron)

**End of Document**



[***Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NVJ-D660-TW8F-G384-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

SAM FULLER This retrospective devoted to the work of the tabloid reporter and crime novelist turned director should really be titled ''Sam Fuller!'' to reflect both his fondness for appending exclamation points to his titles (''Fixed Bayonets!,'' ''Verboten!'') and his filmmaking, which is so loaded with huge close-ups and percussive editing that Jean-Luc Godard once called it ''cine-fist.'' This program at the Museum of the Moving Image in Queens features most of Fuller's major films in hard-to-find 35-millimeter archival prints.

The selection for this weekend includes the 1951 ''Bayonets!,'' about a weak-willed officer (Richard Basehart) caught up in combat operations in Korea; ''Park Row'' (1952), his preposterously action-packed tribute to the early days of New York newspapering; and his two color and CinemaScope films for Fox: the cold-war submarine drama ''Hell and High Water'' (1954), with Richard Widmark as a former naval officer out to stop a Communist Chinese plot, and ''House of Bamboo'' (1955), starring Robert Ryan, as an Army veteran using his leadership skills to establish a crime ring in Tokyo, and Robert Stack (above, with Shirley Yamaguchi). (Through June 10, Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Avenue at 36th Street, Astoria, Queens, 718-784-0077, movingimage.us; $10.) DAVE KEHR

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, show times and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'AWAY FROM HER' (PG-13, 110 minutes) Sarah Polley's well-observed adaptation of a story by Alice Munro is a quiet tour de force about love and loss, anchored by fine performances by Gordon Pinsent and Julie Christie as a couple dealing with the loss of memory and memories of past hurt. (A. O. Scott)

'BLADES OF GLORY' (PG-13, 93 minutes) In this fast, light, frequently funny comedy about a male figure-skating team, Will Ferrell and Jon Heder stake an early claim to being the comedy couple of the year. (Stephen Holden)

'BRAND UPON THE BRAIN' (No rating, 96 minutes) A baroque entertainment with one foot in silent cinema and the other gingerly toeing the sound waves, Guy Maddin's latest centers on a man who, in visiting a now-emptied foundling home, journeys deep into his childhood. It's wild! It's weird! It's strangely touching and a total must-see! (Manohla Dargis) 'CASTING ABOUT' (No rating, 86 minutes) The documentary filmmaker Barry J. Hershey (''The Empty Mirror'') has created this record of casting calls for lead actresses in a dramatic feature that he wrote but has yet to direct: a seemingly Hemingwayesque drama involving a wounded combat photographer, a nun, a dancer and a painter's model. ''Casting About'' is a solid documentary about how art is made but it is also an unnerving inquiry into power relationships between filmmakers and performers and, more pointedly, between men and women. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

THE CONDEMNED' (R, 100 minutes) This simple-minded vehicle for the wrestling star Steve Austin follows a bunch of muscle-bound lowlifes as they fight to the death for the benefit of an Internet reality show. Leaden and inept, the movie fails to deliver even the action goods, presenting every fight scene in such quaking, extreme close-up that it's difficult to tell who's pummeling whom. Fortunately, the language of pain is universal.

(Jeannette Catsoulis)

'DAY NIGHT DAY NIGHT' (No rating, 94 minutes) For most of its 94 minutes, this gripping but evasive portrait of an unidentified 19-year-old terrorist undertaking a suicide bombing mission in Times Square focuses on the face of its star, Luisa Williams. (Holden)

'DELTA FARCE' (PG-13, 90 minutes) In his second vehicle Larry the Cable Guy takes greater risks, sharing significant screen time with two co-stars (his ''Blue Collar Comedy'' colleague Bill Engvall and D J Qualls) and asking viewers to accept him as a soldier and romantic leading man. When he and his buds are plunked down in Mexico en route to Iraq and liberate a village plagued by marauders, a metaphor for the war proves utterly brain-dead. For starters, where's the oil? (Andy Webster)

'DISTURBIA' (PG-13, 104 minutes) A pleasant, scary, well-directed variation on the killer-next-door theme, with the engaging Shia LeBeouf as Kale, a young man who turns house arrest into an occasion for voyeurism and crime-fighting. (Scott)

'THE EX' (PG-13, 89 minutes) The best jokes in this scattershot screwball satire -- about the cutthroat workplace, job insecurity, upward mobility, political correctness, yuppie marital tensions, and the disabled -- have claws that leave scratches. (Holden)

'FRACTURE' (R, 111 minutes) A glib entertainment that offers up the spectacle of that crafty scene-stealer Anthony Hopkins mixing it up with that equally cunning screen-nibbler Ryan Gosling.

(Dargis)

'GEORGIA RULE' (R, 111 minutes) Jane Fonda, Felicity Huffman and Lindsay Lohan play three generations of strong-willed, dysfunctional women in this comedy-melodrama from Garry Marshall. It's a mess, but it does have some vitality, thanks mainly to Ms. Fonda and Ms. Lohan. (Scott)

'GRINDHOUSE' (R, 180 minutes) A double feature, complete with fake previews for schlocky exploitation pictures, that pays nostalgic tribute to disreputable traditions of moviemaking and moviegoing. Robert Rodriguez contributes ''Planet Terror,'' a purposely incoherent zombie gross-out flick that flaunts is own badness the way Rose McGowan (as a go-go dancer named Cherry Darling) shows off her weaponized prosthetic leg. For his part, Quentin Tarantino, more of a connoisseur than his collaborator (and a much better filmmaker), turns out a brutal, talky and satisfying car-chase revenge movie in ''Death Proof,'' starring Kurt Russell. (Scott) 'THE HOAX' (R, 115 minutes) A first-rate performance by Richard Gere drives this true story of Clifford Irving (Mr. Gere), who claimed to be the authorized biographer of Howard Hughes. Shadowed by the paranoia of its period (the early '70s), this movie, crisply directed by Lasse Hallstrom from an excellent script by William Weaver, is less a morality play than an entertaining portrait of a literary gambler. (Scott)

'THE HOST' (R, 119 minutes, in Korean) A loopy, feverishly imaginative genre hybrid -- part carnival of horrors, part family melodrama -- about the demons that haunt us from without and within. The talented South Korean filmmaker Bong Joon-ho directs his monster and humans with equal flair. (Dargis) 'HOT FUZZ' (R, 121 minutes) A British parody of Hollywood-style action flicks from the wits behind ''Shaun of the Dead.'' Think of it as ''The Full Monty'' blown to smithereens. (Dargis)

'I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP ALONE' (No rating, 115 minutes, in Taiwanese, Malay, Mandarin and Bengali) A dreamy, melancholy tale of three-way desire, shot in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and imagined by the director Tsai Ming-Liang with his usual blend of sensuality and formal rigor. (Scott) 'IN THE LAND OF WOMEN' (PG-13, 98 minutes) This mopey comedy is the film equivalent of a sensitive emo band with one foot in alternative rock and the other in the squishy pop mainstream. The movie would like to think of itself as a softer, fuzzier ''Garden State.'' (Holden) 'THE INVISIBLE' (PG-13, 102 minutes) This supremely silly retread of the 2002 Swedish film ''Den Osynlige'' proves it's tough to be in love and in limbo at one and the same time. When a rich-yet-troubled teenager (Justin Chatwin) crosses paths with a violently disturbed classmate (Margarita Levieva), we learn that there's nothing quite like a near-death experience to repair those stubborn emotional wounds. (Catsoulis)

\* 'KILLER OF SHEEP' (No rating, 83 minutes) Largely hidden from view for three decades, Charles Burnett's lyrical film about a ***working-class*** family living in a broken-down home in a bombed-out stretch of Los Angeles is an American masterpiece. (Dargis)

'LUCKY YOU' (PG-13, 124 minutes) Eric Bana plays a poker player with daddy issues (Robert Duvall is his dad), and Drew Barrymore is an aspiring singer who catches his eye in this tepid Las Vegas romance. It's not terrible, just content to break even. (Scott)

'MEET THE ROBINSONS' (G, 93 minutes) Actually, if you see them coming, run in the other direction. (Scott)

'THE NAMESAKE' (PG-13, 122 minutes) Color is the stuff of life in the movies of Mira Nair, the Indian-born director whose newest film, adapted from Jhumpa Lahiri's popular novel, follows two generations of a Bengali family from late-1970s Calcutta to New York City. Her lush palette lends her films a throbbing physicality that invites you to step into the screen and embrace the sensuous here and now. (Holden) 'NEXT' (PG-13, 96 minutes) Nicolas Cage plays a guy who can see into the future in this crummy adaptation of a nifty Philip K. Dick story. Too bad Mr. Cage couldn't tap into those same powers to save himself from another bad role. (Dargis)

'ONCE' (R, 88 minutes) A modest, scruffy movie about two musicians who meet on a Dublin street and sort of fall in love. Charming, touching and true. (Scott)

'PARIS JE T'AIME' (R, 120 minutes, in French and English) ''Paris Je T'Aime,'' a mosaic of 18 miniatures, each set in a different location in the City of Light, is a cinematic tasting menu consisting entirely of amuse-bouches. After two hours of such tidbits, the palate is sated. But if there is no need for a main course, you still leave feeling vaguely disappointed at not being served one. (Holden)

'PERFECT STRANGER' (R, 109 minutes) There is enough of a grain of truth in this noirish, paranoid thriller set in the New York media world that even after it lurches from the farfetched into the preposterous, the movie leaves a clammy residue of unease. (Holden)'PROVOKED' (No rating, 113 minutes) Holding fast to the movie-of-the-week formula perfected by Lifetime Television, Jag Mundhra's overly restrained drama is based on the true story of Kiranjit Ahluwalia, a London-based Punjabi housewife who torched her sleeping husband in 1989 after suffering a decade of abuse. Unfortunately, by keeping its inflammatory subject matter at arm's length, ''Provoked'' does exactly the same to its audience. (Catsoulis)

'SHOOTER' (R, 126 minutes) Muscles bulge and heads explode in this thoroughly reprehensible, satisfyingly violent entertainment about men and guns and things that go boom. Antoine Fuqua directs, and Mark Wahlberg entertains, with and without his shirt. Dargis)

'SHOWBUSINESS' (PG, 102 minutes) This documentary by Dori Bernstein follows four Broadway musicals from rehearsal through the 2004 Tony Awards: ''Caroline, or Change''; ''Taboo''; ''Avenue Q''; and ''Wicked.'' On top of the usual challenges (fund-raising, rewrites, tryouts, marketing), they all had to endure scrutiny by theater critics and gossip columnists. Lively, sometimes cutting but mostly humane, ''ShowBusiness'' is packed with telling details.

(Seitz)'SPIDER-MAN 3' (PG-13, 139 minutes) Please, God, make this be the last one. (Dargis)

'TA RA RUM PUM' (No rating, 156 minutes, in English and Hindi) This movie about a race car driver (the versatile Saif Ali Khan) takes place in New York, but that doesn't stop it from being a classic example of Bollywood family values. Here, all the city's a stage set, perfect for ''Fame''-meets-''West Side Story'' production numbers. (Rachel Saltz)

'300' (R, 116 minutes) Greeks versus Persians in the big rumble at Thermopylae, via Frank Miller's graphic novel. As dumb as they get. (Scott) 'THE TREATMENT' (No rating, 86 minutes) Oren Rydavsky's adaptation of the Daniel Menaker novel about love and psychoanalysis in New York has its heart and head in the right place, but not much else, including its sympathetic stars, Chris Eigeman, Famke Janssen and Ian Holm. (Dargis)

28 WEEKS LATER' (R, 91 minutes) The virus that killed off most of England -- after turning its population into rabid, flesh-hungry zombies -- seems to be under control at the start of this terrifying sequel to ''28 Days Later.'' But if anything, the horror is deeper, and the social criticism more acute. (Scott)

'VACANCY' (R, 80 minutes) This banal horror retread involves a couple of critters (Luke Wilson, Kate Beckinsale) flailing inside a sticky trap for what is, in effect, the big-screen equivalent of a roach motel. (Dargis)

'THE VALET' (PG-13, 85 minutes, in French) If you love to hate the superrich, this delectable comedy, in which the great French actor Daniel Auteuil portrays a piggy billionaire industrialist facing his comeuppance, is a sinfully delicious bonbon, a classic French farce with modern touches. (Holden)

'THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY' (No rating, 127 minutes) Stringent, serious history from Ken Loach, in which the Irish uprising and Civil War of the early 1920s test the loyalties and consciences of two brothers, played by Cillian Murphy and Padraic Delany. (Scott) 'WAITRESS' (PG-13, 104 minutes) Keri Russell is a small-town waitress in a bad marriage who finds solace in pie-baking and adultery in Adrienne Shelly's wry and winning final feature. (Scott)

'YEAR OF THE DOG' (PG-13, 97 minutes) Mike White's touching comedy about a woman who loses a dog and finds herself is funny ha-ha but firmly in touch with its downer side, which means that it's also funny in a kind of existential way. Molly Shannon stars alongside a menagerie of howling scene-stealers. (Dargis) 'ZOO' (No rating, 76 minutes) Robinson Devor's heavily reconstructed documentary is, to a large extent, about the rhetorical uses of beauty. It is, rather more coyly, also about a man who died after having sex with a stallion. (Dargis)

Film Series

JEAN GENET ON FILM (Monday and Tuesday) This French writer, radical and colorful ex-criminal is represented by two of his works adapted for film: Christopher Miles's 1974 version of ''The Maids,'' starring Glenda Jackson and Susannah York (Monday), and Tony Richardson's ''Mademoiselle'' (1966), based on a Genet story as touched up by Marguerite Duras (Tuesday). BAMcinematek, BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $10.

(Dave Kehr)

JULES AND JIM (Today through Sunday) Francois Truffaut's New Wave classic, about two best friends (Oskar Werner and Henri Serre) who fall in love with the same spritely woman (Jeanne Moreau) on the eve of World War I, is the designated ''Weekend Classic'' this week at the IFC Center. IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at West Third Street, (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com; $11. (Kehr)

ALLAN KING (Tonight through Thursday) A continuing retrospective devoted to one of Canada's most accomplished documentary-makers, who is not to be confused with his near-namesake, the comedian Alan King. This is unlikely for anyone who has seen the searing film ''A Married Couple,'' Mr. King's 1969 cinema-verite study of a marriage in crisis, which is screening tonight. ''The Dragon's Egg: Making Peace on the Wreckage of the Twentieth Century'' (1999), screening tomorrow, concerns the uneasy relationship between native Estonians and the Russians imported into their country by Stalin. ''Dying at Grace'' (2003), one of Mr. King's most recent films, is an intimate portrait of five terminal patients in a Toronto Salvation Army hospital (Wednesday and Thursday). Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

LEE MARVIN: THE COOLEST LETHAL WEAPON (Today through Thursday) Week 2 of a retrospective devoted to Marvin, a silver-haired ex-marine who became one of the last great movie stars. Highlights this week include ''The Spikes Gang,'' a rarely screened 1974 coming-of-age film directed by the perennially underestimated Richard Fleischer and featuring Marvin as a wounded outlaw who takes three teenagers under his wing (tonight and tomorrow); Robert Aldrich's 1973 Darwinian duke-out ''Emperor of the North Pole'' (Saturday and Tuesday); and, for the truly fearless, a brand new print of Joshua Logan's insanely misconceived musical ''Paint Your Wagon'' (Sunday), with a talk-singing Marvin joining the nonsinging Jean Seberg and the barely verbal Clint Eastwood in a frontier menage-a-trois. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Robert Stack and Shirley Yamaguchi in "House of Bamboo." (Photo by Photofest/Museum of the Moving Image)

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**End of Document**



[***THE FAR WEST VILLAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RK80-0009-215K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

''W AY out west of Hudson Street'' is how Greenwich Villagers, viewing the world from their expensive little Bohemia, used to think of the cheaper dockside quarter to the west.

Now that area has emerged as the dramatically expanding residential quarter of the 1980's. Moving beyond Bohemia into $100,000-a-year-and-up chic, it is variously known as the New West Village, the West West Village, the Real West Village or the Far West Village.

With a suitably westward-ho drive and a sort of West Coast innovativeness, it has pushed past its 19th-century red-brick and brownstone houses to adapt unlikely terrain to human habitation. Prospectors for unconventional housing at almost any price find open living spaces and the rakish bulks of reclaimed warehouses and coldstorage plants alongside cobblestoned, Greek Revival quaintness. Traditional apartment houses, none truly high-rise, are outnumbered by sturdy, 100-year-old ''tenements'' refurbished to attract the young and prosperous, even as Irish or Italian oldtimers still lean on pillows to watch the world from upper windows.

Laurie Johnston takes a look at NY City's Far West Village

''The big push is already on to get high-rises along the river,'' one real estate broker said. The linchpin of the developing community is the imminent $50 million conversion of the 10-story former Federal Archives Building, the area's largest structure and vacant since 1974. The high-ceilinged, block-square Romanesque landmark, bounded by Christopher, Barrow, Washington and Greenwich Streets, will be a 350-apartment cooperative, with retail and community space.

From truck-clotted West Street on the river, the Far West Village runs inland only three crosstown blocks across Washington Street, Greenwich Street and Hudson (the southern extension of Eighth Avenue) - or, in some minds, to Bleecker for one five-block stretch between Christopher and Bank Streets. Southward from its north boundary at West 14th Street, the area extends 15 or 18 blocks - to Morton or West Houston, depending on who is counting.

To stem the decline of jobs, nonresidential zoning has been stiffened in the area's north and south extremities: the Gansevoort wholesale-meat district, just below 14th Street, and the ''graphic arts and trucking district,'' which meanders below Morton Street toward Houston.

MANY of the ''private'' houses go back to the 1840s, soon after the a rea was turned from farmland into lots, and the Greenwich Village H istoric District extends westward to the middle of Washington S treet. Nearly all the houses have been divided into apartments ( duplexes, floor-throughs or smaller), generally by owner-occupants, o r are jointly owned.

Two or three decades ago, when many houses had declined into rooming houses but pier operations were already withering, creeping blight seemed to destine the whole area to urban renewal by bulldozer and high-rise development. Activists led by Jane Jacobs, the writer on urban planning, beat back that threat, and community vigilance and economic conditions have since led to a ''renewal'' more in the area's own image. But residents peer into the not-quite-settled question of the Westway, the proposed six-lane highway along the Hudson River from the Battery to 42d Street, as if into a crystal ball, even while disagreeing on what they see.

''You can't talk West Village without talking Westway - the whole future hangs on it,'' says James Shaw, chairman of the West Village Committee. The road would run underground the length of the West Village, with landfill creating new residential and park property in the river. The only ''parks'' now are two play-and-sitting areas at Abingdon Square and two sports courts, far north and far south.

Served remotely or scantily by subway and bus, the Far West Village has remained, except for Christopher Street, a sort of backwater, without Greenwich Village's tour buses, walking tours and weekend hordes. But the Far West cherishes its peculiar surprises: A clapboard cottage moved to its own lawn at Greenwich and Charles Streets, dwarfed by buildings that, at nine or 10 stories, are tall for the area. The Amos Farm, a nursery plot and garden store on Hudson at 10th Street that still carries the name of an original farm in the area. A sunbathing pier at the foot of Morton Street that is moorage for ''the Greenwich Village Navy'' - two Board of Education training ships.A defunct elevated railroad spur that appears to run right through three of the newest conversions on West Street.

In 1970, 6,400 people lived in the entire area west of Hudson. The 1980 census counted just under 8,000, by now a thoroughly out-of-date total. Sixteen percent were from black, Hispanic or other minorities.

Although the area has a large homosexual population, it also attracts young, two-paycheck heterosexual couples. Less than onefourth of the 1980 households were ''families'' (married couples with or without children and single parents with children). The entire child population was 635 and 2,700 adults lived alone.

The median age for the whole area was 33, but 668 persons were over 65, with 400 of them living north of Bank Street and many still protected by rent control.

Public schools are nearby P.S. 3 on Hudson Street, which offers an arts-centered ''alternative'' curriculum, and P.S. 41, the main Greenwich Village school on West 11th and Avenue of the Americas. With 800 pupils, P.S. 41 has 74 percent reading at or above grade level, 112th among the city's 627 elementary schools. P.S. 3, with 325 pupils, ranks 147th with a 70 percent score. Private schools include the Village Community School, St. Luke's and the West Village Nursery School.

Thus far, retail business has not increased in proportion to the new population, and it is still a fair sprint to Bleecker Street's gourmet and ethnic food shops, boutiques, hardware stores, decorators and antique shops. Movies are also a long trek away, but the lively theater west of Seventh Avenue includes the Lucille Lortel (formerly Theater de Lys), Cherry Lane, Actors Playhouse, Circle Repertory, Perry Street and others (including the Herbert Berghof Studio).

The West Village plethora of restaurants is edging farther west, with uptowners attracted to perhaps the Village Green, La Ripaille or The Heavenly Host (complete with harpsichord) on Hudson, Hornblower's on Horatio, K.O.'s or Trattoria da Alfredo on Bank. The old ***working-class*** bars have been ''discovered,'' in the earlier tradition of the White Horse on Hudson, and even the waterfront dives are getting fancier - and more expensive.

While burglaries in the area have dropped below last year's first three months, robberies are up 70 percent while holding steady in the rest of the Sixth Precinct. Officer Thomas Knobel, noting that ''the population doubles on weekends,'' said most of the trouble was around the homosexual bars and the piers between 11 A.M. and 5 A.M. Urging residents to ''stay off West Street at night,'' he said the precinct was ''trying to clean up'' the conditions there.

THE spectacular increase in housing has come mainly through c onversion of commercial and manufacturing buildings to living lofts a nd apartments. Mark Blau, one of the new breed of conversion s pecialists (he turned a former stable on Horatio Street into a d istinctive co-op), puts the number west of Hudson at ''maybe 2,000 c ompleted already with, you could safely say, thousands more in the p ipeline.''

The old Federal House of Detention on West Street has become a loft co-op. The former Sixth Precinct stationhouse is an apartment house called Le Gendarme. Printing House Square was a printing company. Recycled warehouses include Shephard House, the Romanesque (rents from $850 for a studio to $2,895 for the penthouse), the Towers and Waywest, where a two-bedroom ground-floor apartment goes for $160,000 with $245 maintenance. Manhattan Refrigerating Company, which served the meat-market district, is now the 300-unit West Coast rental apartments (studios, $900; 1-bedroom, $1,200) - and developers with faith in future zoning relaxation are jockeying for position in the meat district itself.

''To find co-ops here under $100,000 is really tough,'' said David Puchkoff, Waywest's owner. Said Mr. Blau, ''In this area you're talking about $100 per square foot for a basic, open-plan co-op purchase and maybe $150 to $160 per square foot for completely finished, with good kitchens and baths.''

''Townhouse prices here are pretty much holding at $400,000 to $600,000 but few good ones are on the market,'' said Mary Johnson, a real estate broker. ''Interestingly enough,'' said Patricia Mason, another broker, ''none has gone over $1 million yet - but they will.'' Calling $450,000 to $500,000 ''really the starting point for brownstones,'' she said she had ''a tiny little one for $290,000.''

Typical rents for apartments in houses are $600 to $750 for studios, $900 to $1,400 for one-bedrooms and $1,400 to $2,000 for two-bedrooms.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Map of West Village photo of White Horse Tavern

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[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VOTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4175-BWV0-00MH-F3VD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bucking the Swing-State Trend, Ohio Holding Steady, Polls Show - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4175-BWV0-00MH-F3VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1752 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Series:** BATTLEGROUNDS

**Dateline:** COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 15

**Body**

Pennsylvania and several other swing states may have shifted toward Vice President Al Gore in the presidential race in the last three weeks, but so far Ohio has more or less stayed put, if surveys of voters are to be believed.

In polls by various organizations starting in May, Mr. Gore's main rival, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, has held a reasonably steady lead. A recent survey, completed before Labor Day by The Columbus Dispatch, gave him a lead of six percentage points, 49 to 43, with a margin of sampling error of 2 percent.

One of the state's leading academic pollsters said, "This race hasn't changed a lick in Ohio in the last six months." Some politicians see progress for Mr. Gore, but they think that he still has ground to make up.

Which is a bit odd, because this Midwestern state has been considered a political microcosm since the Civil War. Bill Clinton carried it twice (albeit by fewer than 100,000 votes in 1992). Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan and George Bush took it in the three elections before that, and in 1984, 1988 and 1996, the voting breakdown here almost exactly matched the national pattern.

The last time Ohio voted against the grain was 1960; although he drew big crowds, John F. Kennedy lost here; he said the state broke his heart.

It may be that Ohio, never a very trendy place, is a bit slower to react to changes in the national campaign than are the other big battleground states. It may be that the state Democratic Party's striking lack of recent electoral successes is beginning to take a toll in the party's organization. Or it may be that demographic changes are making Ohio less typical.

Whatever the explanation may be, Mr. Bush's continued strength here is very good news for a campaign that has been short of good news lately -- and no Republican has ever been elected president without carrying Ohio.

Mr. Gore's strategists insist that he can catch Mr. Bush here. With nine paid field operatives already in the state, the Gore campaign decided this week to send in 15 more. And the vice president shows no sign of reducing his campaigning or his television spending in the state, even in the heavily and ancestrally Republican Cincinnati area. He has been there four times this year, and he unveiled his $500 billion tax-cut plan there this summer.

On Tuesday, Mr. Gore and his running mate, Senator Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut, rode school buses from the Dayton area through Middletown to Cincinnati, trailed by a procession of limousines, regular buses, vans and motorcycles. The idea was to draw attention to the Democrats' prescriptions for education.

Representative Tom Sawyer of Akron, a Democrat, conceded that "Gore had trouble getting traction here, and a month ago people in our own party were saying he was on his last legs." But he said Mr. Gore's emphasis on issues in his speech at the Democratic convention had made a big difference.

"At least this is a contested state now," Mr. Sawyer said. "We have a decent chance to carry it."

Party officials here estimated that the two campaigns and two major parties have already spent $11 million on television commercials in Ohio. It is a costly state, which includes all or part of 12 media markets, including big ones centered on Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo.

William A. Burga, president of the Ohio A.F.L.-C.I.O., which has more than 800,000 members, said he thought Mr. Gore was spending far too much time in Cincinnati and needed to go "where his base is -- the northern, northeastern, southeastern parts of Ohio."

Still, all the available evidence suggests that Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore have both built solid partisan bases here, and that they are fighting over perhaps 5 to 6 percent of the electorate, composed largely of independents, suburban residents and women.

Few swing voters in Ohio are white, ***working-class*** ethnics like such voters in other states, said Dean Lacey, an assistant professor of political science at Ohio State University.

Instead, Mr. Lacey said, they are mostly suburban women -- "soccer moms" -- as well as former supporters of Ross Perot who would have liked the chance to vote for Gov. Jesse Ventura of Minnesota, and a fair number of middle-class African-Americans attracted by the Republicans' support for school vouchers. Mr. Perot took 21 percent of the Ohio vote in 1992, although his total fell back to 11 percent four years later.

Kelly Craiglow, 33, who describes herself as a "stay-at-home mom" and lives in Lancaster, a small city southeast of here, is just the sort of voter Mr. Gore needs to win over if he is to carry Ohio. She leans to Mr. Bush because she is a Republican, she said in an interview, but having worked for a time in a pharmacy, she is very worried about the cost of prescription drugs.

"Old people came in there and spent all their money on prescriptions," Ms. Craiglow said. "It was sad, and then they ran completely out of money and had to rely on the government."

Although aware that both Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore had plans to deal with the problem, she acknowledged that she had not taken the time to study and compare them. But she said she would watch the debates and "probably vote for whichever one sounds as if he is going to be able to help those people a little."

Mr. Gore may have more trouble reaching voters like Elaine Medsker, 71, who works part time at a hospital near her home in Geauga County, east of Cleveland. Her comments dealt with character, not policy questions.

"I've been very depressed by Mr. Clinton. He's a sleazy person, and Gore's not far behind," said Mrs. Medsker, a Republican who has voted for Democrats for president in the past. "Gore makes so many promises, one after another, and you know he can't deliver on them. Now, President Bush was a good man, an honest man, and I think he has a good influence on his son."

Like Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Burga said he had detected some recent movement toward Mr. Gore, whether or not it had been reflected in the polls. People were beginning to volunteer in larger numbers, he said, "as the vice president starts to focus on the issues our members think about, like prescription drugs, education and Social Security."

Labor has changed its tactics for this campaign, Mr. Burga said. It is putting new emphasis on getting campaign materials into the hands of every local union official in the state. He said he hoped that workers would respond more enthusiastically to the urging of their elected leaders than "to what some bunch of guys in Washington or Columbus tells them that they ought to do."

How much the state Democratic Party will be able to contribute to the Gore effort is questionable. The Republicans have a strong organization, built up over many decades by chairmen like Ray C. Bliss, who went on to head the Republican National Committee, and the incumbent, Robert T. Bennett.

At the moment, the Republicans here, led by Gov. Bob Taft, hold every statewide constitutional office and both Senate seats, plus solid margins in the Congressional delegation (11-8), the State Senate (21-12) and the State House of Representatives (59-40). The Democrats have been having trouble recruiting strong candidates; as a result, Senator Michael DeWine, no political superman, is expected to win easily this fall over the untested Ted Celeste, a Democrat who is the brother of former Gov. Richard F. Celeste. If so, Mr. DeWine would be the first Republican senator from Ohio to win re-election since John W. Bricker did it in 1952.

Representative John R. Kasich, the Columbus Republican who made a brief run for the Republican presidential nomination last year, argued that the State Democratic Party would be of little help to Mr. Gore in November.

"Gore will pay a price for the Democrats' weakened condition," Mr. Kasich said. "They're in a shambles. The only thing I can compare it to is the lousy condition of our own party in the 1970's as a result of Watergate."

Mr. Kasich is retiring. His district, once considered marginal, is now leaning slightly toward the Republican nominee, Pat Tiberi, the majority leader in the State House. But Mr. Tiberi has been distancing himself from Mr. Bush's 10-year, $1.3 trillion tax-cut proposal, focusing instead on more modest measures, like eliminating the inheritance tax.

"Insurance," an Ohio Republican consultant said. "If Gore demolishes Bush's tax plan in the debates next month, Tiberi doesn't want to pay."

Big industrial unions like the steelworkers, in Cleveland and Youngstown; the automobile workers, in the Cleveland area; and the rubber workers, in Akron, used to be strong in Ohio. But now the dominant unions are those for teachers (the Ohio Education Association has 120,000 members) and the state, county and municipal workers, with 105,000.

The Kasich district exemplifies the demographic changes that are transforming Ohio. Columbus is now the largest city (though not the largest metropolitan area) in the state, supplanting Cleveland. Its growth is in white-collar jobs at Ohio State, insurance companies like Nationwide and banks like Bank One, rather than the industrial jobs on which the state once depended.

Delaware County, which forms the northern part of the district, used to be a bucolic place. The town of Delaware, the county seat and the home of Ohio Wesleyan University, still plays host to one of harness racing's main events, the Little Brown Jug, each September. (Brown jug banners were hanging from lamp poles there this week.) But the county is fast filling up with new, prosperous, Republican-leaning suburbs.

Despite the large number of liberal-arts colleges, Ohio stands in the bottom quarter of states in the percentage of residents who are college graduates. And according to one recent survey, Ohio ranks in the bottom third in number of technology-driven businesses.

"Our demographics are slowly drifting away from the national norms," said Mike Curtin, the associate publisher of The Dispatch, who has been watching elections in Ohio for decades. "We're aging; we're exporting our college graduates; and we're not very involved in the new economy. We're not going to be the barometer we have been.

"The state's still in play, of course, but the hill Democratic candidates have to climb gets a degree or two steeper every four years or so."

Battlegrounds

This is the second article in a series about four swing states that are likely to be critical to the outcome of the presidential race. Later articles will look at Wisconsin and Michigan. An earlier article looked at Pennsylvania.

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

**Correction**

One map yesterday in a grouping with an article about the importance of Ohio in the presidential race showed erroneous calculations of population density by county. Here is a corrected version.

**Correction-Date:** September 19, 2000, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Chart/Map: "Ohio's Electorate"

Ohio, where almost 75 percent of the voters are registered as non-partisan, will play an important role in this year's presidential race. Here is a closer look at the state.

Maps seperate Ohio in terms of demographics for 1999, Median income for 1995, and votes for presidenial candidates in the 1988, 1992, and 1996 elections.

(Sources: Congressional Quarterly; U.S. Census Bureau; Ohio Department of State)(pg. A16)      Map shows population density by county in Ohio.

**Load-Date:** September 18, 2000

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VOTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PV20-00MH-F02C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PRESIDENTIAL RACE IS BEING RUN HARD IN KEYSTONE STATE - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PV20-00MH-F02C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1;Page 1;Column 3;National Desk; Column 3;; Series

**Length:** 1778 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Series:** BATTLEGROUNDS: Pennsylvania

**Dateline:** SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 8

**Body**

"Battleground Scranton," said a banner headline in The Tribune here on Tuesday.

"It's beginning to seem as though they're running for president of Pennsylvania," commented The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette on Thursday.

Little wonder. This week alone, Vice President Al Gore campaigned in Philadelphia on Sunday, Pittsburgh on Monday and the Scranton area on Thursday. Gov. George W. Bush of Texas was in Allentown and Scranton on Tuesday, Scranton on Wednesday and Pittsburgh on Friday. Lest anyone's attention wander, Dick Cheney, Mr. Bush's running mate, hit the Philadelphia suburbs.

By early this week, the Democrats and the Republicans had each spent more than $5 million in Pennsylvania, in soft money and hard, on television advertising. By late this week, Mr. Bush had been to the state 14 times and Mr. Gore had made no fewer than 17 campaign visits. On the most recent one he pleased local chauvinists by commenting, "I believe that this state is literally 'the Keystone state,' and I'm going to continue to spend an enormous amount of time here."

Hyperbole aside, Pennsylvania is one of the handful of states -- 6, 8, maybe 10, depending on who's counting -- where the presidential race of 2000 will be decided. Even after decades of population decline, it still casts 23 electoral votes, more than any other closely contested state. So when public and private polls suggested the start of a slide toward Mr. Gore, Mr. Bush stormed in to try to halt the slide, and the vice president arrived to try to keep the momentum going.

"No question about it," Gov. Tom Ridge, a Bush confidant, said in an interview. "Gore got a huge bump out of his party's convention. It was very surprising, an enigma to me. But I'll tell you, we're not in such bad shape. Even or a few points behind, running against the vice president when times are good, a strong economy and no war -- sign me up, I'll take a shot."

Mr. Ridge said he thought Mr. Bush needed to "maximize voters' chances to see him personally, because he's the more likable of the two candidates, close up." Mr. Bush seems to be moving in that direction, with his staff's promises on Thursday to hold town meetings like the ones he held in the primaries.

What Mr. Ridge did not say, but virtually every other politician in the state has been saying for weeks, is that Mr. Bush has been handicapped by his vice-presidential choice. Had he chosen Mr. Ridge, the pros here say, he would have won the state with ease and gained in other states that are witnessing hand-to-hand political combat this fall, like Michigan.

But instead of making that choice, said Prof. Joseph DiSarro, chairman of the political science department at Washington and Jefferson College, "he chose Dick Cheney, who has been a dud."

"No excitement at all," Professor DiSarro added. "Two white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males, which doesn't put much of a fresh face on the Republican Party. Whereas the Democrats chose Lieberman, who's perfect for Pennsylvania -- a very personable but unconventional and socially conservative Democrat."

This is a somewhat unconventional state, politically speaking. It has relatively few registered independents. It has almost half a million more registered Democrats than registered Republicans, but the Democrats are an unorthodox breed -- more conservative than most in their party and much less supportive of ideas like abortion rights and gun control. Bill Clinton carried the state easily in 1992 and 1996, but Republicans control the governorship, three of the four other statewide offices and both Senate seats.

Paradoxically, given the paucity of officially independent voters, party-lining does not play well here. A candidate is "better off here to be viewed as an independent," Mr. Ridge said, "because up-and-down anything -- liberal, conservative -- is not good."

Pennsylvania's population of 12 million is older than that of most states; many young people leave, and few come from elsewhere. Only 13 Congressional districts have older populations than Representative Paul E. Kanjorski's district, centered on Wilkes-Barre, a weary anthracite coal town southwest of here, and all 13 are in the retirement havens of Florida and Arizona.

In Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, hardscrabble places with scores of vacant and boarded-up buildings downtown, people count on Washington for help. For decades, they got it from their men in Washington, Representatives Daniel J. Flood and Joseph M. McDade, but both left office under clouds of scandal. Some local people still say of them, "If they stole, at least they stole for us."

So issues like Social Security, Medicare and especially prescription drugs, important everywhere this fall, are critical in this region and this state. Both candidates have shown commercials about health care in Pennsylvania, and next month a group from Scranton and elsewhere in the state is taking a bus trip to Canada to buy drugs, because they are cheaper there.

Mr. Kanjorski, a Democrat, recently held eight town meetings on health issues and drew the largest crowds of his career -- more than 500 people in some cases, many of them recently left in the lurch when two of the area's major managed care plans, run by Blue Cross and Geisinger, were closed.

Under pressure for weeks to state a detailed position on prescription drugs, Mr. Bush did so on his visits to Allentown and Scranton, proposing a plan that would rely much more heavily than Mr. Gore's on the states and on the big health care providers. Mr. Ridge had been among those pressing him in private conversations, and he enthusiastically supported the new Bush plan. Pennsylvania already has the largest state prescription drug program, paid for by state lottery money; it will cost $290 million this year.

Mindful of the need to attract uncommitted voters, who here as elsewhere tend to be turned off by excessive partisanship, Mr. Bush repeatedly promised a bipartisan approach to the health care problem and mentioned Democratic senators with whom he said he could work well, like John B. Breaux of Louisiana.

"We are in a very critical week," said Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School of Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, which studies news coverage. "The question is, will Bush get the traction he needs on this issue? The proposals are complicated, but what emerges from the media is pretty simple: Both have plans now; Gore would spend more money."

One of those who lost coverage, Jacob Nykaza of Jermyn, near Scranton, told The Tribune: "We have to decide who has the better program. Either one should be better than nothing." His medications cost $35 a week.

Mr. Bush did something else here that could have a considerable impact among the large numbers of Roman Catholic voters in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, most of whom strongly oppose abortion, as does Mr. Bush. There are no abortion clinics in Lackawanna County (Scranton) or Luzerne County (Wilkes-Barre). Although he said nothing publicly about abortion, Mr. Bush paid a well-publicized 40-minute call on Bishop James C. Timlin of Scranton.

The bishop, an outspoken opponent of abortion, said afterward that the visit had nothing to do with politics. But it certainly sent a message, especially since he had forbidden a planned appearance this year by Mr. Gore, an abortion rights supporter, at the Catholic Mercy Hospital here.

"This means the church has given its tacit approval to Bush," said Steve Corbett, a columnist for The News-Leader in Wilkes-Barre. "That's how people will interpret it. You're in the heart of anti-abortion country."

This area is not nearly as populous, of course, as Philadelphia or Pittsburgh. But it is closely balanced in partisan terms. Representative Donald L. Sherwood, whose district is centered on Scranton, won by only 515 votes in 1996, defeating Patrick Casey, a son of former Gov. Robert Casey and a brother of the state auditor, Robert Casey Jr. Mr. Casey, a Democrat, is running again, which should guarantee a big turnout and a close presidential contest in a district that President Clinton won in 1996 but lost to President George Bush in 1992.

"This election is about two things," said Prof. G. Terry Madonna of Millersville University. "Can Gore hold onto the socially conservative ***working-class*** Catholics in the hard-coal country in the northeast and the soft-coal country in the southwest, the ones you call Reagan Democrats and we call Casey Democrats? And can Bush hold onto the weakly leaning Republicans, fiscally conservative but not antigovernment, in the suburban counties around Philadelphia, especially the well-educated women?"

A poll taken for KDKA-TV in Pittsburgh on Sept. 5 and 6 and released on Thursday put Mr. Gore at 53 percent and Mr. Bush at 42 percent, with 4 percent opting for other candidates and 1 percent undecided. The survey questioned 800 likely voters, pushing them to state a preference even if they were unsure; the margin of sampling error was plus or minus 3.5 percentage points.

Professor Madonna, a pollster himself, said he thought Mr. Gore's lead was more like four to six percentage points. He said that because he did not believe the race had settled yet, he had delayed a new poll until later this month.

All the polls show big gender gaps. A poll taken for another western Pennsylvania television station, WPXI, indicates that Mr. Gore's entire margin comes from women. And they all show Mr. Bush fading in the pivotal suburban counties that surround Philadelphia -- Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware and Chester.

Neil Oxman, a Democratic campaign consultant in Philadelphia, said the Republican National Convention, held there, was the catalyst. Polls Mr. Oxman has taken for local and regional candidates, he said, show that Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore have consolidated 92 to 93 percent of their bases, which yields Mr. Gore a significant advantage, given the big Democratic registration edge.

Mr. Bush was doing nicely, he said, "and then bam! this yawning gender gap opens up, and you suddenly have Gore running strongly in the Main Line, especially among the moderate and upscale women there."

With that constituency, abortion is hurting Mr. Bush, Ms. Jamieson of the Annenberg School said. Although he mentioned the subject only briefly in his acceptance speech, she said, his position, the platform position and that of Mr. Cheney were all discussed at length in the local news media during the convention.

"Voters here know just where he stands," she said.

Battlegrounds

This is the first article in a series about four swing states that are likely to be critical to the outcome of the presidential race. Later articles will look at Ohio, Wisconsin and Michigan.

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

**Correction**

An article on Sunday about the importance of Pennsylvania in the presidential race misstated the name of the Wilkes-Barre newspaper in which a columnist, Steve Corbett, wrote about a meeting between George W. Bush and Bishop James C. Timlin of Scranton. It is The Times Leader, not The News-Leader.

**Correction-Date:** September 12, 2000, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photos: In recent weeks, Pennsylvania has become a frequent campaign stop for Vice President Al Gore and Gov. George W. Bush. Last Thursday Mr. Gore mingled with voters and their families in Simpson, near Scranton. Earlier in the week, Mr. Bush spoke at the Community Medical Center in Scranton. (Ruth Fremson/The New York Times); (Stephen Crowley/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

Chart/Maps: "SNAPSHOT: Pennsylvania's Electorate"

Pennsylvania will play an important role in this year's presidential race. Here is a closer look at the state.

Maps follow demographics for Population density, 1999 (People per square mile), Median income, 1995, voting, Voters registered in 2000 As of April and Votes for President.

(Sources: Congressional Quarterly; U.S. Census Bureau; Pennsylvania Department of State)(pg. 28)

**Load-Date:** September 10, 2000

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[***The Listings: Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B80-1CH1-DXY4-X2YS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 10, 2014 Friday

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**Body**

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

Previews and Openings

'Beautiful: The Carole King Musical' (in previews; opens on Sunday) If you have mellow memories of a scratchy needle hitting that vinyl copy of ''Tapestry,'' chances are the '70s won't seem so far away. Tracing the personal and professional life of the Brooklyn girl who rose through the music-industry ranks from songwriter to chart-topping voice of a generation, this Broadway bio-musical is written by Douglas McGrath and directed by Marc Bruni. Jessie Mueller stars as Ms. King, with Jake Epstein as her erstwhile husband and songwriting partner Gerry Goffin. Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (David Rooney)

'Breakfast With Mugabe' (in previews; opens on Sunday) To his critics in the West, the Zimbabwean president Robert Mugabe is an election-rigger, a thug who uses past victimhood to justify further oppression. To Dr. Peric, a white psychiatrist, he is just another patient. That is the premise of this Fraser Grace play, inspired by news reports that Mr. Mugabe did seek counsel from a white psychiatrist despite his lifelong image as one opposed to white authority figures. The play returns to the stage after an acclaimed run Off Broadway last fall. The Lion Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, breakfastwithmugabe.com. (Catherine Rampell)

'Bronx Bombers' (previews start on Friday; opens on Feb. 6) Having tackled football in ''Lombardi'' and basketball in ''Magic/Bird,'' the playwright Eric Simonson and the producing team of Fran Kirmser and Tony Ponturo turn this time to baseball in their campaign to bring sports-themed entertainment to Broadway. The play, returning after an Off Broadway run last fall, is centered on the volatile relationships of the Yankees team of 1977, and includes appearances by legends like Babe Ruth, Mickey Mantle, Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio as well as contemporary stars like Derek Jeter. The real-life husband and wife Peter Scolari and Tracy Shayne star as Yogi and Carmen Berra. Mr. Simonson also directs. Circle in the Square, 235 West 50th Street, Manhattan, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'Cry, Trojans! (Troilus & Cressida)' (in previews) The Wooster Group in 2012 collaborated with the Royal Shakespeare Company on an unconventional production of ''Troilus and Cressida,'' in which each company brought its own radically different approach to the opposing forces in the Trojan War. In this monthlong developmental run, the Wooster Group converts that venture into an independent piece focusing on the Trojan side of the clash, examined through the idiom of the Native American experience. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster Street, near Grand Street, SoHo, (212) 966-3651, thewoostergroup.org. (Rooney)

'Green Porno' (opens on Thursday) Expanding on her Sundance Channel series of the same name, Isabella Rossellini digs deeper into the bizarre reproductive rituals of insects and marine life in this stage monologue. Described as ''part nature documentary, part DIY cartoon,'' the performance piece features Ms. Rossellini amid video footage, Day-Glo costumes and paper puppets, reciting text by the veteran French screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrière. Muriel Mayette of La Comédie Française directs. Fishman Space, Fisher Building, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 321 Ashland Place, near Lafayette Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100, bam.org. (Rooney)

'Grounded' (in previews; opens on Thursday) A critical hit in Edinburgh and London last year, George Brant's searing monologue about moral responsibility gets inside the head of a fighter pilot removed from active duty after she becomes a mother and is reassigned to operate drones from a trailer in the Nevada desert. Ken Rus Schmoll directs Hannah Cabell in the role in this Page 73 production. The play won the 2012 Smith Prize, which recognizes an outstanding work focusing on American politics. Walkerspace, 46 Walker Street, TriBeCa, (866) 811-4111, page73.org/tickets. (Rooney)

'I Am the Wind' (in previews; opens on Thursday) Simon Stephens, whose plays ''Harper Regan'' and ''Bluebird'' have received attention Off Broadway, translates the Norwegian dramatist Jon Fosse's meditation on life, death and fate, viewed through the experience of two friends heading out on an open-ocean boating trip. Paul Takacs directs this two-character play, which features Louis Butelli and Christopher Tierney, who made news when he was injured in ''Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark.'' 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200, 59e59.org. (Rooney)

'Intimacy' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on Jan. 29) Always a divisive figure whose work draws equal parts admiration and outrage, Thomas Bradshaw returns to the New Group after his gruesomely erotic 2011 drama, ''Burning.'' The playwright's provocative new comedy explores what goes on behind the closed doors of three families in a seemingly squeaky-clean multiracial American town. Scott Elliott directs the seven-member ensemble. Acorn Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, thenewgroup.org. (Rooney)

'King Lear' (in previews; opens on Thursday) The glut of quality Shakespeare on New York stages through the fall spills over into 2014 with the Brooklyn Academy of Music's presentation of Angus Jackson's star-driven production for the Chichester Festival Theater. Donning the precariously balanced crown of the self-deluded monarch this time around is the three-time Tony Award winner Frank Langella, in what was described in The Guardian as a performance of ''spellbinding power.'' Harvey Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton Street, Fort Greene, (718) 636-4100, bam.org. (Rooney)

'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner' (in previews; opens on Jan. 21) Alan Sillitoe's 1959 short story explores the conflicted path of Colin Smith, a ***working-class*** teenager of Nottingham, England, who is convicted of petty crime and turns to running as a means of escape -- but finds his athletic prowess exploited by his reform-school gatekeepers. Leah C. Gardiner directs this stage adaptation by Roy Williams, which ushers one of the key literary figures of Britain's Angry Young Men movement into the 21st century. Atlantic Stage 2, 330 West 16th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200, atlantictheater.org. (Rooney)

'Loot' (in previews; opens on Thursday) While Red Bull Theater has garnered a reputation for savoring the Grand Guignol horrors of Jacobean tragedy, the company turns to the less bloody but equally scabrous subversive comedy of Joe Orton with this revival of the British playwright's 1965 satire on English middle-class morality. Jesse Berger directs a farce that was once mischievously described by Orton as ''a piece of indecent tomfoolery'' in a letter to Plays and Players magazine written under his frequent pseudonym, the indignant theatergoer Mrs. Edna Welthorpe. Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 352-3101, redbulltheater.com. (Rooney)

'Machinal' (in previews; opens on Thursday) After scoring a critical hit with ''The Winslow Boy,'' Roundabout Theater Company again digs beyond the high-rotation revival stack with this expressionist drama by Sophie Treadwell, unseen on Broadway since its 1928 premiere and inspired by the sensational New York murder trial of Ruth Snyder the previous year. Rebecca Hall stars as a stenographer disillusioned by marriage and motherhood, who gets a dangerous taste of independence in an illicit love affair. Lyndsay Turner directs a large ensemble cast that also features Suzanne Bertish, Michael Cumpsty and Morgan Spector. American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (Rooney)

'A Man's a Man' (previews start on Friday; opens on Jan. 30) Having presented ''Galileo'' and ''The Caucasian Chalk Circle'' in recent seasons, Classic Stage Company returns to Brecht with this early knockabout farce set in British colonial India, where a civilian is enlisted into the army to be dismantled and reassembled as the perfect fighting machine. The director Brian Kulick and the composer Duncan Sheik once again collaborate on the staging and score, with a cast that includes Justin Vivian Bond, Stephen Spinella and Gibson Frazier, who plays the hapless recruit. Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101, classicstage.org. (Rooney)

'My Daughter Keeps Our Hammer' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Jan. 25) The Brooklyn playwright Brian Watkins adopts as his setting the kind of desolate American prairie town that once might have been the terrain of Sam Shepard in this drama about the family secrets of two estranged sisters and their needy mother. Members of the Flea Theater's resident acting company, the Bats, star in this premiere directed by Danya Taymor, whose aunt, Julie, has a theater credit or two on her résumé. Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, (212) 352-3101, theflea.org. (Rooney)

'Outside Mullingar' (in previews; opens on Jan. 23) Brian F. O'Byrne and Debra Messing star as eccentric misfits living on neighboring properties in rural Ireland, whose hope of romance and happiness is tested by a land feud between their two families. Described as ''an Irish 'Moonstruck,' '' this new work from John Patrick Shanley, the screenwriter of that movie, reunites him with Manhattan Theater Club and Doug Hughes, the company and director behind his Pulitzer- and Tony-winning hit, ''Doubt,'' which also starred Mr. O'Byrne. Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'Row After Row' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Jan. 23) Jessica Dickey, whose inventive riff on father-daughter conflict, ''Charles Ives Take Me Home,'' had its premiere last season at Rattlestick, returns with a new play for Women's Project Theater. Directed by Daniella Topol, this dark comedy weighs the feasibility of peaceable union among any people, approaching the question via three Civil War re-enactors on the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg in a rural Pennsylvania town. City Center Stage II, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Rooney)

'She Is King' (previews start on Friday; opens on Tuesday) The tennis dynamo and equal rights pioneer Billie Jean King, who is preparing to travel to Russia next month as part of the official United States delegation to the Winter Olympics, is the subject of a new multimedia work by Laryssa Husiak. Part of the Other Forces festival, the play, directed by Katherine Brook, examines the impact of media on gender, sexuality and fame. It combines live performance with archival footage to re-enact three television interviews from pivotal points in Ms. King's career. Incubator Arts Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, incubatorarts.org. (Rooney)

'Stop Hitting Yourself' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Jan. 27) Rude Mechs, a theater collective from Austin, Tex., purloins plots from 1930s Busby Berkley musicals to consider the contemporary clash between individualism and elite society. Written by Kirk Lynn and directed by Shawn Sides, this latest presentation from Lincoln Center Theater's LCT3 initiative for emerging artists is a ''Pygmalion''-type tale that revolves around a wild man found in the forest, whose behavior must be tamed in time for an annual charity ball. Claire Tow Theater, Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com, lct3.org. (Rooney)

'The Surrender' (in previews; opens on Wednesday) ''Fifty Shades of Grey'' meets ''Black Swan.'' Arriving in New York after engagements at the Centro Dramático Nacional in Madrid and the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, this stage adaptation of an erotic memoir by the former Balanchine dancer Toni Bentley follows a classical ballerina coaxed into total submission by a sexy stranger. The actress Laura Campbell steps into Ms. Bentley's shoes in Zishan Ugurlu's production. Clurman Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

Broadway

&#x2605; 'After Midnight' The stars of this tribute to the Harlem jazz clubs of the 1920s and '30s are the 16 virtuosic musicians who perform -- with verve, style and a good splash of sheer joy -- about 25 songs from the period, with a special emphasis on Duke Ellington both as composer and arranger. The dancers and singers are terrific -- Fantasia Barrino sings with style, and Adriane Lenox all but steals the show with her two lowdown numbers. But it's really the Jazz at Lincoln Center All Stars on the bandstand at the back of the stage who shine brightest (1:30). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, (212) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder' Playing eight different victims of a sweet-faced killer (Bryce Pinkham) in Edwardian England, Jefferson Mays sings, dances, prances and generally makes infectious merriment in this daffy, ingenious new musical. Written with real wit by Robert L. Freedman and Steven Lutvak, the show has been stylishly directed by Darko Tresnjak (2:20). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Glass Menagerie' John Tiffany's stunning revival of Tennessee Williams's 1944 family drama promises to be the most revealing revival of a cornerstone classic for many a year. This poetic production paradoxically reveals the brute emotional force in a play often dismissed as wispy and elegiac. The entire cast -- Cherry Jones, Zachary Quinto, Celia Keenan-Bolger and Brian J. Smith -- is magnificent (2:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

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

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

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

'A Night With Janis Joplin' And friends, actually. The hard-living singer of the title, whose greatest hits are performed with impressive emotional ferocity by Mary Bridget Davies, is joined by a quartet of gifted singers giving their own impersonations of the singers who influenced her, from Bessie Smith to Odetta to Nina Simone to Aretha Franklin. But the talky Janis who gives us a docent tour of blues history in this amplified concert, written and directed by Randy Johnson, doesn't compel the way the ferocious singer does (2:15). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'No Man's Land'/'Waiting for Godot' With Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart playing a couple of swells and a couple of hobos, Sean Mathias's productions bring out the polish and shimmer in the language of these existential classics from Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. If these shows lack the requisite mortal chill, they allow us to savor fully some of the best dialogue ever written. (''Waiting for Godot'': 2:30; ''No Man's Land'': 2:00.) Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

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

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

&#x2605; 'Twelfth Night'/'Richard III' In a word, bliss. Mark Rylance demonstrates that he can be just as brilliant in a skirt (as a love-stunned countess) as in trousers (as a psychopathic monarch) in these all-male productions from Shakespeare's Globe in London, directed by Tim Carroll. These are radiantly illuminating interpretations, and in the case of ''Twelfth Night,'' a source of pure, tickling joy. (''Twelfth Night'': 2:50; ''Richard III'': 2:45.) Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

Off Broadway

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

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

'The Commons of Pensacola' The actress Amanda Peet makes a creditable writing debut with this sudsy family drama loosely inspired by the Bernard Madoff scandal. Blythe Danner gives a crisply funny performance as the disgraced wife, with Sarah Jessica Parker making a sure-footed return to stage work as her daughter, who begins to harbor doubts about her mother's innocence (1:20). City Center Stage I, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

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

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

'Disaster!' Seth Rudetsky and Jack Plotnick lampoon those cheesy 1970s movies in which fistfuls of C-list stars were clobbered by various unnatural acts of nature. Deathlessly awful songs from the same era -- ''Torn Between Two Lovers,'' ''Feelings,'' ''I Am Woman'' -- are thrown in for good measure (2:05). St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, disastermusical.com. (Isherwood)

'Hamlet' The Bedlam company presents a four-person, stripped-down production that is modest and sensitive to the sound of the poetry of the play (3:30). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Jason Zinoman)

'Handle With Care' Jason Odell Williams has written something special: a Jewish Christmas story. Carol Lawrence is the star attraction as an Israeli grandmother in this hilarious and heartwarming story about a lost corpse and a lost love. The other three cast members, however, are adorable -- and a couple of generations younger (1:45). Westside Theater Downstairs, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, handlewithcaretheplay.com. (Gates)

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

&#x2605; 'Juno and the Paycock' J. Smith-Cameron gives a warm, moving performance as the wife of the ne'er-do-well ''Captain'' Jack Boyle (the fine Ciaran O'Reilly) in Charlotte Moore's assured revival of Sean O'Casey's play about the troubles faced by an impoverished family amid the civil unrest in Dublin of the 1920s (2:15). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737, irishrep.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' After a successful run at Second Stage Uptown, this show returns to another Off Broadway space, New World Stages. In this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair, a virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812' Dave Malloy's transporting pop opera dramatizes an emotionally potent slice of Tolstoy's ''War and Peace.'' Rachel Chavkin directs a superb young cast who bring the loves and losses of 19th-century Russian aristocrats to vibrant, intimate life in a stylish cabaret setting. The production and its tent make the move from the meatpacking district to the theater district for a multiweek run (2:30). Kazino, West 45th Street, near Eighth Avenue, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Night Alive' Something bright and beautiful pulses in the shadows of this extraordinary play, written and directed by Conor McPherson. A group portrait of five highly imperfect Dubliners groping in the dark, hoping for connection and possibly finding redemption. Ciaran Hinds and Jim Norton lead a memorably vivid cast (1:50). Linda Gross Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (866) 811-4111, atlantictheater.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Nothing to Hide' The supremely skilled and affable sleight-of-hand specialists Derek DelGaudio and Helder Guimarães dazzle and mystify in an evening of card trickery that elicits delighted gasps from the audience for their intricately conceived stunts. Smoothly directed by self-professed magic nerd Neil Patrick Harris (1:10). Signature Center, 480 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Saint Joan' With just four actors playing 24 characters, Bedlam's wonderfully high-spirited production of Shaw's 1920 semi-tragedy leads its audience into, out of and all over the space. Eric Tucker's inventive direction and the four superb performers make it well worth the time. It returns to the stage after a previous run at the Access Theater this year to run in repertory with Bedlam's ''Hamlet'' (3:00). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Eric Grode)

'La Soirée' The side show meets the big top in this naughty hybrid of burlesque and circus, featuring performers like the comic chanteuse Meow Meow and a waterlogged hunk taking a very gymnastic bath (2:00). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, (800) 653-8000, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'What's It All About? Bacharach Reimagined' The terrific Kyle Riabko leads a cast of equally fine singers and musicians in this refreshingly low-key revue of songs written by Burt Bacharach and his longtime lyricist partner, Hal David. Mr. Riabko's stripped-down, neo-folk arrangements drill into the yearning and melancholy that suffuse many of Mr. Bacharach and Mr. David's best-known hits, and the fluid direction of Steven Hoggett echoes and enhances the seamless flow of the music (1:30). New York Theater Workshop, 79 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 279-4200, nytw.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Year of the Rooster' This startling dark comedy by a young playwright named Eric Dufault is about cockfighting, and it features a rooster marvelously played by Bobby Moreno. But it is also about much more: dominating, winning, dreaming, despairing. The cast is spot on, and the cockfight scene that ends Act I is memorable and a little scary. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (866) 811-4111, ensemblestudiotheatre.org. (Neil Genzlinger)

Off Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'The Norwegians' There is every chance that C. Denby Swanson wrote this odd, dark, profane comedy -- about really sweet Scandinavian hit men in Minnesota and the young women who hire them -- after falling asleep during ''Fargo.'' But this low-budget guilty pleasure, which was a hit this spring and returns with the original cast, delivers solid laughs while making fun (in mostly nice ways) of various ethnicities and American states. And one actress demonstrates how good Mary-Louise Parker might be as a stand-up comic (1:30). Drilling Company Theater, 236 West 78th Street, (212) 868-4444, smarttix.com. (Gates)

'Showgirls! The Musical!' (reopens on Wednesday) If ever a movie were ripe for a sendup, it's Paul Verhoeven's 1995 turkey, ''Showgirls.'' The lurid story of a hitchhiker turned pole dancer turned Las Vegas star is catnip for any devotee of camp, and this frenetic production pushes it into the camp stratosphere, with X-rated songs, abundant toplessness and a much higher male quotient. Alas, the movie's misogyny lingers. The tireless and fearless April Kidwell, however, in the Elizabeth Berkley role, is a wonder: Her vibrant physicality and knowing humor inadvertently constitute a welcome riposte to the story's mockery of its protagonist (1:30). (Wednesdays only.) Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 388-0388, showgirlsthemusical.com. (Webster)

Long-Running Shows

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

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

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

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

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

'Celebrity Autobiography' Celebrities read selections of the witless wisdom culled from the tell-all tomes of the rich and famous. The cast appearing in this Monday's performance includes Matthew Broderick, Debbie Harry, Sherri Shepherd, Mario Cantone, Rachel Dratch, Eugene Pack, Dayle Reyfel and Alan Zweibel (1:30). Stage 72, 158 West 72nd Street, (212) 868-4444, celebrityautobiography.com.

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

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

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

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

'Love in the Time of Cholera' Directed by José Zayas and performed by an efficient four-actor crew, Caridad Svich's adaptation of the Gabriel García Márquez novel is pleasing but lightweight. A production cannot live on romance alone. In Spanish with subtitles (2:00). Runs in repertory at Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 East 27th Street, Manhattan, (212) 889-2850, repertorio.org. (La Rocco)

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (800) 432-7259, telecharge.com.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Last Chance

'Big Apple Circus: Luminocity' (closes on Sunday) The latest edition of Big Apple has a story line that unfolds in a neighborhood that's already a rip-roaring circus: Times Square. The production assembles various New York types, and the fun is watching them -- a hot dog vendor, construction workers, executives -- transform into completely different humans, who then do something nearly superhuman. The circus's one-ring intimacy only amplifies the thrills: when you can see the concentration in an aerialist's face or count the beads of sweat on the forehead of a tightrope walker, you're more scared, not less (2:00). Damrosch Park, 62nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues, Lincoln Center, (800) 922-3772, bigapplecircus.org. (Laurel Graeber)

'Darkling' and 'Hip' (closes on Sunday) The actresses Nora Woolley and Kim Katzberg quick-change into a host of characters in two audacious solo shows paired at the IRT Theater. In Ms. Woolley's ''Hip,'' she portrays a hapless would-be male rock star and the almost cartoonish women he encounters. In ''Darkling,'' Ms. Katzberg plays a teenager in 1987 in search of her sister, who has been confined to a boarding school-camp in Utah. The shows are darkly comic; though ''Hip'' has more polish, ''Darkling'' digs deeper under the skin. Both are worthwhile (1:30). 154 Christopher Street, Room 3B, near Washington Street, West Village, (800) 838-3006, brownpapertickets.com. (Webster)

&#x2605; 'Fun Home' (closes on Sunday) This beautiful heartbreaker of a memory musical, adapted from Alison Bechdel's graphic memoir, brilliantly uses the ineffability of music and the artifice of theater to conjure the mysteries of being part of a family. It is splendidly directed by Sam Gold, with a book by Lisa Kron, music by Jeanine Tesori and a superb cast -- led by Michael Cerveris as an ever-elusive father (1:45). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555, publictheater.org. (Brantley)

'Macbeth' (closes on Sunday) Individual motivation doesn't count for much in Jack O'Brien's dark and dreary account of Shakespeare's study in vaulting ambition, with character taking a back seat to mystical symmetry. In the title role, Ethan Hawke suggests a glue-sniffing teenager reciting Leonard Cohen lyrics. The gifted Anne-Marie Duff is his fiendish queen, but it's the three Witches who fly away with the show (2:45). Vivian Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200, lct.org, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (closes on Sunday) Julie Taymor's eye-popping take on Shakespeare's most enchanted comedy seems to turn the very firmament into a set of silk sheets, equally suitable for sex and sleep. In this auspicious inaugural production for the new Brooklyn headquarters of Theater for a New Audience, Ms. Taymor confirms her reputation as the P. T. Barnum of contemporary stagecraft (2:40). Polonsky Shakespeare Center, 262 Ashland Place, between Lafayette Avenue and Fulton Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (866) 811-4111, tfana.org. (Brantley)

'Nutcracker Rouge' (closes on Saturday) A wild, racy alternative to all those holiday ''Nutcracker'' productions, from Austin McCormick's Company XIV. Yes, you'll hear some of the traditional music, but you'll also hear lounge singing (by Shelly Watson, in a Mrs. Drosselmeyer sort of role) and a version of ''Material Girl.'' You'll see circuslike performances, women in pasties and men in next to nothing, but you'll also see some serious, impressive ballet work. An eyeful (1:30). Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Neil Genzlinger)

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

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/10/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-10-16.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/10/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-10-16.html)

**Graphic**

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[***MUSIC; Classical Music Wriggles Out of Its Tux***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46KP-RVR0-01CN-H32Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

**Dateline:** SALZBURG, Austria

**Body**

A CURIOUS social ritual that plays out before every performance at the prestigious Salzburg Festival is sadly indicative of the classism that still exists in classical music. I was reminded of this a week or so ago as I wandered among the crowd outside the imposing Festspielhaus, the festival's main theater, on the way to a new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

As usual, those lucky enough to have tickets -- that is, lucky enough to afford them (for as much as $340) -- showed up early, a chatting mass of contented-looking people in tuxedos, evening gowns, designer suits and the occasional mod get-up of the hip, young rich. While everyone mingled and sipped champagne, another group of people -- mostly tourists, arrayed in shorts, slacks and summer dresses -- lined the sidewalk across the street, watching the privileged operagoers.

At that moment, classical music seemed all too guilty of the charge of elitism that has long dogged it.

Don't get me wrong. The "Don Giovanni" production was theatrically provocative and musically distinguished, and I am grateful to have seen it. But these highly visible remnants of classical music's elitism are dismaying, because, in fact, things have changed, especially in America. Our classical music institutions have been working hard in recent years to become more accessible.

Virtually every opera company has adopted titles, a transforming innovation that has attracted new audiences and enlivened programming. In the coming season the New York Philharmonic will inaugurate a series of spring concerts throughout the city, which should help counter the perception that Manhattan is an elitist isle of high culture. New York's musical calendar offers a wealth of free or affordable events, most of them less expensive than the price of a ticket to a ballgame.

Of course, all the fine arts are elitist, if by that term we mean intellectual, complex, sophisticated. Although the fine arts can also be engrossing, visceral and deeply entertaining, you have to bring your brain to classical music, a requisite that makes it suspicious to some. America has always had an annoying strain of anti-intellectualism. Is it a vestige of our frontier spirit? In Europe they elect playwrights and scientists as presidents. But President Bill Clinton seemed to feel that he had to mask his keen intelligence, and President Bush, during his campaign, essentially brandished anti-intellectualism as an asset.

When the perception of elitism keeps people away from high culture, it's a serious problem. The heyday of the charge of elitism was the anti-establishment 1960's, and the easiest target was classical music, with its gilded concert halls, conservative dress codes and enshrined masterpieces by dead white males. "Roll Over Beethoven," the Beatles wailed in their popular 1963 version of the Chuck Berry song, as rock became the language of the counterculture. With the release in 1967 of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," amid assassinations, urban riots and an undeclared, ill-defined war, the Liverpool Four issued what seemed a heady call for turned-on youths everywhere to reject the status quo: "We could save the world, if they only knew."

Meanwhile, what were the performing arts up to? Constructing Lincoln Center, a massive stone-and-glass complex, a palace of high culture at best, a fortress at worst. Those few among the general public who paid attention to contemporary classical music saw the field torn by a dogmatic battle between 12-tone composers, who claimed the intellectual high ground, and tonal holdouts, who were made to feel inferior.

Even during the 1960's and 70's, some of the resentment was directed more at establishment musical institutions than at the music itself. Classmates of mine at Yale who would never have been caught at the university's enormous Woolsey Hall for an appearance by Sviatoslav Richter or a major orchestra on tour, showed up there to hear the Yale Symphony play Beethoven's Ninth and were genuinely affected by concerts that music majors presented in dining halls. Even at Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez, during his adventurous six-year tenure as music director of the New York Philharmonic in the 70's, removed the floor seats from Avery Fisher Hall for alternative "rug concerts" of mostly contemporary music.

Well, before you know it, baby boomers will be applying for Social Security. And though this may be a jaded perception, with the increasingly slick commercialization and MTV-prettifying of so many rock and rap groups, pop music seems to be losing some of its grip on youth. Emerging audiences have less attitudinal baggage and appear more open to authentic artistic experiences of all kinds, including classical music. Thus the success of the contemporary-music offerings at Columbia University's Miller Theater, which routinely attract listeners who would look at home in a rock club.

Whatever the problems that still trouble the field, few can fairly be attributed to elitism. There is, for example, the perception that classical music is prohibitively expensive. But compare ticket prices for two high-prestige institutions: the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Knicks. At the Met this season, the top price for prime seats in the front rows of the parquet section is $160, $195 on weekends (not counting a limited number of box seats, largely unavailable to the public, that go for $280). The top seats for the Knicks are $285 (not counting the select courtside seats, which go for $1,600 each). The least expensive seats in the Met's Family Circle are $25, $33 on weekends. But from there the sound is excellent, the sightlines are good, and you are a lot closer to the action than Knicks fans are in those $10 seats in the stratosphere of Madison Square Garden.

Presenters of classical music probably offer more free or inexpensive events of high quality than those in any of the other performing arts. Among the artists appearing in the Frick Collection's free concert series are the German-based Artemis String Quartet (Oct. 27), perhaps the best quartet of the new generation, and the superb Dutch cellist Pieter Wispelwey (Nov. 3). The City University of New York Graduate Center has also just announced a free concert series, "Great Music for a Great City."

A ticket for a dress rehearsal at the Philharmonic costs just $14. Conservatories like the Juilliard School, the Mannes College and the Manhattan School present exciting orchestral and chamber programs as well as recitals by distinguished faculty, all free. You can attend elaborate opera productions at those schools for less than the price of a movie ticket.

Admittedly, cost remains a deterrent for some. When the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center presented the Orion String Quartet in six free concerts devoted to the quartets of Beethoven in 2000, it was touching to see people of all ages, races and dress codes lined up, waiting to get in.

Yet the bigger deterrent, I suspect, is that perception about classical music's being intellectually elitist, that you have to know a lot to get anything out of it. No assumption could be more dispiriting and incorrect. What's needed is an open mind. However minimal your musical background, simply experiencing a concert or opera live, letting yourself respond intuitively, is the most important step. Young people who knew little about, say, the Salem witch trials, the McCarthy era, modern drama or Arthur Miller still showed up at the recent Broadway revival of "The Crucible." If only more of those young theatergoers would try something like Berg's "Wozzeck," a searing work, in the Met's gripping production.

But young people appear to be discovering the visceral experience of classical music, especially in experimental settings like the Miller Theater. Without resorting to gimmicky marketing ploys, George Steel, the theater's director, has demonstrated that if the setting is right, rock fans who listen to Radiohead and the Beastie Boys might just groove to music by the visionary composer Gyorgy Ligeti or to the dynamic Absolute Ensemble playing the British composer Mark-Anthony Turnage's wailing, jazz-infused "Blood on the Floor."

This is not an argument on behalf of ignorance. Obviously, knowledge and repeated exposure make a difference, and it is therefore encouraging to see imaginative musicians and institutions finding new ways to inform audiences.

Performers who are able to speak engagingly about music can do wonders to coax listeners into a receptive state. No one was better at it than Leonard Bernstein, the "village explainer," as Tom Wolfe called him. Michael Tilson Thomas is also excellent. He frequently prefaces a performance at the San Francisco Symphony with insightful comments about the music and what to listen for, illustrating his points with excerpts played by the musicians. Some veteran concertgoers find this practice patronizing. Tough! Mr. Thomas can orient an audience to hear works as disparate as a Sibelius tone poem and a serialist score by Giacinto Scelsi.

ANOTHER step that would help deflect the charge of elitism involves rethinking program notes. A written essay is a fine way to describe a composer's life or the circumstances of a work's composition (though that information is best made available for advance perusal on Web sites, now standard practice at the Philharmonic). But describing how music actually sounds is difficult. Many annotators merely provide a roadmap to a work's structure, the easiest musical component to describe (first this happens, then that happens) but the most elusive to hear. How many concertgoers grew up as I did, loving the great symphonies and concertos, though with no understanding of sonata form and such?

It's exasperating to see concertgoers immersed in a long program note while a performance is under way. They often look as though they're afraid that the recapitulation section will slip past them and they will receive a failing grade on this listening test.

Another area that is changing, but that should change more, is concert protocol, especially regarding dress. Some musicians argue that if they appear in formal wear and the audience dresses up a bit, it helps get everyone in a focused frame of mind. Not necessarily, to judge from my frequent sightings of restless concertgoers squirming in their suits.

On the other hand, few places, few experiences in modern life, ask us to be quiet and attentive the way a concert or an opera does. Rock concerts, by contrast, are interactive adventures. Perhaps classical music is too stuffy. Yet the experience of shared attentiveness should not be given up lightly. I'll never forget, as a young teenager, hearing Renata Tebaldi as Verdi's Desdemona from the standing-room section of the Met. She sang the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" with an unearthly beauty that utterly stilled the house.

Finally, there is promising news in the field of broadcasting. Radio stations have been pulling back their commitment to live concert broadcasts at an alarming rate in recent years. But the Internet may have arrived in time to avert a complete setback. More and more stations have Internet outlets. This season, for example, the monthly broadcasts of live concerts by the New York Philharmonic will be sponsored by WQXR.com (the Internet audio stream of WQXR-FM, the classical radio station of The New York Times) and syndicated nationally by the Chicago station WFMT-FM. So music lovers across the country can tune in to 250 regional stations, and computer users around the world can hear the concerts streamed on the Internet.

Since the early days of radio, broadcasting has been the surest way to reach audiences and demystify classical music. Betty Allen, a former mezzo-soprano, now president emerita of the Harlem School of the Arts, remembers being enthralled as a girl in Campbell, Ohio, by the live radio broadcasts of the Met. Hers was one of the few black families in that ***working-class*** suburb of Youngstown.

"The families on my street were mostly Sicilian and Greek," she said. "On Saturday, walking down the street, you could hear the Met broadcasts coming from the windows of everybody's house. No one told them that opera and the arts were not for them, not for poor people, just for rich snobs."

Right on!

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael Tilson Thomas, of the San Francisco Symphony, often engages with the audience, demystifying the music it hears. (Terrence McCarthy/San Francisco Symphony)(pg. 24) Drawing (Lars Leetaru)(pg. 1)

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[***'I GUESS I'M BLESSED WITH GOOD LUNGS'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RBC0-0009-22CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

**Body**

When Arturo Toscanini heard Ethel Merman sing ''I Get a Kick Out of You'' he said: ''Hers is not a human voice. It's another instrument in the band.'' The great Italian conductor was not the only listener to get a kick out of the Merman voice. Another musical celebrity, the tenor Luciano Pavarotti, wrote in his autobiography about her singing: ''Ethel Merman's voice is remarkable. It is all one register. She has no passagio to worry about. She never has to shift gears.''

And as for Ethel Merman, the vocal sensation of 14 Broadway shows now in her 70's, she will be giving a solo concert tomorrow night at Carnegie Hall backed by the American Symphony Orchestra in a benefit for the Theater Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. It will be her first concert in New York City since her joint recital with Mary Martin in 1977.

Miss Merman is nonplussed by Mr. Pavarotti's praise. ''I don't know what he's talking about,'' she says. ''Don't ask me. I don't know. I really can't tell you.'' What about her ability to belt out the showstoppers? ''I guess I'm blessed with good lungs. I don't know.'' And does she do vocal exercises? ''I don't know how to vocalise. I know I sound like a dumb bunny, but it's true.''

When Arturo Toscanini heard Ethel Merman sing ''I Get a Kick Out of You'' he said: ''Hers is not a human voice.

The opera singer Grace Moore once said to Miss Merman, ''Your diction is perfect. Your projection effortless. You break all the rules of nature. Not once tonight did I see you breathe from your chest or abdomen. What do you breathe from?''

''Necessity,'' Miss Merman answered. Somehow out of that necessity, Miss Merman has developed the sort of voice that has been astonishing listeners for more than a halfcentury. It even thrilled George Gershwin in 1930, when Miss Merman, a former secretary beginning her Broadway career in ''Girl Crazy,'' stopped the show with her rendition of Gershwin's ''I Got Rhythm.'' ''Ethel,'' Gershwin asked her during intermission, ''do you know what you're doing?'' ''No,'' she said. ''Well,'' he replied, ''never go near a singing teacher.''

It is advice she has followed throughout her career. Even in her late recordings of ''Gypsy'' and ''Annie Get Your Gun'' that voice, with its projection and spunky attack, can be clearly heard. It is not expressive in any usual musical fashion; it is not full of subtle control of timbre and tone; it can even sound like some twangy singsong chant - ''Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better.'' But there it is in all its unschooled presence. It's ''got rhythm,'' pulsing along, jumping into long-held notes without having to worry about running out of breath.

The voice can be described with the same words Miss Merman used to describe herself in her autobiography, ''Merman,'' written with George Eells: ''straight from the shoulder,'' ''a take-charge type.'' That brassy, untrained individualistic voice went along with a persona that defined ''Broadway'' to composers and to audiences alike. A picture of Gershwin hangs in Miss Merman's living room, inscribed, ''A lucky composer is he who has you singing his songs.'' Cole Porter said, ''I'd rather write for Ethel Merman than anyone else in the world'' - and he kept her busy. She starred in Porter's ''Anything Goes'' (1934), ''Red, Hot and Blue'' (1936), ''DuBarry Was a Lady'' (1939), ''Panama Hattie'' (1940) and ''Something for the Boys'' (1943). The Porter songs she introduced included ''I Get a Kick Out of You,'' ''You're the Top'' and ''It's Delovely.''

''I don't know of anybody else who has 14 shows to their credit,'' says Miss Merman, ''And I've had only the cream of the crop.'' In 1946, Irving Berlin wrote ''Annie Get Your Gun'' with the Merman voice in mind -with songs like ''There's No Business Like Show Business,'' ''Doin' What Comes Naturally'' and ''Falling in Love Is Wonderful.'' And in ''Gypsy'' (1959) - also created for the Merman persona - Jule Styne's music and Stephen Sondheim's lyrics gave her ''Everything's Comin' Up Roses'' and a role Miss Merman still thinks of as the dramatic climax to her career. Finally, in 1970, came ''Hello, Dolly!'' -a show also written with Miss Merman in mind, though she came in toward the end of its Broadway run.

After her last Broadway role, Miss Merman appeared on television, in such shows as ''The Muppets'' and ''Love Boat.'' She also sang with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops in 1976. ''Since then,'' she says, ''I've been on the concert circuit. I've even done the Hollywood Bowl with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. The bigger the band the better.'' Her voice may still be, as Toscanini said, like an instrument in the band, but tomorrow night there will be a pretty big band playing behind her as well.

Speaking recently to a visitor in her Manhattan apartment, Miss Merman still partly sounds like her star persona - a bit gruff, independent, big league. How would she like to be thought of? ''Unique,'' she says. She shows a letter from Jack Benny, in a frame painted with miniature violins (''Really, Ethel, you were better than ever ...If you were a man I would have to dislike you.'')

But with those aspects of the ''star'' come more sentimental feelings as well. She speaks with deep affection of Gershwin, Berlin, Porter. And the apartment reveals the more homey tastes of Ethel Agnes Zimmermann -the secretary from Astoria who dropped the Zim from her name because it wouldn't fit on a marquee. In the den a small tinsel Christmas tree is twinkling, in mid-April. ''Every day of the year that's lit up,'' she explains, comforted by its blinking lights. A stuffed Miss Piggy sits on a chair; a porcelain dog lies near the fireplace; artificial flowers are placed among the photographs and mementos; religious homilies are etched on a mirror. Miss Merman is proud of her self-made career and secretarial past - and, she says, she still uses her short-hand and answers her own mail.

That ''ordinary'' soul also underlies the Broadway star persona. The voice's lack of arty sophistication and its celebration of its own gumption are part of its appeal. The Queens accent goes along with the voice: no high-falutin' origins here, no coy vulnerability, no polished beauty - just plenty of drive, unembarrassed about humble origins and humble taste. Its crass counterpart was Miss Merman's role in ''It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World'' - the brash mother-inlaw, swinging her white purse in a battle for the hidden fortune.

In her most famous roles, in ''Annie Get Your Gun'' and ''Gypsy,'' the ordinary independent folk, Annie and Rose, are also both ''making it'' or trying to make it in ''show business'' - the pre-Broadway show-biz of the rodeo or vaudeville circuit. Those Broadway musicals are celebrations of the lowborn gal making it big through energetically ''Doin' What Comes Naturally.'' ''You'll be swell, you'll be great,'' Rose belts out in ''Gypsy.'' Underneath that drive and earthy unsophistication is a bit of sentiment, too: Love can awaken once ambition is satisfied. Miss Merman's persona and voice embodied a Broadway dream for 30 years.

But there are, she says, no similar stars around today. ''I bet there's a lot of great talent floating around. But why aren't there any stars? We used to have places where they could be seen, like the Copa or the Persian Room at the Plaza or the Empire Room at the Waldorf.''

It's not only the lack of clubs, she says. ''I've introduced wonderful songs through the years, but there was a melody to them. I can't come out of the theater humming anything any more. Where are those songs? Where are those composers? I don't like what I hear. I don't like what I don't hear. I don't understand the lyrics. Nobody seems to have any enunciation. And the lines aren't commercial.''

''The bottom,'' Miss Merman says, ''seems to have fallen out somehow.'' The sort of voice that introduced ''Sun in the Morning,'' ''Alexander's Ragtime Band'' and ''I Get a Kick Out of You'' is not around much anymore. That voice went along with a persona much like Miss Merman herself: the young ***working class*** girl who ''makes it,'' her brassy enthusiasm catapulting her into show-biz spectaculars. Miss Merman wrote in her book: ''I don't want to sound pretentious, but in a funny way I feel I'm the last of a kind.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Ethel Merman

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[***DANCE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1RH0-002S-X2RW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Dancing to a Revolutionary Beat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1RH0-002S-X2RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1454 words

**Byline:** By JOAN DUPONT; Joan Dupont is a writer who lives in Paris and reports frequently on the arts.

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

Maguy Marin, considered one of France's most audacious young choreographers, has always gone her own way, and never the same way twice. In her latest work, ''Hey, What's All This to Me!?'' (''Eh, Qu'est Ce Que Ca M'Fait a Moi!?''), an abrasive rock musical about the French Revolution, Miss Marin shows that the glut of bicentennial reverence has not slowed her down. It's a riotous show, performed by her company - 12 dancers, 8 musicians, 2 singers, and Miss Marin herself, who belts out an incendiary tango or two.

Sponsored by the French Bicentennial Commission, financed at about $1 million by a host of official cultural organizations and co-commissioned by the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the new piece will play at BAM from Wednesday through next Sunday and at the Kennedy Center in Washington from Nov. 8 through 12. When it received its premiere at the Palais des Papes in Avignon last July, it sent off shock waves: Among the ''bravos'' were indignant cries of ''Shame!'' The dramatist Jean-Claude Carriere, a sort of patron saint of the Avignon festival, stalked out of the performance.

Looking altogether unashamed, Miss Marin sat over breakfast the next morning with her co-author, Denis Mariotte, who also designed the sets and costumes. She met Mr. Mariotte in 1987, when she choreographed ''The Seven Deadly Sins'' at the Lyons Opera, where he was an electrician on the set. They now live together, and ''Hey, What's All This to Me!?'' is their first artistic collaboration.

A direct, earthy woman, Miss Marin looks far younger than her 41 years. Her hair was in pigtails, and a loose pinafore hung around her small frame, as if she were trying out some disguise for fun.

''The French,'' she said, ''don't have much humor.'' Her accent comes from Toulouse, where, the youngest of four children, she was raised by parents who were refugees from Franco's Spain. As an adolescent, she chose to train at Maurice Bejart's school in Brussels.

''I wanted to do it all,'' she said, ''the way you do when you're a child. My inspiration comes - it always came - from my own desire. What I do takes in more than dance theater; it's all the performing arts, what the French call spectacle.''

Miss Marin explained that this is the first time she has put so much humor into a show. ''I wanted to disconcert the people who think I'm so serious. Those who have seen my work over the past 10 years won't be surprised. It's my way of being, my spirit.''

The Marin spirit has produced such diverse works as the popular ''Cendrillon''; ''May B,'' a tribute to Samuel Beckett, and the biblical ''Lecons des Tenebres,'' choreographed for the Paris Opera Ballet, and ''Babel Babel,'' in which dancers performed nude. Miss Marin has often said her ideas come from painting, film, television and the street. While some pieces are gaudy, with brilliant cinematic action, others have a somber, painterly look and measured movement. Her simplicity can be disarming, though her work has occasionally been called simplistic.

''Hey, What's All This to Me!?'' - the title comes from a revolutionary song - is sheer mayhem, organized like clockwork. It takes place in a Brechtian nether world of jangling sights and sounds; if Miss Marin's other works dealt with loss of innocence, this piece is set in a grim, deserted nursery, never graced by innocence.

Outsize Lego cubes are piled onstage, and musicians pop up like jack-in-the-boxes. Miss Marin is among them, singing an ironic tango by Boris Vian, a popular French writer and jazz musician of the 1940's. The show is divided into four tableaux - ''The Taxpayers,'' ''The Patriots,'' ''The Revolutionaries'' and ''The Citizens'' - punctuated by Vian songs. The original score was composed by Michel Bertier and Philippe Madile, young musicians from Lyons whom she also met while working as guest choreographer at the Opera there.

From the looks of things onstage, 1789 and all that has not done much for the gullible citizens. They are lied to by unctuous bishops and phony politicians, who address them in Euro-Babel, a bewildering blend of Latin languages - the language of 1992. The citizens end up on their knees, to be slaughtered by butchers. Miss Marin, by instinct and through her upbringing by Communist parents a political animal, has updated the legendary Revolution and laced it with black humor.

''It's a pretty virulent piece,'' she admitted, ''but patriotism should be mocked and questioned. If you want to keep the Revolution alive, you need to be subversive.''

''The Revolutionaries'' is the longest section, and the one that created the biggest uproar at Avignon. It portrays Marat, Danton and Robespierre as doddering old fogeys in a nursing home, reliving their proudest moments on a televised awards presentation.

''Of course, these men are heroes to the French, but we wanted to have a little joke, and take them off their pedestals, so we got the idea of a gala Oscar ceremony for the winners of the Revolution. I don't think you have to know much about Danton or Robespierre to get the joke.''

The in-jokes and wordplay have proved the most difficult aspects of the show to export. Recently, for a European tour, the text was translated into Spanish, Italian and German. In Miss Marin's dance troupe, everyone works as an artisan. She has her multilingual dancers pitch in as translators. The English translation was done by Helena Berthelius, who is Swedish.

When Miss Berthelius was pregnant, Miss Marin stepped in and rehearsed in her place. ''This show is rough on the women,'' she said. ''They're victims because of their weight. The six boys knock the six girls down a lot - I'm covered with black-and-blue marks.''

Nobody fares well in this mordant fable, which ends in a factory where giant puppets arrive on a conveyor belt to be chopped up, trashed and recycled. All men are created equal, and the citizens are cut down to size.

Back from her European tour, Miss Marin was having coffee the other day at the Canon de la Nation cafe, near her Paris apartment in a ***working-class*** district. She seemed surprised at how well the tour went.

''The critics have been good everywhere but here. The French are so raffine; they find this show too broad, vulgar.'' She remains convinced, however, that ''the best place to understand this piece is in France. It will be interesting to see how it does when we tour the provinces, and I wonder how the New York public will react to such a French show.''

''She has been called 'the shame of her profession,' '' Mr. Mariotte interjected.

''The fact is,'' Miss Marin said, ''I like to change, but the critics think that's lacking style.'' Since Avignon, she had made some changes in her appearance: The pigtails were gone; she had shaved her head clean. ''It feels great,'' she said, patting the stubble. Mr. Mariotte said he wanted a similar shave.

In one scene of the show, a trio of women pop up and down from the boxes, ferocious militants in several disguises. Doing quick costume changes, they flash on and off in a cartoon sequence: black natives aiming lethal weapons at the audience, the Women's Detachment of the Red Army firing away and, finally, guerrillas from Yasir Arafat's P. L. O. armed to the teeth.

It does not disturb Miss Marin that New Yorkers may bristle at seeing P. L. O. militants onstage. ''It's a reminder that revolutions weren't just made by white people. You can't look at it with the eyes of logic any more than the scene with Robespierre in the nursing home.''

This, in fact, is the section that concerns her most: ''It's very static. There's hardly any movement. The text is a TV commentary in English and French, as if an interpreter were presenting the gala. For America, we'll bring up the English soundtrack.'' The songs, of course, cannot be translated, but the theatrical parts have been tightened: ''Everybody gets more comfortable as the show evolves. As a matter of fact, it's a constant game between the performers getting comfortable, and having to pull them back to a certain rigor.''

The piece took a year to prepare, and Miss Marin has no immediate choreographic plans. ''We all suffered from the vastness of the project, because it was big and hard to do, weighty.''

The $1 million, the largest amount the company has ever received, was one of the reasons for the indignation in Avignon.

''I can see questioning all that money for an army or nuclear power,'' Miss Marin said, ''but I find it stupid to question money for art. There's a lot of hypocrisy about money in France. We all work for art, but we don't want to admit that we want money to make our art. We have a song in the show, 'D'Ou Vient le Fric?' ['Where's the Dough Coming From?']. Everybody needs money to make their revolution, no?''

**Graphic**

A scene from ''Hey, What's All This to Me!?'' (Gilles Abegg)

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[***DR. KING'S BEST FRIEND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1RV0-002S-X2XS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 3, Column 1; Book Review Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1484 words

**Byline:** By HENRY HAMPTON; Henry Hampton is the executive producer of the PBS television series ''Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years.''

**Body**

AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

An Autobiography.

By Ralph David Abernathy.

Illustrated. 638 pp. New York:

Harper & Row.

$22.50.

The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy's career has always been both enhanced and obscured by the fact that he stood so close to the overwhelming presence of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. As he reminds us in the introduction to his autobiography, ''And the Walls Came Tumbling Down,'' Mr. Abernathy ''was there from beginning to end, from the Montgomery bus boycott in the late autumn of 1955 to Memphis in the spring of 1968.''

Now the man who in 1957 helped to found the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (the most prominent clergy-led civil rights organization), and served as King's hand-picked successor as president of S.C.L.C. from 1968 to 1976, is at the center of a firestorm of his own creation, one that revolves around revelations not about himself but about his closest friend.

Mr. Abernathy and King were many things to each other - colleagues in the black church, cellmates, strategists, co-conspirators for justice - but at the personal level, they were best friends. But in friendships in which one person greatly outshines the other, a curious mixture of love, envy and competition can sometimes lead to a lingering, often unspoken resentment. Mr. Abernathy's reasons for providing a detailed description of his friend's last evening and early morning - during which King had sexual encounters with two women and a confrontation with a third close woman companion - can be known only to him. It is sadly ironic that the disclosures will almost surely do more damage to Mr. Abernathy himself than to the reputation of King. Mr. Abernathy's own story, that of a man at the core of a great social movement, will once again be overwhelmed by the world's fascination with Martin Luther King Jr. ''And the Walls Came Tumbling Down,'' however, is still worth reading. In it Mr. Abernathy reminds us just how young were the men and women in the mid-1950's who conceived and energized this remarkable protest movement (he was 29, for example, when the Montgomery bus boycott started in 1955; King was 26). Mr. Abernathy includes details about his early life and his family that help us understand why he had such strength. We learn that Mr. Abernathy's early years are spent on a 500-acre farm under the guidance of a strong father who protects his family from the ravages of the Great Depression and from most of Alabama's virulent racism. But it is still a world in which his father warns him ''never to play with white children.'' ''If you do,'' he says, ''every joke will be at your expense. If you wrestle or box with a white child, you will always have to let him win, otherwise he may become aggravated, and that could lead to trouble.'' It was Mr. Abernathy's upbringing that would eventually lead him to the ministry and to the fervent pursuit of an integrated society.

Mr. Abernathy's memories of service in the segregated Army in World War II provide insight into his pre-movement days. Consider this passage about his memories of members of his platoon: ''I still remember most of their names and faces after more than forty years; young and clear-eyed; afraid of the future, yet desperately seeking to shape it, to be a part of it; intimidated, yet cheerful, their voices in unison calling cadence across the years. When I recall these difficult times, I am always startled to realize how vivid they still seem, how much more alive we were during that period of severe adversity than in the docile years that preceded the war. By comparison, my childhood seems like a painted landscape in a museum, but my days as a soldier are carved in granite, a few incidents, some of them irrelevant, still standing in bold relief after the erosion of forty years.''

Colorful details bring alive the history of the civil rights era. Mr. Abernathy tells us the dangers of registering black voters in the Selma campaign were not always limited to helmeted troopers or violent sheriffs; one organizer barely escaped serious injury or death when he opened his mailbox to find a rattlesnake.

Mr. Abernathy was known as the ''other side'' of Martin King, and there is much evidence that King could not have succeeded without him. Mr. Abernathy was earthy and outgoing, connecting to the rural masses in a way that King, especially in the early years, could not. His ease with poor and ***working-class*** people, joined with King's intellectual appeal to the middle class, made the pair a powerful magnet for a community that needed to overcome class differences. Time after time during the movement we see Mr. Abernathy ''warming up'' the crowd for his friend, then leading the cheers.

Just as he did in the pulpit, Mr. Abernathy sprinkles his strong sense of humor throughout the book. He relates his offer of free lifetime membership in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the racist Alabama sheriff Jim Clark; he talks about the time he one-ups a white Selma registrar by bodaciously reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to answer the challenge to ''repeat verbatim'' the 13th Amendment. It was part of Ralph Abernathy's fame that he ''preached to the doohickey'' - speaking directly to the ever-present audio bug placed in public movement meetings by Alabama authorities or covert agents.

Some autobiographies are written to set the record straight, while others attempt to give a more personal reckoning. ''And the Walls Came Tumbling Down'' attempts to do both. Unfortunately, in Mr. Abernathy's account of events, errors can range from the simply factual (Cleveland, for example, is in Ohio, not in Michigan) to the more interpretive (such as the extent of the S.C.L.C.'s role in the election of Carl Stokes as the first black mayor of Cleveland). Readers interested primarily in factual accuracy should look elsewhere, but when Mr. Abernathy sticks to accounts of his own direct involvement, his storytelling is gripping, even moving.

Not surprisingly, this is the history of the civil rights movement according to Ralph David Abernathy. But the civil rights movement was much larger than those events witnessed by Mr. Abernathy, and he gives little or no attention to such major battles as the Freedom Summer of 1964 or the attempt by a delegation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to participate in the 1964 Democratic National Convention - events in which S.C.L.C.'s participation was marginal. His version of history tends to focus so sharply on his story and King's that the other key members in that remarkable group of S.C.L.C. leaders - Andrew Young, James Bevel, Jesse Jackson - don't get much attention. Given the limits of this single autobiography, it makes me yearn for similar efforts from the others.

Mr. Abernathy's limited vision of the movement is not generous. He unfairly equates the notion of the black power movement only with violence and dismisses the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in its later years as an organization ''trying to subvert our followers and replace our constructive approach with planned disaster.'' Those battles of long ago still rage within him.

Undeniably, much of the attraction of this book is the detail Mr. Abernathy offers about his life with King. Most of it is enlightening and helps us better understand what a remarkable man King was. We learn, for example, that King often came down with ''a stomach virus'' when he was about to lead his supporters into life-threatening circumstances. It momentarily disabled him, but never kept him from the battle for long. We suffer with these two men who return to Atlanta airport bone tired after long fund-raising journeys, only to have to wait hours for a blacks-only taxi to meet them. And we discover that King made almost no money beyond that paid to him by his church; he was a poor man when he was assassinated.

But Mr. Abernathy also comments on his friend's sexual life in greater detail than any close associate has done before; he said at a press conference that he wanted to be honest. It is not as if anyone who has studied King is unaware of the truth of his private life; it is part of the record. But to have it confirmed and detailed by your closest associate and friend seems to me unnecessary. What is disturbing about the allegations is not that they are new, but the source from which they come. It is as if Bobby Kennedy had published details of his brother Jack's indiscretions. We have our suspicions, but does it really add to the record or does it simply provide fodder for blaring headlines? Barbara Tuchman reminds us of Tennyson's query: ''What business has the public to know of Byron's wildnesses? He has given them fine work and they ought to be satisfied.'' I say the same of Martin Luther King Jr. He gave us fine work and, while we honor, study and criticize him, he is entitled to his privacy from foe and friend alike.

**Graphic**

The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy and the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. riding on a bus in Montgomery Ala., after the end of the Montgomery bus boycott in 1956.

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[***Housing Program Blossoms From Once-Deserted Shells***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1340-002S-X02B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

Just 11 months ago, what is now Jerome M. Douglas's living room was a staging ground for the construction crews that were bringing back to life a vacant five-story tenement on West 112th Street in Harlem. Plasterboard was piled four feet high. Rows of new windows were leaning against the wall.

The men and materials are gone now, replaced by a simple couch, a bookcase and a dining table and chairs. The only person scrambling about is Mr. Douglas's 3-year-old son, Tyrice. What was once a symbol of the neighborhood's decline - the shell of a building abandoned by its residents and owner - has become an emblem of rebirth. #3,000 Apartments Completed A 12-year city plan to create more than 80,000 new apartments, first announced three years ago by Mayor Edward I. Koch, has begun to blossom. About 3,000 apartments like Mr. Douglas's have been completed in formerly vacant buildings throughout the city's poorest neighborhoods, and tenants have begun to move in. Another 13,000 units are under construction, and design work has begun on 20,000 more.

The city's program, by far the largest municipal housing effort in the country, has produced construction of more publicly assisted housing in New York than at any time in two decades.

Last August, Mr. Douglas, his wife, Sonya, and their son were the first to move into their building, which is being rebuilt by its new owner, Norman Segal, under the city's plan. Six other families have since moved into the walkup at 131 West 112th Street, between Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard and St. Nicholas Avenue, and a comparable number have moved into an identical building next door.

By the end of this month, Mr. Segal hopes to have tenants in the 13 remaining apartments, as well as in four other buildings he is reconstructing around the corner on West 113th Street.

Neighborhood Comes Back

The developer, the city government and the tenants themselves - most of them young, all of them ***working-class*** or middle-class - hope they represent a vanguard that could transform the troubled neighborhood. Private developers like Mr. Segal, nonprofit housing groups and the city itself are renovating dozens of other vacant shells in the neighborhood, just north of Central Park, as well as hundreds more in other parts of Harlem, the South Bronx and central Brooklyn.

''I'm glad,'' Mr. Douglas said recently. ''They're really bringing back the neighborhood.'' Mr. Douglas, a security guard in a city shelter for the homeless, was home on a day off, taking care of Tyrice while Mrs. Douglas was working as a salesclerk at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Hard working, moderate-income families like the Douglases were precisely the people for whom the Koch administration created the ''vacant buildings'' program, one segment of the overall city housing effort.

A Wild Success

Under the program, abandoned structures are sold for $1 to selected development teams and individual developers. They receive subsidies, in the form of 1 percent loans, from the city, as well as market-rate financing from a bank consortium, the Community Preservation Corporation. In return, the owners agree to charge specific rents - generally in the range of $500 to $600 a month for one- and two-bedroom apartments - and to keep the units under rent stabilization.

Mr. Segal estimates that the development cost for the average apartment will be $65,000, with construction accounting for about $55,000. The city subsidy will come to about $38,000 with much of the rest coming from the market-rate financing.

In other parts of the city's $5.1 billion housing plan, buildings are reconstructed by nonprofit groups or by construction companies hired by the city. Most of the apartments go to homeless families, to families on welfare and to others earning less than $19,000 a year.

By 1993, the city intends to create a total of 47,000 apartments from all the vacant buildings it owns, said Abraham Biderman, the Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development. In the fiscal year that ended in June, the city spent more than $700 million on rebuilding housing.

''The program has been successful beyond our wildest imagination,'' Mr. Biderman said.

'$1,000 Was Not Unusual'

Many more developers have shown interest in rehabilitating abandoned shells than anyone could have foreseen, he said. So far, under the ''vacant buildings'' segment of the housing plan, several hundred abandoned buildings have been awarded to private developers; the buildings will contain about 8,000 apartments when completed. The structures are awarded in clusters of 6 to 10 nearby buildings, with a total of about 100 apartments.

The program has enabled Mr. Douglas to return to his old neighborhood. He lived with his mother for six years in a building on the corner of West 112th Street and Adam Clayton Powell before joining the Air Force in 1982.

He remembers when the apartment buildings were filled with tenants and families would amble over to the park on warm days. He also recalls what happened in the early 1980's, when many working people fled the area and drug traffickers took over vacant buildings. ''You couldn't walk the street - drugs, guns, you wouldn't believe it,'' he said.

He returned, with some trepidation, a year ago after completing his service. He had paid $450 a month for a roomy apartment near the Air Force base in Plattsburgh, N.Y., and so he was shocked at the condition of the vacant apartments he was shown in New York and at their rents. ''One thousand dollars was not unusual,'' he said.

New Heating and Plumbing

The family moved in with his mother while Mr. and Mrs. Douglas found work and continued looking for a place to live. He quickly became aware of the city's new housing programs; the evidence was all around him. ''I used to come home every day and watch them,'' he said. ''I knew the quality work they were doing.''

When Mr. Douglas saw newspaper advertisements for the apartments last spring, he applied. His family was among the first chosen under a complicated lottery system devised by the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development.

The family has a two-bedroom apartment, with exposed brick walls and new kitchen appliances and bathroom fixtures. The unseen parts of the building - the heating, electrical and plumbing systems - are also new.

The rent, $625 a month, is manageable, Mr. Douglas said. With overtime, he can earn $400 a week, he said, and his wife is earning $280 a week. Mr. Douglas has taken tests to become a state corrections officer, and hopes to begin training soon.

Hundreds of Applications

''On the tenant side, the interest has been extraordinary,'' Mr. Biderman said. More than 97,000 people have called the city since July, in response to advertisements in newspapers and on subways and buses about the new apartments. Hundreds of applications are received for each building that is completed.

Under the lottery, owners randomly select the names of 10 applicants for each vacant apartment. Then, under complex rules, they can select tenants based on their incomes, backgrounds and credit ratings. Thirty percent of the apartments must go to people already living within the neighborhood.

Robert and Cynthia Lynch, who live in apartment 3B, just above Mr. Douglas, are also the kind of responsible, hard-working tenants sought by Mr. Segal. Mr. Lynch, a 25-year-old food-service manager at New York University, arrives at work at 6 A.M. each day. When they lived in the northeast Bronx, Mr. Lynch would awake at 4 A.M. so he could take their infant son, Robert Jr., to spend the day with Mrs. Lynch's mother on West 113th Street. Then Mr. Lynch went to work. He and his wife, a hospital worker, decided to apply for an apartment on West 112th Street to reduce his commute. They knew about the renovations because they had seen all the activity in the neighborhood. They applied after seeing a newspaper advertisement.

''I think this is good for the community, it brings people back,'' he said. ''There are a lot of young couples who need housing. They can't live with their parents forever.''

'Diligent and Helpful'

Mr. Lynch said not everything in the building was perfect. Among other things, he said, the heat and hot water have sometimes failed to work, and guard rails have not yet been put on the windows to protect his son. Another tenant, Marva Smith, said she had been disappointed about the inconsistency in the heat and hot water and about many small construction touches, like caulking, that are unfinished. There has been talk of forming a tenants association.

Mr. Segal, the building's owner, said there were ''shakedown'' problems in all new apartment buildings, and he promised improvements. ''It's a new system, and it will take us some time to get it working as well as we want,'' he said of the heat and hot water.

The owner, in turn, railed at Consolidated Edison, which he said had delayed construction by being extremely slow to approve and connect electrical and gas lines. He had no complaints, though, about the city's housing department, known by its acronym, H.P.D., or the overall housing effort.

''The program is great,'' Mr. Segal said. ''The people at H.P.D. have been diligent and helpful, and I think the tenants are really the people the program was intended to benefit.''

**Graphic**

photo of Jerome M. Douglas with his son (NYT/Jim Wilson) (pg. B2)

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[***Latin Grammys' Border Skirmish;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4163-DFY0-00MH-F15T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Awards Face Complaints About Slighting a Mexican Genre***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4163-DFY0-00MH-F15T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Body**

The first Latin Grammy Awards show, tonight on CBS, will be the first multilingual broadcast on a major American network: the talk will be mostly in English and Spanish, the singing in Spanish and Portuguese. It is also the first time the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences has allowed recordings released outside the United States to be Grammy nominees.

Modeled on the national academy's annual Grammy Awards, the Latin Grammys are decidedly international. Their debut at the Staples Center in Los Angeles is intended to celebrate the Latin music explosion in the United States and expose American viewers to the music of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking worlds.

"We want to make the Latin Grammys a touring event every year," said Mauricio Abaroa, senior vice president and executive director of the 2,600-member Latin Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, an arm of the national group. The Latin academy, formed in 1997, is made up of voting members from 15 countries. "This is an international project that will be a showcase for the music of the different countries," Mr. Abaroa said.

In the future the show will be as likely to be staged in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro as in the United States, the Latin academy said. Michael Greene, president of the national academy, said that Latin music was so diverse that he could envision separate Grammys for Mexico, Brazil and other Latin countries someday. "The possibilities are endless," he said.

In seeking to represent musical styles from Cuba to Argentina, the Latin Grammys have not made everyone happy. One record executive complained that separating the Latin Grammys from the regular awards would result in marginalizing them. There has also been criticism that regional Mexican music, one of the best-selling Latin styles in the United States, receives short shrift in terms of performances and presenters.

In development for more than 10 years, the Latin Grammys were born of a sense that the eight Latin categories among the regular Grammys fell short of recognizing the growth and the diversity of Latin genres, national academy officials said. Latin music now represents about 5 percent of the overall United States music market, Recording Industry Association of America figures show, and in recent years has become one of its fastest-growing segments of that industry.

The main Grammy awards are given in 98 categories; the Latin Grammys have 40, from record of the year and best new artist to best tango album and best Portuguese-language rock album. Some recording executives noted that unlike the regular Grammys, which sometimes resulted in odd choices for the Latin categories because voters included members unfamiliar with Latin genres, the Latin Grammy winners were voted on by industry professionals who know their music.

With Jennifer Lopez, Jimmy Smits, Gloria Estefan and Andy Garcia as hosts, the banter on the show is expected to be bilingual, and winners may switch completely to their native language in acceptance speeches.

"Is it a risk? Sure," said Jack Sussman, vice president for specials at CBS, which also broadcasts the Grammys. But Mr. Sussman, a former programming chief for MTV Latin America, said that the talent involved in the show and the potential for building a new annual franchise on the network outweighed concerns that English-speaking viewers would tune out. The Latin Grammy show, which will be seen in about 120 countries, is being produced by the same team that stages the main Grammys.

The Latin Grammys are giving a platform to many of the Hispanic artists who have become household names in the United States singing in English. The scheduled performers include Ricky Martin and Christina Aguilera as well as non-Latin guests like 'N Sync, which will sing with Son by Four, a Puerto Rican group.

The criticism over marginalization and lack of Mexican representation became public when Gilberto Moreno, general manager of Fonovisa, a California company that releases regional Mexican recordings, said in an interview with the Los Angeles Spanish-language daily La Opinion that the performers to be featured in the show did not represent the Latin music movement in the United States and that the awards themselves separated Latin artists from the mainstream.

If the national academy wants to recognize Latin music, Mr. Moreno said, it should expand the Latin categories in the main Grammys.

Mr. Moreno, who did not return telephone calls to his office in Van Nuys, Calif., called the Latin Grammys "a party between Emilio Estefan and Sony." Emilio Estefan Jr., the Miami producer and Sony executive, led the Latin Grammy field with six nominations and was honored on Monday as the Latin Academy's person of the year. Mr. Estefan has produced million-selling albums for the Miami Sound Machine and Gloria Estefan, his wife. Fonovisa artists got a handful of nominations and none of them are scheduled to perform on the show.

But the criticism underscored a wider sentiment among Mexican-Americans that regional Mexican music does not get the respect it deserves. Based in traditional music, it has roots on both sides of the border and extends from the brass-band bounce of banda music to accordion-driven norteno music, sometimes known as Tex-Mex in the United States. Guillermo Hernandez, director of the Chicano Studies Research Center at the University of California at Los Angeles, said that regional Mexican music was looked down upon in Mexico and the United States because it was associated with rural ***working-class*** people.

"Mexican folk music, aside from being a curious, cute type of thing in some circles, has not really being recognized for its value," said Mr. Hernandez, whose center received $500,000 this year from Los Tigres del Norte, a norteno band, to promote the study and appreciation of the music. "It's mostly ignorance."

But music critics note that the genre is hugely popular, reflecting the rapid growth of the Hispanic population in the United States. More than 60 percent of that population is of Mexican descent, and many are immigrants. While Latin pop artists have gotten most of the attention across the United States, regional Mexican music represents a large chunk of Latin sales, half or more by some estimates, and in areas of California and the Southwest it is as prevalent on Spanish-language radio as salsa is on the East Coast.

The leader of Los Tigres del Norte, Jorge Hernandez, said that his band, which won a Grammy in 1988 and is nominated for a Latin Grammy, would not attend the ceremony because it would be performing in Colombia. But he said he supported the stance of Mr. Moreno and Fonovisa, his band's label for the last 11 years.

"Our position is that our music should be respected and given its due," he said.

At the heart of the complaints is also a widespread feeling among Mexican-Americans that, even though they form a majority among Latinos in the United States, they are often underrepresented on Hispanic television and in other entertainment media in the country. Abraham Quintanilla Jr., a recording producer in Corpus Christi, Tex., and the father of the Tejano star Selena, said that Mexican-Americans were slighted both by "the Caribbean people" who predominate in entertainment centers like Miami and New York and the people of Mexico, many of whom resent Mexican-Americans for their Americanized ways.

"We're treated like orphans," said Mr. Quintanilla, who said he planned to attend the Latin Grammys because his son, A. B. Quintanilla, and his band, Los Kumbia Kings, received a nomination.

"What's wrong with a Tejano artist performing at the Latin Grammys?" the elder Mr. Quintanilla asked. "What does 'N Sync have to do with the Latin world? I don't understand that. That's my only gripe. I don't think it's balanced out."

Only one regional Mexican music performer, Alejandro Fernandez, who sings rancheras, is included among tonight's scheduled performers.

Mr. Abaroa of the Latin academy said that the criticism was unwarranted. He said that nominees were voted on by Latin academy members on the basis of excellence, not of recording sales or popularity. He noted that regional Mexican music had six Latin Grammy categories; only Brazilian music, with seven, had more. "I'm Mexican, and I'm the first one to defend my music," he said. "But this is not the Mexican Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. This is an international organization."

The controversy has left a sour taste among some Latin Grammy supporters. Sandra Guzman, editor in chief of Soloella.com, a Web site for Latinas, said she would be watching the show at a private party sponsored by El Diario-La Prensa, the New York newspaper; the magazine Urban Latino; and HBO Latino at the Copacabana in Manhattan. But she lamented: "It shows we're not as inclusive as we should be as a community. It's not a Mexican issue, it's a Latin music issue. We should be better than that."

Some music critics said that the Latin Academy needed to reach out to the regional Mexican field to maintain its credibility.

"The burden is on the organization to get a fair representation," said Ramiro Burr, a music critic for The San Antonio Express-News and author of "The Billboard Guide to Tejano and Regional Mexican Music," published by Billboard Books. "The truth of the matter is that the regional Mexican market is enormous, and it's beginning to overpower Latin pop and tropical salsa."

This is not the first bump the Latin Grammys have run into. Organizers had wanted to stage the show at the American Airlines Arena in Miami, where many of the Latin artists and music labels are based. But a local law prohibited Miami-Dade County from dealing with companies and organizations that do business with Cuba, and the Latin Grammys include Cuban nominees like Los Van Van and members of the Buena Vista Social Club. (The law was rendered moot in July after a Supreme Court decision struck down a similar law in Massachusetts aimed at Myanmar and human rights abuses there.)

Mr. Estefan, a Cuban exile, said that music and politics should not mix and that he would like the Latin Grammys to be held in Miami next year. As for his numerous Latin Grammy nominations as songwriter and producer, he said this was his lucky year, so much so that he doubted that such a showing could be replicated.

"It's the kind of thing you can't plan," said Mr. Estefan, who has won seven Grammys.

Mr. Estefan, who has his own record label in a joint venture with Sony Music Entertainment and is president of artist development worldwide for Sony, said that the Latin Grammy Awards would be a special moment for him mostly because they confirm how far Latin music has come.

"It used to be that people didn't want to hear Latin music or wanted you to change your last name," he said. The Latin Grammys offer proof, he said, that "in order to be successful you have to be yourself."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Performers at the Latin Grammys are to include Ricky Martin, above, and Alejandro Fernandez, right. Jennifer Lopez, top right, will be one of the show's hosts. Top center, Emilio Estefan Jr., left, with Mauricio Abaroa of the Latin recording academy. (Reuters); (Above left, Associated Press; above right, Jack Vartoogian)(pg. E1); Luis, left, and Jorge Hernandez of Los Tigres del Norte. The band gave $500,000 to a center at U.C.L.A. to promote the study of norteno music. (Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times)(pg. E3)

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[***Harlem's Cultural Anchor In a Sea of Ideas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NPH-13J0-TW8F-G25X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

**Body**

YOU could almost see the ghosts among the new furniture and modern recessed lighting. It was a few days before the staff at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, at 135th Street and Malcolm X Boulevard in Harlem, finished hanging two exhibitions and stripping the paper off the doors at its bigger, brighter new entrance. Amid the sounds of hammers and drills, they prepared for tomorrow's public celebration of the center's two-year, $11 million renovation.

The Schomburg is as much a monument to an idea as it is a building. So those ghosts, workaday and luminous, inhabit a space of many incarnations, tracing its roots back to the 135th Street New York Public Library branch that opened there in 1905. Predominantly Jewish then, Harlem was mostly black by 1924. Over the years, Alex Haley researched ''Roots'' at the Schomburg; James Baldwin and Gordon Parks both found it a refuge; a young Ossie Davis honed his craft there.

By the time it officially became the Schomburg in 1972, taking its name from Arturo Alfonso Schomburg, the Puerto Rican-born black bibliophile who donated his collection, it was a one-stop connection with the global black experience. Its wonders include a rare recording of a Marcus Garvey speech, documents signed by Toussaint L'Ouverture, a signed first edition of Phillis Wheatley's poetry, daguerreotypes of African-Americans from the 1830s, Benjamin Banneker's almanacs. Its exhibitions have tracked black migration and displayed the contents of Malcolm X's pocket when he was gunned down at the Audubon Ballroom.

''The center has increasingly become one of the cultural anchors of the greater Harlem community, one of the top three tourist destinations, along with the Apollo and the Studio Museum in Harlem,'' said Howard Dodson, the Schomburg director. ''The kind of change that's taking place in Harlem is of political, social and historical interest to the center, and we'll be here to document it. We are not going anywhere.''

As the Schomburg unveils its facelift, Harlem itself is also undergoing one of its periodic renaissances. There's new real estate development, new stores and restaurants, new places to imbibe culture. The association with Harlem has been the constant for the Schomburg trove of more than five million items: art, manuscripts, films, photographs. The center has been a place for community meetings and for local politicians, for schoolchildren and eminent researchers like the historian John Hope Franklin.

Thelma Golden, the director and chief curator of the Studio Museum, is among those who see the renovated Schomburg as an emblem of a Harlem at the top of its game. Hundreds of thousands of tourists pour into Harlem annually to shop in the stores on 125th Street, sit in the pews of the historic Abyssinian Baptist Church or revel in the serendipity of finding new cafes or dowager buildings.

''The Schomburg stands as a bearer of the idea that our history and culture are important,'' said Ms. Golden, who is African-American. ''The renovation will reinvent the sense of the institution as living, breathing space. All the cultural institutions in Harlem are going through a period of incredible growth, and it's not just about physical renovation.''

A walk through Harlem makes vivid its embrace of many worlds. There are the tiny African braiding shops, mom-and-pop restaurants with an African or Caribbean flavor, as well as Citarella and Starbucks amid the cacophony of 125th Street, the area's commercial spine. It is dotted with stores like Old Navy, as well as the Apollo and the Studio Museum. The streets are cleaner and safer than they have been in years.

With its hilly topography and low-slung buildings framing the sky, these days Harlem is also a beehive of brownstone renovation and new construction. A few blocks from the Schomburg, condominiums are going up on either side of the street. Take a side street and you may glimpse decrepit apartment buildings or well-tended row houses shrouded in quiet.

The new incarnation of the Schomburg Center, designed by the firm Dattner Architects, has more open spaces, light wood and glass, and is intended to be both more inviting and more distinctive than the old building. The center is part of the New York Public Library; the renovation was primarily financed by the city, with additional state support.

The other day Mr. Dodson ticked off his plans for the center's new resources, which include the latest technology. They include working with the Overtown community in Miami to develop an African diaspora heritage trail and helping officials in Liberia and South Africa to develop archives.

Closer to home, the Schomburg is involved with the African Burial Ground project. In 1991 workers excavating the foundation for a new building uncovered human remains, which turned out to be from the site where historians say 15,000 slaves were buried from 1640 to 1795 on nearly seven acres near what is now City Hall Park and the Municipal Building. President Bush has proclaimed part of the space a national monument. On May 19 the papers donated by the family of Malcolm X will go on display at the Schomburg.

The celebration tomorrow is from noon to 6 p.m. It will include a performance by the Hamalali Wayunagu Garifuna Dance Company, a screening of ''Ethnic Notions'' by Marlon Riggs, a staged reading, face painting and a special presentation by the Frederick Douglass Creative Arts Center.

Two exhibitions will be on view through Oct. 28: ''Stereotypes vs. Humantypes: Images of Blacks in the 19th and 20th Centuries'' and ''Black Art: Treasures From the Schomburg.''

The ''Stereotypes'' exhibition is meant to show the prevalence of caricatured images of blacks for most of the early 19th and early 20 centuries. It uses items like sheet music, posters, advertisements and postcards to show how words like ''darktown'' and ''coon'' were casual companions to depictions of blacks with distorted features.

Some of the items are on loan from the Jim Crow Museum of Racist Memorabilia at Ferris State University in Big Rapids, Mich.

''A small amount of this is from the South,'' Mr. Dodson noted. ''A significant amount of the stereotypical ads come from New York.''

The propaganda is contrasted with real-life black images from that period: couples in their wedding finery, 1920s bathing beauties, formal banquets.

''Black Treasures'' is an eclectic display that includes the 1868 marble and bronze ''Portrait of Ira Aldridge as Othello,'' by Pietro Calvi, as well as the 1969 collage ''Black Manhattan,'' by Romare Bearden, and dozens of other work by Elizabeth Catlett, Augusta Savage, Jacob Lawrence, Benny Andrews, Henry Ossawa Tanner, Horace Pippin, Faith Ringgold and others.

For some, this new renovation calls to mind the buzz around the Schomburg's dedication of the fortresslike, five-story red-brick building on Sept. 28, 1980.

''Our job was to take a building with terrific bones and a great history and turn it into something new, something spectacular that represents the community,'' Richard Dattner, the architect, said. 'The whole philosophy of library design has changed dramatically, with libraries becoming the portals to the Internet as well as the traditional collections of books and archives. Libraries have become community centers and homes away from home. Now there's a screen looking out that broadcasts 'come in' to the neighborhood.''

While the old building had no easily visible central entrance, the new lobby has a glass-curtain wall (with six video projectors) visible from Malcolm X Boulevard. There is a prominent stainless-steel sign with the center's name above the front door.

Space was found for a center for the Scholars-in-Residence Program, which since 1986 has been host to 108 scholars studying the African and African diasporan experience. The new center has offices with privacy louvers circling a lounge enclosed with glass and maple trim.

''We had built a little goldfish bowl for them,'' said Diana Lachatanere, curator of the manuscripts, archives and rare books division, and manager of the Scholars-in-Residence Program. ''For the first time they have their own office, their own equipment.''

Martha Biondi, an associate professor of African American Studies and History at Northwestern University, fondly recalled discovering the Schomburg in the early '80s, when she was an undergraduate at Barnard.

''You'd be in the archive all day and go into the auditorium and see Belafonte or Ossie Davis or listen to jazz or see a local politician,'' said Dr. Biondi, who was also a scholar in residence.

The old reading room -- now visible from the exhibition gallery above -- has been reconfigured to reveal a soaring ceiling topped with an acoustic wood panel. The room is decorated with Aaron Douglas's four signature 1934 murals titled ''Aspects of Negro Life.'' The Latimer/Edison Gallery has been moved to a new entry-level space to connect the lobby and the reading room visually. Anigre, a lustrous, light brown hardwood, is used in the renovated public spaces, which also received new green slate floors.

Arturo Alfonso Schomburg would surely be amazed by the new Harlem and the new center. His portrait hangs in the lobby, a reminder of the power of a dream. Born in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Santurce, P.R., in 1874, Schomburg was the son of an unwed black midwife or laundress and an unidentified father who was probably of Puerto-Rican and German heritage. After moving to New York in 1891, he befriended political and social leaders and the stars of the Harlem Renaissance, and helped found Las Dos Antillas, an anticolonialist organization. He married three times (he was widowed twice) and had eight children.

While working as a messenger for a Wall Street bank and then supervising its Caribbean and Latin American mail section, he began collecting. He found books, magazines, art and other items that, combined, showed the multifaceted splendor of black culture.

In 1926 Mr. Schomburg donated his collection of more than 10,000 objects to the new Division of Negro Literature, History and Prints at the 135th Street Branch Library. After retiring from his bank job in 1929, he was briefly a curator of the Negro Collection at Fisk University in Nashville. He returned to New York in 1932 to be curator of his own collection until his death in 1938.

Mr. Schomburg's story is largely unknown and fascinates visitors, said Carmen Matthew, a docent and volunteer coordinator who works in the Schomburg. A retired principal of a Queens elementary school, she has learned more history working there than in all her years in school, she said. Her first exhibition as a volunteer was ''African Zion'' in 1994, about Ethiopia and religious art.

The Schomburg's visibility can help arts organizations in Harlem keep their footing as their funds dwindle and the neighborhood changes, said Patricia Cruz, executive director of Harlem Stage/Aaron Davis Hall Inc.

''I cannot imagine Harlem being understood without the Schomburg,'' Ms. Cruz said. ''I think they'll have an even bigger role to play as institutions like the Jazzmobile, the Apollo, the National Black Theater, the Boys Choir, the Harlem School for the Arts and the Dance Theater of Harlem come together to advocate for their well-being.

''It's sometimes been hard for people in other communities to recognize the importance of the institutions,'' Ms. Cruz said. Harlem has long struggled to overcome a reputation in some quarters as unsafe; now some people wonder aloud whether poor people are being pushed out of the neighborhood and whether Harlem will retain its strong connection with black culture.

As new talent flocks to Harlem, cultural stalwarts are staying put, and old places are getting new uses. Harlem Stage uses Aaron Davis Hall and the Gatehouse, a new performing arts space at 135th Street and Convent Avenue. It is an 1890 castlelike building once used to distribute water to New York City and the first new space of its kind in Harlem in 20 years. The interior of the Apollo is being renovated. Albert Maysles is opening a film center.

Bill T. Jones, the choreographer, also plans to be on 125th Street with a multiarts center. ''I'd like it to be a cultural center, a place the community would be interested in,'' he said, ''a place my friends from around the world can come perform, teach and hold workshops. We hope people would flow between there and Lincoln Center. Harlem is potentially the most cosmopolitan urban area in the United States.''

Mr. Dodson said he agreed.

''While part of the transformation includes a change in the number of people who are not of African descent, that culture has found its fame and notoriety here,'' he said, ''and that culture will be the foundation of its fame in the 21st century.'' A New Renaissance

Here is information about the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture and other Harlem cultural institutions, as well as some restaurants and shops in the area. SCHOMBURG CENTER FOR RESEARCH IN BLACK CULTURE, Malcolm X Boulevard, at 135th Street, (212) 491-2229. Tomorrow, from noon to 6 p.m., special events to celebrate the reopening of the Center include a performance by the Hamalali Wayunagu Garifuna Dance Company; a screening of the documentary ''Ethnic Notions'' by Marlon Riggs; a staged reading of ''The Jack Johnson Project'' by Deven McNight; face painting; and other activities. On May 19 papers donated by the family of Malcolm X will be on display. Beginning tomorrow and running through Oct. 28, the exhibitions ''Stereotypes vs. Humantypes: Images of Blacks in the 19th and 20th Centuries'' and ''Black Art: Treasures from the Schomburg.'' APOLLO THEATER, 253 West 125th Street (between Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard and Frederick Douglass Boulevard), (212) 531-5300. ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH, 132 West 138th Street (Odell Clark Place), (212) 862-7474 (draws busloads of European tourists). COPELAND'S restaurant, 549 West 145th Street, (212) 234-2356 or (212) 234-2357 (a restaurant that features jazz). GRANDMA'S place, 84 West 120th Street, near Malcolm X Boulevard, (212) 360-6776 (a toy and book boutique). HARLEM STAGE AT the gatehouse , 150 Convent Avenue, at West 135th Street, (212) 650-7100 (music, theater, film, etc.). HARLEM TEA ROOM, 1793A Madison Avenue, at 118th Street, (212) 348-3471. HUE-MAN BOOKSTORE & CAFE, 2319 Frederick Douglass Boulevard, between 124th and 125th Streets, (212) 665-7400. LENOX LOUNGE, 288 Malcolm X Boulevard, at 125th Street, (212) 427-0253 (music). MELBA'S RESTAURANT, 300 West 114th Street, near Frederick Douglass Boulevard, (212) 864-7777. SETTEPANI BAKERY, 196 Malcolm X Boulevard, at 120th Street, (917) 492-4806. STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 West 125th Street, (212) 864-4500 (art). SYLVIA'S RESTAURANT, 328 Malcolm X Boulevard, at 126th Street, (212) 996-0660 ( a classic).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The new facade at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture. Top, a 1925 sign from the New York Public Library's Negro division. (Photographs by Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. E25)

A walk through Harlem makes vivid its embrace of many worlds. The Lenox Lounge, top, on Malcolm X Boulevard and 125th Street, the area's commercial spine

and above, the Harlem Tea Room on Madison Avenue and 118th Street. (Photos by top, Michael Nagle for The New York Times

above, Richard Perry/The New York Times)

On Lexington Avenue: restaurants with African and Caribbean flavors. (Photo by Richard Perry/The New York Times)

The Gatehouse, a new performing arts space, is used by Harlem Stage. (Photo by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. E29) Map of Manhattan highlighting Harlem and points of interest. (pg. E29)

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**End of Document**



[***CLAMOR IN THE EAST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1360-002S-X037-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Czechs Fault Policies of Hard-line Communists as Cause of Industrial Lag***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1360-002S-X037-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1587 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PRAGUE, Nov. 30

**Body**

Frantisek Kucera, the general manager of the century-old Tos Hostivar Machinery Company, is one of those who lost out in the bargain that the hard-line Communist Government made to keep itself in power - cutting back on crucial investments to keep workers docile by providing them oranges, automobiles and homes.

Like most Czechoslovaks, Mr. Kucera is proud that his country was one of the 10 most advanced industrial nations before World War II, but now he complains that both his company and the nation's economy have slipped badly.

''We gave the Government 90 percent of our profits, but they gave us back very little for research and development and modernization,'' said Mr. Kucera, whose company manufactures machine tools, the metal-cutting machines used to make automobiles, airplanes and appliances.

Falling 15 Years Behind

Czechoslovak executives and economists often point to the machine tool industry as a symbol of the nation's decline. Before World War II, Czechoslovak companies like Tos Hostivar were ranked alongside those in Germany and the United States in making the world's most advanced metal-cutting machines. But by the late 1960's the Czechoslovaks had fallen some three years behind Western makers of machine tools, and now with the companies starved of money needed for modernization, they have fallen 15 years behind in key technologies.

Now that Prague is at least orally committed to political and economic reform, the Czechoslovaks are spoiling to close the gap with the West, but they worry that it will take a long time to overcome the glaring economic errors made by the ousted Communist regime.

These days the Czechoslovaks take little solace that their nation and East Germany have long been the two richest Eastern European countries. In comparison to the economic production of Poland and Bulgaria, Prague was far ahead. But this nation has always thought of itself as being the most western of the Slavic countries, and in their hearts many Czechoslovaks see the proper standard of comparison, at the very least, as Austria and perhaps Belgium or France. And most often they blame Communist rule for having made them fall so far behind.

What has emerged unmistakably here in the last two weeks is that despite the intention of the now discredited Communists to placate workers, those same workers moved to revoke the leadership's mandate. Their overwhelming participation in the two-hour general strike on Monday is seen as a vote of no confidence in the policies and in those who claimed to rule in the name of the ***working class***.

Freedom, Not Oranges

''It was a very primitive notion that they could buy off people with more oranges,'' said Ludek Urban, a Czechoslovak economist. ''The Government underestimated the needs of people, especially younger people. They didn't demonstrate for more oranges, but for more freedom.''

On the other hand, the Czechoslovak party's trade-off did seem to work for much of the last decade, when workers and intellectuals in neighboring Poland challenged the authority of the state and party with strikes and clandestine activity. In that time, protest in Czechoslovakia was limited to a small circle in which workers were almost entirely absent.

But now, having won large doses of freedom in the last few days, the Czechoslovaks are beginning to debate how they will use their new-found freedom to transform the economy.

Many economists say they are sure that the wave of democratic reforms will necessarily result in better economic performance. ''The Communist leaders were arrogant, and there was no one to stop them from having incompetents run the economy,'' said Milos Zeman, an economist who stirred a controversy in August in preparing a study for the Government on the nation's economic problems. ''The lack of understanding of economics by the Politburo members was incredible.'' #49th in University Graduates Hard-line Communists did not like the gloomy nature of Mr. Zeman's study, and he was dismissed. In arguing that the Government was robbing the nation's future, he noted, for example, that 6 percent of Czech adults have university degrees, placing a nation that prides itself on being cultured 49th in the world in this measure.

The Czechoslovak opposition has long maintained that there cannot be economic change without political change, a line recently echoed by Prime Minister Ladislav Adamec. He and the key opposition figures say more democracy will mean more accountability, and that should force the Government to find competent people to run the economy.

As teams of experts draft blueprints for the Czechoslovak economy, there is general agreement on two ideas. First, the Government should inject more market forces into the rigid economy. This is expected to help improve the quality of products and help push enterprises to increase productivity.

Second, it is agreed, Czechoslovakia will have an easier time than Poland or Hungary in moving away from Communist economics. But it might have a harder time than East Germany, which can count on special assistance from West Germany.

Ahead of Poland and Hungary

''Our starting point for making reforms is probably better than some other nations in Eastern Europe,'' said Vaclav Klaus, an opposition economist who is in the running to be the Finance Minister in the coalition government to be named this week.

The Czechoslovaks have not piled up the huge foreign debts that Poland and Hungary and East Germany have, although they have been criticized for sometimes using loans to buy oranges rather than crucial capital goods. In addition, even if Czechoslovakia's industry is somewhat neglected, its industrial base in steel, coal, machinery and chemicals remains far stronger than those of Poland or Hungary. Czechoslovakia has a deeply embedded industrial tradition, while Poland and Hungary were largely agricultural before World War II.

''We all have fallen about the same amount since Communist rule began, but since we started out as a more advanced country, we still remain better off,'' said Mr. Zeman. He likes to recall how in 1937, Time magazine ran a cover story about the Czechoslovaks and their advanced economy, calling them the ''Yankees of Europe.''

Mr. Zeman and Mr. Klaus are among the economists working in Civic Forum, the umbrella group for the opposition that was crucial in precipitating the fall of the Communist regime. The group's seven-part program says, ''We intend to abandon our long-standing methods of running the economy.'' It said the economic structure dampens motivation to work and has paid little attention to the environment. #47 Percent Want State Control ''We are convinced that this economic system cannot be improved by minor modifications,'' it said. ''We want to create a developed market, not deformed by bureaucratic interventions.'' Civic Forum added that it wanted to establish various forms of ownership, while guaranteeing ''the necessary minimum of public and social services.''

According to one poll, 47 percent of Czechoslovaks want their economy to remain state-controlled, while 43 percent want it to be a mixed economy. Only 3 percent said they favored capitalism. Thus, the Czechoslovaks appear far less eager than the Poles to place state-owned industry in private hands.

''Privatization is not the word I would push here today,'' said Mr. Klaus. ''It's definitely not on the agenda for the next few years.''

Many Czechoslovaks talk of Sweden's social democracy as their model, because of its commitment to equality in social services and its restrictions on the workings of the free market. Many are still enamored of the goal of ''socialism with a human face,'' an ideal made famous by Alexander Dubcek, the leader ousted by the Warsaw Pact invasion of 1968.

Denmark Cited as a Model

Denmark is also often cited as a model because, like Czechoslovakia, it has a long tradition of employee-owned and farmer-owned cooperatives. Cooperatives in which people own nontradeable shares can be a way station towards setting up a capital market where shares are traded, many economists say.

Walter Kamarek, an economist, whom many opposition figures favor to become Prime Minister or Deputy Prime Minister, called today in a news conference for a market economy and a major restructuring of industry.

Mr. Kamarek, the director of the Economic Forecasting Institute, says the nation needs to reduce its reliance on heavy industries like steel and coal, for which there is huge overcapacity in the world. He wants this nation of 15 million to stop spreading itself thin and to invest in specialized industries like electronics and advanced machinery.

At his 2,600-employee machine tool company in Prague's grimy industrial outskirts, Mr. Kucera has not yet begun to think about privatization and restructuring. One thing he is sure of, however, is that the political changes will mean a more decentralized economy and thus more autonomy for management.

''Right now, whenever we get a new order, we are never sure we can get the steel and parts we need to fill the order,'' he said. ''We spend a lot of time on paperwork asking the Government for this or that, instead of devoting our time to developing for the future.''

Tos Hostivar executives also complain that the Western embargo on shipping sophisticated technology to Eastern Europe has made it hard for their company to update its products.

Mr. Kucera hopes that the democratization process in Eastern Europe will persuade the West to lift the embargo to help these countries move ahead.

**Graphic**

photo of Frantisek Kucera (NYT/Steven Greenhouse)

**End of Document**



[***FILM: EVIL LURKING;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PTV0-00MH-F4VN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Trying to Be Brilliant, Scary and Thrifty. Twice. - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PTV0-00MH-F4VN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

JOE BERLINGER, a respected documentary filmmaker who was itching to make his first fictional feature, was delivering his pitch to the executives at Artisan Entertainment last Thanksgiving, thinking everything was going just fine.

"I seemed to be doing well," he said. "At least I kept meeting more and more people. Then gradually I realized that it wasn't the movie I was there pitching that interested them. They were really looking at me because they wanted me to direct a sequel to 'The Blair Witch Project.' Of course, I was interested."

But it did come as a bit of a shock. "I thought my first movie would be a small, independent feature that would maybe play at the Sundance Film Festival and get some attention," Mr. Berlinger said. "Instead, I found myself committed to delivering a sequel to one of the most successful movies of all time, and I had 10 months to do it."

Flashback to the summer of 1999: Seemingly out of nowhere, "The Blair Witch Project," an unheralded horror film shot on a minuscule budget, opened on a handful of screens and grew into one of the most bizarre movie sensations of the decade, both a summer blockbuster and a cultural phenomenon that rewrote the rules on how to make and market movies for young people in the Internet Age.

Artisan had picked up the film at the Sundance festival the previous January, after no other independent distribution company exhibited any interest. The joke at the time was that the only thing scary about "The Blair Witch Project" was that Artisan had paid $1 million for it.

Few appreciated how cannily the filmmakers, Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez (who are producers on the sequel), had used the Web as a creative and marketing tool to spin a supposedly true story about the disappearance of three young filmmakers in the Maryland woods. They blended fact and fiction and successfully convinced many young people that the story was true. They also came up with a brilliant way to turn their primary handicap, a budget of next to nothing, into an advantage -- by claiming their film, with its nausea-inducing hand-held camera moves and Salvation Army production values, looked that way because it was the raw video footage that had been left behind when the filmmakers disappeared.

Web sites sprang up with additional "interview footage" and richly imagined back stories about the characters involved in the film and the legend that supposedly inspired it, all set in and around the actual town of Burkittsville, Md. The blending of fact and fiction went so far as to include using the real names of the actors in the film for their screen characters. And the poor town of Burkittsville suddenly found itself overrun with "Blair Witch" groupies, wandering around in the woods, trying to find the "real" places where the story had happened.

Seeing as how the film made more than $150 million last summer, and was a subsequent hit on videotape and DVD, a sequel was inevitable. Mr. Myrick and Mr. Sanchez were the logical filmmakers to do it, but their company, Haxan Films, instead signed with Artisan to do "Heart of Love," a comedy about a love cult (now tentatively scheduled for a summer 2001 release). The Haxan team does plan to direct the third "Blair Witch" movie, most likely a prequel to the original.

No matter who does it, making a sequel to a hit film is one thing; making a sequel to a phenomenon is another.

"The challenge was in walking a fine line in dealing with the fact that the first movie did what it did," said Amorette Jones, Artisan's executive vice president for worldwide marketing. "We had to tip our hand and acknowledge that the first movie was out there. The challenge is allowing the second film to be related to the first, then letting it stand on its own independently. That's where Joe's skills as a filmmaker and his vision came in."

Mr. Berlinger, 37, was best known for a trio of truly creepy documentaries "Brother's Keeper" in 1992, "Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills" in 1996 and "Paradise Lost 2: Revelations" earlier this year. All three were made with his partner, Bruce Sinofsky, who is not involved in the "Blair Witch" sequel. The two "Paradise Lost" films most clearly show why Mr. Berlinger appealed to Artisan. They are about the murders of several young children in a ***working-class*** small town in eastern Arkansas, and the documentary suggests that three local youths were convicted of the crimes on flimsy evidence involving their supposed interest in Satanism and the occult.

"In choosing Joe, we knew, based on his past credits, that he'd have the right sensibility to bring to this," Ms. Jones said. Indeed, Mr. Berlinger said, he was struck immediately by the three sequel scripts that had been written before his involvement. "They were very fine scripts," he said, but he thought they were headed in the wrong direction. "All of them picked up at the moment that the first film ended," he said.

The chief problem was that it asked audiences, once again, to believe that the first film was a documentary and it ignored what, to him, was the most fascinating aspect of the "Blair Witch" phenomenon: the cultural hysteria that the original film produced.

S UCH a major pulling the wool over the eyes of America had taken place with the first film, and then been revealed," he said. "I thought it was too much to ask the audience to suspend disbelief again.

"And the original movie fascinated me mostly from the standpoint that the real little town of Burkittsville had been overrun to a degree that you can't believe. Thousands of people were going there every week, people who were convinced that there was some grain of truth in the Blair Witch legend. The town was unprepared to deal with this."

So his movie (with screenplay credit going to John Bokenkamp and Neal Stevens) is set in that real town at the time it is first inundated with "Blair Witch" groupies, in the weeks after the explosive success of the original movie. The original plan, in a nod to the original, was for the characters in the sequel to bear the same names as the actors who portray them. But the filmmakers decided to change the last names just to avoid confusion.

Jeff Donovan plays Jeff Patterson, a local tour operator who takes "Blair Witch" tourists out into the woods where the original movie was filmed. In the sequel, he takes four young people (a pair of Boston academics, a nature-worshiping witch and a cynical Goth enthusiast) on such a tour, and they find themselves in the middle of the forest in the middle of the night when very odd things begin to happen.

"My movie is about five obsessed movie fans who go to the real town of Burkittsville and sort of make a pilgrimage to the site," Mr. Berlinger said. "But I am confident that what people expect to happen, even after the characters end up in the woods, is not what is going to happen. I think people will be surprised."

The film, with its $10 million budget, is inexpensive by the standards of most movies that are released on 3,000 screens, as "Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2" will be on Oct. 27. But it's a fortune compared with the original's budget. Mr. Berlinger said that the reason for the higher budget was that he had decided not to imitate the hand-held, low-budget look of the first film but to make a more traditional movie with more mainstream production values. The first film was also noticeably gore-free, for a horror film, largely because of budgetary constraints; the sequel will raise the ante a bit in this category, Mr. Berlinger said.

Mr. Donovan said that audiences would have trouble guessing where the plot of the sequel was headed. "People expect it to be a romp in the woods, with some kids going crazy-scared in a tent," he said. "But it's not going to be anything like the first one or like people expect. Instead, it's a movie about mass hysteria and collective delusion."

Erica Leerhsen, who plays Erica Geerson, the young witch in the film, said that she had resisted going to see the original. "I knew it was a big deal," she said. "I'm the kind of person who doesn't necessarily want to follow hype, if you know what I mean. I purposely don't go see something for that reason. So I waited until the hype kind of died down and went to see it, and I was so scared."

She went to an audition in New York for the sequel and found herself surrounded by "millions of people" trying out for the key parts. "They asked me, what was the scariest thing that had happened to me, so I came up with spiders and how I thought I was going to die because I had to be around these spiders one time," Ms. Leerhsen said. "Then, they had me back and Joe was there and they asked me the same question again. So I had to come up with something new. And they kept having me back and back, with fewer and fewer people each time, until it was just me."

Mr. Berlinger said that the key trick, for him, was to come up with something that interested him intellectually and was still satisfying to the fans of the original film, breaking the mold of the first film while remaining true to its spirit. So he decided once again to blend fact and fiction, to have a resolution that is vague -- at least subject to interpretation -- and to have the idea of "found footage" play a role in the story.

"I am fascinated by the notion most Americans have, when they consume media, that shaky camera means reality," Mr. Berlinger said. "That's a dangerous thing. It's utterly fascinating to me that to most people amateur video equals reality. It taps into a larger issue, a real concern of mine, the blurring in general between fiction and reality, between news and entertainment. Over the last decade, they've become so intertwined."

Whether "Blair Witch" fanatics will appreciate the film on this level, he is not sure, but Mr. Berlinger said he was convinced they wouldn't have to. The movie works as a traditional horror-mystery, without the intellectual overlay, he said.

"The thing I just decided early on was that I needed to stick to my vision," he said. "I hope it plays for America. I think it will. We'll see.

"Opportunities come in all shapes and sizes. You can't really pick and choose your moment of destiny, so I just jumped out the window and hoped, as I continue to hope, that there's a mattress on the other side to catch me."

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

**Correction**

An article on Sept. 10 about the film "Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2" misidentified the writers who are to receive screen credit. As a result of an arbitration by the Writers Guild of America, they are Dick Beebe and Joe Berlinger, not John Bokenkamp and Neal Stevens.

**Correction-Date:** October 8, 2000, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Heather Donahue in "The Blair Witch Project," the unheralded, inexpensive horror film that became a cultural phenomenon. (Artisan Entertainment)(pg. 72); Jeff Donovan and Erica Leerhsen in "Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2." (Abbot Genser/Artisan Entertainment)(pg. 57)

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**End of Document**



[***THE LITTLE FLOWER AND HOW HE GREW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-22W0-002S-X3XM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By KEN AULETTA; Ken Auletta, a columnist for The New York Daily News, is the author of ''The Streets Were Paved With Gold'' and ''The Underclass.''

**Body**

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA AND THE MAKING OF MODERN NEW YORK

By Thomas Kessner.

Illustrated. 700 pp. New York:

McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. $24.95.

This is a biography of a petty, petulant, often unpleasant little man who, with the passage of time, has come to be regarded as New York City's greatest mayor. The author, Thomas Kessner - a professor of history at the graduate school of the City University of New York - has produced a panoramic history and character study whose sweep and lucidity will earn ''Fiorello H. La Guardia and the Making of Modern New York'' a place just a notch below ''The Power Broker,'' Robert Caro's masterly account of Robert Moses. And the timing of Mr. Kessner's portrait could not be better, coming as it does during a mayoral war fought to claim the La Guardia mantle.

The book offers a map of sorts for the current campaign. We are reminded of the importance of understanding a candidate's early roots: La Guardia, having tasted poverty as a boy in South Dakota and Arizona, where his father was a musician with the United States Army, and having witnessed firsthand the injustices of the political hacks in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was left with a passionate faith in government and a hatred of political parties that became lifelong obsessions. Though the family moved back to New York after his father's discharge from the Army, ''his notions of possibility,'' writes Mr. Kessner, ''had been nourished by frontier life, where government was simple enough to control and, if necessary, change.''

We are reminded, too, of how the ground can shift under the feet of candidates - as it did for a left-liberal fringe congressman named La Guardia when he became a mainstream politician after being elected mayor in 1933. And we are reminded that candidates with apparent governmental weaknesses sometimes grow in office, as La Guardia did, transforming himself from a sometimes ineffectual president of the Board of Aldermen who occasionally got into fistfights with colleagues during the 1920's into a leader of the New Deal coalition.

Of all the individuals who have run for mayor this year, the one who in many ways most resembles La Guardia is Edward I. Koch. Neither could bear to be without an audience, neither was an intellectual or an ideologue, neither was free of the paranoia that confused critics with enemies, neither turned the other cheek or displayed good manners and neither enjoyed success in his third term (though La Guardia did have the sense in 1945 not to risk rejection by trying for a fourth).

Even Mr. Koch's well-known outbursts - calling opponents ''wackos'' or comparing them to Josef Goebbels - were similar to La Guardia's. ''New Yorkers are sick and tired of Mr. La Guardia's unbridled tongue,'' declared Gov. Herbert Lehman, referring to the labels like ''crook'' and ''bum'' and ''thief'' that La Guardia affixed to his enemies. ''The Little Flower'' could be a bona fide rabble-rouser. Once, after baying to the tribal resentments of an audience of fellow Italian-Americans, La Guardia winked to an aide: ''I can outdemagogue the best of demagogues.''

Yet when we recall La Guardia we don't moan about his sometimes tyrannical style, or his sanctimoniousness, or how he treated friends and even family as serfs. As time has passed, his achievements have grown, as may Mr. Koch's.

''Ascending to power in dispirited times,'' writes Mr. Kessner, La Guardia ''refreshed the faith of the people in their political institutions while moving forward on a broad agenda that laid the foundations of the modern metropolis. Breaking Tammany's hold, making urban politics clean and challenging, La Guardia attracted to it some of the best men and women of his time; for the first time in a generation, individuals felt that the city could be changed for the better through their efforts.'' Following the profligate, corrupt administration of Jimmy Walker, La Guardia asserted the dominance of the citywide interest over the boroughs and over the Tammany Hall machine, while balancing the city's books.

He had verve, passion and a go-for-the-throat ability that could crystallize an issue or move an audience. It is hard to imagine either of the two major mayoral contenders defanging an opponent today as La Guardia denuded a congressional opponent, Henry Frank, in 1922. The ''Jewish Committee'' for Frank dispatched a postcard days before the election declaring: ''There are three candidates who are seeking your vote: one is Karlin the atheist, the second is the Italian La Guardia, who is a pronounced anti-semite and Jew hater. . . . Our candidate is Henry Frank, who is a Jew with a Jewish heart.'' Rather than play it safe, La Guardia slammed back. He dispatched his Jewish supporters to the streets to speak on his behalf, and he sent an open letter to Frank in Yiddish, challenging him to a debate ''entirely in the Yiddish language.'' La Guardia knew that Frank could not speak the language; after his opponent failed to show on the night of the debate, he addressed the group in ''quite passable Yiddish.''

Of course, it didn't hurt La Guardia that he had an Italian-American father and a Jewish mother and was a practicing Protestant. Robert Moses, who sometimes called him a ''dago,'' came to envy his political touch: ''The Mayor adopted a Lincolnesque approach to Harlem, made broad his phylacteries in East New York, emphasized his ancestral links with and unquestionable respect for the Roman Catholic Church, and attended an occasional Church of England service at St. John's Cathedral. [If the city had a] solid group of Chinese Mohammedans, he would doubtless have discovered strong ties with them.''

Besides giving voice to a new generation of immigrants, La Guardia was the first mayor to insist that the Federal Government bore a responsibility to the cities. Through his friendship with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was able to make New York a laboratory for the nation. Much of its infrastructure - from the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel to La Guardia Airport to many of the reservoirs and bridges and sewers and playgrounds and municipal swimming pools - is a La Guardia legacy.

If this biography has a weakness, it is that Mr. Kessner is sometimes guilty of piling on facts, using three quotes where one will do. But one of the book's greatest strengths is that it presents La Guardia whole. The reader is left not only with the perfume of theJU Little Flower's accomplishments, but also with the stench of his failures.

For example, La Guardia's third term, spanning the Second World War when the city's resources shriveled, became bogged down by a me-me-me freneticism. Unwilling to recognize limits, he was distracted by a Presidential bug and began to confuse personal power with public service. What had been a virtue became a vice. ''Self-indulgence hardened into an ungenerous arrogance and incivility,'' Mr. Kessner observes. ''His powers of outrage, which in the past aimed at redressing social imbalances and skewering uncaring officials, declined into orneriness, into the pleasures of finding fault and harping on the failures of others. The refreshing iconoclasm that had made his progressivism so human had long since become an irrepressible irritability.'' The result was that he spent money he did not have and cooked the books.

La Guardia could be a brilliant team player, as he was with F.D.R, whom he repeatedly bolted the Republican party to support. Yet his suspicious nature and self-absorption were such that he often wanted to play every position on his municipal team. Consequently, he never built a fusion party or established a successor.

He was a civil libertarian for much of his life, fighting anti-Semitism when this was not a popular cause. Yet he often used his investigations commissioner to try to humiliate departing commissioners. And though he was a man of exemplary rectitude who accepted no favors, like Mayor Koch he could be a sucker for flattery. After a former Tammany foe, Jimmy Walker, showered him with praise, La Guardia granted Walker a job - just as Mayor Koch ceded to Democratic county leaders the keys to several city agencies after they seduced him with flattery.

One of the sources of La Guardia's political strength was that he had a devil to do battle with. Whatever failures or flaws his critics berated him for, he was always able to win support by conjuring up images of Tammany Hall's Democratic bosses. Because, at the present time, government has usurped much of the political parties' role, and because television allows candidates to reach voters directly, over the heads of potential bosses, it is harder today to identify a devil. Nonetheless, the victor in November's election will be the candidate who can reach La Guardia's old core constituency - the middle- and ***working-class*** ethnics.

La Guardia's greatness, as Mr. Kessner reminds us, was that he married political skill with conviction, style and genuine ability. Together these qualities combined to produce a special leader, a mayor who was outraged by what those before him had accepted as normal. Or as Mr. Kessner rightly says in summing up the La Guardia legacy: ''He made political integrity a civic habit, and by example he taught what dreams a committed honest leader could accomplish.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Fiorella H. La Guardia in 1936 (AP)

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[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2C00-002S-X39N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For Once, Something Good Happens to the Nice Guy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2C00-002S-X39N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1417 words

**Byline:** By JAMES GREENBERG; James Greenberg is senior editor of American Film.

**Body**

Before the taping of the first episode of ''The Famous Teddy Z,'' a new and much-praised CBS sitcom that takes an amused look at life in a Hollywood talent agency, Hugh Wilson went out and asked the live audience if they knew what an agent was. The crowd got a little testy. ''Of course we know what an agent is,'' said one guest. ''Don't you think we read People?''

Mr. Wilson, the 46-year-old creator of the series ''WKRP in Cincinnati'' and ''Frank's Place,'' smiles when he tells the story. Conventional wisdom has long held that TV shows about the inner workings of the entertainment business wouldn't play in the heartland. Banking on America's fascination with celebrities and their world, Mr. Wilson didn't buy it. ''Fame and fortune are exciting. Stars are nobility, our royal family. People love this stuff,'' he says, discussing his choice to buck the odds.

Still, Mr. Wilson considers ''The Famous Teddy Z'' a more conventional piece of work than the critically aclaimed Emmy Award-winning ''Frank's Place,'' a show about a black-owned restaurant in New Orleans that was dropped after one year despite its accolades. '' 'Frank's Place' was something special,'' he says. ''You can't do a show like that two times in a row; maybe every five years you can sneak one in. But sometimes a show can be a little too good for television and you have to be a little sillier.''

Like ''Frank's Place,'' ''The Famous Teddy Z'' is set in the American work place and centers around a naive character who serves as ''our eyes and ears seeing the business for the first time,'' notes Mr. Wilson. As played with great eagerness by Jon Cryer, Teddy Z is a slow car in the fast lane, but he's a speedy learner. It's all an opportunity for Mr. Wilson to set up and ridicule, in an affectionate way, the everyday absurdities of the movie business and some of the vain, overblown and desperate characters who populate it.

Although ''The Famous Teddy Z'' is his ''new girl,'' he says, and ''we're really getting along well,'' it was an unusual courtship. After ''Frank's Place'' fell victim to the ratings game, Mr. Wilson, a sweet-talking Floridian with a disarming Southern drawl, was wondering what he would next when he was approached by Columbia Pictures Television, the film company's TV production division, with ''a profoundly attractive offer.'' He was given a two-year deal that included a share of the net profits of any show he developed. ''At the time I hadn't heard of anyone getting that kind of money,'' Mr. Wilson said. ''I think an hour later someone got even more.''

No sooner had Mr. Wilson set up shop at the Gower Sunset Studios in Hollywood than he was struck with a disquieting realization: ''I had to do another television show.'' But it wasn't failure that scared Mr. Wilson, it was success. ''I was afraid I might have to do a show for six years and, being kind of lazy, that pressure is a bit enervating. As a matter of fact, it's paralyzing.'' There was another thing bothering Mr. Wilson. He was ''scared to death of young actors,'' and winding up in a long-term relationship with a ''childish, selfish jughead with bad work habits.'' But when CBS arranged a meeting with Mr. Cryer, Mr. Wilson was relieved to discover that he was none of these things.

Mr. Cryer, 24, cut his teeth in summer stock and later on Broadway in ''Brighton Beach Memoirs'' and '' Torch Song Trilogy,'' but he's probably best known for his roles in the films ''Pretty in Pink'' and ''Hiding Out.'' Sick of the contractual dickering that went along with feature films, he decided to seek steadier employment in television.

Mr. Wilson didn't have anything specific in mind for his show when someone at Columbia suggested a mail-room comedy set at a life insurance company. That didn't interest him, but it got him thinking. What about the famous Hollywood story about Jay Kanter? Mr. Kanter, legend has it, worked in the mail room at MCA when he was sent out to pick up Marlon Brando at the train station. He came back as Mr. Brando's agent. Never mind that in reality Mr. Kanter was already an agent (today he's chairman of production for Pathe Entertainment) and the story had been embellished over the years, Mr. Wilson had the premise for ''The Famous Teddy Z.''

It was a Cinderella tale that he found irresistible. Teddy Z was like a guy winning the lottery, and to Mr. Wilson ''it was fun to watch something good happen to a nice guy for once.'' As a writer-producer, he admits that he has little taste for the downbeat and depressing and prefers life-affirming stories, which, he says, is a good thing if you're going to work in television. ''I guess I'm a bit of a Pollyanna,'' he offers without apology.

Inspired by the ethnic background of his secretary, Mr. Wilson turned the young agent into Teddy Zakalokis, a respectful but spirited ***working-class*** Greek fellow fresh out of the Army who is plagued by a possessive grandmother (Erica Yohn). Teddy falls into a career by accident when he punches out the esteemed but extremely pompous actor Harland Keyvo, played by Dennis Lipscomb as a kind of exaggerated Jack Nicholson.

In constructing a sitcom, Mr. Wilson prefers character-driven material over story-centered material but is disturbed to find himself writing only major-event scenes for ''Teddy Z.'' ''Teddy sells a movie, Teddy gets a new client. I just keep writing the same scene,'' sighs the show's creator, ''but that may be the nature of the arena we've chosen.'' Mr. Wilson favors the minutiae and complexity of a show like ''Frank's Place'' and by comparison considers ''Teddy Z'' a ''light comedy.''

''We had a rule on 'Frank's Place,' '' he says. ''We would work out what should happen next, what was expected and then throw it out. We're not doing that on 'Teddy Z.' I think we're dealing more in stereotypes here.''

In fact, agents all over town are trying to guess who the characters are based on, especially the nattily dressed but foul-tempered agent, Al Floss (Alex Rocco). Mr. Wilson gleefully relates how he got a half-serious call from Mike Ovitz, head of the powerful Creative Artists agency. '' 'Now, Hugh, I'm not Al Floss, am I?' ' 'I don't think so, Mike; I don't know that much about you.''

Some agents wonder if the show isn't a bit too inside for a general audience. Garry Cosay, an agent with Leading Artists, argues that you don't have to be an agent to find the attitudes amusing. Others weren't so sure. According to Mr. Wilson, his own agent, John Burnham at William Morris, at first thought it was a peculiar idea. ''He said to me, 'What are you going to do, show guys on the phone all day?' ''

The one thing that should keep ''Teddy Z'' from becoming too parochial is Mr. Wilson. ''Hugh is not an inside kind of person,'' says Mr. Burnham. ''His jokes don't have a lofty you-got-to-get-it humor.'' As an outsider who started in advertising and struck it rich in Hollywood, Mr. Wilson still doesn't like ''all the pushing and shoving'' that is part of the business. When he graduated from the University of Florida, he didn't even consider show business as an option because it was so outside his realm of experience.

Instead he landed at a linoleum company in Lancaster, Pa., where he wrote sales brochures (at the mention of this, Mr. Wilson breaks into a few bars of ''On a Clear Day You Can Sell Forever'') and was fortunate enough to work with the future TV writers Jay Tarses and Tom Patchett.

After a six-year apprenticeship in television, Mr. Wilson wrote and directed his first feature, ''Police Academy.'' He made two other films (''Rustlers Rhapsody'' and ''Burglar'') before realizing that he wasn't enjoying himself and that he was ''a lousy movie director and a pretty good TV writer.''

Although Mr. Wilson prefers life in television and finds it more civilized, he is still witness to behavior that makes him shake his head. In ''Teddy Z,'' Mr. Wilson pokes fun at the institutions he comes into contact with every day. One episode deals with a chimp who has a successful series but wants to do movies.

For his part, Mr. Cryer welcomes the opportunity to play with the image of Hollywood and show it for ''the silly business it is.''

Mr. Wilson shares the feeling. ''I'm ambivalent about Hollywood to the point of being wishy-washy. So many things about it are exciting, and I'm delighted to have been let into the candy store.

''But I'm appalled to see people allowed to behave in ways not permitted elsewhere, and that's probably the stuff I'll put into 'Teddy Z.' ''

**Graphic**

Photo of Hugh Wilson directing Jon Cryer in ''The Famous Teddy Z.'' (Tony Esparza)

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[***FLIGHT FROM CUBA: IN CUBA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y4W0-008G-F46R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Though Desperate, Most Cubans Are Not Ready to Take to Rafts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y4W0-008G-F46R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By TIM GOLDEN,

By TIM GOLDEN,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LA FE, Cuba, Sept. 3

**Body**

There are no rafts in the quiet gulf that presses up to this small town on Cuba's western end, only children splashing around under the hot late-summer sun and fishing boats tethered to the shore.

Though some hungry townspeople have taken to stealing food from their neighbors' homes, no one has yet tried to steal any of the boats. In a town whose name translates as Faith, no one seems to have turned decisively against the Revolution.

But stories of the thousands of desperate people fleeing the island have dominated conversation for weeks. The people of La Fe are asking the same questions asked by those who take to the rafts, and getting many of the same answers.

"What can you hope for?" demanded Lazaro Rodriguez, a young laborer who is the father of three small children. "There is no future here."

Among the great majority of Cubans, the ones who have stayed, there are some who cling to the Revolution's promise of a more developed society and others who, on its worst days, remember things as having been worse before.

There are people, especially in the provinces, who could not imagine abandoning the homeland. And there are those who would leave in a flash but will not risk their lives to be confined indefinitely at the United States naval base on Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Yet even for some of the diehard revolutionaries in Havana who look on the continuing spectacle of the rafts with disgust or disbelief, the exodus seems to have heightened a sense of urgency about Cuba's steep economic decline.

"At the beginning, we thought all of this could come apart," a 19-year-old woman studying to be an army counterintelligence officer said, referring to the hijackings of state-owned boats and a riot against the security forces in Havana that prompted the Government to start letting people leave the island freely last month.

"Maybe it will help that they leave," said the woman, whose olive uniform was set off by bright pink plastic earrings. "In the provinces people are more tranquil. But they have to struggle to eat, and they get crazy."

As in the past, the bitterness of Cubans' private complaints may be a poor measure of their patience with the Communist Government that Fidel Castro brought to power 35 years ago.

Focus of Attention

A month after the most serious disturbances of Mr. Castro's presidency -- the incident on Aug. 5 that saw hundreds of people loot stores and attack the police and thousands more pour into the streets to watch -- what impresses many foreign diplomats here is how quickly the Government managed to turn people's attention to the flight on the rafts and Cuban talks on immigration issues with the United States in New York.

"The country is not dominated by the rafters," insisted the spokesman for the Cuban Foreign Ministry, Miguel Alfonso. "That is pathology. Life goes on normally in Cuba."

Particularly around the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, the area from which most of the raft people have come and have gone, the Government has been quick to stop the daily power blackouts and to put scarce cooking oil back in the stores.

Some rationed foods that for months existed only on the thriving black market have become available again. The resumption of classes for schoolchildren last week lifted from their parents the daily summer pressure of finding them lunch.

But what the Government has not provided is any clear sign that it will take the sort of radical measures that foreign economic advisers and analysts say are needed if Cuba is to salvage its crumbling industrial plant, revive food production in the countryside and attract new investment from abroad.

'What Is Going to Happen?'

"The question I ask myself is the same one that I think everyone else asks: What is going to happen here?" a 48-year-old architect said in his home in a ***working-class*** Havana neighborhood. "And I cannot see a way out of this, not in the direction we are heading now."

As a stream of his friends have traveled abroad on professional delegations and defected, the man said, he has only struggled harder to survive in Cuba. Though he does not hesitate to criticize the Government elite, he appreciates the Revolution's social achievements.

But even with a good job, he earns only 340 pesos a month, about $4 at the black-market exchange rate. Were it not for the occasional $100 check from an uncle in Miami, he says, he would be reduced to the illicit scavenging and bartering to which some of his other friends have turned as the only way to put enough food on their families' tables.

"I am doing the unspeakable to remain in my country," he said. "But I don't know how long I can keep going."

In insisting that his name not be used, the man showed a caution about speaking his mind that has eroded among many Cubans as the country's troubles have grown steadily more dramatic. "The system of control is still there," one Latin American diplomat said, "but some of the fear has been lost."

On the beaches around Havana and along the city's Malecon, the promenade that runs along the sea, the crowds that gather to watch each new contraption set out often listen first as those about to leave pour out tales of their desperation to reporters, television camera crews or anyone else within earshot.

In street-corner debates over whether to leave or stay, the comments are almost as intense. With so many people risking so much for a promise as meager as that drawing the raft people -- three meals a day behind razor wire and the vaguest promise that they might not have to return home -- it is as though the complaints of those who stay can only be lesser criticism.

Government loyalists are hardly explaining the dissatisfaction to themselves for the first time. It has been five years since the collapse of the Soviet bloc began cutting the subsidized trade on which Cubans lived for three decades. It has been more than two years since the United States economic embargo against Cuba was tightened, adding sizable premiums to the essential imports of an economy suddenly open to the laws of the capitalist world.

"These kids are not all against the system," said Clara Mendez, 47, a school principal in the town of Guanabo, just east of Havana. "Maybe they want better clothes, better food. It is all scarce here."

Young Cubans, Mrs. Mendez said, were lured away from their country by the bright images of the consumer paradise that they, unlike Eastern Europeans, have always been able to see on television. She should know, she said: her two sons, ages 27 and 29, arrived in Miami by raft shortly before the refugees started being diverted to Guantanamo.

"They are well," she said. "They don't want for anything. Only for spiritual things."

Warnings on Official Radio

On Government radio stations, stories about those who survived the voyage are much darker.

"For those who risk everything," Radio Reloj intoned on Friday night, "Guantanamo is denial, desperation, the evil little place where everything is anguish, unhappiness and complaint."

Away from the capital, the temptation to leave seems more distant.

From La Fe, Havana is little more than three hours by car, but with only one prized 1954 Buick in the town and gasoline scarce throughout the country, the trip can take two days of hitchhiking. Buses from the provincial capital of Pinar del Rio are so crowded and infrequent as to be almost out of the question.

"How could I go all the way there?" Elaine Soto asked about New Jersey, where one of her aunts has lived for years. Pointing to the small concrete-block structure where she was born, she said: "My home is here. My family is here."

With more than two dozen fishermen, the town is more prosperous than many. Fish can be swapped with farmers for meat and vegetables and with people who come from the cities for clothes and other goods. But in conversations with dozens of townspeople, there seemed to be little question that the cohesion of the town had suffered along with the economy.

Thefts of Food

Tania Rodriguez, 24, Lazaro's sister, told of a neighbor stealing one of the tiny rations of meat she received for her chronically ill 1-year-old daughter. On Saturday afternoon, young men told of townspeople having descended like vultures that morning on the abandoned remains of an ox stolen from a local farmer and killed for meat. Hours later, a police car pulled up to investigate, but people said it would be the exception if the rustler was found.

In La Fe, at least, it seems to be family that has taken up slack from the socialist state, providing for those who have lost jobs or who simply do not earn enough. Under such circumstances, townspeople said, even those who might want to leave by raft have found reasons to reconsider.

Yet in the confidences they whispered to a visiting reporter, two men said that when they could be sure not to end up in Guantanamo, they would surely leave, too, not in spite of their children, but to be able to provide for them.

Diuva Camaliche, 15, a bright girl who said she had been unable to find a job since quitting school two years ago, said her father, who lived and worked in Pinar del Rio, had already gone, leaving from Havana on a raft. That was enough, she and others said, to convince them that things could not go on as they were.

"Something has to happen here," Diuva said. "Either things have to get better or they are going to get worse."

**Graphic**

Photo: The small town of La Fe on Cuba's western coast has not turned against the Revolution, but the latest surge of refugees taking to the sea from elsewhere in the country has dominated conversations for weeks. Residents gathered at the community's only restaurant over the weekend. (Angel Franco/The New York Times) (pg. A10)

Map of Cuba showing location of La Fe. (pg. A10)

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[***Rockers Lead New Wave of Anti-Abortion Fight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RV3-W0M0-007F-G1W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LAURIE GOODSTEIN

By LAURIE GOODSTEIN

**Dateline:** STROUDSBURG, Pa.

**Body**

Teen-age boys in spiked hair and girls in nose rings stepped into the church basement carrying their admission fee of $4 and a jar of baby food. When the concert started, the punk and hard-core bands unleashed deafening waves of sound. But in breaks, the rockers preached against abortion and welcomed to the stage a young organizer, the second generation in her family to help lead the fight against abortion.

"Every day, 4,400 children are killed by surgical abortion. This is your generation, you guys," said Cathy Brown, 26, of the American Life League, which her mother founded. "One-third of your generation are gone. It's your brothers and sisters and friends who would have been here today."

Here at a Rock for Life concert in the recreation hall of a Methodist church, applauding Ms. Brown and raising money for a center that counsels pregnant women against abortion, is the new wave of the anti-abortion movement.

These are young people for whom legalized abortion has always been a fact of life. But to them, abortion is also a crime, a violation of human rights far more heinous than slavery. They talk about abortion as a holocaust. And they see themselves as contemporary freedom riders, a courageous counterculture they believe will ultimately prevail over injustice just as the civil rights movement helped put a stop to segregation.

When the Supreme Court recognized a constitutional right to abortion in 1973 in the Roe v. Wade case, many abortion opponents believed they could end legalized abortion within a few years by passing an amendment to the Constitution, changing the makeup of the Supreme Court or mobilizing tens of thousands of people to march down the Washington Mall.

Now, 25 years later, many older and younger organizers say they do not expect to win by changing the law or by shifting a few votes in the legislatures or the courts. Instead, they say their goal is to change the minds and hearts of the younger generation, one by one.

The young people gathered in this church basement are part of a subculture that is emerging across the country in schools, churches and camps. This concert lacks any evidence of alcohol, drugs, or sexual overtones. The only thing the band members and fans are passing around between breaks are Bibles.

They say they do not believe that birth control works. They say the only way to avoid unwanted pregnancy is abstinence. They insist they do not have sex, and will not until they are married.

The younger generation of the anti-abortion movement seems to be joining the battle with strategies unimagined by their more experienced allies. They publish underground 'zines,' write rap songs and organize concerts like this one near a college in the Poconos. They find each other over the Internet and stand outside of high schools carrying posters of aborted fetuses. Some projects get little financial support from established organizations, but the most successful of the efforts to enlist the young are started by the members of the younger generation themselves.

They are trying to persuade their peers that killing a fertilized egg is just as heinous a crime as that of Susan Smith, the mother who strapped her two children into car seats and rolled the car into a lake. It is an analogy used by Ms. Brown, of the American Life League. They believe that women who have abortions are either misinformed, selfish or cold-hearted. Rock for Life's best-selling bumper sticker says simply, "Abortion Is Mean."

"I honestly, really don't understand why abortion is legal," said Crissy Verhagen, an 18-year-old wearing blue eyeshadow and green nail polish, after performing a song she wrote with her pop-punk band from New Jersey. "You see sonograms, you see five fingers. If it really is alive, and has a heartbeat, then why is it legal to kill. To me, it's hypocrisy.

"If a teen-ager gets pregnant," Ms. Verhagen said, "they brought that situation on themselves. So I don't see why they have a right to kill it. They took the action, now they have to pay the price."

Andy Bruntel, 18, a freshman art student in Baltimore said, "I don't think it's right that someone could end a life just to make theirs a little bit easier, a little bit simpler. Everyone has their trials in life."

While this punk scene is only one snapshot of the contemporary anti-abortion movement, it is a telling one. As with many people who oppose abortion, these young people are Christians, and many belong to evangelical and Pentecostal churches. Few here are Roman Catholic, a religion in whose churches and schools they would most likely have been exposed to anti-abortion teaching. They are the middle- and ***working-class*** children of teachers, secretaries and parole officers. Almost all of them are white. They attend public schools or private nondenominational Christian academies.

The anti-abortion and pro-abstinence campaigns are now being promoted hand in hand. A youth group called the SALT, for Savior's Alliance for Lifting the Truth, distributed pamphlets on abstinence at a music festival last summer publicizing the failure rate of condoms. Young people sign pledges called True Love Waits, in which they vow to remain chaste until after their weddings.

In the crowd at the concert, a few couples hold hands. Almost no one dances, and the fans who do, pogo in place alone or in same-sex clusters.

"My present girlfriend, I didn't even kiss her until I could tell her I love her," said Ethan Tripp, 19, the drummer with the band Benevolent. He expects never to be personally faced with the question of abortion because, he says, "I wouldn't end up in that situation."

Before going on stage, Benevolent's lead singer, Tony Buonopane Jr., pulls up the sleeve of his black T-shirt and shows off his new dragon tattoo. Mr. Buonopane says that two years ago he ran with a gang, was arrested for assault and robbery and had unprotected sex. He says he never got anyone pregnant, but found himself pondering the question of abortion once when a girlfriend's period was four months late. Now, he says that he refrains from having sex with his new girlfriend, though he admits that abstinence is not easy.

"We make out, and I think about it. I mean, I have hormones. I just don't think with that," Mr. Buonopane said, pointing to his groin. "I think with this," he said, pointing to his head. "My girlfriend now is a virgin. I don't want to wreck that. I don't want to wreck her."

Many at the concert say they arrived at what they call a right-to-life position on their own, even before becoming Christians. And most of them said that to be consistent, they also oppose the death penalty and assisted suicide.

Stephanie Barber links her decision to become a vegetarian four years ago with her concern about animal rights and her opposition to abortion. "I've thought about eggs, and that it could be a chicken fetus," said Ms. Barber, 18, a high school senior from Hatboro, Pa.

When her friends took a break from the concert and walked to the McDonald's outlet for hamburgers, they squealed in disgust at a sign advertising furs. Over lunch, they argued over whether to boycott pro-abortion bands. "You don't want to fill your head with trash," argued Jennifer Henry, 18, but her friend Mr. Buonopane objected.

"What if someone likes Benevolent," Mr. Buonopane asked, referring to his band, "but then they hear we're a Christian band and stop listening to us? That's an isolationist position. You can't isolate yourself from the world, from the culture around us."

But many of these young people picture themselves as rebels rejecting a culture saturated with sex and drugs, self-destructiveness and suicide. They say they don't watch MTV or see movies that they believe glorify sex or suicide. Some explain that they began considering the value of life after losing friends to suicide, drug overdoses and car accidents.

Young people today reflect the same ambivalence toward abortion that exists among the public at large, according to the latest New York Times/CBS News Poll. In that survey, conducted two weeks ago, 29 percent of 18- to 29-year-olds said that abortion should be generally available, 49 percent said it should be available but under stricter limits, and 21 percent said it should not be permitted at all.

To try to undercut the widespread perception that anti-abortion groups do not care about the life of the mother, students on many campuses have formed groups promoting the view that abortion is unhealthy and unsafe for women. Among these groups are the Ivy League Coalition for Life, Feminists for Life and the Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians.

"There are so many tragic stories of women destroyed because of abortion," said Kathryn Getek, a Princeton University junior who belongs to Princeton Pro-Life.

The Collegians Activated to Liberate Life, based in Madison, Wis., take a year off to travel around campuses helping organize anti-abortion chapters.

Bryan Kemper, a former intern with Collegians Activated, says he founded Rock for Life to provide a counterpoint to the Rock for Choice shows performed by bands that support abortion. Last year, Rock for Life organized 15 anti-abortion concerts around the country, mainly in the West and Southwest. Mr. Kemper says he now has a mailing list of 3,000, and 110 bands willing to perform for gas money.

The effort is genuinely grass roots and decentralized. The concert in Pennsylvania was organized not by Mr. Kemper but by Chris Francz, 31, a hard-core music fan and part-time security guard who saw a reference to Rock for Life in a punk music magazine.

He invited eight loud hard-core bands for a daytime show, and three folk performers for the evening. Among the hard-core musicians, Ms. Verhagen, who is from New Jersey, was the only woman. On stage, flanked by musicians pounding guitars and smashing on drums, Ms. Verhagen shut her eyes and belted out her anthem about a woman who decides to have an abortion.

"She won't be going to the toy store and singing lullabies," Ms. Verhagen sang, "except the ones to calm her nerves and justify the lie."

The words, however, were inaudible. The music was too loud.

**Graphic**

Photos: Two musicians performing at a Rock for Life concert at the Stroudsburg United Methodist Church in Stroudsburg, Pa., last week. (Bill Cramer for The New York Times)(pg. A13); Last year, Rock for Life organized 15 anti-abortion concerts. (pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** January 21, 1998

**End of Document**



[***REAGAN ENTERTAINED BY SINGER HE ONCE PARDONED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-S0J0-0009-200F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 8, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1368 words

**Byline:** By ALJEAN HARMETZ, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SANTA YNEZ VALLEY, Calif., March 7

**Body**

The country-western singer Merle Haggard, who spent nearly three years in San Quentin Prison for attempted burglary and who was later pardoned by the Governor of California, sang today for the man who pardoned him, President Reagan.

''I hope the President will be as pleased with my performance today as I was with his pardon 10 years ago,'' Mr. Haggard said before the concert. Commenting through his deputy press secretary, Larry Speakes, the President said that although ''Merle Haggard's music is now the heart and soul of America,'' the pardon was ''routine'' and had simply ''come up through the system.''

The President and Mrs. Reagan and 400 invited guests sat on bales of hay in a tin-roofed arena at the Sierra Grande Ranch in the Santa Ynez Mountains three hours north of Los Angeles by car, listening to Mr. Haggard perform such foot-stomping, flag-waving songs as ''Okie From Muskogee'' and ''Are the Good Times Really Over?'' Under an overcast sky on a chilly day, Mr. Haggard was joined on the makeshift stage by Mark O'Connor, a tall and scrawny 20-year-old fiddler who has already won the grand national fiddle championship three consecutive times.

The country-western singer Merle Haggard, who spent nearly three years in San Quentin Prison for attempted burglary and who was later pardoned by the Governor of California, sang today for the man who pardoned him, President Reagan.Food and Song

This was the third in a series of four ''In Performance at the White House'' recitals, whose purpose it is to promote young American artists by having established performers introduce a protege. The music today was accompanied by a barbecue for California friends and supporters of the President. The recital was taped by the Public Broadcasting Service for television on April 25.

Before he asked for an encore by Mr. Haggard, the President summed up the series by saying, ''We hope that all our countrymen will take pride in an American cultural heritage that commands respect, rooted in the creativity that can only come from freedom.''

For a number of years, the 44-year-old Mr. Haggard's own freedom was limited by a series of homes for delinquent boys, county jails and, eventually, San Quentin. He was in the Ventura County jail for auto theft in 1957 when his first child was born, and he was in San Quentin for attempting to break into a tavern while drunk in 1958 when his second child was born. It was near the end of his second year in prison, after he had spent seven days in isolation for drunkenness, that he determined to change the course of his life.

Pardon and Best Wishes

Almost 10 years ago, on March 21, 1972, Governor Reagan granted Merle Ronald Haggard, convict No. A-45200, a ''full and unconditional pardon,'' along with his ''best wishes for your success and happiness.'' By then, both the Academy of Country Music and the Country Music Association had named Mr. Haggard their entertainer of the year, and ''Okie From Muskogee'' had won nearly every possible country-music award.

In brief introductory remarks today, Mrs. Reagan, who was wearing blue jeans, said: ''While country and western music is not classical, it's classically American. It is down home, down-to-earth and downright fun.'' She added, ''So get your boots ready to stomp and your heart ready to romp and enjoy the music.''

The 400 guests did exactly that, cheering, whistling, and clapping along with the music. The President applauded enthusiastically, a far cry from Mr. Haggard's first White House appearance. Invited to perform at Pat Nixon's birthday party in 1973, Mr. Haggard reported in his autobiography that the President and Mrs. Nixon sat as impassively as ''department store mannequins.'' At the very egalitarian concert today, everybody, including the President, gave the performers a standing ovation. Mr. Reagan sprang up onto the stage to shake the hand of everyone in the band.

The 1,200-acre Rancho Sierra Grande or Big Mountain Ranch, where the concert was given, adjoins the President's ranch to the north. Owned by Stuart Gildred, who bought it from the actor Jimmy Stewart in 1975, it is a horse and cattle ranch. Before the concert, Mr. Gildred, a member of the executive board of the National Quarter Horse Cutting Association, arranged a demonstration of horses specially bred in cutting a single steer out of a herd of cattle.

President's Ranch in Background

The Sierra Grande Ranch is lower in the Santa Ynez Valley than President Reagan's ranch. As guests sat in the 100-foot-by-100-foot covered arena open on four sides, watching Mr. Haggard and his band, The Strangers, they were looking up at the President's ranch. Peter Weinberg, producer of the PBS television program ''In Performance at the White House,'' said there was no way of holding the concert at the President's ranch because access was too difficult.

Mr. Weinberg said he originally got the idea of doing a concert at the President's ranch last Thanksgiving Eve, when he saw the ranch on a Barbara Walters television special. ''I thought, 'Instead of amplifying the East Room of the White House, why not do this western thing out West?' '' When the President and Mrs. Reagan agreed, the concert was arranged to coincide with their next trip to California, for their 30th wedding anniversary last Thursday.

Among the 400 guests, who included volunteers in the President's campaign for governor of California more than a dozen years ago, were the President's two daughters, Patti Davis Reagan and Maureen Reagan; an assortment of Hollywood actors including Fred MacMurray, Pat Boone, Chad Everett, Buddy Ebsen, Robert Conrad, Mike Connors and Don DeFore; William P. Clark, the National Security Adviser; Claude Brinegar, Secretary of Transportation under President Ford; Lee Clearwater, the President's ranch foreman; Beverly Sills, director of the New York City Opera and host of the ''In Performance at the White House'' series; Representative Robert Lagomarsino, Republican of Los Angeles; Samuel Yorty, former Mayor of Los Angeles, Peter Schabarum, a Los Angeles County Supervisor, and Holmes Tuttle and William Wilson of the President's kitchen cabinet.

A Varied Menu

Sitting at round tables decorated with red-and-blue tablecloths and pots of red geraniums, guests were served boneless New York strip loin, chili, pitchers of beer, tossed green salad, ice cream bars on sticks and Danish cookies from the nearby Danish community of Solvang.

At the first ''In Performance at the White House,'' last Nov. 22, Rudolf Serkin, the 78-year-old pianist, played a Schubert duet with Ida Levin, his 18-year-old violin protegee. The concert was given on the anniversary of President Kennedy's death, and President Reagan took note of the occasion by quoting a remark of Mr. Kennedy's: ''I look forward to an America that will not be afraid of grace and beauty.''

The television programs are underwritten by a $300,000 grant by the J.C. Penney Company, Nabisco Brands and the Archer Daniels Midland Company, and they are produced by WETA in Washington and WNET in New York.

Mr. Haggard, who is known as a troubador of the ***working class***, sang a mixture of drinking songs, ballads and social-commentary songs. They included ''I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink,'' ''Silver Wings,'' ''Workin' Man Blues,'' ''Big City,'' ''My Favorite Memories,'' ''Footlights'' and ''Okie From Muskogee.''

'Rainbow Stew' for Encore

Mr. O'Connor played ''Sweet Georgia Brown'' and a tune he wrote himself, and he joined Mr. Haggard on ''Tulsa'' and ''Fiddle Breakdown.''

For an encore, Mr. Haggard sang ''Rainbow Stew,'' which contains the line, ''When a President goes through a White House door and does what he says he'll do, we'll all be drinkin' that free bubble up and eatin' that rainbow stew.'' President Reagan laughed heartily at the line. Before he sang ''Rainbow Stew,'' Mr. Haggard apologized to the President by saying, ''I understand this country was in a mess before you got there.''

He ended with ''Are the Good Times Really Over?'' ''Is the best of the free life behind us now Are the good times really over for good? Stop rolling downhill like a snowball headed for hell Stand up for the flag and let's all ring the Liberty Bell.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Merle Haggard with President Reagan

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; The Hip-Hop Generation Grabs a Guitar - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46GR-2N20-01CN-H2MX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1941 words

**Byline:**  By TOURE; Toure, a contributing editor for Rolling Stone magazine, is the author of "The Portable Promised Land," a collection of short stories (Little Brown).

**Body**

IT'S near midnight at Joe's Pub in the East Village and the movement is in full effect. A roomful of twentyish and thirtyish black folk for whom hip-hop has been like a religion most of their lives are cheering as Mos Def, an esteemed rapper, roars through a set of hard rock songs, singing over the crunch of heavy guitars. He launches into a song called "Ghetto Rock." The chorus goes: "Yes, we are so ghetto! Yes, we are rock 'n' roll!" The song ends, and Mos says, "Y'all want some more rock 'n' roll?" The crowd screams for more. He tells them: "It's a whole movement, like Fela with Afrobeat. They laughed at the Wright Brothers. Noah, too."

There is indeed a movement under way. Rock has long been one of the sounds hip-hop used in its pastiche, but aside from groups like Outkast and GooDie Mob, who drench themselves in funked-out rock, it has consisted of a sampled riff here and there. Now the hip-hop generation is grabbing guitars and making rock 'n' roll.

"This is the sound of new America," said Martin Luther, a rising rock musician from San Francisco. "I'm coming to kill all the slave masters' memories! Hip-hop gave us that voice that allowed us to create who we were. Black rock 'n' roll is now a next something for those kids who've grown up, who still have that urban energy, but have experienced some pain to where they don't feel embarassed about showing some vulnerability."

This new black rock movement has been around a few years, and its audience is small but growing. Though blacks created the rock 'n' roll and blues music that paved the way for whites to become early rock innovators, blacks have largely shunned rock both as fans and as players for decades. In the 1960's Jimi Hendrix was dismissed by many blacks for playing what they called "white boy music."

Today's black rockers see such obstacles as challenges they gladly accept. They are moved by the sonic aggression of hip-hop, its obsession with rhythm and the way it reflects, reports on and evokes the lifestyles of black people around the country. They are also turned off by the current state of hip-hop and R & B, with their limited subject matter and emotional options.

Their sound is most often a deeply soul-inflected rock reminiscent of the mellower moments of Jimi Hendrix, Prince and Parliament Funkadelic rather than the full-on guitar assault of Fishbone or Living Colour. Much of this rock is difficult to distinguish from soul music, but the musicians use the word rock to distance themselves, they say, from the overly produced treacle that passes for modern soul.

Rock, they say, gives them the freedom to express their own ideas. Santi White of Stiffed said: "There's a Smiths song that I love that says, 'Hang the D.J. because the music he constantly plays says nothing to me about my life.' And that's how I felt. So I said, 'Fine, I'm going to find some music that does say something about my life.' "

The undisputed aesthetic leader of the movement is an eccentric, 33-year-old, Atlanta-born Los Angeles resident named Cody Chestnutt. He wears a royal blue velvet hat with a large gold buckle that is a cross between a fedora and a stovepipe; answers the phone by saying "Praise the Lord"; and always carries his own drinking glass, a stout bowl-like cup with curved edges that looks like something out of the film "Beetlejuice."

In October he will release his debut album, "The Headphone Masterpiece," a stunning collection of 36 mostly laid-back songs on which he sings and plays nearly every instrument. He recorded the album in his bedroom using $10,000 worth of equipment. Its lo-fi quality adds a homespun charm to what he calls "rock with a soulful edge," which recalls the Beatles, the Velvet Underground and the Strokes as well as Sly Stone, Prince and D'Angelo.

Mr. Chestnutt said he was a drummer who wrote "the typical smoothed-out R & B" until he heard Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit." "I heard 'Teen Spirit,' and I said that's what it's about," he said. "It's powerful, it's passionate, it's living and breathing right now. That song inspired me to pick up the guitar. And the guitar was the turning point."

That was about seven years ago. Since then Mr. Chestnutt has not held a job, but, supported by his wife and friends, he has spent his time studying the guitar and searching for a sound that moved him. "I was blessed with having soul," he said, "but I went out to see what's going with the rock 'n' roll that I'm not familiar with. Hip-hop was not speaking to me. I didn't feel like I was learning anything. I was saying, how can I get the same soul that hip-hop has, but have an intellectual stimulation about it?"

His first single, "Look Good in Leather," is a deceptively simple ditty that begins with him strumming an acoustic guitar and singing, "I can do anything I want because I look good in leather." What follows is four minutes of bodacious black male vanity and egotism of the sort often heard in hip-hop. It also extols a quintessentially American sartorial style and is thus a celebration of Americana.

"That is the Fonz's theme song," Mr. Chestnutt said, referring to the character in the 1970's television show "Happy Days." "This is what 'Happy Days' taught us. What defines cool? Black leather jacket and jeans."

Such a song would not be possible in hip-hop because of its largely contentious relationship with America and Americanness. Even hip-hop's embrace of the American designer Tommy Hilfiger carries a certain ironic sneer. "Hip-hop brought the whole thing to the next level," Mr. Chestnutt said. "Now it's time to evolve into the future."

The 32-year-old Martin Luther is another major voice. His 1999 debut album, "The Calling," and its followup, "Funk Soul Rebel," to be released in the fall, evoke the rock-meets-swinging-funk of Bootsy Collins and Parliament-Funkadelic. Last year Res (pronounced Reese), a singer from Philadelphia, released "How I Do," a collection of seductive post-punk that recalled the Pretenders, with lyrics about self-empowerment that harked back to the roaring female singer-songwriters of the 70's. Most of her songs were written by Santi White, whose band Stiffed has toured with the seminal black punk-hardcore rock band Bad Brains and is releasing a seven-song EP this fall.

A number of hip-hop luminaries are also moving into rock territory: the rapper Mos Def, who is starring in "Topdog/Underdog" on Broadway, has been performing and recording with his band Black Jack Johnson, which, filled out by members of Living Colour, Bad Brains and P-Funk, has a hard-edged rock sound reminiscent of Bad Brains or Fishbone. Kamaal, the silky-voiced rapper once known as Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest, has recorded an unreleased album of rock-slash-soul on which he sings. And the top hip-hop producers the Neptunes, calling themselves N.E.R.D., recently released "In Search Of," a critically acclaimed album that features live instruments and singing. It's music that can be classified only as rock 'n' roll.

"I could do my thing over a hip-hop beat," Mr. Luther said, seeming to speak for the movement. "But when I do it my way, with these guitars and solos and breakdowns, you actually feel the gospel spirit from which I'm speaking, and the music talks to you in a different place."

Mr. Chestnutt said he was dismayed by rappers' and R & B singers' obsession with money, crime, sex, love and their own anger. "Music today doesn't inspire a dialogue," he said. "And if it does, the dialogue is quite hollow. What good does it do me and you to talk about how much you spent on jewelry? It doesn't edify."

Rock, he and the others maintain, allows a greater range of musical, lyrical and emotional expression. "In rock you could write a song about a dog and it makes sense," he said. On "The Headphone Masterpiece," Mr. Chestnutt offers songs about how nicotine and caffeine can make it hard to behave like a civilized human being, delivers a lullaby to a baby in which he tells the baby how lucky it is to not have to work and even mentions that he sometimes cries.

"Vulnerability doesn't work at all in hip-hop," Mr. Luther said. "You don't want to expose a weakness in that arena. Rock 'n' roll has no boundaries. You can talk about your dreams, fears, all kinds of things."

The new black rockers are closeknit: they play songs for each other over the phone and collaborate with one another in the studio. Most of them are friends.

"It's so important to have that," Ms. White said, "because you think you're crazy sometimes. Because everyone's like, 'What are you doing?' And labels are like, 'That won't sell.' And having the others is like having a mirror that talks back. They're saying what you're doing is dope. Then someone will call and say I'm going to quit music. And we're there for each other because you need somebody when you're doing something that a lot of people aren't doing, just to know that you're not lost."

But the barriers for the new black rock are high. Consider the the all-black hard-rock band Living Colour. With an endorsement from Mick Jagger and a 1988 hit single, "Cult of Personality," it gained prominence, touring with the Rolling Stones and reaching No. 6 on the Billboard Top 200 Albums Chart. But three subsequent albums sold sluggishly, and in 1995 the quartet disbanded.

Its failure to make a lasting impact was partly because of its inability to reach an audience. Perhaps America was unprepared for blacks performing rock 'n' roll, or perhaps the recording industry was unsure of whether to play the group's music on urban radio and BET or on rock radio and MTV. And as unaccustomed as whites might have been to seeing blacks play guitars, blacks were unwilling to see rock as an acceptable form of self-expression for black musicians. To many blacks, rock was still "some old white mess."

The new black rockers have already been embraced by MTV: Res's video is played regularly, Mr. Chestnutt was featured on "MTV News" and the Neptunes are ubiquitous on the channel. Still, there's no reason to expect that the movement won't encounter the old stigmas.

"Black people in this country are told that they are just a few things," Kamaal said. "The minute that you start to wander and go outside of that you're not black."

Corey Glover, the lead singer of Living Colour, added to the thought: "There are some things you're not allowed to express as a black person. You got to be in your b-boy stance. You've got to wear the uniform. If you're out of the uniform, something's wrong with you. My whole life it's been like, 'He's cool, he speaks the language, but something's wrong with that boy.' But the freak contingent in the house is bigger than you think it is."

Living Colour needed not simply to move the crowd, but also to get the crowd to accept the band's validity, and that demanded changing the perception of blackness for countless listeners, a burden that neither U2 nor Jay-Z ever had to shoulder.

The persistent message of hip-hop and R & B is that ***working-class*** life is the most relevant of black American experiences: "keep it real" is often code for validating one set of mores to the exclusion of all others. Expanding the nature of music means expanding the definition of what it means to be black in America. The new black rock movement has talent, ambition, guitars and minds it has to change.

"I would love for some little black kid to look at me and be like, 'If she's doing it then I can do it and still be black,' " Ms. White said. "Black people limit ourselves. We're like, 'Oh, if you do that you're not black.' But I'm black and I'm going to do anything I want to do. Then it'll be black because I did it."

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article and a front-page picture caption in this section on Aug. 11 about young black musicians who are playing rock 'n' roll misspelled the surname of a leader of the movement. He is Cody Chesnutt, not Chestnutt.

**Correction-Date:** August 25, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: Cody Chestnutt performing at Central Park Summerstage last month. He was drawn to rock 'n' roll after hearing a Nirvana song. (Photographs by Hiroyuki Ito for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Santi White, top, at S.O.B.'s in Manhattan last month, and Martin Luther at the Temple Bar in Santa Monica, Calif., in April. "Vulnerability doesn't work at all in hip-hop," Mr. Luther says. (Jose Ivey/urbanvoyeur.com)(pg. 28)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B6G-2F81-JBG3-607V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 3, 2014 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 15

**Length:** 5914 words

**Body**

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

Previews and Openings

'Beautiful: The Carole King Musical' (in previews; opens on Jan. 12) If you have mellow memories of a scratchy needle hitting that vinyl copy of ''Tapestry,'' chances are the '70s won't seem so far away. Tracing the personal and professional life of the Brooklyn girl who rose through the music-industry ranks from songwriter to chart-topping voice of a generation, this Broadway bio-musical is written by Douglas McGrath and directed by Marc Bruni. Jessie Mueller stars as Ms. King with Jake Epstein as her erstwhile husband and songwriting partner Gerry Goffin. Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (David Rooney)

Coil festival (opens on Friday) Performance Space 122's ninth annual contemporary performing arts festival runs through Jan. 19. This year's lineup includes ''Muazzez,'' an experimental sci-fi tale by Mac Wellman, performed by his longtime collaborator Steve Mellor; Reid Farrington's ''Tyson vs. Ali,'' a time-jumping nine-round fight combining live action with video footage from a real boxing ring; Phil Soltanoff's ''An Evening With William Shatner Asterisk,'' which repurposes the former Captain Kirk's ''Star Trek'' dialogue to give birth to a new video oracle; and Tina Satter's ''House of Dance,'' in which tensions escalate as four dancers at a small-town tap studio prepare for a competition. Various locations, (212) 352-3101, ps122.org. (Rooney)

'Grounded' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Jan. 16) A critical hit in Edinburgh and London last year, George Brant's searing monologue about moral responsibility gets inside the head of a female fighter pilot removed from active duty after she becomes a mother and is reassigned to operate remote-controlled drones from a windowless trailer in the Nevada desert. Ken Rus Schmoll directs Hannah Cabell in the role in this Page 73 production. The play was winner of the 2012 Smith Prize, which recognizes an outstanding work focusing on American politics. Walkerspace, 46 Walker Street, TriBeCa, (866) 811-4111, page73.org/tickets. (Rooney)

'I Am the Wind' (previews start on Thursday; opens on Jan. 16) Simon Stephens, whose plays ''Harper Regan'' and ''Bluebird'' have received attention Off Broadway, translates this meditation on life, death and fate, viewed through the experience of two friends heading out on an open-ocean boating trip, from the Norwegian dramatist Jon Fosse. Paul Takacs directs the two-character play, which features Louis Butelli and Christopher Tierney, who made news when he took a serious fall in ''Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark.'' 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200, 59e59.org. (Rooney)

'Juárez: A Documentary Mythology' (opens on Thursday) Rubén Polendo, the artistic director of Theater Mitu, conceived and staged this piece culled from two years of research and development, examining the complex relationship between the border cities Ciudad Juárez, once Mexico's murder capital, and El Paso, one of the safest cities in the United States. Company members bear witness to the memory and myth of this rapidly changing border community, battleground of the war on drugs, in words drawn from verbatim interview transcripts and historical archives. Rattlestick Playwrights Theater, 224 Waverly Place, at 11th Street, Greenwich Village, (866) 811-4111, rattlestick.org/theatermitu. (Rooney)

'King Lear' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on Jan. 16) The glut of quality Shakespeare on New York stages through the fall spills over into 2014 with the Brooklyn Academy of Music's presentation of Angus Jackson's star-driven production for the Chichester Festival Theater. Donning the precariously balanced crown of the self-deluded monarch this time around is the three-time Tony Award winner Frank Langella, in what was described in The Guardian as a performance of ''spellbinding power.'' Harvey Theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton Street, Fort Greene, (718) 636-4100, bam.org. (Rooney)

'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Jan. 21) Alan Sillitoe's 1959 short story explores the conflicted path of Colin Smith, a ***working-class*** teenager of Nottingham, England, who is convicted of petty crime and turns to running as a means of escape -- but finds his athletic prowess exploited by his reform-school gatekeepers. Leah C. Gardiner directs Roy Williams's adaptation, which ushers one of the key literary figures of Britain's Angry Young Men movement into the 21st century. Atlantic Stage 2, 330 West 16th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200, atlantictheater.org. (Rooney)

'Loot' (previews start on Thursday; opens on Jan. 16) While Red Bull Theater has garnered a reputation for savoring the Grand Guignol horrors of Jacobean tragedy, the company turns to the less bloody but equally scabrous subversive comedy of Joe Orton with this revival of his 1965 satire on English middle-class morality. Jesse Berger directs a farce that was once mischievously described by Orton as ''a piece of indecent tomfoolery'' in a letter to Plays and Players magazine written under his frequent pseudonym, the indignant theatergoer Mrs. Edna Welthorpe. Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 352-3101, redbulltheater.com. (Rooney)

'Machinal' (in previews; opens on Jan. 16) After scoring a critical hit with ''The Winslow Boy,'' Roundabout Theater Company again digs beyond the high-rotation revival stack with this expressionist drama by Sophie Treadwell, unseen on Broadway since its 1928 premiere and inspired by the sensational New York murder trial of Ruth Snyder the previous year. Rebecca Hall stars as a stenographer disillusioned by marriage and motherhood, who gets a dangerous taste of independence in an illicit love affair. Lyndsay Turner directs a large ensemble cast that also features Suzanne Bertish, Michael Cumpsty and Morgan Spector. American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (Rooney)

'Outside Mullingar' (previews start on Friday; opens on Jan. 23) Brian F. O'Byrne and Debra Messing star as eccentric misfits living on neighboring properties in rural Ireland, whose hope of romance and happiness is tested by a land feud between their two families. This new play by John Patrick Shanley, described as ''an Irish 'Moonstruck,' '' reunites Mr. Shanley, the playwright and screenwriter of that movie, with Manhattan Theater Club and Doug Hughes. They were the company and director behind his Pulitzer- and Tony-winning hit, ''Doubt,'' which also starred Mr. O'Byrne. Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

Under the Radar Festival (opens on Wednesday) The 10th anniversary edition of this showcase of unconventional theater from around the globe includes John Hodgman's ''I Stole Your Dad,'' in which the ''Daily Show With Jon Stewart'' contributor ruminates on subjects from Ayn Rand to ''Downton Abbey''; Edgar Oliver's ''Helen & Edgar,'' about the titular siblings' Savannah childhood and their mother's struggle with madness; ''JDX -- a public enemy,'' a Dutch experimental piece the creators say is ''exploded'' from Ibsen's ''An Enemy of the People''; and Roger Guenveur Smith's ''Rodney King,'' an improvised performance investigating the myth of King, thrust into the media spotlight after he was videotaped being beaten by Los Angeles police officers. In addition to the festival's main hub at the Public Theater, participating productions will be staged at La MaMa, Japan Society and St. Ann's Warehouse. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, below Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555, undertheradarfestival.com. (Rooney)

Broadway

&#x2605; 'After Midnight' The stars of this tribute to the Harlem jazz clubs of the 1920s and '30s are the 16 virtuosic musicians who perform -- with verve, style and a good splash of sheer joy -- about 25 songs from the period, with a special emphasis on Duke Ellington both as composer and arranger. The dancers and singers are terrific -- Fantasia Barrino sings with style, and Adriane Lenox all but steals the show with her two lowdown numbers -- but it's really the Jazz at Lincoln Center All Stars, on the bandstand at the back of the stage, who shine brightest (1:30). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, (212) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder' Playing eight different victims of a sweet-faced killer (Bryce Pinkham) in Edwardian England, Jefferson Mays sings, dances, prances and generally makes infectious merriment in this daffy, ingenious new musical. Written with real wit by Robert L. Freedman and Steven Lutvak, the show has been stylishly directed by Darko Tresnjak (2:20). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Glass Menagerie' John Tiffany's stunning revival of Tennessee Williams's 1944 family drama promises to be the most revealing revival of a cornerstone classic for many a year. This poetic production paradoxically reveals the brute emotional force in a play often dismissed as wispy and elegiac. The entire cast -- Cherry Jones, Zachary Quinto, Celia Keenan-Bolger and Brian J. Smith -- is magnificent (2:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com. (Ben Brantley)

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

'Macbeth' Individual motivation doesn't count for much in Jack O'Brien's dark and dreary account of Shakespeare's study in vaulting ambition, with character taking a back seat to mystical symmetry. In the title role, Ethan Hawke suggests a glue-sniffing teenager reciting Leonard Cohen lyrics. The gifted Anne-Marie Duff is his fiendish queen, but it's the three Witches who fly away with the show (2:45). Vivian Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200, lct.org, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

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

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

'A Night With Janis Joplin' And friends, actually. The hard-living singer of the title, whose greatest hits are performed with impressive emotional ferocity by Mary Bridget Davies, is joined by a quartet of gifted singers giving their own impersonations of the singers who influenced her, from Bessie Smith to Odetta to Nina Simone to Aretha Franklin. But the talky Janis who gives us a docent tour of blues history in this amplified concert, written and directed by Randy Johnson, doesn't compel the way the ferocious singer does (2:15). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'No Man's Land'/'Waiting for Godot' With Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart playing a couple of swells and a couple of hobos, Sean Mathias's productions bring out the polish and shimmer in the language of these existential classics from Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. If these shows lack the requisite mortal chill, they allow us to savor fully some of the best dialogue ever written. (''Waiting for Godot'': 2:30; ''No Man's Land'': 2:00.) Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

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

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

&#x2605; 'Twelfth Night'/'Richard III' In a word, bliss. Mark Rylance demonstrates that he can be just as brilliant in a skirt (as a love-stunned countess) as in trousers (as a psychopathic monarch) in these all-male productions from Shakespeare's Globe in London, directed by Tim Carroll. These are radiantly illuminating interpretations, and in the case of ''Twelfth Night,'' a source of pure, tickling joy. (''Twelfth Night'': 2:50; ''Richard III'': 2:45.) Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'Bayside! The Musical' Attending this bawdy, ridiculous, unauthorized parody of the harebrained sitcom ''Saved by the Bell'' is a bit like going to a midnight screening of ''The Rocky Horror Picture Show,'' given the many inside jokes and synchronized audience responses. Audience members know the material so well because half the humor comes from merely reproducing every ludicrous plot twist and trope from the TV show (including Zack's giant cellphone, Becky the Duck and other allusions that will be familiar to longtime fans). The other half of the humor is just good-old fashioned raunch, usually playing up the horrifying ways to reinterpret a squeaky-clean children's show (2:00). Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 388-0388, baysidethemusical.com. (Catherine Rampell)

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

&#x2605; 'Breakfast With Mugabe' (reopens on Sunday) To his critics in the West, the Zimbabwean president Robert Mugabe is an election-rigger, a thug who uses past victimhood to justify further oppression. To Dr. Peric, a white psychiatrist, he is just another patient. That is the premise of Fraser Grace's trenchant, magnificently acted play, inspired by news reports that Mr. Mugabe did seek counsel from a white psychiatrist despite his lifelong image as one opposed to white authority figures. What follows is less a cooperative, therapeutic relationship than an unwinking power struggle (1:30). Lion Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 232-6000, breakfastwithmugabe.com. (Rampell)

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

'The Commons of Pensacola' The actress Amanda Peet makes a creditable writing debut with this sudsy family drama loosely inspired by the Bernard Madoff scandal. Blythe Danner gives a crisply funny performance as the disgraced wife, with Sarah Jessica Parker making a sure-footed return to stage work as her daughter, who begins to harbor doubts about her mother's innocence (1:20). City Center Stage I, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

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

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

'Disaster!' Seth Rudetsky and Jack Plotnick lampoon those cheesy 1970s movies in which fistfuls of C-list stars were clobbered by various unnatural acts of nature. Deathlessly awful songs from the same era -- ''Torn Between Two Lovers,'' ''Feelings,'' ''I Am Woman'' -- are thrown in for good measure (2:05). St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, disastermusical.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Fun Home' This beautiful heartbreaker of a memory musical, adapted from Alison Bechdel's graphic memoir, brilliantly uses the ineffability of music and the artifice of theater to conjure the mysteries of being part of a family. It is splendidly directed by Sam Gold, with a book by Lisa Kron, music by Jeanine Tesori and a superb cast -- led by Michael Cerveris as an ever-elusive father (1:45). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555, publictheater.org. (Brantley)

'Hamlet' The Bedlam company presents a four-person, stripped-down production that is modest and sensitive to the sound of the poetry of the play (3:30). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Jason Zinoman)

'Handle With Care' Jason Odell Williams has written something special: a Jewish Christmas story. Carol Lawrence is the star attraction as an Israeli grandmother in this hilarious and heartwarming story about a lost corpse and a lost love. The other three cast members, however, are adorable -- and a couple of generations younger (1:45). Westside Theater Downstairs, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, handlewithcaretheplay.com. (Gates)

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

&#x2605; 'Juno and the Paycock' J. Smith-Cameron gives a warm, moving performance as the wife of the ne'er-do-well ''Captain'' Jack Boyle (the fine Ciaran O'Reilly) in Charlotte Moore's assured revival of Sean O'Casey's play about the troubles faced by an impoverished family amid the civil unrest in Dublin of the 1920s (2:15). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737, irishrep.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' Julie Taymor's eye-popping take on Shakespeare's most enchanted comedy seems to turn the very firmament into a set of silk sheets, equally suitable for sex and sleep. In this auspicious inaugural production for the new Brooklyn headquarters of Theater for a New Audience, Ms. Taymor confirms her reputation as the P. T. Barnum of contemporary stagecraft (2:40). Polonsky Shakespeare Center, 262 Ashland Place, between Lafayette Avenue and Fulton Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (866) 811-4111, tfana.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' After a successful run at Second Stage Uptown, this show returns to another Off Broadway space, New World Stages. In this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair, a virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812' Dave Malloy's transporting pop opera dramatizes an emotionally potent slice of Tolstoy's ''War and Peace.'' Rachel Chavkin directs a superb young cast who bring the loves and losses of 19th-century Russian aristocrats to vibrant, intimate life in a stylish cabaret setting. The production and its tent make the move from the meatpacking district to the theater district for a multiweek run (2:30). Kazino, West 45th Street, near Eighth Avenue, telecharge.com (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Night Alive' Something bright and beautiful pulses in the shadows of this extraordinary play, written and directed by Conor McPherson: a group portrait of five highly imperfect Dubliners groping in the dark, hoping for connection and possibly finding redemption. Ciaran Hinds and Jim Norton lead a memorably vivid cast (1:50). Linda Gross Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (866) 811-4111, atlantictheater.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Nothing to Hide' The supremely skilled and affable sleight-of-hand specialists Derek DelGaudio and Helder Guimarães dazzle and mystify in an evening of card trickery that elicits delighted gasps from the audience for their intricately conceived stunts. Smoothly directed by self-professed magic nerd Neil Patrick Harris (1:10). Signature Center, 480 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Isherwood)

'Nutcracker Rouge' A wild, racy alternative to all those holiday ''Nutcracker'' productions, from Austin McCormick's Company XIV. Yes, you'll hear some of the traditional music, but you'll also hear lounge singing (by Shelly Watson, in a Mrs. Drosselmeyer sort of role) and a version of ''Material Girl.'' You'll see circuslike performances, women in pasties and men in next to nothing, but you'll also see some serious, impressive ballet work. An eyeful (1:30). Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Neil Genzlinger)

&#x2605; 'Saint Joan' With just four actors playing 24 characters, Bedlam's wonderfully high-spirited production of Shaw's 1920 semi-tragedy leads its audience into, out of and all over the space. Eric Tucker's inventive direction and the four superb performers make it well worth the time. It returns to the stage after a previous run at the Access Theater this year to run in repertory with Bedlam's ''Hamlet'' (3:00). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Eric Grode)

'La Soirée' The side show meets the big top in this naughty hybrid of burlesque and circus, featuring performers like the comic chanteuse Meow Meow and a waterlogged hunk taking a very gymnastic bath (2:00). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, (800) 653-8000, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'What's It All About? Bacharach Reimagined' The terrific Kyle Riabko leads a cast of equally fine singers and musicians in this refreshingly low-key revue of songs written by Burt Bacharach and his longtime lyricist partner, Hal David. Mr. Riabko's stripped-down, neo-folk arrangements drill into the yearning and melancholy that suffuse many of Mr. Bacharach and Mr. David's best-known hits, and the fluid direction of Steven Hoggett echoes and enhances the seamless flow of the music (1:30). New York Theater Workshop, 79 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 279-4200, nytw.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Year of the Rooster' (reopens on Thursday) This startling dark comedy by a young playwright named Eric Dufault is about cockfighting, and it features a rooster marvelously played by Bobby Moreno. But it is also about much more: dominating, winning, dreaming, despairing. The cast is spot on, and the cockfight scene that ends Act I is memorable and a little scary. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (866) 811-4111, ensemblestudiotheatre.org. (Genzlinger)

Off Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'The Norwegians' (reopens on Thursday) There is every chance that C. Denby Swanson wrote this odd, dark, profane comedy -- about really sweet Scandinavian hit men in Minnesota and the young women who hire them -- after falling asleep during ''Fargo.'' But this low-budget guilty pleasure, which was a hit this spring and returns with the original cast, delivers solid laughs while making fun (in mostly nice ways) of various ethnicities and American states. And one actress demonstrates how good Mary-Louise Parker might be as a stand-up comic (1:30). Drilling Company Theater, 236 West 78th Street, (212) 868-4444, smarttix.com. (Gates)

Extravaganzas

'Big Apple Circus: Luminocity' The latest edition of Big Apple has a story line that unfolds in a neighborhood that's already a rip-roaring circus: Times Square. The production assembles various New York types, and the fun is watching them -- a hot dog vendor, construction workers, executives -- transform into completely different humans, who then do something nearly superhuman. The circus's one-ring intimacy only amplifies the thrills: when you can see the concentration in an aerialist's face or count the beads of sweat on the forehead of a tightrope walker, you're more scared, not less (2:00). Damrosch Park, 62nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues, Lincoln Center, (800) 922-3772, bigapplecircus.org. (Laurel Graeber)

Long-Running Shows

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (800) 432-7259, telecharge.com.

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

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

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

'Peter and the Starcatcher' This production, about the boy who became Peter Pan, is an enchanted anatomy of the urge to defy gravity (2:10). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Last Chance

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

'Betrayal' (closes on Sunday) Harold Pinter's great drama of love and perfidy among the literati has been transformed into a boisterous comedy of infidelity (think ''Run for Your Wife'' with references to Yeats) in this production, directed by Mike Nichols. The play's sexual triangle is embodied, with star power (and decibel counts) to spare, by Daniel Craig, Rachel Weisz and Rafe Spall (1:30). Ethel Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Christmas Carol' (closes on Saturday) Patrick Barlow, who turned Alfred Hitchcock's ''The 39 Steps'' into a Broadway hit, has tamped down his antic tendencies, adapting this Dickens classic into an imaginative 90 minutes with a versatile cast of five. Peter Bradbury's Scrooge is a poisoned man with a sickening disdain for the poor who seems sadly right at home in 2013 (1:30). Theater at St. Clement's, 423 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

'Cirkopolis' (closes on Sunday) This understated piece of circus-theater follows a group of office workers who long to break free from their dreary lives. Juggling, balancing and other acts abound in this beautifully choreographed show, which is steeped in shadowy lighting reminiscent of a 1950s noir (1:30). Skirball Center for the Performing Arts, 566 La Guardia Place, at Washington Square South, Greenwich Village, (866) 811-4111, nyuskirball.org. (Ken Jaworowski)

'Domesticated' (closes on Sunday) Having dealt with the divisive power of skin color in ''Clybourne Park,'' Bruce Norris plumbs the abyss between the sexes in this alternately energizing and tedious satire, directed by Anna D. Shapiro. The play, starring a fiery Laurie Metcalf and Jeff Goldblum, percolates with Mr. Norris's distinctive language of frustration; it also often scores too easily off big targets (1:40). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com, lct.org. (Brantley)

'First Date' (closes on Sunday) The winning Zachary Levi and Krysta Rodriguez star in this cliché-ridden romantic comedy, with a book by Austin Winsberg and a score by Alan Zachary and Michael Weiner. Mr. Levi is the nice Jewish boy who's had his heart kicked around, Ms. Rodriguez a boho chick with lots of experience. They're all wrong for each other, right? Sorry, but no prizes will be given for guessing how this familiar story ends (1:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

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

'Love, Linda: The Life of Mrs. Cole Porter' (closes on Sunday) In this one-woman musical, briskly directed by Richard Maltby Jr., the jazz vocalist Stevie Holland plays the composer's wife, telling her story, singing his songs. The show's power comes from Porter's music, not from the sentimental book, which goes only skin-deep, and not wittily (1:15). York Theater Company at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Lexington Avenue, at 54th Street, (212) 935-5820, yorktheatre.org. (Laura Collins-Hughes)

'Mother Africa' (closes on Sunday) This exuberant, high-energy entertainment features Circus der Sinne (Circus of the Senses), based in Tanzania but with two dozen multitalented performers from various African nations. Over the course of about 100 minutes, they present a show that's simultaneously a world music concert, a dance performance and a one-ring circus, whose highlights include Ethiopian foot juggling and a master contortionist (1:30). New Victory, 209 West 42nd Street, 10th floor, (646) 562-2200, newvictory.org. (Graeber)

'700 Sundays' (closes on Sunday) Billy Crystal's solo show returns to Broadway, with old, reliable jokes, earned sentiment and a heavy dose of nostalgia (2:30). Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Zinoman)

'Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark' (closes on Saturday) Web surfing with music, in one of the most talked-about and expensive shows in Broadway history (2:45). Foxwoods Theater, 213 West 42nd Street, (800) 745-3000, spidermanonbroadway.marvel.com.

'Too Much, Too Much, Too Many' (closes on Sunday) This subdued but affecting drama by Meghan Kennedy follows a grieving widow (a lightly crusted Phyllis Somerville) who refuses to leave her room and her solitary daughter (the fine Rebecca Henderson), who enlists the local pastor in the cause (1:05). Black Box Theater, Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (Isherwood)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/03/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-3-9.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/03/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-3-9.html)

**Graphic**

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

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[***BOSTON CITY SCHOOLS, ONCE BEACONS, LOSING STUDENTS AND PRIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F0G0-000B-Y41D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 19

**Body**

The Boston public schools, the oldest in the country and for centuries a source of pride here, may now enjoy the least public support and proportional attendance of those of any major city in the nation.

Today it is a system on the eve of yet another strike vote by its teachers, 1,000 of whom have been dismissed in recent weeks to try to bring the budget into line. It is a system racked by change and suffused by an irony: too many parents send their children to other schools to care about the plight of either the teachers or the schools.

Shrunken by the falling number of school-age children, staggered by the voters' rejection last fall of a heavy property tax and progressively abandoned by the middle class and whites after its rigid desegregation by a Federal court, the system that was once a model of progressive education for the nation has become a model of decline.

'Significant Resegregation'

''One of the great ironies of the years of desegregation is that th ere has been a significant resegregation of the public schools,'' Ro bert R. Spillane, the new superintendent, said this week.

Dudley Clendinen comment discusses downturn of quality of Boston public school system, which is losing students, prestige and public support

At a meeting at the John F. Kennedy Library in South Boston, where the integration effort ordered by Federal District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. met with violent resistance seven years ago, Dr. Spillane said, ''If we set aside the magnet schools, and kindergarten classes, which are well balanced, and the district of East Boston, which is largely untouched by Judge Garrity's order, the racial percentages for grades 1 through 12 are 26 percent white and 74 percent minority.''

''What all this tells me,'' he concluded, ''is that there has been a dramatic drop in the white population's confidence in the Boston public schools, and hundreds of families are paying parochial and private school tuitions to escape the public schools of this city.''

That figure is far greater than hundreds. In an assessment released Thursday, entitled ''The State of the Boston Public Schools, A Pessimistic Diagnosis By The Numbers,'' the Boston Municipal Research Bureau noted, ''Enrollment in the private and parochial schools serving Boston since 1975 has been relatively stable at about 30,000, or 50 percent of the current public school enrollment.'' The privately financed research group reported that before the beginning of desegregation in 1974, ''private and parochial school enrollment was falling faster than public school enrollment.''

Shift to Catholic Schools

The principal beneficiaries of the white withdrawal have been the schools of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Boston. The Rev. Eugene P. Sullivan, superintendent of the archdiocesan system, said that there were now 21,000 students in the Boston Catholic schools.

Two thousand of those students are black, bearing out the belief of many teachers here that minority parents with the means to do it are pulling their children out of the public schools, too.

But 18,000 of those 21,000 Catholic school students are white. A comparable breakdown of the 9,000 students in private, nonparochial schools is not available, but if enough of them are also white, then it is probable that there are now more white students in Boston's private and parochial schools than in its public schools.

Boston Municipal Research Bureau figures show that since the end of the 1973-74 school year, the last year of segregation, 59 percent of the white students have left. The public schools lost 31,284 whites in the last seven years, leaving only 22,044 last year, out of a total enrollment of 62,835.

This year's figures are not yet available, but blacks and other minorities, who formed only 36 percent of the public student population in 1970, made up 65 percent of the 1980-81 enrollment.

A National Pattern

The dramatic decline in public school population and the trend toward domination by minority groups are consistent with a pattern visible in the nation's other large urban districts for several years.

A survey conducted by the National School Boards Association, based on the figures for the school year ending in 1978, found that in 30 out of 50 urban systems responding, students from minority groups formed a majority. In those 30 cities, the percentages of blacks and other minorities ranged from a low of 52 percent in Buffalo, N.Y., to a high of 96 percent in Washington.

But in Boston, the irony grows sharper still. The desegregation process, with all its cost in the loss of public acceptance and support, evident in the mass withdrawal of white students, has failed to meet the court's own criteria, even though those goals have eased each year.

''The desegration is working in limited terms, in that the kids who are coming to school are not knocking each oher's blocks off,'' said Thomas Lydon, a mathematics teacher at South Boston High School, ''but half the kids who should be getting along here just aren't here.''

The research bureau report noted that the last thorough analysis of the desegregation effort, conducted in Setember 1979, showed that only 35 of the 149 schools then existing were in compliance with the court's desegregation standards for all races in their districts. Only 22 percent of all schools met the criteria for two of the three racial groups; 37 percent met the criteria for just one race, and 17 percent did not meet the standards for any race.

Gloomy Language

The formal language of the report's conclusion is full of gloom. ''Perhaps the most serious implication of the current minority preponderance in public school enrollment is the contrast with the white majority among the city's electorate,'' it said. ''With that reality and the fact that most Boston households have no children of school age, it will be difficult to generate popular interest and support for public education both for the sho rt and long term.''

From the vantage point of his cluttered office in South Boston High School, a grim, hulking, yellow-brick building on a hill overlooking South Boston, the headmaster, Jerome Winegar, assesses the schools' problems in even sharper language than the report's .

From its hilltop, the school dominates the two separate cultural areas from whic h it should draw its white students. The City Point neighborhood, Mr. Winegar says, is middle class and lower middle class. ''Thei r kids don't come here,'' he said. ''Anybody that's got 10 cents extr a sends their kids someplace else.''

On the other side is the Lower End. ''That's where the poor folks live,'' he said, ''and there's plenty of them -Irish, Lithuanian, Polish, Italian. If they had their druthers, they'd go somewhere else. But they have no choice. The poor never do.''

Mr. Winegar was made headmaster when the Federal court put the school into receivership and dismissed most of its administrators. Five years of trying to bring calm and order and an effective curriculum to the hottest spot in a difficult desegregation process have left him no illusions.

''In a ***working-class*** section like this, almost everybody thinks that the other guy has more than he does,'' he said. ''The blacks think that the whites have everything, and the whites think that the blacks have more, and the truth is that neither of them have anything.''

'The Left-Out Kids'

''This district's schools are filled by kids who can't afford to go to parochial or private schools, who aren't bright enough to get into the Latin or Technical schools, who aren't drawn by the programs of the magnet schools,'' he said. ''I call them the left-out kids.''

Mr. Winegar is an imposingly big, large-faced man of high energy and relaxed manner, a manner he has tried to instill among the mixed races in his school. With an enrollment of 920, about 40 percent white, 12 percent Hispanic and 48 percent black, who are mostly bused in from Dorchester and Roxbury, South Boston is ''probably the most racially balanced high school in the city,'' he thinks.

While no Southie graduate, to his knowledge, has ever gone on to an Ivy League school, five students did win scholarships to Boston University two years ago, the hockey and basketball teams have been city champions, and he is proud of the relaxation of tensions at the school. ''Desegregation is no longer a problem here,'' he says.

In the year before he took over as headmaster, the administration suspended students 1,660 times, he said; ''Last year, we had 63 suspensions.''

But it is a mixed success. Yesterday morning, after a white boy threw a rock through the window of a bus carrying black children to elementary school, Mr. Winegar was afraid of trouble. The bus was just blocks from South Boston High when the glass shattered, cutting the sister of one of his black students.

There was no trouble. On the other hand, he said, only about half his assigned white students had come to school.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Jerome Winegar

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[***Homeless In a Land Of Affluence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-01W0-008G-F19C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By JACQUES STEINBERG,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOHEGAN LAKE, N.Y.

**Body**

For seven years, Maria Gonzalez and her three children have lived out of a suitcase, wandering from motels to welfare hotels to temporary apartments and now to a ramshackle bungalow colony -- all at public expense.

Ms. Gonzalez is homeless in Westchester, and odysseys like hers are almost the rule for homeless families in this wealthy county.

Homeless families in Westchester spend an average of three years and one month in shelters and other temporary housing before finding permanent apartments, according to statistics compiled by the county. That is five times longer than in New York City and more than 10 times longer than in other suburban counties, including Nassau and Rockland. It is also expensive, costing taxpayers $115,000 to provide one family with temporary shelter for three years: enough, advocates say, to buy a condominium or cooperative apartment.

'More Politically Palatable to Pay'

But despite the cost -- there are currently 870 homeless families in Westchester -- little effort has been made to change the system. The alternative, building affordable housing in Westchester's more affluent communities, has been continually rejected by the people who live there.

"It's more politically palatable to pay than to find a place for people," said Thomas J. Abinanti, a Democrat who represents the town of Greenburgh in the County Legislature, which has no bills dealing with the homeless under consideration.

"The legislature," he said, "is reflecting the fears of the community."

Westchester has a higher percentage of homeless people per capita than any other county in the state, including the five boroughs of New York City. The problem, officials say, is rooted in the county's expensive housing market. With an average rent of $972 a month for a two-bedroom apartment, even moderate-income families find it difficult to live in Westchester. For a family of four, which receives $393 a month in rental assistance from the state welfare program, permanent apartments are virtually unattainable.

The only real way out of temporary housing, advocates say, is the Federal Section 8 housing program, which provides families with rental vouchers to bridge the gap between the state public-assistance allowance and market-rate rents. But with demand so heavy, the wait in Westchester for Section 8 vouchers is four years or more.

The county's Commissioner of Social Services, Mary Glass, said the plight of homeless families and individuals was her department's "single most important issue," on which $47.7 million will be spent this year. (Under a state formula, the county and the state each provide 25 percent of the money spent on families, and the Federal Government allocates 50 percent.)

But the County Executive, Andrew P. O'Rourke, said the search for permanent solutions, in the form of county-built housing, has been limited by the perception that public housing projects were rife with "guns, drugs and violence." Residents of Harrison, Ossining and Peekskill have recently fought off proposals to build such apartments.

Without a Will, No Way

In the last four years, the county estimates, 828 affordable housing units have been built in Westchester, a small number, considering that an estimated 14,000 Westchester residents are believed to live in overcrowded conditions and that 3,646 are homeless.

"I think we've done a good job for what we have available," said Mr. O'Rourke, a Republican. "If our friends on the state and Federal level would become engaged in the process, as they used to be years ago, we could wipe this problem out in a few years."

Andrew Cuomo, an assistant secretary at the Department of Housing and Urban Development in Washington, said Westchester had ample resources to solve the problem, considering the tens of millions of dollars it has spent on temporary shelter. But he said he saw little political will to build affordable housing.

"Eventually, the decision would come down to the siting of a homeless facility, and wherever it is sited is in someone's backyard," said Mr. Cuomo, the founder of Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged, which provides interim housing to the homeless in New York.

To many advocates, including Jerry Levy, a lawyer with Westchester-Putnam Legal Services, the problem is "exclusion and racism." Because an overwhelming majority of the homeless are minority-group members, Mr. Levy said, many communities have balked at affordable housing.

Comparing Populations

The situation is not improving. As of January, according to county statistics, it took a homeless family an average of 37 months to move from temporary to permanent housing, at least 12 months longer than in January 1991.

In New York City, by comparison, a homeless family spends an average of seven months in temporary housing before finding a permanent apartment. But New York has a wider array of affordable apartments from which the homeless can choose, thanks in part to renovations of vacant and decrepit buildings begun under the Koch administration.

In Bergen County, N.J., where 429 homeless families are in temporary shelters, state officials said families move into permanent housing within 17 months.

Nassau County said its homeless families spend only two and a half months, on average, in emergency shelters.

While Nassau's homeless population is much smaller than Westchester's -- Nassau officials said there were 26 homeless families in its shelters -- some advocates said the county was too quick to refer families to permanent housing that was substandard. Shelly Nortz, the director of state policy for the Coalition for the Homeless, said Nassau, unlike Westchester, sometimes referred homeless individuals to rentals in which several households lived under one roof.

In Westchester, homeless families are shuttled among several locations as they await permanent housing. Fifty-two families are scattered in motels, where no services are offered and all meals must be eaten out. Most of the homeless, however, are housed at some point in centers run by private social-service organizations like Westhab Inc. and Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged, which provide them with at least one room, meals, counseling and after-school programs. Still other families have been moved to temporary apartments, where they can stay for up to 18 months.

County officials said 90 percent of the families are originally from Westchester, and more than two-thirds are from Yonkers or Mount Vernon.

For Ms. Gonzalez, a mother of three who has been homeless for seven years, home for the last six months has been here at Lakeview Cottages, a former bungalow colony in northern Westchester that once catered to ***working-class*** families on vacation from New York City. For several years, Lakeview, which despite its name has no such vista, has been leased to the county. Last month, the county contracted with a private group, Hope Inc., to counsel the 52 families who live at Lakeview about matters like substance abuse and job training.

Ms. Gonzalez said she had become homeless after a dispute with a landlord in Yonkers. After a long period of unemployment, she said, she got a job in the laundry room of a nursing home a month ago. But she said her $7-an-hour wage would not cover the $1,200-a-month rent on a three-bedroom apartment for herself and her three children: Naomi, 16; Cynthia, 13, and Eddie, 5. She said she had tried for several years to obtain a Section 8 certificate.

The family lives in three rooms on the second floor of a small lodge, where Cynthia has turned an enclosed porch into a makeshift bedroom. The cabins and lodges are winterized camp bunks with kitchens and bathrooms, but each unit is supplied with one luxury, a cable-television hookup, because broadcast reception is said to be poor.

"There are a lot of us that need just a little help and we'll get back on our feet," Ms. Gonzalez said.

Crowded, but Under a Roof

The conditions are worse at the Coachman, a run-down welfare hotel opposite the Social Services Department in White Plains, which the county bought in 1993. For the 74 families there, three microwave ovens in the worn lobby serve as a kitchen in between the three breakfasts and five dinners a week served in the hotel dining room. In some instances, as many as seven family members have been crammed into two tight, overheated rooms for more than four years.

To correct the problems at the Coachman, the county is undertaking a $4 million renovation, to be completed late next year. It has turned the management of the hotel over to Westhab, which offers counseling services, recreation programs for children and 24-hour security.

Living at the Coachman has been awkward for Deborah Stokes, 34, who has shared a single room there with her teen-age son and daughter for three months. But Ms. Stokes said she was grateful to the county for taking her family in when she could not pay the $545-a-month rent on her one-bedroom Yonkers apartment.

"We would be living out in the park or in the street," she said.

While advocates credit the county with putting roofs over the heads of virtually all of the county's homeless people, they say they are concerned that neither the county nor the state has been able to reduce the time that it takes families to find permanent housing.

"When you talk about three years," says Mary Brosnahan, the chairman of the Coalition for the Homeless in Manhattan, "you imagine developmentally how much a child changes from a 3-year-old to a 6-year-old, or a 6-year-old to a 9-year-old. The amount of damage that's done bouncing a child from shelter to welfare motel to temporary housing -- it's irreversible."

**Graphic**

Photo: "There are a lot of us that need just a little help and we'll get back on our feet," said Maria Gonzalez, second from right. For seven years, she and her children have been living out of a suitcase at public expense in Mohegan Lake, N.Y. At right was Ms. Gonzalez's mother, Rosa Velez. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times) (pg. 25)

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[***TELEVISION/RADIO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40T1-1TM0-00MH-F14F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Turning a Camera, Stress and the Wild Into a Sudden Hit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40T1-1TM0-00MH-F14F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Alicia Ault is a sports and health writer based in Kensington, Md.

By ALICIA AULT; Alicia Ault is a sports and health writer based in Kensington, Md.

**Body**

LESS than a decade ago Mark Burnett was competing in adventure races, an experience that led to his life plan: he would bring the sport to America, which was having a love affair with the outdoors, sport utility vehicles and extreme sports.

To American athletes and television audiences, Mr. Burnett, who had no previous experience in television, brought the "Eco-Challenge Expedition Race," a several-hundred-miles-long endurance contest on foot, kayak and horseback in exotic locales that pits teams of four against themselves, each other, the whims of nature, and Mr. Burnett.

That was only the beginning. Now, as executive producer, he has brought to television the highly rated "Survivor," his jungle-theme soap opera/game show. It is the latest in what he promises will be a stream of adventure-related businesses and programming combining a blend of drama and reality he calls "dramality." But the aspiring media mogul has left rankled rivals and colleagues in his wake, even as they applaud him as a master salesman.

"You can't make the mistake of ever underestimating Mark Burnett," said Mike Sears, a Los Angeles adventure filmmaker who shot the first two "Eco-Challenges." "He's so tenacious he won't stop until he gets it done."

"Survivor" is the essence of a favorite Burnett pastime -- filming people, whether strangers or teammates, when thrown into stress-producing situations in the wild. He is fascinated by the group dynamic, observing behaviors as if his film subjects were part of a high school science project.

Though he has been a paratrooper in the Falkland Islands for the British Army, he has often said he would not survive on his own TV island. "I like to speak my mind," he said. "Even if it ruffles a few feathers, it's just me, the way I've got to be."

Mr. Burnett does see a bit of himself in his programs. "It's like social Darwinism -- how you adapt and evolve to fit into a group. Everybody wants to be liked. Even me."

He may not be liked by everybody, but he has certainly survived the entertainment world. The 40-year-old British native landed in Los Angeles in 1982 and did not begin his television efforts until the early 1990's. He has since developed two winning entertainment vehicles in remarkably little time by Hollywood standards.

The only child of ***working-class*** parents, Mr. Burnett joined the military at 18 and served in Northern Ireland and the Falklands as a member of the British Army Parachute Regiment. Upon discharge, he mulled over a job as a mercenary, but ended up in Los Angeles, pursuing his real dream: making a lot of money.

Mr. Burnett moved from au pair work to telemarketing, insurance and credit card sales, and even a stint at a modeling agency. A Tony Robbins motivational seminar convinced him he could design his own life.

After reading about adventure races in New Zealand and the French Raid Gauloises competition, Mr. Burnett was entranced. He assembled a United States team and did the Raid three times in the early 1990's, finishing once.

Before he entered his first race, in 1992 in Oman, Mr. Burnett bought with proceeds from his telemarketing business what he thought were the United States rights to the Raid. After a flurry of litigation and a settlement, he was on his way.

He still needed more money and was introduced to Brian Terkelsen, a young investment banker new to the West Coast and in search of a new venture, preferably entertainment-related. Together they drummed up interest and money for their new company, Eco-Challenge Lifestyles, begun in a Santa Monica, Calif., bedroom. By late 1994 Mr. Burnett was talking to MTV executives about airing his own "Eco-Challenge" race. "Mark had a gut reaction this was going to be a good sporting event," said Mr. Terkelsen, whose partnership with Mr. Burnett dissolved in 1998.

He continued: "In the first year we had to get 50 teams to pay $10,000 each to come, and they'd never heard of it before. And we did it."

Mr. Burnett's gut was on the money. Endurance athletes were looking beyond marathons, triathlons and Ironman competitions. The first Raid was in 1989. A full-fledged expedition race was not held in the United States until Mr. Burnett's event in 1995, when 50 four-man teams from six countries mountain-biked, rafted and climbed their way through the red rock country around Moab, Utah. MTV Sports showed that first "Eco-Challenge."

Patrick Byrnes, vice president and creative director of MTV, said he bought the concept because Mr. Terkelsen and Mr. Burnett were "incredibly good salesmen," and because what the racers were doing "was extreme and crazy and dramatic."

The partnership ended after the first program. "It wasn't the MTV crowd out there doing it," Mr. Byrnes said. Racers usually are in their 30's, 40's and even 50's.

Even critics admit that Mr. Burnett is a persuasive salesman, and he found other television partners. Over the last five years MTV, ESPN and the Discovery Channel have spent a total of $100 million, by his estimate, producing, promoting and airing his "Eco-Challenge Expedition Race." The competitors mountain-bike through jungles, ride camels across deserts, summit glacier-capped peaks, rappel down sheer cliff faces, and kayak through roiling whitewater, while fighting off hunger, panic, fear, anger, exhaustion, cold, wet and heat, all in an average of five to seven days.

Leslie Moonves, president and chief executive of CBS, said Mr. Burnett's dead-on portrayals of human drama and his persuasive personality convinced him he should buy into "Survivor." "When he talks about something, you really believe he can pull it off," Mr. Moonves said.

In "Survivor" and "Eco-Challenge," Mr. Burnett and his production crew set up obstacles when nature doesn't oblige. The emphasis is on the TV production -- how a shot will look and sound on air.

Mr. Burnett does not deny this. As for "Survivor," he said, "It's not reality, it's a relationship show with non-actors and no scripts." He also said that adventure racing like "Eco-Challenge" is "totally disparate and undefinable. It's not really a sport."

Comments like that irk adventure athletes. But many grudgingly admit that he has brought attention and sponsorship to what they consider a sport. And they line up hundreds deep each year for "Eco-Challenge," even though it means $10,000 in entry fees and thousands more on training, equipment and travel.

"It just walks over all the other races," Ian Adamson, one of the world's top racers and a corporate trainer in Boulder, Colo., said of "Eco-Challenge."

Some say Mr. Burnett is in the sport only for himself.

"To those who say he's responsible for the growth of adventure racing, I would say that's an ancillary benefit of his goals," said Gordon Wright, a racer and spokesman for the Beast of the East World Championship, which has been run as a regional adventure race but, after trying to expand, was recently canceled when it could not attract enough television interest or corporate sponsorship.

Over four years on the Discovery Channel, the "Eco-Challenge" averaged a 1.1 to a 1.6 rating (about one million to two million viewers), said Mike Quattrone, Discovery's executive vice president and general manager. The program appealed to Discovery's core audience of 25- to 54-year-olds and was heavily watched by men, making Discovery happy, he said. Discovery and Mr. Burnett parted amicably, Mr. Quattrone said, and next spring the network will televise the Southern Traverse race, held in New Zealand in November.

USA Network has agreed to subsidize and televise the "Eco-Challenge" for the next three years, starting with this August's race through the Borneo jungles where the CBS survivors met their fate.

Adventure racing has grown to hundreds of events in the United States, mostly one to three days. It is a perfect made-for-TV event; the slow pace makes for easy filming of dialogue and team crack-ups, and for leavening with eye-grabbing scenery.

The sport also innately appeals to couch potatoes, said Duncan Smith, a former Navy Seal and adventure racer who runs the San Francisco-based Presidio Adventure Racing School. "With adventure racing, people who will never do an adventure race will watch every minute of four or six hours of coverage," he said.

The "Eco-Challenge" is a potent entertainment mix, said Gordon Beck, senior vice president of sports and production at USA Network.

"It's not solely who wins the race, it's what are the human interactions, what are the combination of emotions, mental stamina and physical limits that all play together within a team, and team against team," Mr. Beck said. "Those are fascinating elements that draw an audience."

Mr. Burnett's appeal is not universal. He can be full of egotistical bluster one moment and disarmingly charming the next.

He has been accused of manipulating courses and teams to enhance the drama, but Bob Shallow, production vice president for Trans World International, the television division of the sports marketing company International Management Group, said that as a producer, "you want the most compelling character and the most compelling competition because that's going to draw the audience." His company produces the Mild Seven Outdoor Quest, held in China and seen on the Outdoor Life Network.

MR. BURNETT has also been accused of trying to eliminate the competition by scheduling "Eco-Challenge" at the same time as other adventure races and by luring the best racers by waiving entry fees.

Don Mann, founder of Odyssey Adventure Racing in Virginia Beach, Va., and director of the Beast, said "Eco-Challenge" killed his race. He credits Mr. Burnett for helping the sport grow, but questions whether racers are served by less competition.

And, citing several instances in which he said Mr. Burnett either negotiated in bad faith or lied to him, Mr. Mann said Mr. Burnett could not trusted -- allegations Mr. Burnett denied. "He's like a rattlesnake -- if you're close enough long enough, you're going to get bit," Mr. Mann said. Several other race directors and racers made similar remarks, but none would speak for attribution.

That doesn't seem to scare Mr. Burnett's new Hollywood associates. Jon Landau, a partner in Lightstorm Entertainment and a producer of "Titanic," has been shopping around a feature-length film based on "Eco-Challenge," and said he was enthralled with Mr. Burnett.

Mr. Burnett keeps spinning off related businesses, including Eco-Challenge Adventure Travel, which gives weekend warriors the opportunity to paddle in the same outrigger canoes or mountain-bike down the same trails as real racers, and "Eco-Challenge" qualifier races.

A "Survivor" paperback -- a Robinson Crusoe-like diary -- will come out a week after the program's conclusion, and "Survivor II" will begin filming in the Australian outback in October, with substantially more financial backing, and payments to Mr. Burnett, from CBS.

It seems Mr. Burnett chose the right design for life. "He went into business and the business he chose is adventure," Mr. Sears said, "and he definitely is the best in the world at it."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mark Burnett, in the hat in the center rear, filming "Survivor." USA Network will broadcast his "Eco-Challenge" race the next three years. (Monty Brinton/CBS)(pg. 22); Mark Burnett, the former paratrooper who is executive producer of "Survivor." (Monty Brinton/CBS)(pg. 21)

**Load-Date:** July 23, 2000

**End of Document**



[***ART/ARCHITECTURE; Everything About Warhol But the Sex***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:468S-K6G0-01CN-H2R5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 14, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2106 words

**Byline:**  By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

ANDY WARHOL was the most important American artist of the second half of the 20th century. He helped change our idea of what art is and what it can do. He made it look trashy and valuable, passive and active, like nothing and like something. His influence was profound. Gerhard Richter, among many other artists, would not exist without him.

Warhol was also the first major postwar artist to put gay identity -- or queer identity, to use the term now favored by many gay men and lesbians as an ironic badge of pride -- at the very center of his work. This was in the 1950's and early 60's, before Stonewall and gay liberation, when to do so meant to be shunned by many of his artist colleagues, gay and straight. Warhol didn't care, or pretended not to, and just by being himself, a public sissy, he automatically became one of the important political artists of his time.

You might not recognize the queer artist from "Andy Warhol Retrospective," a majestically installed career survey on view this summer at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. Organized by the Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin, and previously seen at the Tate Modern in London, the show is clearly intended to elevate Warhol -- "an artist of high purpose, a chronicler of his time who uncompromisingly rendered the tragic quality of contemporary life," to quote the catalog -- to old master status, though in the process it misrepresents him.

Not that there isn't a lot of Warhol here: 250 pieces, mostly paintings, or the elaborately manipulated silk-screens he called paintings, along with some sculptures and drawings. The museum has been emptied out to accommodate the work, which constitutes Warhol's first Los Angeles retrospective in more than 30 years.

He has a history with the city. His first gallery show of Pop paintings -- Campbell's soup cans -- took place at the Ferus Gallery in 1962. So it makes sense that Los Angeles is making a big thing of the show, treating it as a homecoming. The city put up support money. The mayor made a speech. Banners are installed on the streets. The museum is selling tickets, at $17 a head on weekends.

And the show, even with a major conceptual flaw, is definitely worth the fuss. Warhol's work gets more astonishing every time out: more prescient, beautiful, radical, expansive, incisive. The range of images he looked at, absorbed, edited, and spit back transformed is breathtaking, enough to make you wonder where most of the rest of American art was all that time, and where it is now.

Many of those elements are here, starting with paintings done before he had discovered silk-screening: brushy figures of Dick Tracy and Popeye, fragmented advertisements for bodybuilding, hernia repairs, nose jobs, a lexicon of bodily abjection and transfiguration.

From this beginning flowed the hallucinatory stream of ordinary, grand, awful images for which he is well known: carnage-strewn car wrecks and pretty flowers; sweet Marilyn and imperturbable Mao, off-the-roof suicides and racial assaults; portraits of the rich and now half-forgotten famous; shimmery abstract paintings made from diamond dust and urine.

They're all in the Los Angeles show. So what's missing? Sex. Not eroticism -- everything Warhol did feels erotic -- but representations of actual sex, physical sex. Try to imagine a Picasso retrospective without sex. No penises, no breasts, no vaginas. No artist having his way with his studio models, no men and women joyously in flagrante. It's out of the question; sex was too much a part of his work.

It was a main ingredient in Warhol's, too. He did whole series of sexually explicit paintings and took hundreds, probably thousands of explicit photographs. You don't see any of them here. Why? One possibility: the images are almost exclusively of men and male sex parts and express an undisguised interest in same-sex sex.

To be fair, explicit homoerotic content isn't entirely missing from the show. It's there in a few small pen-and-ink images of nubile young men in the nude, tucked away among many other kinds of images in a gallery devoted exclusively to a group of Warhol's early drawings.

This graphic work, much of it done in the exquisite, ornamental pre-Pop style that he developed after coming to New York in 1949 to work as a commercial illustrator, is usually considered separately from the canonical Pop Warhol, almost as if it were by a different artist. But it is the one place in this show where what we might call, at the risk of sounding reductive, Warhol's gay sensibility is fully explored.

The section opens with something striking and provocative, a pencil self-portrait from 1942. Warhol was 14 when he did it, an effeminate, shy but obviously audacious high school student living in Pittsburgh with his ***working-class*** immigrant family, Catholics from Czechoslovakia. He depicts himself in what amounts to heavy makeup: dark-lined Maria Callas eyes (before there was a Maria Callas), Frida Kahlo eyebrows and a plush, pillowy Marilyn mouth. He makes the face male and female and constructs it from various distinct parts, much as he would construct his looks throughout his life.

Of course, you can read anything you want into any picture, but surely it isn't a stretch to see a dynamically fluid sense of gender identity in this self-portrait. The impression is confirmed in many of the drawings that followed in the 1940's and 50's, which are also notable for their wide-ranging variety.

He tried out all sorts of styles, from scratchy George Grosz grotesquerie, to a finicky pointillist version of Ben Shahn social realism, to the brilliant, brittle fey-elegant doodling that became his signature as an illustrator. His subjects were similarly diverse: a communist orator under a hammer-and-sickle flag; celebrity portraits of Truman Capote and James Dean; a "Dead End" road sign; women's boots and shoes; a newspaper front page; and the male nudes, of which he in fact did far raunchier examples than the ones on view here.

By the end of the 1950's, he had become one of New York's most highly regarded commercial artists, but he wanted to be another kind of artist, a "real" artist as opposed to a commercial artist. (Later, of course, he decided that business and art were the same thing.) In 1956, Bodley Gallery exhibited his "Drawings for a Boy-Book" and his shoe drawings, but a year later, when he took his drawings of boys kissing to the Tanager Gallery, a hipper place, he was rebuffed. The style of his work was too decorative, the subject too gay, and he was too femme. Even Frank O'Hara, who seemed to hide his homosexuality from no one, steered clear of him.

So in the 1960's Warhol changed tack, at least on the surface. He started to make paintings that ostensibly left style and gay sex out. The early Dick Tracy and Popeye paintings didn't quite qualify; they were still full of gesture and texture, and besides, as Warhol later revealed, these particular cartoon characters were erotic turn-ons for him in childhood. Then came the Campbell's soup cans, followed by smudgy, off-register silk-screened pictures of crashes and electric chairs and Marilyns, and his fame and fortune were made.

Actually, sex didn't go away; it went into some of the films he started to make. With their sometimes inordinate length, fixed point of view and barely perceptible action -- one film is an eight-hour-long, unmoving shot of the Empire State Building -- they did things with cinematic time and perceptual duration that almost no one had done before. And when they did depict real and simulated sexual activity, they took cheapo porn movies as their model. The results, at once maladroit and weirdly sublime, had a tremendous impact on underground filmmaking. They may prove to be Warhol's real monument.

(The museum has scheduled a program of films, with each shown once. The only example in the exhibition itself is a multipart compilation of the three-minute head-shot "screens tests" that he made of visitors to the Factory, many of which are erotic but none of which are explicitly sexual.)

Warhol's personal involvement with film was brief, ending in the late 1960's. After that, sexual images came back into series of paintings -- "Torso," "Sex Parts" -- which he produced before his sudden death at 58 after gall bladder surgery in 1987. Warhol's work from the 1970's and 1980's, which is ripe for serious reassessment -- a process begun in Wayne Koestenbaum's recent superb Warhol biography -- got punishing reviews at the time. It was dismissed as at best inconsequential and at worst reactionary, a reflection of Warhol's own life spent courting well-placed, sometimes politically dubious figures like the Shah of Iran for portrait commissions (up to $50,000 a pop) and fearfully avoiding colleagues who had AIDS, like Robert Mapplethorpe.

The retrospective gives this part of his career far less attention than it does the 1960's but offers some impressive things: a colossal Mao portrait, a velvety abstract "shadow" painting, an "Oxidation" painting (a Pollock take-off done with urine on copper-based pigment), pictures of guns and glowing crosses and a mural-size version of Leonardo's "Last Supper." Altogether, the work seems to be evidence less of arrested momentum than of experimental shifts in direction that left the fundamental characteristics of Warhol's art intact: fluidity, unmoored categories, a maddeningly disruptive relativism.

Again, in the show's scan of the late career, sex is omitted. Well, maybe Warhol's queerness just doesn't matter in post-everything 2002, when the whole issue of identity -- sexual, racial, whatever -- seems so over, so 1990's; when gay has been Will-and-Graced and Log Cabin Republicaned into the mainstream; when art is all Beauty and back-to-formal-values. And anyway, with Warhol, gay is so obvious in his work, so there, all you need to do is read between the lines, right?

When it comes to sexuality, and especially gay sexuality, historians have always had to read between the lines. They're used to it. But thanks to fast-developing interdisciplinary fields like gay, lesbian and gender studies, such reading is growing bolder and more sophisticated.

This was apparent in a one-night symposium, "The Forbidden Eakins: The Sexual Politics of Thomas Eakins and his Circle," held in New York last month to coincide with the opening of the Eakins retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Although the question of homosexuality and Eakins, who was the most important American artist of the second half of the 19th century, has been in the air for years, almost no one has tackled it head-on until now.

The conclusions offered were varied, contradictory and expansive. The discussion didn't dwell on whether "he was" or "he wasn't," but rather asked, "If he was, how did that shape or get reflected in his art?" And "How was homosexuality viewed in his time?" Significantly, the symposium was sponsored by the State University of New York, Stony Brook, and not by the Met.

One of the organizers, the young scholar Jennifer Doyle, who teaches American literature at the University of California at Riverside, was also co-editor of "Pop Out: Queer Warhol," a 1996 book of essays. It is based on the assumption that Warhol's homosexuality is, as Ms. Doyle writes, "the most valuable, interesting, sexy and political thing about his work."

This isn't because he was "out" in the gay-and-proud sense; he was too much a product of the wary, coded 1950's for that. Rather, he understood that to be himself, a queer man -- swishy, nelly, femme -- and a queer artist was to be an outsider. That was a reality he was both unable and unwilling to change; "I'm too unusual," he once said. And he understood the value of that position: it meant viewing the world in a distanced, critical way; seeing "normal" as a suspect category, and almost by accident, creating a new normal, in which he and other outsiders could comfortably fit.

This outsider position doesn't make him a hero; he's too contradictory in every way for that role. But his contradictions are exactly what make him valuable: difficult, resistant, a problem for American art, a source of questions rather than answers. At least a few of those questions are raised by the Los Angeles show. Why can't Andy Warhol be a modern master and deeply queer at the same time? Or put a different way: why, if queer is now so in the clear in the culture at large, has it been muted if not silenced in a major show devoted to the American artist who, more than any other, gave it a voice?

Andy Warhol Retrospective

Museum of Contemporary Art,

Los Angeles. Through Aug. 18.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Andy Warhol's "Dick Tracy" (1960) and "James Dean" (1955) are on view in a Los Angeles retrospective. He later revealed that Tracy had been an erotic turn-on for him in childhood. (Photographs courtesy of Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/Artists Rights Society ARS , New York)(pg. 32); "Self-Portrait," by Andy Warhol, age 14. (Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/Artists Rights Society ARS )(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** July 14, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Choreographer Who Sees Ballet as a Silent Film;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RNV-B9V0-000P-N48H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After Male Swans, 'Cinderella' in Wartime***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RNV-B9V0-000P-N48H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1602 words

**Byline:** Matthew Bourne

By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

The bar at the Piccadilly Theater was quiet and disheveled in the middle of the morning, fresh boxes of liquor stacked on the countertop, the too-bright light exposing frayed threads along the edge of the carpet. Matthew Bourne sat back on an upholstered bench and closed his eyes for a moment, listening. The clomp of rehearsing dancers could be heard, faintly, from deeper inside the theater.

"What I try to do is to get my dancers to think more like actors," said Mr. Bourne, 37, the choreographer who is the artistic director of a decade-old dance company that goes by the unlikely name Adventures in Motion Pictures. His unconventional approach to ballet and modern dance -- putting them into Broadway-style theaters with a quirky, cinematic sensibility -- has turned him and his company into an unlikely theatrical force.

Two seasons ago, Mr. Bourne's adaptation of "Swan Lake," in which all the swans were played by men and the Prince is torn between his betrothal to a woman and his attraction to a male swan, became a huge hit at the Piccadilly Theater and later at the Los Angeles Music Center. Now there are plans to send it to New York in the spring, if a Broadway theater opens up.

"We're all set to go," Mr. Bourne said. "We've got the backing. All we need is a theater."

Available Broadway houses are scarce in this crowded season, especially for shows of any scale that require a fairly large stage. Nick Scandalios, executive vice president of the Nederlander Organization, a strong supporter of the show, said he still hoped to book Mr. Bourne's ballet into a Broadway theater in the spring. "It's at the forefront of our minds," he said. "If we can just find a place for 'Swan Lake.' "

Alan Wasser, a general manager who works with the producer Cameron Mackintosh on theatrical projects in New York, said they still intended to open "Swan Lake" in New York in the spring if a theater became available. If not, Mr. Wasser said, they are very likely to try again in the fall.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bourne is in the midst of the run of his follow-up to "Swan Lake": "Cinderella," set to Prokofiev's score, which he is also directing and choreographing.

Mr. Bourne's adaptation, a far cry from Frederick Ashton's classic ballet, is set during the London blitz. Cinderella is the dreamy-eyed daughter of a plutocrat in a wheelchair; her evil stepmother is a bit, well, Joan Crawford-ish, and Prince Charming is a wounded British pilot. Instead of a fairy godmother there is a sleek, golden-haired male angel with glitter on his lips.

("I didn't fancy a woman with a big dress coming in," Mr. Bourne said. "I was thinking more of one of those movies where Cary Grant plays an angel.")

The sets include a London town house with all its angles askew (in the German Expressionist vein of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"); a subway station where people cower beneath the German bombs, a hospital full of casualties, and a rubble-strewn streetscape. The production is punctuated with explosions and the sound of planes roaring overhead.

Mr. Bourne's approach to the classical ballets he has staged is to focus on the plot, the acting and the theatrical accouterments of set design and sound effects as much as on the music and the technical aspects of the dancing.

"The idea is that it's almost like pure cinema," Mr. Bourne said. "It's like a silent film."

One result is something that has played, quite enthusiastically, to West End audiences normally inclined toward big musicals and star vehicles.

Adventures in Motion Pictures got its start in Leeds in 1987 when several friends who had studied together at the Laban Center, an arts college in London -- actors, directors, dancers, choreographers -- decided that they wanted to produce their own works rather than try to join recognized companies immediately.

They performed shows with unlikely titles like "Does Your Crimplene Go All Crusty When You Rub?" in small and medium-size halls around the English hinterlands. After a few years, most of the founding members split off to join established companies ("They got offers they couldn't refuse," Mr. Bourne said), and he found himself in charge of the fledgling company.

It was a strange position for a young choreographer from Hackney, in London's East End, who hadn't even danced until he was 22.

Mr. Bourne describes a ***working-class*** childhood during which he was constantly putting on shows with his friends and was obsessed with movies, especially those with child stars like Mark Lester in "Oliver." "I hated Mark Lester, but I wanted to be him," Mr. Bourne said.

He and some of his friends began to haunt West End theaters and other places where stars might appear. "I became obsessive about collecting autographs," he said. "I got Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire and Bette Davis. We were young boys, so they were very nice to us."

A Naive Start In the BBC Archives

Now that he himself is sometimes approached for autographs outside the theater, Mr. Bourne has noticed that a few of the same faces he saw in the autograph cluster when he was a boy are still out there, books in hand.

At 18, he left school and took a job in the archives department of the BBC. Basically, he filed things away all day. "That shows you how naive I was," he said. "I thought that if I could just get inside the BBC, I could somehow turn it into a creative job or something on the air."

For the next four years, he drifted, working for a while at the bookstore at the Royal National Theater, where he surreptitiously studied the young actors and directors who passed through. "I thought, well, if they could do it, why not me?" he said. So he took a degree at the Laban Center, was introduced to dance and gradually let it take over his life.

"I watched all sorts of dancing, classical and modern, watched lots and lots of choreography and realized that I loved the whole thing -- the glamour and the dancing -- and that this is what I wanted to do," he said.

When he took control of Adventures in Motion Pictures, Mr. Bourne began almost immediately to edge it toward a more cinematic and theatrical approach.

He staged a series of shows, each made up of what he calls "discrete little bits," all based on a connecting theme. "The Infernal Gallop," in 1990, was all about "Frenchness," he said, just as its successor, "Town and Country," was all about "Englishness." A 1991 show, "Deadly Serious," was based on snippets from Alfred Hitchcock films, which he loved.

At the same time, Mr. Bourne began to work as a choreographer for hire with some West End directors and to stage works with English opera companies. His work with London's dance establishment has all but dried up since the success of "Swan Lake."

"The dance establishment has been very cool to us," he said. "They don't understand why we are getting these audiences."

Finally Giving Form To the Bold Swan

The company's turning point, he said, came in 1992 with a production of "The Nutcracker," his first attempt to stage a full-length production, to carry a story line and design theme through an entire show. And it was the first time the company had tried its hand at a classical ballet.

"We're basically a modern-dance company," he said. "There's no point work involved in what we do. But as far as the history of dance, I love it, I was a fan of all those classical pieces. So when I got the opportunity, it felt very liberating to listen to that music."

The idea of staging "Swan Lake" with male swans had occurred to him several years earlier, he said, but it wasn't until after "The Nutcracker" that he decided to try it.

"I always felt it could work because there's something in the music that's much more powerful, much more aggressive, than normally comes through in the ballet," Mr. Bourne said. "Really, as far as the music goes, there are two swans, the beautiful and graceful swan and the powerful, aggressive swan. Yet the ballet, as it's usually staged, portrays only the graceful swan."

Prokofiev's "Cinderella" was not "divided up so neatly," Mr. Bourne said. It was harder to come up with a dance concept that would tie the story together and allow the audience "to be swept up in the music."

The answer came, he said, when he read that Prokofiev wrote the piece during World War II. "It's a piece that people think is older than it is," he said.

An image formed in his mind: a jeweled, high-heeled shoe sitting in a pile of blitz rubble, with a smoke-filled London skyline behind it, criss-crossed with spotlights. It's the image that is in the show's poster and on the curtain.

"Cinderella" has become another success for Mr. Bourne's company, though it has not been received quite as rapturously as "Swan Lake." The show, which is also at the Piccadilly Theater, has been extended through Feb. 14.

"Then, if everything works out and we're going to be going to New York with the swans, it will be time to get the company over there and begin to work," he said.

And after that?

"I don't know," Mr. Bourne said. "We're going to be doing 'Nutcracker' again next year. And after that, I think it would be nice to try to do something original, to take a break from classical ballet. I have a couple of ideas in mind, maybe a piece based on the movie 'The Servant,' or something based on the play 'Equus.' "

He walked back into the theater and watched quietly as a dozen dancers rehearsed one of the larger dance numbers in "Cinderella."

"With me, every step is a bit of a surprise," Mr. Bourne said, explaining that he is not one of those ambitious planners with a dozen projects going. "I'm not prolific," he said. "I guess I like to dedicate myself to one thing at a time."

**Graphic**

Photos: An unconventional version of "Cinderella" is being presented in London by Matthew Bourne, right (Jonathan Player), and his dance company after his success with a "Swan Lake" using male swans. Above, Sara Wildor and Adam Cooper in "Cinderella." (Bill Cooper)

**Load-Date:** January 1, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Parish Shaken by Reports of Sexual and Financial Misdeeds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:463D-P270-01CN-H43D-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2038 words

**Byline:**  By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Body**

Something bad was going on at St. Elizabeth's parish in Ozone Park, Queens, and Barbara Samide said recently that she had tried to get the Diocese of Brooklyn to do something about it since shortly after she was hired as principal of the parish's elementary school nearly two years ago.

The problems, she said, could hardly have been more serious, and at least two dozen times she sought out senior officials with the diocese to lay out what she insisted was a shocking situation: the Rev. John Thompson, the parish's pastor, had an 18-year-old gay lover living in the rectory and was lavishing gifts on him that were paid for with school funds; the school's budget was nearly $300,000 in the red, and Father Thompson had disbanded the parish committee charged with overseeing tuition collection; many parishioners had already sent a letter to the diocese expressing concerns, and were in near revolt.

The diocese's response, she said, never varied for more than a year and a half: keep quiet, its officials told her. The church, one of the diocese's vicars said to her, will handle its own priests and problems.

Finally, in March, months after the national scandal of abuse and misconduct by priests had engulfed the church and with the diocese still failing to act at St. Elizabeth's, Mrs. Samide said she threatened to go to prosecutors with her information.

At last, Father Thompson, 50, resigned, but with the diocese so far failing to act on its own, Mrs. Samide's faith in the church's determination to deal with explosively embarrassing problems remains shaken. She and other parishioners at St. Elizabeth's said that what had happened since the resignation suggested that even after American bishops had returned from their historic meeting in Dallas with a plan to end past cover-ups of priestly misconduct, the culture of secrecy and stonewalling that characterized the church's handling of such problems appeared entrenched.

Father Thompson, upon his resignation, simply moved to another parish, in Far Rockaway, where he does not have an official title, but where he continues to say Mass. Officials with the diocese told parishioners at St. Elizabeth's that he remains a priest in good standing.

Moreover, Mrs. Samide, who went ahead and notified prosecutors, has been instructed by diocesan officials not to speak about what happened. Last week she said she had been reprimanded by diocesan officials for cooperating with detectives with the Queens district attorney's office, which has now empaneled a grand jury to investigate the situation at St. Elizabeth's.

Frank DeRosa, a spokesman for the diocese, said Bishop Thomas V. Daily would have no comment on the St. Elizabeth's situation or on Mrs. Samide's charges, although he said the diocese was cooperating with prosecutors. Msgr. James Spengler, the diocesan official to whom Mrs. Samide said she directly complained, said a diocesan lawyer had advised him not to respond to questions. Father Thompson did not return repeated calls seeking comment, nor did his lawyer.

"The bishops just spent three days in Dallas talking about being honest, candid and forthright," Mrs. Samide said, "and yet, right here, the message they're sending is shut down, don't cooperate. It's scary."

Officials with the district attorney's office would not discuss the specifics of the investigation. But as part of its investigation into the handling of finances at St. Elizabeth's, prosecutors have subpoenaed the school's records, and notified Mrs. Samide and other school officials that they will be questioned later this month. And Mrs. Samide said she would soon file a sexual harassment suit against Father Thompson and the diocese that kept him as pastor so long.

Whatever the fate of the criminal investigation, the people of St. Elizabeth's say they already feel robbed of their confidence in a church that they say acted as it all too often has: with concern for hiding its problems, and by using its finances to help cover them up.

"I would like to know why they didn't they do anything," said Doreen McLean, a parishioner whose two children attended the school. "It doesn't leave the Catholic Church looking very good, especially now."

The portrait of the pastor and the parish's problems drawn by Mrs. Samide was supported in interviews with many parishioners in recent weeks.

Moments before she was handed the keys to St. Elizabeth's in fall 2000, Mrs. Samide said, she had an unsettling talk with the departing principal.

"Document everything," she remembered Sister Francis Marie Sheridan cautioning her, "and watch the money."

The unexpected warning made her uneasy, but Mrs. Samide, 39, was so thrilled finally to become a Roman Catholic school principal after teaching for 15 years that she set aside her concerns. For her, coming from an intensely religious New York family that included a diocesan priest, a Franciscan brother and a Josephite sister, this was a middle-class Catholic dream, even though she knew St. Elizabeth's had problems.

Keeping a Diary

Heeding the advice of her predecessor, Mrs. Samide kept a detailed diary. It did not take long, she said, for the startling entries to begin. One of the earliest came in October 2000. Mrs. Samide says Father Thompson, after an awards dinner in Manhattan, directed her to a West Village leather bar, where he said he was a regular. He invited her to join him, she said, but she declined.

That incident, she said, triggered her first call to Monsignor Spengler, the vicar for southern Queens. She said he told her that the diocese knew Father Thompson was actively gay. He took no action, though.

Mrs. Samide said she was not upset by the fact that Father John was gay; so are some members of her own family. But he seemed not to be restrained by his collar. She said he participated in an Internet chat room where his nickname was Papi Chulo, a Spanish slang term with sexual overtones, and his profile listed his interests as "men, music and the beach."

But in late 2000 and early 2001, Mrs. Samide said, the pastor's conduct became almost absurdly provocative. He made no effort to hide that he was living and sleeping with a young man in the rectory. The pastor told her to find work for the young man at the school, Mrs. Samide said.

The young man, Jonathan, told her that he was 18, a dancer from upstate New York who had been on the West Village streets since he was 13. Mrs. Samide sent him to work with the custodian.

By mid-January, Father Thompson was taking the young man on vacations to resorts in Florida, including the Blue Dolphin in Fort Lauderdale, which advertises its clothing-optional pool area, Mrs. Samide said. She said the trips were ultimately paid for out of school money over which Father Thompson had asserted nearly complete control.

In May 2001, the young man left the rectory. He continued to come around afterward, and occasionally called Mrs. Samide asking for money, she said. By last September, Mrs. Samide said, Father Thompson told her that he was $26,000 in debt because of money he spent on Jonathan.

Mrs. Samide said that throughout the young man's stay at the rectory, as parishioners grew concerned, she repeatedly informed Monsignor Spengler at the diocesan offices of the problem. Nothing, she said, was done.

St. Elizabeth's is a struggling parish in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of small houses clad in aluminum siding along the J subway line. There are 320 students in the school, most the children of hard-working parents. A $300,000 debt meant she was often in danger of being unable to pay her teachers, and so nothing was more difficult for Mrs. Samide to accept than Father Thompson's handling of St. Elizabeth's finances.

Just before Mrs. Samide became principal, she said, Father Thompson rearranged the parish's finances, switching banks and removing the principal's name from all accounts but one, which was used for tuition checks.

Many people other than Mrs. Samide had trouble with Father Thompson. After he switched banks, he tried to take complete control of all finances by disbanding a parish committee that oversaw collection of school tuition, angering parishioners. A few months later, he accused the school's longtime bookkeeper, Angelica DiMaria, of mishandling money, even though he had control of it. He replaced Mrs. DiMaria with his sister-in-law, Dorian Thompson.

Mrs. DiMaria denied that she had mishandled money and said in an interview last week that she had reported her complaints to the diocese, to no effect.

The people of St. Elizabeth's ran out of patience after Father Thompson disbanded the committee that kept track of the money from the Sunday collection and insisted on counting it himself.

Robert Mayer, who belonged to both the tuition committee and the Sunday collection committee, said he wrote to diocesan officials asking for Father Thompson to be removed. Other parishioners did the same. Nothing happened.

"It's the same thing as with the sexual abuse cases," Mr. Mayer said. "I can't put my finger on it exactly and say Father John stole money or had some kid living at the rectory because I don't have all the facts, but I can say that there was no sincere effort to look into this by the hierarchy."

Parents at St. Elizabeth's began to complain that their tuition payments were never recorded. The money from fund-raising events, including $14,000 from a chocolate sale, disappeared, they said.

In February of this year, with the national scandal of sex abuse and cover-ups at full boil, so much money was missing from the school's accounts that the diocese began an audit of school finances.

Soon, Mrs. Samide said, she had had enough. In March, she went over Monsignor Spengler's head and complained to Msgr. Guy J. Puglisi, the diocese's superintendent of schools, and threatened to contact the authorities.

Monsignor Puglisi, she said, told her to leave the school temporarily because of her problems with Father Thompson.

About two weeks later, Father Thompson stepped down.

But even now, Mrs. Samide says, the diocese has failed to acknowledge the problem formally and take meaningful action. Monsignor Spengler, in addressing the parish in April, said Father Thompson had not been accused of sexual misconduct, but had resigned for health and confidential reasons.

Father Thompson now lives at St. Gertrude's parish in Far Rockaway, where a parish employee said he continued to celebrate Mass.

After her showdown with the hierarchy, Mrs. Samide said, she continued to be told to keep quiet by some diocesan officials or risk losing her position. She said diocesan officials had advised her to hire a lawyer, and she did.

Then she notified prosecutors, and provided them with memorandums, financial records and canceled checks. She has also kept detailed accounts of her complaints to Father Thompson and the diocese.

The Parish Is Reeling

The parish, meanwhile, has been left reeling. "We're very hurt, especially since Monsignor Spengler came in and said that he's still a priest in good standing," said Ms. McLean, the parishioner.

Mrs. Samide, who said Father Thompson had been verbally abusive and taunted her with pornographic material, is preparing a sexual harassment suit against Father Thompson and other officials of the diocese, naming Bishop Thomas V. Daily as the church official in charge of controlling the diocese's priests. The spokesman for the diocese said they were anticipating the suit, but would not comment on it.

"The officials responsible for this had complete information from Mrs. Samide about the sexual harassment and the theft of school funds," said Michael G. Dowd, a lawyer representing Mrs. Samide. "Their only response was to urge her to keep silent, and that in time things would work out."

Mrs. Samide said she feared that the diocese might try to fire her. At least one official says she has nothing to worry about. "There is no danger of her losing her job at all," Monsignor Puglisi said.

Despite everything, Mrs. Samide said her faith remained strong, but she was not certain that the hierarchy would follow through on all the promises it made in Dallas.

"If justice is done at St. Elizabeth's," she said, "this would be a sign that they have looked at the sins of the past and learned from them."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: John Thompson; Barbara Samide, principal of the elementary school of St. Elizabeth's parish in Queens, said she reported a priest's misdeeds to the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn for almost two years, but no action was taken. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RMJ-DP90-000P-N291-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Year's Best Films: Risks Furnish Rewards***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RMJ-DP90-000P-N291-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By JANET MASLIN

**Body**

Guts and glory: 1997 was a year of big risk-taking on screen, and some of the chanciest ventures proved most rewarding. Though at midsummer we seemed to be slogging through the worst set of studio films in movie history, the year's high points happily balanced its losses. And brought splendid surprises: Who could have imagined the return of the sweeping old-fashioned epic? Or that the year's hottest indie filmmaker would be not a film student or clerk maxing out his parents' credit cards but a "Godfather" star?

It didn't take two films about Tibetan Buddhism to make the point that life goes in cycles. Comebacks abounded, especially among celebrated talents of the 1970's. Hollywood regained some of the toehold it had lost to independent cinema, thanks to several uncommonly clever and daring studio releases.

And substantial women's roles virtually vanished, while non-'hood films about black characters flourished impressively. Kasi Lemmons ("Eve's Bayou") and her husband, Vondie Curtis Hall ("Gridlock'd"), are certainly the first-time directorial couple of the year. While I like the number 10 as well as the next person, the convention of the Top 10 list is more an advertising convenience than a critical tool. I don't think it's worth leaving fine work unmentioned for convention's sake. Nor is it easy to make distinctions between, say, a quiet, decent film about a beekeeper and a blazing disco flashback about a porn star. So let's not even try.

The best films of 1997 are:

1. "TITANIC." -- James Cameron, daredevil extraordinaire, had the audacity to dream of the great, huge spectacles Hollywood had stopped making. Then he had the technological brilliance to reinvent the form. Here are state-of-the-art showmanship in the service of bold storytelling, and glamour, tragedy, action and romance that fully capture the imagination. Here, too, is the lovely old hokum on which Hollywood's mystique was founded. If American cinema has come to shape worldwide tastes, there hasn't in years been a bigger or better good will ambassador.

2. "L.A. CONFIDENTIAL." -- Another Hollywood maverick, Curtis Hanson, restored film noir to its own lost glory and treated the genre with vast intelligence and affection. Uncompromisingly, he propelled James Ellroy's convoluted detective novel and an ideal cast with no great marquee value into the year's most dazzling narrative feat. The wicked lost world that is conjured here offers shimmering beauty, tough-guy tenderness and constant surprise.

3. "THE APOSTLE." -- Robert Duvall clearly pours heart and soul into this warts-and-all portrait of a fallen preacher, giving one of the year's greatest performances and creating a sprawling, unexpectedly stirring vision of deep-seated religious decency. A subject to which films so often condescend is treated with both subtlety and fire. Beyond dominating the film with his larger-than-life, rabble-rousing character, Mr. Duvall fills this big, generous song of the South with real people and real passion.

4. "DECONSTRUCTING HARRY." -- Tabloid hell catapulted Woody Allen into his best, funniest and angriest film in years. Raw and bitter, tinged with unwelcome wisdom, it recognizes the power of art to deliver salvation even as it also sinks to settling scores. As a fiction writer whose prose is his lethal weapon, Mr. Allen wins no popularity contests here but delivers a structurally sophisticated, newly imaginative recapitulation of his own most personal work.

5. "THE PILLOW BOOK." -- Extraordinary exotica from Peter Greenaway, whose coolly intricate direction is at its most elegant and alluring. The filmmaker's taste for outrage this time leads him to eroticism intertwined with calligraphy, with the famous memoir of a Japanese courtesan as only the most minimal point of departure. Perhaps this will be remembered as the film in which Ewan McGregor spends much of his time naked and winds up turned into a Japanese text. More deservedly and more likely, it deserves notice for Mr. Greenaway's 21st-century cinematic vision.

6. "THE SWEET HEREAFTER." -- Mournfully beautiful and unexpectedly transcendent despite its bleakness, Atom Egoyan's intricate adaptation of Russell Banks's novel turns a school bus tragedy into a philosophical journey. Elegant and precise as ever, Mr. Egoyan's work becomes more accessible and viscerally powerful in seeking the meaning of calamity and the light shed in its aftermath. A fine ensemble cast featuring Ian Holm, Bruce Greenwood and Sarah Polley accentuates the humanity behind the film's delicate moral structure.

7. "IN THE COMPANY OF MEN." -- Two white-collar workers, one galling bet and a woman who becomes the target of their resentment: the first-time filmmaker Neil LaBute needed little more to create the year's most audacious and rancorous drama. Deliberately challenging his audience's assumptions and playing adroitly with tensions between the sexes, this stark feat of gamesmanship is as blunt as it is brave.

8. "BOOGIE NIGHTS." -- The porn-and-disco "Nashville" from Paul Thomas Anderson has the brazenness to aim high and the sheer pop exuberance to command attention. Smaller than it looks yet still wildly colorful and droll, this trip down Memory Lane in platform shoes makes for the year's naughtiest, most glittering bauble.

9. "PONETTE." -- This exquisite, little-seen French jewel features a 4-year-old wonder named Victoire Thivisol in a child's-eye portrait of bewildering loss. As a little girl trying to understand the death of her mother, the miraculously unself-conscious star of Jacques Doillon's wrenching drama creates a tremendously moving vision of grief and healing.

10. "ULEE'S GOLD." -- Peter Fonda, the year's pre-eminent comeback kid, morphed wonderfully into Henry Fonda at the heart of a story about courage, family and very tough love. The utter simplicity and atmospheric power of Victor Nunez's strong, laconic drama let this wordlessly eloquent performance shine.

11. "FACE/OFF." -- Hollywood went Hong Kong with all the furious kicks this action film required, yet John Woo's electrifying direction also had its subtle side. Diabolically cunning storytelling, not to mention the uncanny personality-switching performances of Nicolas Cage and especially John Travolta, elevated the fireball genre to quasi-Hitchcockian ambition and made for one exuberant roller-coaster ride.

12. "LA PROMESSE." -- Belgian cinema verite style with a hard-hitting social conscience in the fiercely disturbing story of a father and son exploiting immigrant workers, and the boy's moral turmoil over his promise to a dying African man. Utterly gripping in its clash of European and African cultures, in its raggedly honest performances and in the urgency of its insistence on doing the right thing.

13. "DONNIE BRASCO." -- Love, loyalty, low life and a beautifully acted pas de deux between Al Pacino and Johnny Depp as a father and surrogate son in gangland. Just when we thought mob stories had exhausted their creative energy, this carefully observed, offhandedly tragic film by Mike Newell pulled us back in.

14. "THE FULL MONTY." -- Greatness? Maybe not. But this was the little movie that could, and did, and certainly made itself delightful in the process.

Robert Carlyle's tart, scrappy hero will be remembered long after the film's male strippers and disco music are forgotten. Come to think of it, that could be quite a long while from now.

Some runners-up, among the year's approximately 400 New York releases:

"Ma Vie en Rose," in which a little French boy decides to imagine himself a little French girl, to the absolute horror of his bourgeois parents. (Review on page 33.) "The Boxer," which opens on Wednesday, another hard-hitting Northern Irish story from Jim Sheridan. "Wag the Dog," hardly the kind of satire that closes on Saturday night. (Review on page 7.) "Underground," Emir Kusturica's huge, sprawling Palme d'Or prize winner allegorically mourning the tragedy of his native Yugoslavia. "Gattaca," an icily fascinating science-fiction film with a fully realized vision of the much-too-near future. "Chasing Amy," smart, funny and honest in its brave new world of 90's dating. "The Daytrippers," a disarmingly good ensemble film with a world of change packed into one busy day.

Also "The Ice Storm," Ang Lee's graceful, observant story of 70's suburbia as seen from the moon. "Good Will Hunting," with Matt Damon's captivating performance as both math genius and ***working-class*** hero. "Amistad," Steven Spielberg's strong and eminently decent glimpse of overlooked American history. "Oscar and Lucinda, an incandescent if cryptic Australian literary adaptation. "Washington Square," the only recent Henry James film that Henry James might have recognized. "Hercules," smart, exuberant and wrongly maligned Disney animation.

And some extraordinary documentaries: Errol Morris's poetic, eccentric "Fast, Cheap and Out of Control." "Sick," the story of a dying sadomasochist and the year's greatest viewing challenge. "The Long Way Home," an equally unflinching look at the treatment of Holocaust survivors immediately after World War II.

And a special treat, "East Side Story," an unexpectedly astute look at the rise and fall of movie musicals in the Soviet bloc. If you smile at the thought of Busby Berkeley choreography by way of Bulgaria, don't miss this for the world.

Two '97 Favorites, Already on Video

Here are two films in the Critic's Notebook article that are available on video:

"DONNIE BRASCO," 1997, Columbia Tri-Star, $105.51; laser disk, $39.95 (127 minutes).

"FACE/OFF," 1997, Paramount, $105.58; laser disk, $39.98 (138 minutes).

**Graphic**

Photos: DONNIE BRASCO -- Al Pacino as a mob father figure. (Mandalay Entertainment); THE FULL MONTY -- British steelworkers turned strippers. (Tom Hilton/Fox Searchlight); BOOGIE NIGHTS -- Mark Wahlberg stars in a trip down Memory Lane to the porn-and-disco world of the 1970's. (G. Lefkowitz/New Line Cinema); ULEE'S GOLD -- Peter Fonda makes a comeback as a solitary Florida beekeeper in Victor Nunez's story about courage, family and very tough love. (John Bramley/Orion Pictures); THE SWEET HEREAFTER -- A school bus tragedy turns into a philosophical journey. Ian Holm is part of the ensemble cast of the Atom Egoyan film. (Associated Press); THE PILLOW BOOK -- Yoshi Oida in a work of exotica from Peter Greenaway. (CFP Distribution); LA PROMESSE -- Jeremie Renier in a Belgian film with a social conscience. (New Yorker Films); FACE/OFF -- Nicolas Cage as a terrorist, here in John Travolta's grip, in a film about scrambled identities. (Stephen Vaughan/Paramount Pictures); PONETTE -- Victoire Thivisol in a French film about a child trying to understand her mother's death. (Film Society of Lincoln Center); IN THE COMPANY OF MEN -- Matt Malloy, left, and Aaron Eckhart are predators in Neil LaBute's first film. (Sony Pictures Classics); DECONSTRUCTING HARRY -- From left, Eric Lloyd, Mariel Hemingway and Woody Allen. (J. Clifford/Fine Line Features)(pg. E12); AMONG THE WINNERS -- Janet Maslin's choices for the best movies of 1997 include, top, "Titanic," James Cameron's reinvention of the Hollywood epic; "L.A. Confidential," center, Curtis Hanson's affectionate homage to film noir whose stars include Kim Basinger and Russell Crowe, and, "The Apostle," left, starring Robert Duvall as a fallen Southern preacher trying to reclaim his life in "one of the year's great performances." (Digital Domain (top); Peter Sorel/Warner Brothers (center); Van Redin/October Films (above))(pg. E1)

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[***A NEW PARTY SHAKES UP BRITAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DGW0-000B-Y4CT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

R.W. Apple Jr. is chief of the London bureau of The New York Times.

By R.W. Apple Jr.

It may have seemed an unlikely place to launch a revolution, and Dr. David Owen and his guests -three middle-aged, middle-class moderates like himself - certainly seemed unlikely revolutionaries. But the goal the four politicians set themselves on Jan. 25, 1981, at Dr. Owen's row house in the gritty Limehouse section of London's East End was revolutionary in its scope - the creation of a major new British political party, the first in 50 years, strong enough not only to end the half-century monopolization of power by the Labor and Conservative Parties but to alter the very electoral system by which this country has chosen its political leadership for hundreds of years.

Ten months later, the new Social Democratic Party has exceeded the wildest hopes of its founders. It has formed, with synergistic results, an alliance with the Liberal Party - the enfeebled remnant of the party of Gladstone and Lloyd George - which prior to the partnership had only grass-roots enthusiasm and an occasional electoral triumph to show for its decades of hard work. In three successive by-elections - comparable to American off-year Congressional elections as tests of national voter sentiment - the alliance has done far better than anyone expected, the climax coming last month with a victory at Crosby, near Liverpool, a seemingly impregnable Conservative stronghold.

R W Apple comment discusses newly formed political party in England, Social Democratic Party, which is challenging Conservative Party

The national public-opinion polls show the Liberal-Social Democratic alliance to be the most popular political grouping in the country. Hard-headed politicians of other parties now readily concede that a victory for the alliance in the next general election, which will probably take place in the fall of 1983 or the spring of 1984, is entirely possible. Many of them think the Social Democrats and Liberals will at least hold the balance of power between the Tories and the Laborites.

Politicians and journalists in London, as in Washington, are notoriously cynical about the launching of new parties, and with good reason - it seldom accomplishes much. But the Social Democrats have been taken seriously from the very start, because the signers of the ''Limehouse Declaration,'' as their January statement came to be called, were no cranks from the fringes of politics. They were four of the best-known members of the Labor Party, all of them former Cabinet members, who had gradually come to the conclusion that they had to seek a new political home.

Labor had lurched to the left, adopting extreme economic policies, advocating withdrawal from the Common Market and moving toward commitment to unilateral nuclear disarmament. The Conservative Party, which in other days might have provided an alternative, had embarked on a right-wing economic crusade, with mass unemployment as the principal early result. So the ''Gang of Four,'' as the newspapers dubbed them, took the painful and perilous step of striking out on their own, hoping, each in his or her own way, to re-create in the new party those elements of the Labor Party that had originally attracted them to politics.

They were a heterogenous lot, but they agreed that, abroad, Britain had to maintain membership in the Common Market and the Atlantic alliance; that, at home, some means had to be found to restrain wages, and Governments had to stop promising the moon; and that, within their new party, rank-and-file members had to have a considerable voice in its affairs. Some called themselves socialists; others no longer liked the word.

Roy Jenkins, 61, had served ably as Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the 1960's and 1970's, but he had turned his back on domestic affairs in 1977 to take a $125,000-a-year job as president of the European Community, based in Brussels. He had been written off by most people in British politics, especially in Labor's militant left wing, which mocked him mercilessly for his love of good claret, his smooth tailoring and his upper-class difficulties with the letter ''r.'' His enemies, and even some of his friends, referred to him behind his back as ''Woy.''

But Roy Jenkins had not lost his appetite for politics in the gastronomic palaces of Belgium, and he clung to the belief that he might yet be Prime Minister. In 1979, knowing that he would never make it as a member of the Labor Party, and disgusted in any event with what he considered the party's extremism, he broached the idea of a new party in the British Broadcasting Corporation's prestigious Dimbleby Lecture.

William Rodgers, 53, was the least known of the four, but he had a reputation among insiders as a talented organizer and administrator. Slim, thoughtful, rather reserved for a politician, he had been a follower of Mr. Jenkins for nearly two decades and had served as a Defense Minister and as Transport Minister. His own charm and that of his ebullient, red-haired, German-born wife made them extremely popular among younger Labor M.P.'s.

Shirley Williams, 51, was quite simply the best-liked woman in British politics. Daughter of Vera Brittain, a prominent writer, pacifist and feminist during the period between the two world wars, Mrs. Williams was a woman whose undoubted intellectual gifts were combined with a natural warmth and sincerity. Often disheveled, often late for appointments, she held two Cabinet posts - Education and Social Services - in the late 1970's. When she lost her parliamentary seat in the London suburbs to the Tory sweep in the 1979 general election, all of political Britain was shocked, and Conservative ministers said publicly that they deeply regretted her defeat.

Out of the House of Commons, she watched unhappily from her position on the party's National Executive Committee as Labor veered to the left, and she had just about made up her mind to quit politics and spend half of every year in the United States, where she had spent part of her childhood.

David Owen, 43, was the youngest of the four, the most energetic, the most abrasive and the highest flyer. A neurologist before he entered politics, he had been elected to Parliament at 28 and had been named a Defense Minister at 36. Two years later, he was Foreign Secretary, to the intense irritation of older colleagues, and he compounded that irritation by his disinclination to suffer fools at all, let alone gladly. His dark, intense good looks counted against him with those less favored. But few who knew him doubted his intelligence, his capacity for work or his determination. A radical in many things, he nonetheless abhorred the Marxist and Trotskyist element in his party. At the 1980 party conference in Blackpool, he had been hissed when he defended the Atlantic alliance.

The decision to desert Labor was a traumatic one for all four. Although aisle crossing is a more common phenomenon in Britain than in the United States, few politicians have prospered after leaving the party that gave them their start; Winston Churchill, who entered the House as a Tory, switched to the Liberals, then switched back, is a notable exception. Two other Members of Parliament - one Laborite, the other Tory - provided the impetus that drove the four to strike out boldly on their own. The first was Tony Benn, the magnetic former peer, who pushed Labor relentlessly in the direction of his own brand of left-wing socialism. The other was Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, who led the Conservatives doggedly toward her vision of a Britain economically revived through monetarism.

It is, of course, an oversimplification to say that Mr. Benn was responsible for the changes in the Labor Party since the general election of May 1979 - an oversimplification he would dislike, because he likes to pretend that personality plays no role in politics. The changes were preceded by Labor's long decline in voter strength. In 1966, the party polled 13.1 million votes; in 1970, it polled 12.2 million. In the general election that brought Mrs. Thatcher to power, the figure fell to 11.5 million, only 37.8 percent of the total, the lowest proportion since 1931. In the big cities of England (though not of Scotland and Wales), the party organization gradually fell apart; two years ago, only 51 percent of union members supported ''their'' party.

Peter Pulzer, a tutor in politics at Christ Church, Oxford, argued afterward that ''one by one, the traditional beliefs of the labor movement - public ownership, the links with trade unions, redistributive taxation, expansion of the welfare state - have lost favor with ***working-class*** labor supporters.'' But Mr. Benn had another diagnosis. He insisted that the problem was not too much socialism but too little. What the people wanted, he said, was more nationalized industry, less spending on Europe and on nuclear weapons, more rank-and-file democracy, less domination of the party by M.P.'s out of touch with ''the people.''

The Bennites lacked strength among Labor M.P.'s, who tend to be more conservative than the party's grass-roots activists, just as Tory M.P.'s tend to be more liberal than their party's activists. To push Labor to the left, the power of the M.P.'s would have to be limited. With enormous skill, Mr. Benn and his left-wing allies, many of them totally unknown nationally, began campaigning for a series of changes in the party's rules, all designed to increase the strength of the true believers in socialism.

Three items led the left-wingers' agenda. First, they wanted the party leader chosen by the annual conference - which is dominated by the activists and the trade unions - instead of by the M.P.'s. That would give Labor M.P.'s with little support among their colleagues but with big followings outside Parliament a chance to become Prime Minister. (It did not escape attention that Tony Benn fit that definition.) Second, the Bennites proposed that all M.P.'s, who traditionally have been renominated by their party before each election, be first subjected to ''reselection'' - a screening process that would be controlled by the left-wing activists who control most local party organizations, thanks to the apathy of the moderates. Third, the left urged that the party's manifesto, or platform, be drafted by the party's leftist-controlled National Executive Committee, not by the committee and the leader together.

James Callaghan, still leader of the party after Labor's defeat, a moderate but a man clearly exhausted by years of struggle, tried to restore unity by agreeing to have the party leader selected by an electoral college composed of activists, trade unionists and M.P.'s. This plan was endorsed in principle at the annual conference in Blackpool in October 1980 and in detail at a special conference at Wembley last January. Yet the Blackpool meeting was the same one at which Dr. Owen was hissed, and it also approved reselection and backed both unilateral nuclear disarmament and British withdrawal from the Common Market. To make matters even more disheartening from the point of view of the moderates, Michael Foot defeated their man, Denis Healey, in the election of a successor to Mr. Callaghan. Mr. Foot, a champion of the left before Mr. Benn came along, had moved to the center, but he remained an accommodator, slow to act decisively against the left wing.

Mr. Foot's election made up David Owen's mind: He was leaving. Shirley Williams, according to an account by Andrew Stephen in The Sunday Times of London magazine, made her decision only slightly later. William Rodgers hung back, so Dr. Owen recruited Roy Jenkins, with the proviso that, despite his seniority, he would join the nascent party as one among equals.

Gradually, Mr. Rodgers overcame his qualms, and the Wembley conference on Jan. 24 confirmed the group's worst fears by adopting an electoral-college system in which the voice of the M.P.'s was reduced even further. The next day, the four gathered in Limehouse, and within a month the new party had received 80,000 letters and contributions totaling more than $350,000 - an astonishing amount in Britain, where political parties customarily raise and spend very little. On March 26, the party was formally launched with a burst of media hype more American than British.

As the year unfolded, everything broke right for the Social Democrats. Mrs. Thatcher's policies, together with the world recession, drove British unemployment to more than three million, a figure worse than any recorded during the Great Depression. And the Labor Party fumbled and dithered, fudged and mudged, in Dr. Owen's words. Mr. Benn waged an extraordinarily divisive campaign against Mr. Healey for the deputy leadership, keeping Labor's internal rifts in the headlines for months. When he lost by the narrowest of margins, he persisted with his unwillingness to fall in line with Mr. Foot's leadership, and the party conference confirmed the left-wing stances on Europe, disarmament and other prime issues.

Shirley Williams flinched last summer from running in the first by-election, at Warrington, a Labor seat in the industrialized belt between Liverpool and Manchester. So Roy Jenkins took it on. He had the wrong accent, drove the wrong kind of car (a BMW) and came from the wrong part of the country, but he worked harder than anyone expected, liked the place more than he expected to, and very nearly won. His was one of those defeats, like Eugene McCarthy's in New Hampshire in 1968, that is remembered as a famous victory.

Then, last October, a three-time Liberal loser named William Pitt managed to win as the alliance's candidate at Croydon, in the suburban belt south of London. And finally, Shirley Williams staged a triumphant return to the House of Commons by winning at Crosby in an election Nov. 26 that suggested that no seat in the country is unwinnable for the alliance. In the last general election, the Conservatives carried Crosby by a margin of no fewer than 19,272 votes out of 81,208 cast, one of the biggest majorities in the country. Mrs. Williams wiped that out and won by 5,289 votes, pushing the left-wing Labor candidate into third place.

Her victory gave the Social Democrats 24 members in the House of Commons - 22 elected as Labor members who subsequently defected (including Mr. Rodgers and Dr. Owen), a solitary former Conservative, and Mrs. Williams herself.

How to explain the new party's extraordinary success? In retrospect, Bill Rodgers thinks that he and his colleagues had overestimated the difficulties facing them. ''All we had to do,'' he said during a recent talk, ''was push gently on the door, and it flew open.'' He and many others believe that the electorate has finally got tired of what he called the ''boom-bust'' system of politics, in which each party overpromises to win election, then fails to deliver, particularly in the economic field.

It appears, in fact, that British political history has arrived at a potential turning point because British economic history has entered a crisis, and this has given the Social Democrats a chance comparable to that presented to Labor by the economic crises following World War I. Christopher Patten, one of the brightest of the young Tories, says that ''a major consequence of economic decline is that the electorate tends to become uncoupled from the existing parties, identifying them with the country's failure.''

At the heart of the new party's program is a proposal for a system of proportional representation in which the number of M.P.'s from any given party would be directly linked to the number of popular votes it receives. Such a system, similar to those used in most Continental countries, tends to produce coalition governments and therefore to dampen the swings from right-wing to left-wing policies. It also tends to help smaller parties.

Under the current British system, in which the top vote-getter in each constituency wins the seat, smaller parties tend to lose out. People doubt that they can get enough votes to form a government, and potential supporters vote for other parties as a matter of tactics. The smaller parties' votes also tend to be widely dispersed, with the result that they are underrepresented in Parliament. In 1979, for example, the Liberals won 14.9 percent of the popular vote but received only 11 of the 635 seats, or 1.7 percent. Not surprisingly, they have been campaigning for proportional representation for many years, and the alliance says it will press for sweeping reform even if it wins a clear majority at the next election.

But the next election is probably at least two years away, and there are other more immediate problems for the Social Democrats to settle. They still have no constitution and no leader. They are still faced with the complex task of deciding which constituencies will be contested by their own party's candidates and which by their Liberal allies. The vital task of drafting a platform has barely begun with the generalized debates at the party's first conference this fall. In all of this, the potential for misunderstanding and sectarianism is enormous.

But the main question that must be settled is precisely what kind of party the Social Democrats intend to be - an innovative left-ofcenter party challenging Labor (as Dr. Owen and, to a lesser degree, Mrs. Williams would have it), or a centrist party, probably more of a threat to the Tory vote (as Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Rodgers seem to believe more profitable).

Had Mrs. Williams failed at Crosby, the leadership question would have been all but settled in Mr. Jenkins's favor. Now the issue remains open, although a recent survey of 5,568 S.D.P. members shows that 52 percent prefer Mr. Jenkins. After a constitutional conference in February and a postal ballot to ratify the document hammered out there, an election will be held among all Social Democratic Party members. Mr. Jenkins wanted to limit the franchise to those who are Members of Parliament, but he appears to have lost that fight.

With Mrs. Williams in the House of Commons and Mr. Jenkins not, the temptation may be to choose her. That, in itself, would have an impact on the shape of the party, because the leader will have considerable influence in the framing of policy. Mrs. Williams would be less likely to opt for what Dr. Owen calls ''the soft center'' on such issues as wage controls and defense policy, which he fears would lead voters to dismiss the S.D.P. as another batch of opportunists.

Mr. Jenkins argued the other day that what Britain needs is a more expansionist approach to its economic difficulties, with bigger budget deficits, in the short run, to get the unemployed back to work and stop the drain on the treasury caused by welfare benefits and idle industrial capacity. He urged a ''truce between the private and public sector,'' and a wage-control program with some governmental involvement that still would permit a good deal of free collective bargaining. One possibility that he has raised is a tax on employers who give raises in excess of a norm established by the Government after talks with labor and management.

But no answers have yet been provided to many crucial questions. For example, what would happen if the trade unions refused to cooperate? What would the alliance do if reflation - the injection of more public funds into the economy - produced inflation rather than, or in addition to, new jobs? How would it deal with strikes in the public sector, which broke the Governments of James Callaghan and Edward Heath?

At a guess, the Social Democrats will be able to maintain their momentum for about a year without answering the tough questions. But sometime next fall, and perhaps sooner, the leaders of the Labor and Conservative Parties will come to see that what they need to do is not satisfy their own vanity or appease the activists but start trying to win the election that will then be at most 18 months away. At that point, the crunch will come.

Mr. Rodgers would delay the specifics as long as possible, ''so that you can tie as many people as possible into the party, in the hope that they will know us and stay with us when they see that they disagree with some of our policies.'' Dr. Owen disagrees, maintaining that the party will be badly damaged - by Mrs. Thatcher, in particular - if it fails to ''show people clearly where it intends to pitch its tent.'' But he admits to difficulties: ''There is a real dilemma, for instance, about whether we should call ourselves socialists. Roy doesn't like the word, and you can't expect Conservatives to accept it in the way some of them will accept the word 'radical.' I'm damned if I'll say no when I'm asked point-blank if I'm a socialist, but I can't really expect the others to go along.''

Inevitably, there will be some erosion when the party sorts out these questions; Mr. Rodgers went so far as to say that ''from that moment on, we will be in a fight to maintain our momentum.'' Unfortunately, that may coincide with the moment of maximum stress between the Social Democrats and the Liberals, who are led by a diminutive, 43-year-old Scotsman named David Steel. Not without ambitions of his own, Mr. Steel is consistently shown by the opinion polls to be the most popular party leader in the country. What he lacks is any experience in governing the country, and he would hope to get that in an alliance government or a coalition government with alliance participation. But how much will he be willing to concede to gain the chance?

According to a preliminary agreement, the Liberals and the Social Democrats are supposed to get roughly the same number of seats to contest -and roughly the same number of theoretically winnable seats - within each of a series of bargaining units covering about 10 constituencies. But how many Liberal candidates, many of them already selected, will Mr. Steel ask to stand aside in the 79 constituencies where the Liberals finished second to the Tories two years ago? And how many will do as he asks? He tried to talk a Liberal, Bill Pitt, out of the race at Croydon so that Mrs. Williams could run, but he failed.

Chris Patten, the Conservative who represents Bath in the House of Commons, fears for his own seat and for the future of his party. ''The Tory Party,'' he commented, ''has been in business for 200 years precisely because, although it has had bad moments, on the whole it has straddled the middle ground much more successfully than anyone else. We have abandoned that ground. As a result, it must be difficult for the most optimistic member of the Praetorian Guard at 10 Downing Street to see anything but catastrophe written on the walls in large Greek letters.'' A former head of the Conservative research department, he interprets the polls as indicating that the voters are looking for ''a managerial government with a human face.'' To that extent, he agrees with Mr. Rodgers. But like Dr. Owen, he argues that, to succeed, the Social Democrats must take ''tough and rugged'' stands on the difficult economic issues.

An underlying problem for the Social Democrats, which will become more visible as time goes on, is its lack of identification with any class or interest. S.D.P. adherents must be won -and held - one at a time, whereas Labor can expect the automatic allegiance of a certain number of working people, and the Conservatives can expect the routine support of most of the more prosperous members of society. ''We are trying to create a power base,'' Mrs. Williams says.

Although the people who turned up for the Social Democrats' conference seemed overwhelmingly middle class, detailed returns from public-opinion surveys suggest that the party is quite capable, in a constituency such as Warrington - where Mr. Jenkins almost won - of drawing ***working-class*** support. Robert M. Worcester of Market and Opinion Research International, probably the most skilled opinion analyst in Britain, describes the pattern of Warrington as posing an ''extremely serious'' problem for Labor: In the kind of constituency in northern England on which Labor has always depended, the Social Democrats drew as many supporters among the volatile and pivotal members of the skilled ***working class*** as Labor did.

At the same time, he warned - and subsequent polls at Croydon confirmed this - the new party was getting most of its votes for negative reasons, largely because of extremism in the other parties and disgust with the Labor and Tory track record. Mr. Worcester's surveys suggest that the Social Democrats are taking more Conservative than Labor votes; that is probably to be expected at the presumed nadir of an incumbent Government's popularity. Overall, the latest polls give the S.D.P.-Liberal alliance about 45 percent of the total vote. But the alliance can hardly hope to sustain that high a share of voter preference until election day, and Mr. Worcester expects a good deal of ''churning,'' or contradictory trends in voting intentions, as the Social Democrats' leadership and policy questions are sorted out.

The alliance's victory at Crosby galvanized the British public. Partly, it was the size of the turnaround, one of the biggest of the century. Partly, it was Mrs. Williams, who commands tremendous media attention. The day after the election, some newspapers were suggesting that she would be the next Prime Minister, and the former Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath went so far as to indicate that he might, under some circumstances, agree to serve in a coalition government.

Voters' comments suggested an experimental mood. Valerie Fairbrother, 32, a housewife who had always voted Labor, said, ''I wouldn't vote for Thatcher. She's robbed everybody. Shirley Williams is going to do something for the public. She's more for the people, and I want to give them a chance.'' Michael Roberts, 18 and unemployed, said, ''I couldn't vote Conservative and the Labor Party is all over the place. So why not try something new? The S.D.P. seems to be all the parties rolled into one.''

If, as now seems inevitable, the next election is truly a three-way fight, it is virtually impossible to predict the outcome. One party could win a wildly disproportionate share of Commons seats if its popular votes were concentrated in a relatively small number of constituencies. Another, too thinly spread, could win the most popular votes and the fewest seats among the three. At the moment, politicians of all parties agree, the most likely outcome would be a hung Parliament, with a majority for no one.

Under the British Constitution, Mrs. Thatcher would then be entitled to try to form a Government in coalition with another party. It is inconceivable, given Labor's hatred of her policies, that the Laborites would agree to take part. The Liberal-Social Democratic alliance would take part only if Mrs. Thatcher agreed to accept proportional representation, which she strenuously opposes.

What if she refused to form a coalition? At that point, the old and the new would come into fascinating juxtaposition, for the role of Queen Elizabeth II would become crucial. In theory, the monarch could send for the leader of any party and ask him or her to try to form a Government. In fact, she would probably send for the leader of the party that had won the most seats. If that were Labor, Michael Foot would have to consider a deal on proportional representation. If it were the Social Democrats, they would have look for a coalition partner in addition to the Liberals. Someone, of course, might try to establish a minority Government, in the belief that if it were defeated in the House of Commons, necessitating a new and presumably unwelcome election, those who voted it out would suffer. The permutations are endless, and a bit tiresome for all but the political insiders.

But the fact that they are under constant discussion in the corridors at Westminster, to say nothing of the newspapers and the headquarters of the parties, is testimony to the astonishing success of the Gang of Four in cracking and threatening to break the venerable mold of British politics.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Tony Benn and Michael Foot, Laborites photo of David Owen and his wife photo of Shirley Williams campaigning in Crosby

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[***KANIA IS REPLACED; POLISH PARTY GIVES HIS POST TO PREMIER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DTW0-000B-Y40K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** WARSAW, Oct. 18

**Body**

Stanislaw Kania, the Communist leader who gained power at the height of labor unrest nearly 14 months ago, was dismissed today and replaced by his Prime Minister, Wojciech Jaruzelski, a general.

The Central Committee of Poland's Communist Party, which accepted Mr. Kania's resignation in the third day of a stormy session, also issued demands for stronger action to overcome the economic crisis and for a tougher line against ''antisocialists'' in Solidarity, the independent union.

The committee also passed a resolution that, citing ''existing dangers to the existence of the state,'' called upon the Government to invoke if necessary ''its constitutional prerogatives to guarantee peace in the country'' - a reference to the imposition of martial law.

Cooperation Is Offered

The resolution asserted that the party was willing to work with all patriotic forces ''who are not against socialism.'' But at the same time it called for a renegotiation of the agreements signed with striking workers last summer, a resumption of the six-day work week and a ''temporary'' suspension of the right to strike.

Central Committee of Poland's Communist Party dismisses Stanislaw Kania and replaces him with Prime Minister, Wojciech Jaruzelski

Any one of these proposals, if imposed by the authorities, could provoke a major confrontation with the 9.5-million member Solidarity union.

The ouster of Mr. Kania, a 54-year-old career party official who replaced Edward Gierek Sept. 6, 1980, followed months of deteriorating economic conditions, with food increasingly scarce, long lines in front of shops and a dwindling supply of gasoline. Politically, the party appeared divided and unable to move in any direction.

General Jaruzelski, Western diplomats and Polish observers felt, was an attractive choice to be Mr. Kania's sucessor. He is politically moderate and appears to be acceptable to the Soviet Union, the Solidarity union and most of the Polish people.

Career Military Officer

A 58-year-old career officer with ramrod posture and a chest festooned with medals, the general probably owes his selection today to his military uniform more than anything elese. He became Prime Minister in Februray and has not been an activist head of Government.

His appointment to be first secretary of the Polish Communist Party means an unusual concentration of power in the hands of a military man. It was not immediately known if he would continue as Minister of Defense. The vote to unseat Mr. Kania was 104 to 79, according to P.A.P., the Polish press agency.

In an acceptance speech, General Jaruzelski asserted that the first priorities were to overcame the economic crisis and strengthen the state. He stressed the ''priceless importance'' of the alliance with the Soviet Union and maintaing the integrity of the Soviet bloc, according to the news agency.

Military Role Growing

Poland has not had a military leader since the inter-war dictatorship of Marshal Jozef Pilsudski. Nowhere else in Eastern Europe does a military officer serve as a party leader, since Communist parties traditionally keep military commanders to one side in the power structure. In recent months, the military has become highly visible in the political landscape. Soldiers have been interviewed on television denouncing ''counterrevolutionary'' forces. Patrols of helmeted troops in open jeeps have become a common sight in Warsaw. Two days ago it was announced that some 40,000 ground troops would have their tours of duty extended by two months.

Mr. Kania had come under increasingly strident attack for vacillating and being too conciliatory in dealing with Solidarity. The day before the Central Committee meeting the powerful Warsaw party organization held its own caucus and passed a resolution condeming the leadership.

Indicative of the mood of the Central Committee meeting was a speech by Zofia Grzyb, a Politburo member, who said: ''Things are going from bad to worse. Production is falling. The shelves in shops are now almost totally empty. The party is in disarray and many party organizations are stagnant. Our people feel no support from the party governing bodies and they cease to believe that overconing the crisis is possible.''

Mr. Kania was reported to have offered his resignation to the 15-member Politburo, but several key figures on the Politburo were said to have opposed his removal. He is then reported to have placed it before the 200-member Central Committee. A majority of the committee voted to accept it, according to Interpress, the Government information service.

Jaruzelski Gets Big Margin

A motion for General Jaruzelski to move up to the top position was approved overwhelmingly, winning 180 votes out of 184 cast, the Polish news agency reported. It was not immediatedly known if the General would also continue to serve as Prime Minister. The appointment of a prime minister usually awaits convocation of Parliament.

Should General Jaruzelski hold on to both psoitions - as both head of the party and head of Government - he would have accumulated a degree of power unprecedented in postwar Poland. But most observers did not expect this to happen.

Mr. Kania, a heavyset man with closely cropped hair, was a party insider who sought compromises behind the scenes and the comfort of collective rule. In his very first speech as party leader, which was read to the nation by a television announcer, he served notice that he would not be in the limelight.

He never managed to capture the esteem or the affection of the general public, but he won a kind of grudging admiration for his tenacity, as he steered a delicate course avoiding both open, violent confrontation with Solidarity and military intervention by the Soviet Union.

'A Great and Growing Need'

He reluctantly went along with the union's drive for a more open society, often opposing it verbally but stepping aside at the last moment to avoid conflict. He was not an architect, but at least not an opponent, of what came to be called ''socialist renewal.'' His promise of a new order was summed up in a sentence he included in many of his speeches: ''Democracy is not a gesture of the ruling power toward society but a great and growing need of the society.''

Mr. Gierek's grip on power was loosened quickly by two months of labor turmoil kicked off by meat price increases. Mr. Kania's grip weakened slowly and progressively, as the economy deteriorated day by day and the hopes that the party would move to meet the aspirations of the ***working-class*** revolt against its rule gradually turned cold.

Mr. Kania's single most attaractive feature, for many Poles, was the simple fact that under his leadership security forces were not called out against strikers. It was a fact that lost much of its appeal as the union and the party drifted farther and farther apart, leading many to conclude that his policies would lead ultimately to catastrophe.

The Soviet Union gradually became disillusioned with Mr. Kania, whom it regarded as weak, and made no secret of its dislike. Soviet leaders held at least four meetings with Mr. Kania, in which they counseled him to move forcefully to head off what they contended was a growing '' counterrevolutionary'' threat.

Soviet Message Backfires

Finally, in June, the Soviet Central Committee sent a harshly worded warning letter that struck most analysts as a call to Polish party members to overthrow their leader. The move, however, backfired, as Mr. Kania rode out a challenge from hard-liners at a Central Committee meeting. His popularity was boosted by a sense of Polish anger at what was viewed as open interference from next door.

In July, he was overwhelmingly re-elected against only token opposition at the party's national congress. It was the first time in the history of the Soviet bloc that a Communist Party leader was chosen by a secret ballot from the entire congress, and not simply by acclamation by the central committee alone.

In view of that victory, Mr. Kania's departure today was further proof of how deep the frustrations run in the party's middle-level leadership. It was presaged by a number of actions - including the explusion from the party of a prominent liberal, Stefan Bratkowski, the firing of a newspaper editor who had printed an interview with a well-known political dissident , and a call for party members who also belong to the union to give up one or the other.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union has been signaling its dissatisfaction with Mr. Kania in recent weeks, notably by omitting all mention of him in commentaries. By contrast, Stefan Olszowski, a hard-line member of the Politburo, and General Jaruzelski have been praised in some recent Soviet publications.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of General Jaruzelski and Stanislaw Kania

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[***Self-Remade Man***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RJ1-8H40-000P-N1X7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Andrew Delbanco is Julian Clarence Levi Professor in the Humanities at Columbia University. His most recent book is "Required Reading: Why Our American Classics Matter Now."

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**Body**

George Bush

The Life of a Lone Star Yankee.

By Herbert S. Parmet.

Illustrated. 576 pp. New York:

A Lisa Drew Book/Scribner. $32.50.

Somewhere, some entrepreneur must be preparing a video library of 20th-century Presidents for release during the coming turn-of-the-millennium marketing frenzy. When the tape rolls around to George Bush, there will be the line-in-the-sand speech in which he went eyeball-to-eyeball with Saddam Hussein. There will be footage of Bush, at just the moment when Americans worried about becoming economic vassals of a predatory Japan, vomiting at a state dinner in Tokyo. And, to catch the irony of his eight years' service as Ronald Reagan's loyal Vice President, there will be his contemptuous charge -- issued during the 1980 campaign against Reagan for the Republican nomination -- that the California Governor was a believer in "voodoo economics."

These and lots of other familiar images scroll by in Herbert Parmet's "George Bush: The Life of a Lone Star Yankee," the first full-scale biography of the penultimate elected President of the 20th century. Parmet, a professor of history at the City University of New York, has given us a sympathetic portrait of a moderate Republican in the doomed lineage of Wendell Willkie and Nelson Rockefeller, who tried to refashion himself for the Sunbelt politics of Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan. He even finds a hint of tragedy in this career -- as Bush fails, despite his rise to the Presidency, to preserve the core value of the tradition from which he came, which Parmet sums up as "mitigating the excesses of capitalism" for those who gain or lose too much from the workings of the free market.

Ultimately descended on his father's side from Scottish Protestants and on his mother's side from English Catholics (the ancestral religious divide closed when the two families converged into socially irreproachable Episcopalianism), George Bush was born in 1924 into a family with a good pedigree and a solid fortune. After growing up in Greenwich, Conn., he took the prescribed route via Andover to Yale, where he acquired lifelong friends in the secretive Skull and Bones Society. His father, Prescott, was a partner in the investment firm of W. A. Harriman, and a member of the Yale Corporation. An imposing and formal man, Prescott Bush commuted for years to Grand Central Station, then rode down to Wall Street on the subway. "He'd die now," according to George's sister Nancy, "with limos picking them up. He was a straphanger." Though more than proficient at earning and saving, Prescott Bush regarded zeal for money as a contaminating passion.

Parmet's theme is how George Bush found his father's patrician New England scruples a handicap in the changed political world to which his own ambition drew him. Prescott Bush himself was elected to the Senate in 1952 (defeating Abraham Ribicoff), and when Parmet gives us a glimpse of him uneasily sharing a Bridgeport platform with Senator Joseph McCarthy, we get a premonitory feeling, as if we were watching a preview of the destiny of his son: the half-desperate, half-appalled blue blood cozying up to the xenophobes and demagogues who are taking over the Grand Old Party.

Having realized early that power was shifting westward, the younger Bush built his own political future, according to a friend, "by breaking away from the white-shoe set of Yale and Andover by going out and being a relative roughneck in the oilfields of Odessa, Tex." But the break was never clean. Throughout his Texas career, and beyond, he was dogged by suspicions that he was a silver-spoon Yankee dissembling in a cowboy hat.

Parmet gives a meticulous account of Bush's rise to prominence in Texas, beginning with his ventures in oil exploration, financed in part by family funds. When Bush moved into politics (becoming Harris County Republican chairman in 1963), he never lost his adopted identity as an oilman -- always defending the oil depletion allowance and other tax and regulatory benefits for the industry, even while preaching the evils of government interference in the marketplace. Some of the social attitudes he had brought with him from New England were, however, more dispensable. "His first significant break with his moderate background," according to Parmet, came during his run for the Senate in 1964 against the Democratic populist Ralph Yarborough. With "***working-class*** ethnic minorities, especially blacks and Mexican-Americans . . . threatening to depart from their traditional roles as suppliers of cheap labor," George Bush responded by defending poll taxes as better than having the polls "swamped" with the "liberal bloc vote" they potentially represented.

Though he lost to Yarborough in 1964, he was elected two years later to Congress from Houston's Seventh District; and by 1968 the young Congressman, with his unusual aura of Texas savvy and New England polish, was widely discussed as a possible running mate for Richard Nixon. After another failed try for the Senate in 1970, Bush changed course, building his circle of patrons through a series of appointed offices: Ambassador to the United Nations, chairman of the Republican National Committee, head of the United States liaison office in China and Director of Central Intelligence.

Throughout this career, many found it hard to tell just what George Bush believed. Parmet, too, seems uncertain -- reporting, for instance, that Congressman Bush was sufficiently liberal on family planning and abortion laws that he was known in Washington as "Rubbers." Yet when he ran with Ronald Reagan in 1980, he endorsed in full voice the party platform calling for a constitutional amendment to repeal Roe v. Wade. Every politician sometimes has to bend to the wind; but Parmet's book raises, again and again, the question of whether George Bush ever came to a moment in public life when he followed his convictions rather than his interests -- or whether there was any distinction between them.

This question is never resolved. Parmet finds hints in Bush's diaries (to which he had free access) that he recoiled from what the biographer calls the "tacky ostentation" of the Reagan circle. Yet he notes in passing that when it came time for Bush's own inauguration in 1988, it was twice as expensive as Reagan's. Still, he seems to want to dissociate Bush from the "Teflon President," in whom Parmet finds hypocrisy raised to a public art. Reagan, he writes, "could increase deficits while calling for budget balancing and win praise for fiscal responsibility. He could ignore export laws by making covert shipments of arms. He could do almost anything without jeopardizing assumptions about his patriotism and good sense."

In the end, the suggestion of discontinuity between the master actor and the career politician is unconvincing. The era of Reagan and Bush was continuous in the growth of income disparity to its greatest levels since the Gilded Age. It was continuous in inflaming racial animosities, narrowing access to education and shifting the burden for social welfare to the private sector even as the pace of charitable giving declined -- despite Bush's talk about a "thousand points of light" and being the "education President." And thanks to the Iran-contra circumvention of the Congressional ban on supplying arms to Nicaraguan "freedom fighters," the savings and loan scandals, and the atmosphere of venality and greed that Parmet describes with appropriate revulsion, the Reagan-Bush years contributed to the breakdown of public trust in the processes and persons of government.

Parmet tends to describe George Bush as valiant rather than insouciant within the historical limits in which he found himself. He points out that Congress shared responsibility for the deregulation of the savings and loan industry that led to the most costly taxpayer bailout in American history. And he writes admiringly of Bush's handling of foreign affairs in the aftermath of Tiananmen Square, during the potentially explosive meltdown of the Soviet empire, the controversy over German reunification and the gulf war. Yet in the end Bush's reputation will be safer with those who get their history from video clips than those who read this ultimately disheartening book. For fans' coffee tables, there is "George Herbert Walker Bush: A Photographic Profile" (Texas A&M University Press, $39.95), compiled by the former President's personal photographer -- a feel-good album ranging from boyhood photos to snapshots of the "grandkids." By contrast, Parmet's book leaves one with the feeling that it was written with respectful intent by an author too scrupulous to conceal its indicting effect. It is the story of a man who never quite convinced the new Republican ideologues that he was one of them -- though not for lack of trying. "To passionate critics on the far right," as Parmet puts it, "Bush had to do more, more, more," and he never did enough. Whether he stopped short out of decency or weakness is never quite clear.

The theme of desperation and inconstancy in an unmoored American leader that Parmet explores in this book was anticipated with uncanny prescience by Walter Lippmann nearly 70 years ago: "Our rulers today . . . are to be found in the inner circles of banks and corporations, in the best clubs . . . among the political churchmen . . . and the grand panjandrums of the secret societies. They give orders. They have to be consulted. . . . But none of them is seated on a certain throne, and all of them are forever concerned as to how they may keep from being toppled off. . . . Nor do they count with any confidence upon retaining their power, nor of handing it on to their sons. They live, therefore, from day to day, and they govern by ear. Their impromptu statements of policy may be obeyed, but nobody seriously regards them as having authority."

In 1992 -- still flush with war victory, but weakened by years of trying to placate the forces of reaction within his own party -- George Bush finally toppled. Perhaps a new generation of Republican leaders like George W. Bush, now Governor of Texas, will find a way to restore the old combination of economic conservatism and social liberalism for which his father and grandfather once claimed to stand. "You can count on it," the senior George Bush might say, as he used to do on the campaign trail. But who would believe him?

**Graphic**

Photo: At Yale, George Bush, a lefty, was a fine first baseman and captain of the team, but in his two full seasons he hit only .239 and .264 (he batted righty). (from "George Herbert Walker Bush: A Photographic Profile")

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[***AT HOME WITH: LARA FLYNN BOYLE; Tough Cookie, Snug Retreat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4654-CF00-01CN-H1T4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JAMIE DIAMOND

**Dateline:** BEVERLY HILLS, Calif.

**Body**

SUCCESS usually means having a series of ever-larger homes. That's how it went for Lara Flynn Boyle. When she moved to Los Angeles in 1988, the day after she graduated from a performing arts high school in Chicago, she quickly made her mark. Within a year, she had appeared in four movies, including the television film "The Preppie Murder," in which she starred as Jennifer Levin. She landed a part as an innocent schoolgirl in David Lynch's enigmatic ABC television series "Twin Peaks," and by 1990 she was on her way.

And so it followed that Ms. Boyle, who will slither onto movie screens on Wednesday as Serleena, the leather-clad alien seductress in "Men in Black II," was able to move onto a lush two-acre spread in Sherman Oaks with a guest house and a pool. But all that space disoriented her. "I'm not used to open, airy or large," she said. So she tossed status out the plate-glass window, followed her instincts and moved down.

Of course, she did not move into a double-wide. Instead, four years ago this sewing-needle-thin actress with the steely screen presence paid about $500,000 for a two-story brick building covered in ivy. It was constructed in the 1920's for the staff at Pickfair, the spectacular Beverly Hills hideaway that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks bought in 1919 and that Pia Zadora and her husband demolished in 1990.

How small did Ms. Flynn go? There are three rooms upstairs, and three downstairs. And that's not the end of the surprises.

"I expected Lara's house to be cold and austere and loftlike," said Barry Sonnenfeld, the director of the "Men in Black" movies, who found her on the set to be "minimalist, no nonsense, not frilly or giggly." "But instead," he said, "it's an incredibly quaint cottage with patterned wallpaper, and each room painted a beautiful eggshell color."

Her decor is refreshingly delicate and girlish. She has a pink-and-white wedding cake of a bedroom, and a dainty crystal chandelier hangs in the dining room. All it would take is one good puff from the Big Bad Wolf and he could blow it all down.

"Being in a small place makes me feel protected," Ms. Boyle said, sitting in an old round-back leather chair and cradling one of her three dogs, a little Maltese. Dressed in a Pucci blouse, white pants and platform sandals, Ms. Boyle, 32, appears animated and relaxed, quite unlike Helen Gamble, the unsmiling, tightly wound prosecutor she plays on the television series "The Practice." She waves her hands, laughs her cigarette-smoker's laugh and wears her hair loose.

"It's so easy to think that I'm the role I play," she said. "And that role is me a little bit: 'I'm in charge; you can't break my heart.' But I'm also the girl who drives home in tears. I do feel defeat, but I don't believe in showing defeat." Playing aloof characters allows her to conceal herself, and that way, she said, "there's less room for hurt, less room for disappointment."

Last week she was at home, just back from a whirlwind publicity tour through Japan and Australia for "Men in Black." There were tons of errands to take care of. Her mother, Sally, arrived to accompany her to a doctor's appointment. Dogs barked, and Ms. Boyle dispatched a friend to pick up a collection of chandelier-shaped platinum-and-diamond earrings from Fred Leighton. (She was borrowing a pair to wear to the "Men in Black" premiere in Los Angeles.)

The scale of her narrow house -- with the upstairs and downstairs connected by a curving staircase -- reminds her of the brownstones she grew up in Chicago. But there are hitches to living in an old house with historical value: the owner must abide by certain regulations. "That means my fireplace has to remain where it was originally," she said.

Ms. Boyle, who is tiny, just 5-foot-3, lowered her voice, as if a city official might have stashed a listening device in her chimney. "There was a big bedroom and a small bedroom upstairs," she whispered, "and I turned the small one into a closet. It was the only little diva thing I did -- I needed a closet."

If she has not exactly achieved diva status, she has over the years appeared in more than 30 films, including "Wayne's World," "Red Rock West" and "Happiness." Her on-and-off relationship with Jack Nicholson kept the gossip columns busy for two and a half years. But if the framed ticket for admission to the "Saturday Night Live" greenroom that hangs in Ms. Boyle's (extremely small) kitchen is any indication, she is still touched by the privileges she enjoys.

An only child from a ***working-class*** background, she was named after the character in the film "Dr. Zhivago." Her father left when she was 6. Ms. Boyle and her mother had to move to smaller quarters, and that time it was not voluntary. To add to her unhappiness, she was dyslexic. "I thought I was stupid," she said. "Plus when you're a child and you come from a broken family, you think it's your fault."

Sally Boyle said her daughter showed no early flair for acting. "She was beyond shy," she said. "I had to work three jobs, so I sent her to a preschool and after three weeks they said: 'Oh, Mrs. Boyle, you're wasting your money. She just sits in the corner and cries until you get her.' "

The big change came at age 12 with an improvisational theater camp in Evanston, Ill. "Improv was this game that didn't make you deal with books," Lara Flynn Boyle said. A program at Northwestern University helped her learn to read with less difficulty, and she found scripts, with their short lines of dialogue, easy to focus on.

Not that she finds it easy to memorize lines now. Each time she gets a new script, she retreats to the bathroom and sits on the tile floor, as she did when she was studying in the studio apartment she shared with her mother in Chicago. "It was the only room with a door," she said. "And I would go sit on the floor and prop my homework up on the closed toilet seat."

The color in her living room also recalls the places she grew up in. She asked Julie Keller, who does custom paints and wallpapering in Los Angeles, to mix paint until Ms. Boyle recognized the pale green her mother had used in Chicago.

In both "The Practice" and "Men in Black" Ms. Boyle portrays a woman whose main interest is not in romance but in running the show. David E. Kelley, who created "The Practice," has given her a businesslike identity, she said. "He's taken me out of the cute girl/sexy lawyer mold."

And she gets to be a reprehensible temptress in "Men in Black." "I'm the bad guy," she said. "I'm not a girlfriend, I'm not a wife, I'm not a mother."

If these characters had a tag line, it could be "Less room for hurt, less room for disappointment." You think of them living in cold, austere lofts, not places with pink quilts on the bed and two lap dogs plus a rescued springer spaniel snoozing on the sofa.

Part of Ms. Boyle's reputation as a tough girl in real life may come from her relationship with Mr. Nicholson, 33 years her senior and not exactly the image of a nice guy. "There is nothing wrong with me dating men," she said with a rise in her voice. "I'm not a home-wrecker, I'm not dating married men, I'm not a glutton for punishment." She said that she was raised to believe that "if you want something, don't ever bank on a man getting it for you."

"Do not rely on him to put a roof over your head, a car in your garage or to give you happiness," she said. "Rely on him for intimacy, and that's all I do."

For now she doesn't seem to mind that directors rarely look to her to play the Sandra Bullock part in lighthearted comedies. "There's a risk in doing something that doesn't come naturally, which, for me, would be playing a ditz," she said. "I spent so many years proving to myself and everybody else that I wasn't a ditz, I wouldn't want to go back."

In fact, she's happy playing tough guys. "It's the best part and it's fun," she said. "Not everybody gets that."

Mr. Sonnenfeld almost did not. "At the audition I found her smart, sardonic and witty," he said. "But I thought I needed a taller girl -- if you're going to have a villain, you don't want someone who weighs less than your dog."

Nonetheless, she won him over. "Lara knows how intimidating she can be just by being cold and dry and flat and not yelling or losing control," he said. "She seems very much in control."

And it is here in her ivy-covered cottage that she is completely in control. "I looked at other houses, and they were just too big," she said. "I felt safe in this house. I come home late from work and this is the kind of space I'm used to, the kind of space I grew up in."

But her kitchen still confounds her. "I've always been intimidated by kitchens," she said. "Like, 'Oh, I'm supposed to be able to cook?' I've got the Wolf stove and the Sub-Zero. I have all the great things you're supposed to have. I cook a lot, and let me tell you what I use: the George Foreman grill. Throw some salmon on the George Foreman -- that's cooking, right?"

Mixing, and Not Necessarily Matching

THE actress Lara Flynn Boyle, left, opted to decorate a wall with antique wallpaper depicting cavorting monkeys. "It was whimsical but not childlike," Ms. Boyle said, and the paper's antique coloration complemented her collection of antiques. As usual, she turned to Julie Keller to do her wallpapering and painting.

Ms. Boyle's mother, Sally Boyle, described the house's overall style as "a not very put-together country French look." She and her daughter shop for antiques, sometimes at the Paris flea markets, and don't worry much about things matching. But the handmade beaded lamp by Kathleen Caid at right is new. "I went to Melanie Griffith's home one day, and she had these amazing lamps," Lara Flynn Boyle said. She bought six of them (Antique Artistry, Los Angeles; $1,000 to $5,000; [*www.antiqueartistry.com*](http://www.antiqueartistry.com) or 818-904-8353). JAMIE DIAMOND

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

**Graphic**

Photos: SIX-ROOM SOLUTION -- Lara Flynn Boyle may be known for playing chilly characters (above left, in "Men in Black II," as an alien), but she reveals a different sensibility at her Beverly Hills cottage (once staff quarters for the servants of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks). Ms. Boyle's decorating style is anything but austere, favoring flea market finds, vibrant colors and ornate lampshades. The living room, top right and far right, is painted with a green she recalls from childhood. When she saw that the old table, above, was decorated with faces of angels inside roses, she said, "I have to buy it." Ms. Boyle next plans to replace the den's carpet, below right, with gray, to complement the walls. The cottage, below, has only one bedroom. (Melinda Sue Gordon/Columbia Pictures); (Photographs by Alan Weintraub for The New York Times); LIGHT TOUCH -- For one room, Ms. Boyle chose whimsical antique wallpaper and a fanciful lamp -- one of six she owns by the same artist. (pg. F6); AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS -- Lara Flynn Boyle fixed up her Beverly Hills living room, above, with secondhand furniture, etchings and found objects, many with animal themes, left. (Photographs by Alan Weintraub for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

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**End of Document**



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**Byline:** By Kurt Andersen

**Body**

When I tell people I'm originally from Omaha, they often confuse it with Oklahoma or Iowa. ''Omaha,'' a Manhattan photographer I met the other day said. ''That's near Nebraska, isn't it?'' Omaha is one of those ultimate flyover places, an urban Podunk so vaguely situated in coastal Americans' mental maps that the mere mention of it can actually halt conversation.

Sometimes I rattle off the names of movie stars from Omaha: Fred Astaire, Henry Fonda, Marlon Brando, Nick Nolte. . . . Of course, this pantheon also implies that it is a place that requires its most exciting citizens to move on. Since Warren Buffett has become a household name, though, the city acquired a somewhat perverse new brand identity as an extraordinarily ordinary city where the most brilliant American investor and second-richest man in the country chooses to live, of all places!

For the past three decades, I'd returned to Omaha once every year or two strictly to visit my parents, so my experience of the city had been pretty much limited to drives to and from the airport. But around 2003, I started hearing from New Yorkers that a kind of cultural awakening was afoot in my hometown.

Omaha?

It isn't yet Seattle or Austin, but it's no longer some kind of Great Plains version of Hartford or Fresno, either. ''Alternative'' and ''independent'' aren't just marketing catchwords in Omaha. The blossoming is real and multifarious. It didn't happen overnight. And it certainly didn't happen as a result of any grand master plan by the city establishment. Rather, it has been the improbable result of the hard work of a few local heroes.

In 1968 I turned 14 and underwent the classic apostasy of the day, transforming from a stamp-collecting, Nixon-campaign nerd to a pot-smoking, antiwar muckraker. A certain grotty block downtown on Howard Street instantly became my countercultural ground zero. The neighborhood, known as the Old Market, was excitingly urban, with faded commercial signs painted on the sides of unoccupied 19th-century warehouses, entirely unlike my leafy ''Leave It to Beaver'' neighborhood. In one building, an art gallery and a head shop had opened. Next door was a jerry-built movie theater called the Edison Exposure, where that fall I saw my first art film -- the regional premiere of Andy Warhol's ''Chelsea Girls.'' Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven.

When I left Omaha in the '70s, the cool shops and restaurants extended only a hundred yards from the epicenter. The toehold of hip seemed doomed to remain only a toehold. If that. In 1988, as architectural preservation had become America's happy default mode, Omaha gave ham-fisted urban renewal one last gasp: east of the Old Market, 27 fine old buildings were demolished. I sort of gave up on the place. But during the decade I wasn't paying attention, the tide turned. The city was persuaded not to wipe away several more blocks of warehouses south of the Old Market district to build its convention center. And in the '90s, the area quadrupled in size -- building by building, organically.

Some of my boyhood outposts of urban cool remain: the Antiquarium bookstore, Homer's Music and Gifts, M's Pub, the French Cafe (which in 1969 called itself the best French restaurant between Chicago and San Francisco). Dozens of new restaurants and shops have joined them, including the charmingly un-American bistro La Buvette and Jackson Street Booksellers, my all-time favorite used-book store in America. Soon more than 1,000 new condominiums will enter the market, mostly converted lofts, but also a handsome new low-rise development (called, inevitably, SoMa, for ''south of the Market''). From one building hangs a marketing banner. ''Model,'' it says on the front, and on the back, ''Carpe Diem.''

The main reason the Old Market wasn't wiped away is that a single family happened to own most of the real estate. That, and the fact that the family members are not, shall we say, typical Omahans.

Sam Mercer arrived in 1866 and bought up swaths of the city. His grandson, also named Sam and now in his 80s, has overseen the family interests mainly from France. On one of his regular reconnaissance trips in 1964, Cedric Hartman, a young Omahan who had gone to New York but returned and who later became a designer, suggested to Mercer that he turn his defunct warehouses into a district of stylish shops, restaurants, theaters, apartments. Back then, that was a bizarre, visionary notion; SoHo did not yet exist.

Mercer's son Mark, who had grown up on the East Coast and in Switzerland, soon moved to Omaha -- temporarily, it was thought, to help get the project on its feet. Forty years later, he and his German-born photographer wife still live in the Old Market, although they keep a Paris apartment. Mark Mercer is a distracted, Woody Allenish man. He had no training in urban planning. ''I did read Jane Jacobs,'' he said. ''It seemed obvious. But the real businesspeople didn't think it would work.''

Hartman, meanwhile, became a renowned furniture and lighting designer. ''In this deadly situation'' -- Omaha back in the day, he means -- ''you could get work done if you had an adventurous mind.'' His headquarters is a 79-year-old former factory on the Old Market's edge. ''We were deadly bored with this town, and I wanted to make it better,'' he said. ''The Mercers haven't messed it up. And Ree Schonlau has been marvelous.''

Schonlau, 61, grew up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood near the Old Market with dreams of being an artist. At the University of Omaha (now the University of Nebraska), she explained, ''all my professors said, 'If you're gonna make art, you've gotta leave town.' '' After spending time in New York, she returned to Omaha in 1971, leased space for a gallery in one of the Mercers' buildings -- 12,000 square feet, $300 a month -- cut up her surplus footage into artists' studios and discovered her metier: not making art but enabling it. She turned the former Bemis Bag factory into a warren of studios and invited artists from around the world to come for residencies. Today more than 600 apply each year, and the Bemis Center occupies 100,000 square feet in two renovated warehouses. It has become, in effect, Omaha's museum of contemporary art. Schonlau now spends most of her time overseeing the business of her husband, the Japanese-born sculptor and painter Jun Kaneko. The couple are turning another building into a ''creativity museum'' that's to open in 2009.

For young Americans, Omaha is probably best known as the home of a whole bunch of indie rock musicians -- members of the Faint, Cursive, the Good Life, Tilly and the Wall, Azure Ray and, most famously, Bright Eyes. They play in one another's bands, produce one another's records and nearly all release CDs through the local Saddle Creek label. Robb Nansel dreamed up Saddle Creek as a University of Nebraska business major; it was his thesis project. He grew up in Omaha and attended Creighton Prep, the local Roman Catholic high school. Many Saddle Creek musicians, including Conor Oberst (a k a Bright Eyes), also went to Prep, as it's called. As did the director Alexander Payne, who has set and filmed three movies here.

''We're just sort of doing things the way we want to do them,'' Nansel said. Because Omaha is a cheap place to live -- a 1,300-square-foot loft in the Old Market rents for $575 a month -- he and his musicians are spared the financial anxiety of places like New York and L.A. ''I like to believe in the concept of putting out a record because it's good,'' he said, ''not to sell records.'' Saddle Creek releases six albums a year and has repeatedly turned down offers to be acquired by a big label.

And it has recruited musicians from elsewhere to join its happy few, its band of brothers. Stefanie Drootin, now 28, was on tour with her L.A. band in 1996 when their van broke down in Omaha. She started playing with the Good Life and Bright Eyes and moved in with a bandmate. The former Athens, Ga., band Azure Ray -- Maria Taylor and Orenda Fink -- fell in love with Oberst and Todd Baechle of the Faint, respectively, and moved to Omaha. ''It was just a boy-based decision,'' Fink joked.

The Internet has made it possible for people to pursue serious creative careers in a place like Nebraska, but also anywhere else. Why has it worked so weirdly well in Omaha? Beyond talent, it's because the musicians have longstanding bonds to one another and the city. ''We were all in it together,'' Nansel explained, and ''nobody wanted to be the first to throw in the towel.''

In short, Omaha's cultural moment is all about the application of the great Midwestern bourgeois virtues -- thrift, square dealing, humility, hard work -- to bohemian artistic projects. On this, everyone agrees.

''People here do business on a handshake,'' said Cary Tobin, the Bemis Center's residency program director, who was ''dying to get out of here'' when she graduated from high school in 1988 but returned after living in Italy and Seattle for a decade. Sarah Wilson was the assistant music editor for Interview in 2005 when she met Tim Kasher (Cursive, the Good Life) in New York. He convinced her to come to Omaha with him to write her novel. ''They are workaholics,'' she says of the Saddle Creek musicians.

Nansel and his colleagues work so hard, in fact, that they've stumbled into real estate development. About a mile north of the Old Market, Saddle Creek is almost finished building a complex that will have retail space, a restaurant, apartments, the record company's offices, a music venue and a nonprofit film art house called Film Streams.

Rachel Jacobson, 28, the founder of Film Streams, moved from Omaha to New York in 2000 with a plan: for five years she'd apprentice at Miramax Films and WNYC, the public radio station, then move back. Alexander Payne is on her board (disclosure: so am I), and in short order, she raised $1.5 million, mainly from locals. ''At first I had so much empty space in my head,'' she said. ''Moving back to Omaha was like when your ears ring right after you leave a loud concert. But it's so much easier to get things done.''

For all these people, New York is the cultural lodestar, not Los Angeles. The novelist Timothy Schaffert lived in Brooklyn in the '90s, working as a book publicist. He ''really loved New York,'' but after a breakup, he returned to his native Nebraska. It was ''supposed to be temporary, a sanitarium experience.'' That was 12 years ago.Besides writing, he began the (Downtown) Omaha Lit Fest, in part, he says, as a pretext for importing New York authors for a couple of days a year. But he adores the un-New-Yorky anti-sophistication of the local sophisticates. ''I'm relieved that Omaha doesn't take itself too seriously in any obnoxious way,'' he said. ''There's still a touch of the honky-tonk, and there are still some lingering tones of self-deprecation.''

I've never encountered an alternative sensibility lashed to such chamber of commerce enthusiasm. Rob Walters was a Chicago-based photographer and filmmaker who went to college with Nansel and moved to Omaha in 2004. Saddle Creek is ''so gung-ho about staying here,'' Walters said. ''Because Omaha is missing the metropolitan cultural thing, they don't want that to go away.''

''There's no way,'' he said, ''that I could see Rachel doing what she's doing here five years ago.'' In 2007, as opposed to 2002, said Brigitte McQueen, a New York emigre who telecommutes as the production manager of TeenPeople.com, ''something's changed. People are no longer hibernating. Our generation is about to take control and make the city the kind we want to live in.''

Sarah Wilson told me in December that she was moving back to New York with Kasher.

''I miss the electricity,'' she said. What normal 28-year-old would not? But she's rethought her plans since. ''As everyone predicted,'' she wrote in an e-mail message, ''the charms of Omaha are starting to wrestle me down to its frosty ground.'' For now, she's staying.

Essentials Omaha, Nebraska

HOTEL Good lodging options in Omaha are fairly limited. The most stylish place is the Magnolia Hotel, which has rooms with fireplaces in a 1924 neo-Classical-style building (1615 Howard Street; 402-341-2500; doubles from $169).

OLD MARKET Most of the city's shops, cultural attractions and bars are concentrated in this historic area of refurbished warehouses downtown. Bemis Center for Contemporary Arts Cutting-edge exhibits and artist residences. 724 S. 12th Street; (402) 341-7130; www.bemiscenter.org. The French Cafe 38-year-old bistro, a local institution. 1017 Howard Street; (402) 341-3547; entrees $18 to $47. Holland Performing Arts Center Modern concert hall designed by James Polshek. 1200 Douglas Street; (402) 345-0606; www.omahaperformingarts.com. Homer's Music and Gifts HQ for Saddle Creek musicians and vintage vinyl. 1114 Howard Street; (402) 346-0264. Jackson Street Booksellers One of the very best used-book stores, anywhere. 1119 Jackson Street; (402) 341-2664. La Buvette Sophisticated wine bar with gourmet grocery in back. 511 S. 11th Street; (402) 344-8627; entrees $9 to $14. M's Pub Busy brasserie with solid pub grub. 422 S. 11th Street; (402) 342-2550; entrees $5 to $18. V. Mertz Continental fare in a former fruit cellar. 1022 Howard Street; (402) 345-8980; entrees $25 to $43.

ELSEWHERE DOWNTOWN There are more places of interest just outside the Old Market district. Goofy Foot Lodge Low-key indie rock bar. 1012 S. 10th Street; (402) 280-1012; www.goofyfootlodge.com. Joslyn Art Museum 19th- and 20th-century European and American art. 2200 Dodge Street; (402) 342-3300; www.joslyn.org. Orpheum Theater Grand old stage for local and national performing arts. 409 S. 16th Street; (402) 345-0606.

NODO ''North of Downtown,'' an up-and-coming area that this summer will become the home of Saddle Creek's bar/music venue/office/apartment complex (729 N. 14th Street; www.theslowdown.com). It will also house the two-screen independent cinema Film Streams (402-933-0259; www.filmstreams.org).

MIDTOWN/DUNDEE The area around Warren Buffett's neighborhood also has some cool spots. 49'r Lounge Alternative rock venue. 4824 Dodge Street; (402) 554-5841. The Brother's Lounge Microbrews and darts. 3812 Farnam Street; (402) 553-9744. when to go A particularly good time to visit is during the (Downtown) Omaha Lit Fest (www.omahalitfest.com), which attracts writers and poets from across the country for readings, exhibitions and more. This year's will be held Sept. 14-15.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Local talent Clockwise from top left: an art studio at the Bemis Center in downtown Omaha

Robb Nansel, founder of Saddle Creek records

Jun Kaneko's ceramic sculptures

Ree Schonlau, a key figure in Omaha's rebirth.

Market value From left: La Buvette provides a bit of European bistro sophistication in Omaha

artists from around the globe work at the Bemis Center, a former bag factory. (Photographs by Brian Ulrich)

**Load-Date:** March 25, 2007

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[***PETE BRAVADO'S WAR AND PEACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4TT0-002S-X3VM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1464 words

**Byline:** By NICHOLAS PROFITT; Nicholas Proffitt was a Newsweek correspondent and bureau chief in Vietnam in 1971-72, and is the author of two novels about the Vietnam War, ''Gardens of Stone'' and ''The Embassy House.''

**Body**

BUFFALO AFTERNOON

By Susan Fromberg Schaeffer.

535 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $19.95.

Even in this age of heightened sensibilities and altered perceptions, there are still a few givens when it comes to the ''proper'' roles for men and women. The women bear the children and the men go off to war. And, of course, it's up to the men to teach us about combat, the ultimate male experience.

Apparently, no one told Susan Fromberg Schaeffer, whose latest book, ''Buffalo Afternoon,'' not only takes on the war in Vietnam but does it from a man's point of view. This novel does not wring its hands on the periphery of the war, doesn't see it through the filtered perspective of some woman - a wife, a mother, a sweetheart - forced to come to grips with Vietnam because of what it's done to the man in her life. Instead, it goes right at the war, like Pete Bravado, the young soldier whose story it tells, trying to take its objectives with a frontal assault. And take them it does. ''Buffalo Afternoon'' is one of the best treatments of the Vietnam War to date, and all the more impressive for the fact that its author never heard a shot fired in anger or set foot in that country.

Mrs. Schaeffer, who spent months in New York listening to the war stories of a small group of veterans, has done a remarkable job of reporting. She got it and got it right, and somehow she managed to squeeze the entire Vietnam experience into one epic narrative. It is a peculiarly American odyssey, all about how one young man and his nation are tested and reshaped by the cataclysmic event of an era.

Mrs. Schaeffer's veteran buddies must have trusted her a great deal, because they seem to have held nothing back. The whole of their war is in her book: going to it, fighting it, coming back from it, if a man were lucky enough to come back from it - or unlucky enough, depending on what waited at home. And their faith in her seems well placed. One suspects that she knows these men better than they know themselves. She becomes their voice.

Perhaps they took a chance on her because they suspected, as I do, that she'd have made a good point man, or point person, in Vietnam. Certainly she seems to possess the requisite courage and audacity, because she could not have volunteered for a more dangerous mission: putting herself into the shoes, into the head and heart, of the stereotypical macho male, an Italian American from Brooklyn who goes to war a boy and returns an old man. Not for nothing is her protagonist named Bravado. Mrs. Schaeffer follows Pete Bravado through a delinquent childhood in a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood where he's made miserable by his cold, life-strangling father, his situation only marginally eased by the affection of his browbeaten mother, his feisty grandmother and a severely retarded baby brother, who has been stuck in an institution on his father's orders. After a stint in reform school, Pete enlists in the Army and is shipped off to Vietnam, where more misery awaits.

Mrs. Schaeffer's portrayal of Italian life in blue-collar Brooklyn is excellent, suffused with gritty atmosphere and peppered with authentic dialogue, but it's when the scene shifts overseas that she really hits her stride. In fact, the war almost explodes off the page. It's all here: the hardship of grunt life in the bush; the night thoughts and emotions of men reduced to an animal state by fear and exhaustion, no longer concerned with right and wrong; all the horror and banality of the war. Mrs. Schaeffer takes us on a Dantesque tour of a green hell where teen-age American boys play soccer with severed human heads, dig up Vietnamese graves looking for enemy supplies and mount bleached skulls on their armored vehicles like so many carriage lamps. Once in country, Pete Bravado makes the inexorable transition from gung-ho ''new meat'' to disillusioned short-timer, kept afloat in a cesspool of carnage and cruelty only by the fragile lifeline of friendship, ignoring at his peril the unwritten law that says you should never get too close to your buddy, shouldn't even learn a man's name, because ''to know a man's name was to know the man, and to know another man was to give his ghost terrible power once he was gone.''

The ghastly Vietnam scenes aren't there merely to shock, or to provide Mrs. Schaeffer with the opportunity to milk her material. We need them to understand fully Pete Bravado's hard time readjusting to civilian life when he returns to Brooklyn. It would have been easy enough for Mrs. Schaeffer to have written a purely domestic story, a drama of breakdown and reconstruction with a few vague references to the horrors of Vietnam. But the reader has to see it, all of it, to know exactly what it is that haunts Pete Bravado, what causes his sweaty nightmares, his difficulty holding a job, the uncontained rage against those who don't know and don't care what he saw over there, the doomed marriage, the continuing firefights with his father - all the classic symptoms of severe posttraumatic stress syndrome. It is only when he hits bottom and can fall no farther that he's ready to start the painful self-examination that could lead to understanding, healing and renewal.

Most of the story is Pete's, but there is another voice, that of a young Vietnamese girl named Li, who is the first in her village to see the foreign soldiers and to witness the terrible power they wield, and who has a premonition of how that power will ultimately destroy her village, her nation, her way of life. Li is a promising character, but she gradually dissolves into a symbol, an Oriental Valkyrie of sorts, and the narrative flags a bit as a result, befogged by a mysticism that doesn't quite work. But this is one small misstep on a journey of 10,000 miles. For the most part, Susan Fromberg Schaeffer's prose is evocative, often haunting.

But it's the details that ultimately convince. All the Vietnam material is authentic: the weapons, the jargon, the leeches, the mud, even the crotch rot. Of course, this isn't the first time that Mrs. Schaeffer has pulled off such a coup. One of her earlier novels, ''Anya,'' presented such a realistic picture of life in a concentration camp in Poland that it was hard to believe she wasn't a camp survivor herself.

Mrs. Schaeffer's accomplishment goes to the heart of an odd and relatively recent phenomenon. It took roughly 15 years, but the world has finally turned. Where men once lied about their service in Vietnam, hoping to avoid the hassle such an admission could bring, there are now those who claim to have been there when they weren't. Many veterans have adopted a proprietary attitude toward the war, and they can get a bit belligerent about it. I remember seeing a veteran in a bar in Texas wearing one of those shiny silk jackets servicemen pick up overseas, this one with the map of Vietnam on the back and an inscription inviting those who weren't there to shut up. As Bravado says at one point: ''After a while, you don't trust anyone who wasn't there.''

Susan Fromberg Schaeffer wasn't there, and she didn't shut up, and for that, Vietnam veterans should be grateful. She can be trusted.

AFTER VIETNAM, A LITTLE OPTIMISM

Vietnam first captured Susan Fromberg Schaeffer's personal interest one day in the late 1960's when she was watching a young female teaching assistant lecture to a class of Vietnam veterans. ''She was petrified of them,'' recalled Mrs. Schaeffer. ''She had backed herself as far away from the class as she could, right up on the chalk tray.'' The veterans, Mrs. Schaeffer guessed, were just as frightened because they, in turn, had crowded into the opposite end of the room.

That gap in understanding came back to her much later when she learned that a man who'd been her friend for many years had fought in Vietnam. ''There was this huge area of experience that I was completely ignorant of,'' said Mrs. Schaeffer, speaking from her home in Brooklyn.

''Buffalo Afternoon,'' her eighth novel, draws on the experiences of 15 Vietnam veterans, some of whom Mrs. Schaeffer interviewed almost weekly for two years. She said she has become emotionally involved in the topics of each of her previous books, but eventually the involvement faded. So far that hasn't happened with ''Buffalo Afternoon.''

''I'd always been very pessimistic about humans and what they're capable of doing,'' Mrs. Schaeffer explained. But as she worked on her book she found that ''in many cases the opposite was true,'' a discovery that ''made me more optimistic and confident about the directions that characters took.'' Despite the swell of optimism, she's reluctant to make any guarantees about her next project, a novel about identical twins. ''I never expect to live to finish any book,'' she said, laughing.

BRENDA FOWLER

**Graphic**

Photo of Susan Fromberg Schaeffer (Jerry Bauer): drawing

**End of Document**



[***Minority Groups on Council: Competing Approaches***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4MP0-002S-X09K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

The lines of the 25th District of the New York City Council form a rectangle in the heart of Brooklyn, encompassing most of the Flatbush and East Flatbush areas. Seventy percent of the district's population is black or Hispanic; the Councilwoman is Susan D. Alter, who is white.

The 8th district, which cuts an odd path through parts of the Harlem, East Harlem, Upper East Side and South Bronx neighborhoods, is 72 percent black and Hispanic; it is represented by Carolyn B. Maloney, who is white. Similarly, the 6th district in the Washington Heights and Inwood sections in northern Manhattan has a population that is 70 percent black and Hispanic. Its Councilman is Stanley E. Michels, who is white.

The demographics of the three districts, the race of their representatives and the voting behavior and political cultures that the districts represent are often cited in debates over the shape of the city government.

The commission devising a new City Charter, along with many black and Hispanic elected officials and civic groups, wants the new government to give members of minority groups added opportunities for elective office. But there are significant disagreements over how to create such opportunities.

The obstacles to full empowerment are many, and the issues are often subtle and potentially divisive. Nearly half the city's residents are black, Hispanic or Asian, according to the most recent and reliable projection. Yet 9 of the 35 Council members -about 25 percent - are black or Hispanic, and none are Asian.

The Charter Revision Commission, whose proposals will be subject to hearings this week and next, has recommended that the Council be expanded, to 49 or 51 seats. The panel believes that because the size of each district would be smaller that as many as 20 seats, or 40 percent, might be won by minority-group candidates.

Many black and Hispanic elected officials and civic-group leaders challenge that analysis. They contend that the panel is not taking sufficient note of the singular difficulties of electing black and Hispanic candidates in New York. As proof, they point to the three Council districts in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Political experts agree that minority-group members must make up significantly more than half the population of a district for a minority-group candidate to have a reasonable chance of election.

That is because the median age of black, Hispanic and Asian-Americans is younger than that of the white population, so a smaller proportion of minority-group members is old enough to vote. Black, Hispanic and Asian residents are also much more likely to be immigrants and not yet citizens than whites. And of those minority-group members who are eligible to vote, a smaller proportion actually enroll and vote than do whites.

In many parts of the country, election officials have determined that minority-group members must account for at least 65 percent of a district's population for a minority-group candidate to have a strong chance to be elected.

Districts with a white majority have, of course, occasionally elected black or Hispanic representatives, and black or Hispanic populations have sometimes chosen white candidates to represent them. But voting by ethnic and racial blocs still remains a powerful habit.

The Justice Department must approve reapportionment plans in Southern states and other jurisdictions, including New York City, where minority-group voters have not fully participated. Officials in the department maintain that they do not use a strict statistical standard. Instead, they define a ''viable district'' as ''one that provides minority voters an equal opportunity to participate in the political process and to elect a candidate of their choice,'' said a spokeswoman, Deborah Burstion-Wade.

''There is no magic number,'' Ms. Burstion-Wade said, nor is there an assumption that minority-group voters will automatically elect an official of the same race.

Reasons for Variances

Still, many redistricting plans, including New York City's, have at least informally relied on the 65 percent standard. Black and Hispanic elected officials contend that it has not worked very well. Nine of the 12 districts thought likely in the most recent redistricting, in 1982, to produce black or Hispanic representatives have done so.

One statistic best illustrates the obstacles for minority-group Council candidates. Of the nine districts with black or Hispanic representatives, none has a minority-group population of less than 81 percent.

There are several explanations for the political survival of Ms. Alter, Ms. Maloney and Mr. Michels. They are all liberal Democrats, hard working and highly regarded by colleagues and civic groups. Mr. Michels said that when he faced a Hispanic challenger in 1985, he was endorsed for re-election by 13 of the 14 Hispanic civic groups in northern Manhattan.

''I believe that a person who is not of the people who account for more than 65 percent of his district can still represent those people,'' Mr. Michels said.

Specter of Factionalism

Other factors also explain why minority-group candidates have not won the seats. Each district has a sizable immigrant population that is ineligible to vote. Many Dominicans live in Inwood and Washington Heights, and many newcomers from the Caribbean live in East Flatbush.

Factionalism has also diluted minority-group voting strength. Ms. Maloney was first elected in 1982, when she defeated the incumbent, Robert Rodriguez, in a three-way race. The third candidate was Robert Anazagasti, Mr. Rodriguez's brother-in-law.

Factions have sometimes split the strength of individual racial and ethnic groups and have also undermined efforts to unite groups. ''They can group African-Americans, Haitians, Jamaicans, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Dominicans and others into one category - 'minority' '' Councilman Hilton Clark, Democrat of Harlem, said. ''But yet they don't vote in one category.''

''Blacks and Latinos often have very different political agendas in terms of local issues,'' said Angelo Falcon, president of the Institute for Puerto Rican Policy.

Susceptibility to Class

The relatively low turnouts of minority-group voters has also undercut opportunities. A Census Bureau survey last year showed that 57 percent of white adults in New York State said they had voted in the Presidential election, compared with 41 percent of black adults and 23 percent of Hispanic adults.

''One of the things about the electoral system in the United States, in general, is that it is very susceptible to class,'' Mr. Falcon said. ''In poorer neighborhoods, you are going to have a lower turnout. This country is very much a middle-class country. When you're talking about poor or ***working-class*** people, there are not many vehicles for mobilizing them.''

That is why many black and Hispanic elected officials and civic-group leaders contend that a standard of 80 percent should be used in analyzing the minority-group populations of Council districts. Otherwise, they said, the effort to make a new municipal government more representative of the ethnic and racial diversity will fail.

Mr. Clark proposed that the charter commission keep the Council at 35 districts and concentrate, instead, on assuring that the districts be drawn so that there are additional minority-group representatives. ''To look only at population creates the myth of minority representation,'' he said. ''You also have to look at voting behavior.''

Others argued that the charter commission should expand the Council to more than 50 districts. Luther Blake of the New York State African-American Political Action Committee said he could draw 20 districts in a 59-seat Council that would have minority-group populations of at least 80 percent.

'Very Strange Phenomenon'

''In districts below 80 percent, minorities will not win in New York City,'' Mr. Blake, a veteran of many reapportionment battles, said. ''It's a very strange phenomenon. I'm not sure myself why. I believe that people are more disenfranchised, that they are more disgusted with the process and more despairing of changing anything.''

Mr. Blake challenged the charter commission estimate that as many as 20 districts in a 50-district Council could be won by minority-group candidates. He noted that the commission's attempt to redraw the districts using computer models to maximize minority-group representation would produce two districts with black and Hispanic populations of between 60 and 70 percent and 18 districts with minority-group populations between 70 and 100 percent.

Thirteen of the 18 districts would have minority-group populations greater than 80 percent, according to the commission analysis. The result, Mr. Blake said, could be an expanded City Council with the same proportion of minority-group representatives - 25 percent - as the current body.

The director of research of the charter commission, Frank Mauro, said he, too, thought that the election of minority-group candidates could be made more likely by making the districts increasingly small. #60 Seats in Assembly ''Fifty seats is purely the balancing of two concerns, the size of districts and the size of the body,'' Mr. Mauro said. The internal dynamics of a Council larger than 50 might prove difficult, the commission decided. In addition, a larger number of seats could also significantly dilute the power of individual members.

Of 60 seats in the State Assembly, nearly a third are held by black or Hispanic representatives. Some people point to that ratio to bolster the argument that the City Council should be larger than 50. But others contend that the Assembly is not necessarily a model, because they think that the Council should be even more representative of the city's minority groups.

''What they've done at the charter commission looks very nice on paper,'' Mr. Blake said, ''but they did not factor in the proportion of those eligible to vote or those who do vote.''

Unless the commission uses a standard of 80 percent for minority districts, Mr. Blake added, ''I can guarantee that I personally will be at the Justice Department's door.''

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4Y90-002S-X1GP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Thorny Issues From the Seeds Of Controversy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4Y90-002S-X1GP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Caryn James

**Body**

Claude Chabrol's latest film, ''Une Affaire de Femmes,'' is emotionally brutal, morally disturbing and probably one of the masterpieces of this decade. Yet it slipped in and out of New York recently, its United States premiere limited to two screenings at the Museum of Modern Art in a series devoted to the film's producer, Marin Karmitz. The film's somber tone and controversial subject certainly contributed to this low-key opening, which suggests that a little ambiguity is a dangerous, noncommercial thing.

In ''Une Affaire de Femmes,'' (called ''A Story of Women'' at its Modern screenings) Isabelle Huppert is a ***working-class*** housewife in Vichy France who becomes an abortionist. Her character, Marie, begins by helping a desperate neighbor end her pregnancy, later performs abortions for money to feed her two children, and eventually rents out rooms in her home to prostitutes to buy herself pretty clothes. She neglects her children and runs off to trysts with a Nazi collaborator. What began as a humane gesture turns into a thoughtless, irresponsible pattern of behavior - she even lets her housekeeper perform an abortion when she is too busy - for which she is finally guillotined.

Yet the film, which tells a true story, is openly sympathetic to the women who turn to Ms. Huppert's greedy character for help. It castigates the collaborationist government, which uses her as a scapegoat. In that dark atmosphere, her lawyer says in despair, ''Anything that goes against morals is considered a crime against the state.''

''Une Affaire de Femmes'' has the audacity to embody its complex issues - abortion, the death penalty, religious faith - in a morally ambiguous heroine. Marie often does the right thing for the wrong reasons, or does the wrong thing without giving it a second thought. The film places the weight of moral judgment completely in its viewers' hands.

But that ambiguity, which provides so much of the film's artistic strength, also clouds its commercial prospects and colors the public response. Ambiguity, complexity and irony - the great, subversive qualities of serious art - leave works open to attack, as if challenging morals were indeed a dangerous crime.

When ''Une Affaire de Femmes'' opened last fall in France (coincidentally playing at the same time as Martin Scorsese's ''Last Temptation of Christ'') a tear gas bomb exploded in one Paris theater where it was being shown. A man had a heart attack and died while trying to escape.

The film has since opened in most European countries and Canada, and will probably have a commercial run in the United States before the year is out. Mr. Karmitz, whose company produced Louis Malle's ''Au Revoir Les Enfants'' as well as films by Godard and Alain Resnais, is negotiating with at least one American distributor, and in a recent phone conversation said that if necessary he will distribute the film himself.

Still, ''Une Affaire de Femmes'' has been turned down by many distributors, including such likely prospects as Orion Classics, New Line and Skouras, which often release serious foreign films. It would be misleading to suggest that the film has had difficulty finding a distributor purely because it is controversial. Distributors who passed on the film said they felt that its dark subject and unsympathetic characters limited its chances for commercial success. Mr. Chabrol's last four films have not been released in this country (though all were shown at the Modern). Most have been playful little suspense films, inoffensive and apparently uncommercial. And while public controversy can help a film's commercial prospects, it cannot turn small, artistic films into blockbusters.

''Une Affaire de Femmes,'' like ''Last Temptation'' and Jean-Luc Godard's 1985 ''Hail Mary,'' aims to offer fresh perspectives on explosive subjects - never a route to commercial success. The artistic freshness of ''Last Temptation'' and ''Hail Mary'' so disturbed some viewers that they failed to recognize how orthodox the films' sentiments were.

Mr. Scorsese's by-now notorious dream sequence, in which Jesus imagines and rejects a human, married, sexual life, can only be considered blasphemous by the most literal-minded viewers. Making films to please the literal-minded results in the kind of stale images that ''Last Temptation'' works to reinvent.

Mr. Godard retells the story of the virgin birth, set in contemporary times with Mary as the daughter of a gas station owner and an angel Gabriel who arrives by taxi. ''Hail Mary'' is an extreme attempt to find a contemporary equivalent for the miraculous event of a pregnant virgin bearing God's child. Yet Mr. Godard's film so inflamed the Vatican that Pope John Paul II recited rosaries to counteract it.

And in France the most controversial scene in ''Une Affaire de Femmes,'' according to Mr. Karmitz, is one in which Ms. Huppert, awaiting her execution, recites a devilish ''Hail Mary.'' She begins ''Hail Mary, full of . . .'' and replaces ''grace'' with a scatological term, pulling a religious medal from her neck and throwing it to the floor of her jail cell.

That moment reveals the character's loss of faith, rather than the film maker's opinion of religion. Objecting to the scene (reportedly deleted by one theater owner in France) provides fearful and backhanded evidence of art's ability to touch our deepest beliefs. To try to censor such moments is to discourage film from exploring the full range of human character and to turn our most daring film makers into tame, declawed household pets.

If some film controversies signal artistic challenges, others are merely circumstantial. ''Veiled Threat,'' a low-budget thriller about Iranians in the United States, was recently dropped from the American Film Institute's festival in Los Angeles. It is the best example of an unnecessary fuss, detached from art and politics.

After a false bomb threat halted a press screening of ''Veiled Threat'' on March 8, a dispute exploded between the A.F.I. and the film makers. The chronology of events, charges and countercharges is complicated. Basically the A.F.I. says it dropped ''Veiled Threat'' because the film makers irresponsibly sought publicity that endangered the entire festival. The film makers say they were censored.

Five days before the bomb threat, Cyrus Nowrasteh, the film's American director and writer was quoted in The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner as saying the film makers had ''had the specter of death threats hanging over us for a long, long time.'' As Mr. Nowrasteh explained recently, he was referring to his lead actor, Behrouz Vessoughi, who had been warned not to return to Iran. But, he continued, ''all anti-Khomeini Iranians live under that specter.''

After the threat, the A.F.I. asked the producers not to speak to the press and suggested that for security reasons the film be shown in a theater on the A.F.I. campus, placing it apart from the other feature films. When a schedule of public festival screenings appeared and ''Veiled Threat'' was not listed, the film makers complained in public and all the screenings were canceled.

No one's actions were beyond reproach. The film makers seemed eager to compare their problem with Salman Rushdie's. The A.F.I. shunted the film aside with all the timidity of those bookstore owners who were willing to sell ''The Satanic Verses'' under the counter but refused to display it. Meanwhile, the film lost its British, French and Italian distributors. ''Veiled Threat'' was suddenly dangerous.

But viewing the film makes it clear that ''Veiled Threat'' is as political as a movie of the week that latches onto the latest headline in the most superficial, exploitative way. The story concerns an evil Iranian mullah in Los Angeles who extorts money from an anti-Khomeini journalist. The journalist hires a down-and-out private investigator who stoops to blackmailing the pro-Khomeini mullah with homosexual videotapes.

Without irony, the detective recites lines warmed over from a string of interchangeable Charles Bronson, Chuck Norris and Sylvester Stallone movies, as he threatens to take the law into his own hands. ''The mullah's crime is not that he's a queer, it's that he had those people murdered,'' says the film's infinitely insensitive hero. ''I want him to know there is justice in this country.''

Like the Rambo films, the political significance of ''Veiled Threat'' exists entirely outside the work itself. The popularity of the simple-minded jingoistic Rambo may be a barometer of the nation's conservative mood, but ''Rambo'' is not a political work, and neither is ''Veiled Threat.''

Wisely, Mr. Nowrasteh does not make any artistic or political claims for his film, whose controversy has generated interest from several distributors. And the film's lack of artistic value is beside the point when it comes to questions of censorship. Yet to link ''Veiled Threat'' with ''The Satanic Verses,'' as the film makers have done, is arrogant at best.

There are countless examples of films that ride the coattails of topical issues. In the current, forgettable ''Listen to Me,'' college debaters tackle the issue of abortion. Because its characters must argue either side of the issue, the film neatly lets itself off the hook. Rather than the deep ambiguity of ''Une Affaire dee Femmes,'' it offers slippery, vague rhetoric that is not likely to disturb anyone.

As the narrator of ''The Satanic Verses'' says about one of its heroes, a hugely popular actor who stars in theological films about Indian gods, ''It was part of the magic of his persona that he succeeded in crossing religious boundaries without giving offense.'' Popular drivel can do that. True art, like ''The Satanic Verses'' and ''Une Affaire de Femmes,'' crosses religious and social boundaries with such artistic power that it is sure to offend someone. It is the best possible kind of offense.

**Graphic**

Photo of Isabelle Huppert in ''Une Affaire de Femmes''

**End of Document**



[***Drug Addicts Among the Homeless: Case Studies of Some 'Lost Dreams'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4MK0-002S-X07W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By GINA KOLATA

**Body**

The major role that drug or alcohol abuse plays in causing homelessness has emerged in recent comments by advocates for the homeless, who estimate that addicts constitute a higher proportion of the homeless than do the mentally ill or other identifiable subgroups.

But the tragic human devastation caused by such addiction, driving ***working-class*** people into poverty and life in homeless shelters or on the streets, only becomes apparent by examining recent surveys and the case histories of people who have fallen from secure jobs because of drugs or alcohol.

For example, in a study of men arriving at the Franklin Avenue shelter in the South Bronx, the anthropologist Kostas Gounis of Columbia University found that the vast majority had recently held jobs. Only 1 percent said they had never been employed, and 70 percent had been employed within the last year. Seventy-five percent of the men surveyed said they were addicted to drugs or alcohol. #25% of Homeless Are Employed Peter Smith, director of the Partnership for the Homeless, a New York-based advocacy group, found in a survey of homeless men and women in 24 cities that, on average, 25 to 30 percent were actually employed while they were homeless.

People addicted to crack, a concentrated form of cocaine, typically spend at least $200 a day for the drug, and heroin addicts spend about $150 a day, said Kenneth Martin, program director at McKenna House in Washington, a residential program that helps homeless men re-enter society. Many sell drugs, steal or panhandle to help support their habit.

At McKenna House, current and former residents told in recent interviews of how they got drawn into a downward spiral that ended, often after many years, in the shelters or on the streets. Their stories, and the views of the program's director, provide a glimpse of how and why men become homeless and why it can be so hard for them to come back.

For Henry Pelham, a 31-year-old resident of McKenna House, homelessness was the end of a decade-long slide that took him from being what he called ''responsible and respected'' -a man with a job, a car, an apartment and credit cards - to a person who was utterly destitute, sleeping in crack houses, in the basements and hallways of buildings, ''wherever I could find shelter.'' The reason he fell so far, he said, is that his addiction to crack took over his life until he no longer cared about supporting himself.

Life in 'Crack Haven'

Herman Epps, 28, is a former professional boxer who sparred with Sugar Ray Leonard and was an apprentice sheetmetal worker when he ''dropped out.'' He and a woman companion used crack, he said, and they and their baby eventually ended up at the Capital City Inn, a hotel for the homeless in Washington. ''It was a crack haven,'' Mr. Epps said, adding that his companion and baby are still there.

Although crack is usually the culprit, other drugs have also led to the downfall of some homeless people.

Gregory Parmenter, a former McKenna House resident who now supervises a crew that installs air-conditioning ducts in commercial buildings, attributes his problems to his extensive use of marijuana. He had been an assistant manager at a drugstore chain, but as his marijuana habit got worse, he said, ''I found myself not caring anymore.''

Mr. Parmenter quit his job and began working at various odd jobs, mostly construction work, until his drug habit got so bad that he could no longer afford a place to live. Three and a half years after he quit his job at the drug store, he ended up in a Washington shelter, where he worked as a janitor. But his money went for drugs. He said he was smoking 50 to 60 joints of marijauna a day.

'Fast Women and Drugs'

Norman Moore, 42, another former McKenna House resident who now works at a drop-in center, helping homeless men to stop using drugs and find jobs, became homeless when heroin took over his life. He said he quit his job as a mental health counselor for the City of Washington and spent his $10,000 pension in a month, using the money for ''fast women and drugs.'' He ended up on the streets, living in abandoned cars, then went to a shelter.

Robert Means, also 42, who now does maintenance work for an apartment complex, was an alcoholic. After about 15 years of drinking, he said, he could no longer support himself. He had been living with his sister, but when she got married and asked him to move out he ended up in a city shelter.

He worked almost every day he was at the shelter, mostly digging ditches as a temporary laborer. ''All my money was going to drink,'' he said.

McKenna House is full of men who seemed to have a future, who often are articulate and highly intelligent, but who said they became homeless because of drugs or alcohol abuse.

In 1984, when McKenna House was founded by three Franciscans, it was not conceived as the sort of second stage drug recovery program that it has become today. One of its founders, the Rev. Jack Pfannenstiel, a wiry, ebulliant priest who is now director of McKenna House, said he initially had no idea that substance abuse was so prevalent among homeless men.

Young Men on the Streets

In the beginning, Father Pfannenstiel said, he and the two other Franciscans were struck primarily by the large numbers of young men living on the streets of Washington and in its shelters. ''We had expected more mentally ill and older men,'' he said. ''The numbers of young men struck us so vividly. We wanted to get together a program to help these guys get off the street.''

McKenna House, which has a capacity of 15 residents, is an immaculate brick town house on Park Road in Washington, situated halfway between 14th Street, a street of utter poverty, and 16th Street, a middle-class area.

The McKenna House program gives homeless men a second chance by teaching them the skills they need to re-enter society, giving them a telephone number for prospective employers to call, helping them to write resumes, to learn how to look for a job and to find an apartment.

But it started off as a failure. The men who stayed there could get jobs, but they soon ended up back on the street. After nine months of operation, the Franciscans closed McKenna House and began to re-think the problem. They decided that the only way they could help the men would be to insist that all McKenna House residents solve their addiction problems first.

Success Rate Put at 60%

Now men who want to take part in the program must refrain from using drugs or alcohol for at least a month beforehand. Sixty percent of the more than 400 men who have been accepted make it through the program, get jobs that pay at least $6 an hour and find housing that they can afford, Father Pfannensteil said. Of those who make it through, only 15 percent fall back into homelessness again, he added.

When the men lived in shelters, they said it was much easier to continue using drugs than to stop.

Mr. Parmenter said the shelter where he lived ''was infested with rodents and pests and there were drugs all over the place.''

''Men were committing homosexual acts out in the open, and there were crimes and even deaths,'' he recalled. ''I saw one man stabbed to death and another man beaten to death. Eighty percent of the shelter population and 50 percent of the staff were doing drugs.''

Still, he said he eventually looked at the people around him, saw ''the lost dreams, the wasted lives,'' and somehow managed to stop using drugs on his own while living in the shelter.

Mr. Moore said he also stopped using heroin on his own at a city shelter. And Mr. Pelham stopped smoking crack while living in a city shelter.

A Point of No Return

Father Pfannenstiel says he believes that a homeless person living in a shelter or on the street, in the company of other addicts, can reach a point of no return, a point where it is nearly impossible to return to society.

After about three years, a man's social network, all of his friends, are other homeless people, the Franciscan said. He has cut himself off from the rest of society.

''The company that a drug user keeps is as important as the drugs he uses,'' Father Pfannenstiel said. ''To be part of that group, to belong, is also why people use drugs.''

On a recent Thursday night, when a new group of men had just come to McKenna House, Father Pfannenstiel told the men at an after-dinner meeting that they would face their most trying time when they left McKenna House and were alone in their apartments. ''You're going to sit in that apartment and your loneliness is going to say, 'I don't know if sobriety is worth it,' '' he said.

While the success rate at McKenna House is good, he told the new men: ''If I were to put down all the names of the guys here that we call a success and all the guys that we call a failure, do you know what the line is right down the middle? You know what it is. It's sobriety. It's staying clean. Gentlemen, it comes down to sobriety - a drug-free existence.''

**Graphic**

The Rev. Jack Pfannenstiel, founder and director of McKenna House in Washington, a residential program that helps homeless men re-enter society after they have solved their addiction problems. (NYT/Lisa Berg)

**End of Document**



[***WHAT'S DOING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3FX0-000P-N475-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Buenos Aires***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3FX0-000P-N475-00000-00&context=1519360)

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KEVIN M. GRAY is a news assistant in The Times's Washington bureau.

By KEVIN M. GRAY;  KEVIN M. GRAY is a news assistant in The Times's Washington bureau.

**Body**

Buenos Aires is catching its rhy thm again thanks to an improving economy that has put money back into the pockets of Argentines. This fiscal rejuvenation, following a two-year recession, even attracted the attention of President Bill Clinton, who visited this sophisticated city, the world's ninth largest, last month to promote his vision of increased interhemispheric trade.

As a result of the growth, new restaurants have opened and the city's night life has been reinvigorated. And the timing couldn't be better.

November is springtime in Buenos Aires, and there is no better season to stroll its wide avenues, crowded shopping streets and leafy parks. From San Telmo to Recoleta to Palermo, the city's many barrios, each with its own distinctive character, begin to perk up with street fairs and well-dressed Argentines after a winter slumber.

Even though it is one of the most expensive cities in the world -- the Argentine peso is on a par with the dollar -- it's also one of the safest. Families and elderly couples can be seen in the streets well after dark. Many attractions are central, futhering its reputation as a walker's city.

Events

Widely regarded as Argentina's cultural gem, the gilded Colon Theater, which borders the main thoroughfare of Avenida 9 de Julio, offers an array of ballet, opera and concert performances from April to December. Some of the world's top performers have graced its stage: Nureyev, Pavarotti, Toscanini and the soprano Leona Mitchell. Many visit the Colon during the European off-season.

Highlights of the spring schedule: The Philharmonic Orchestra of Buenos Aires will perform Nov. 17, 18 and 24, and Dec. 1. Under the direction of Mark Ermler, the theater's opera company will perform Tchai kovsky's "Eugene Onegin" on Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, and 11. The Colon Ballet Company will perform Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Dec. 19, 20, 21, 23 and 26. Tickets: (54-1) 382-5414, fax (54-1) 382-4009.

For backstage glimpses of the costume collection, which includes more than 20,000 pairs of shoes, and of the workroom where the sets are built, tours are offered hourly, in English and Spanish, on Saturday from 9 A.M. to noon, and on weekdays at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. The cost is $5.

Throughout November, championship games of polo will be played at the Hippodrome in Palermo Park. The competition is world-class, including players with the maximum handicaps of 9 or 10 and teams scoring between 28 and 40 goals. So far this year only Argentine players and teams have qualified for the playoff format, which will conclude with a championship game on Nov. 29. Tickets, starting at $7, are available at the Hippodrome the day of the match or through Ticketeck, a local ticketing agency: (54-1) 323-7272.

The colorful barrio of La Boca along the Riachuelo waterway is home to ***working class*** Argentines. Young artists and tango dancers line the pedestrian walkway of the caminito. A cornerstone of this area's revitalization is the Proa Foundation, 1929 Avenida Pedro de Mendoza, (54-1) 303-0909, a new addition to the city's art world. From Nov. 22 through Jan. 10, an exhibition of the works of the Italian modernist Mario Sironi, paintings, murals and theatrical designs done between World Wars I and II, will be on view.

The Museum of Fine Arts, 1473 Libertador, (54-1) 803-0802 houses the country's largest art collection. Shows this month and next include works by Hermenegildo Sabat, Argentina's foremost political cartoonist and illustrator, and treasures from the Vatican Library. The museum is open Tuesday to Sunday, 12:30 to 7:30 P.M., Saturday 9:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M., closed Monday. Admission is free.

Sightseeing

Palermo Park provides a reprieve from sprawling urbanity. Here one can join a pickup soccer game, go for a jog, ride along the bike path or enjoy a picnic of sandwiches de miga -- ham and cheese on white bread without the crust. At one end of the park are the Japanese Gardens, open Tuesday to Friday 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., Saturday and Sunday to 6:30 P.M., admission $2. The shrubbery and fishpond were a gift from the Japanese Government.

In the heart of one of the city's richest neighborhoods, the Recoleta Cemetery, almost a city in itself, is the burial ground for Argentina's elite. Each tomb has a distinctive architectural style housing several generations of a family. A popular sites is that of Eva Peron, whose body finally rests here after an odyssey that took it to Europe and back. To find her tomb ask a caretaker for the Duarte family or look for the crowd of fans. Open 7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Every Thursday around 3 P.M., the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo, wearing white scarves, fill the square in front of the Presidential Palace, the Casa Rosada, to remember their children who disappeared during the "dirty war," a time of military rule. This is a pleasant 12-block stroll east from the ornate, 1906 Palacio del Congreso.

To understand the fanaticism that surrounds soccer here, one must experience the passion and heat of a match. Buenos Aires is now home to Diego Maradona, once considered the world's best player. He has just retired for the eighth time from the hugely popular club Boca Juniors and is facing drug charges. Fervent fans are counting on his return to play in the team's stadium, La Bombonera, 805 Brandsen, (54-1) 362-2050, in La Boca. Because general-admission tickets are in areas that can become rowdy, reserved seats, priced from $40 to $80, are suggested for tourists. Games are scheduled for Nov. 19 and 30 and Dec. 10 and 21.

Where to Stay

Gran Hotel Colon, 507 Carlos Pellegrini, (54-1) 320-3500, fax 320-3516, has 183 comfortable rooms, with curtains and bedspreads in flowery chintz, within walking distance of the Colon Theater. A double is $170, which includes breakfast. The hotel also has apartments for up to five people starting at $200 a day.

The Carsson Hotel, 650 Viamonte, telephone and fax (54-1) 322-3551, near Calle Florida, the city's fashionable shopping promenade, has 108 rooms, recently renovated in predominantly pink hues with English period furniture. A double is $100, which includes breakfast and tax.

Budget: The 94 rooms in the Victory Hotel, 880 Maipu, (54-1) 314-8415, are basic, in subdued colors. Doubles go for $73 with breakfast and tax.

Luxury: At 1086 Posadas, in the heart of the urbane Barrio Norte, the 165-room Park Hyatt, (54-1) 326-1234, fax 326-3736, offers large double rooms with traditional European furnishings for $315 plus 21 percent tax.

In Recoleta, across from the Patio Bullrich shopping center, is the elegant 172-room Caesar Park, 1232 Posadas, (54-1) 819-1100, fax 819-1120, where doubles, done in Spartan English-country style, start at $380. It has a white marble lobby, a Japanese restaurant and outdoor garden.

Where to Eat

Portenos, as the residents of Buenos Aires are known, usually dine late by American standards. And grilled beef, served at one of the city's many parrilladas, or steakhouses, is usually the dish of choice.

One of the city's most popular is Cabana Las Lilas, 516 Avenida A. Moreau de Justo, (54-1) 313-1336, in Puerto Madero, a recently restored waterfront area now home to trendy restaurants and lofts that has replaced the Recoleta as the major dining destination. Traditional cuts of meat like the lomo, or filet mignon, and assorted beef cuts known as an asado are grilled to perfection at this brick-walled gourmet parrillada with large windows overlooking the water. A dinner with an appetizer of grilled provolone and a mixed salad, plus wine is about $90.

Near downtown in the Barrio Norte neighborhood, La Porcherie Bistro, 966 Montevideo, (54-1) 815-8314, offers excellent service and well-prepared pastas, seafood and beef in an elegant atomsphere. Dinner with wine for two is about $75.

Rancho Banchero, 1202 Avenida Almirante Brown, (54-1) 301-0711, is a pizzeria in La Boca. Founded in 1932, the restaurant retains its original character and sells a variety of pizzas by the slice or whole. Slices run between $1 and $2. Whole pies start around $6.

Much of Argentine life centers on cafes, where families and friends meet over a cortado, or espresso. The wooden circular bar at the Vivaldi Cafe, 1046 Talcahuano, (54-1) 813-2064, makes mixing with locals easy. Empanadas -- pastry shells filled with meat, chicken or cheese and costing $1 or $2 -- are standard fare here, as is milanesa, similar to a breaded veal cutlet, and served with french fries, for around $5.

Ethnic-dining options have dramatically improved here in recent years. The stylish, bilevel Morizono, 390 Paraguay, near the Plaza de San Martin, (54-1) 314-0924, is one of the city's best sushi bars. Lunch combination specials are about $20.

Drawing from its rich Italian heritage, Argentine ice cream is a real treat. Among the flavors is dulce de leche, a local favorite that tastes like caramel. A chain, Freddo Ice Cream, delivers just about everywhere, including hotels. There are two stores within several blocks of each other at 1600 and 1826 Avenida Santa Fe.

Shopping

Leather goods can be a bargain in Argentina. At Murillo 666, named for its street address, (54-1) 855-2024, leather jackets, pants and belts can be found for half what they cost in the United States, and paying cash further reduces the price. There are several stores in the area, near the intersection of Murillo and Malabia.

The vendors and artisans at the Sunday Fair in San Telmo, held in and around the Plaza Dorrego, and the Hippy Fair in Recoleta sell an assortment of interesting antique silverware, jewelry, and artwork, much of which once resided in the estancias, or country homes, of aristocratic Argentines. Be sure to haggle.

Night Life

There are a number of places along in historic San Telmo to enjoy a tango show. La Cumparsita, 302 Chile, (54-1) 361-6880, is an intimate tango bar, open till 4 A.M., where patrons can practice their steps with dancers on the club's floor; $25

Junior, 7200 Figueroa Alcorta, (54-1) 780-0100, is an all-inclusive nightclub with restaurants, swimming pool, exotic fish tank and dance floor, with a $10 minimum at the disco.

Piola, 1078 Libertad, (54-1) 812-0690, off Santa Fe and Libertad near Barrio Norte, starts jumping at around 1 A.M. on weekends.

**Graphic**

Photos: A plaque at the tomb of Eva Peron. The Palacio del Congreso, completed in 1906. Tango in San Telmo. (Porterfield/Chickering)

Chart: "Vital Statistics" lists travel information and statistics on Buenos Aires. (Sources: Runzheimer International, National Institute of Statistics and Census, Times Books World Weather Guide, local businesses)

Map of Buenos Aires.

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[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:460W-39G0-01CN-H4BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 2002 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 3; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 26

**Length:** 2080 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

"ABOUT A BOY," starring Hugh Grant, Nicholas Hoult, Toni Collette and Rachel Weisz. Directed by Paul and Chris Weitz (PG-13, 101 minutes). In this sweet, breezy comedy of redemption, Mr. Grant plays Will Freeman, a rich London slacker who has made it his goal in life to be as shallow as possible. Devoted to clothes, videos, pop music and nice stuff, Will decides to take up a sideline in seducing single mothers. This project leads him to Marcus, an awkward 12-year-old with a depressive mother (Ms. Collette). For no good reason, the boy decides to become Will's best friend and ends up teaching him valuable lessons about the importance of other people. The story, based on Nick Hornby's novel, is thoroughly sentimental, but the Weitzes bring it off with a light, knowing touch, and Mr. Grant has the wit to turn his charm against itself, emphasizing Will's caddish narcissism enough to make his maturation seem meaningful (A. O. Scott).

"CHANGING LANES," starring Ben Affleck, Samuel L. Jackson and Sydney Pollack. Directed by Roger Michell (R, 99 minutes). In this deeply flawed tale, Mr. Affleck plays Gavin Banek, a hard-charging Manhattan lawyer who finally discovers his own morality. His Mercedes rams a Toyota driven by a man named Doyle (Mr. Jackson), who is left with a flat tire in the rain. The rushing Gavin shrugs, leaves a blank check at the accident site to pay for the damage and then drives off. In his haste Gavin accidentally leaves a valuable legal document with Doyle. This is when "Changing Lanes" becomes "A Christmas Carol" with a Road Runner cartoon added. In this instance, though, it's like a Road Runner cartoon with dueling Wile E. Coyotes, with acts of escalating violence as each man tries to chip the other's hide and soul. But in the end Gavin's awakening from his moneyed cocoon is just too convenient (Elvis Mitchell).

"CQ," starring Jeremy Davies and Gerard Depardieu. Directed by Roman Coppola (R, 91 minutes). Set in 1969, "CQ" is a behind-the-scenes look at the making of a femme fatale spy movie. Sitting on the periphery of the tumult is Paul (Mr. Davies), an editor and second-unit director working a small, personal film of his own in his dreary Parisian apartment. He has dreams of making a hot, personal movie -- his own life as a series of journal entries -- and is so self-obsessed that he's almost paralyzed by the real world. The film, Mr. Coppola's directorial debut, has a pixilated spirit; the filmmaker splatters the scene with his love for the movies, comic books and music, and the movie vibrates with that affection. These elements are the building blocks of pop, and he uses a dry, sharp wit to delineate the story (Mitchell).

\* "DOGTOWN AND Z-BOYS," with Sean Penn, Jay Adams and Tony Alva. Directed by Stacy Peralta (PG-13, 90 minutes). This thrillingly kinetic insider's history of the 1970's Southern California skateboarding culture was made by several of the hands that helped create that culture. Narrated by Mr. Penn, who describes how it evolved out of a cult of bad-boy surfers in the Venice area, the movie is a dizzy, fast-paced montage with a period rock soundtrack. Especially fascinating is the story of how a major drought emptied many of the area's swimming pools, which became testing laboratories for new skateboarding moves. We also see the stars of that culture, including Mr. Adams and Mr. Alva, then (in home movies and photographs) and now (Stephen Holden).

"ENOUGH," starring Jennifer Lopez and Billy Campbell. Directed by Michael Apted (PG-13, 115 minutes). "The Terminatrix" might be a more apt title for this jarring thriller about a battered wife who flees her comfortable Southern California life with a young daughter and assumes a new identity. When she eventually faces down her evil yuppie husband (Mr. Campbell), she is armed with brass knuckles and fortified by a martial arts course. Packed with crude shocks, the movie has an ugly undertone of class warfare. (Ms. Lopez's battered wife is a spunky ***working-class*** waitress who marries up.) Despite the movie's loathing of its villain, it still manages to suggest that batterers make better lovers (Holden).

\* "INSOMNIA," starring Al Pacino, Robin Williams and Hilary Swank. Directed by Christopher Nolan (R, 116 minutes). In this noir thriller, Detective Will Dormer (Mr. Pacino) is tracking down a murderer in a small Alaska town while pursued by his own guilt. Back in Los Angeles, Will is the object of an Internal Affairs investigation. His chase is preordained to end in tragedy, and he knows it. This intensely sharp-witted remake of a 1997 Norwegian film also stars Mr. Williams as the subject of the detective's chase, a canny murderer with no one to brag to, except Will. The suspense in Mr. Nolan's film comes not in the standard whodunit plot turns but from another question: will having too much in the hero's head bring him down? (Mitchell).

\* "THE LADY AND THE DUKE," starring Lucy Russell and Jean-Claude Dreyfus. Directed by Eric Rohmer (PG-13, 125 minutes; in French with English subtitles). Mr. Rohmer, France's premier anatomist of late-20th-century romantic confusion, turns his attention to the political turmoil of the 18th century. Using digital video and hand-painted backdrops, he has made a gripping, contrarian costume drama that is also very much a Rohmer film, full of passionate argument and rueful irony. Ms. Russell plays Grace Elliott, an English expatriate whose loyalty to the French monarchy places her in danger during the revolutionary terror of the early 1790's. Mr. Dreyfus is her devoted friend and former lover, the Duke of Orleans, whose principles are far less steadfast. Mr. Rohmer's sensibility is so uncannily in tune with the period that you feel you are watching a recovered masterpiece of 18th-century cinema (Scott).

\* "THE MYSTIC MASSEUR," starring Aasif Mandvi, Om Puri and Ayesha Dharker. Directed by Ismail Merchant (PG, 117 minutes). This subtle and absorbing screen adaptation of V. S. Naipaul's first novel takes a humorously detached view of Trinidadian politics in the 1940's and 50's, when the island was still a British colony. Mr. Mandvi is Ganesh, a charismatic schoolteacher and bogus healer who becomes a leader just as the island's sizable Indian population is beginning to find its political voice. Mr. Puri as Ganesh's charming but chiseling father-in-law, Ramlogan, is the most colorful character. The film's wry perspective on politics, power and human frailty ultimately transcends time and place (Holden).

"THE NEW GUY," starring DJ Qualls, Eliza Dushku and Eddie Griffin. Directed by Ed Decter (PG-13, 100 minutes). Mr. Qualls plays Diz, a high school senior who is trying to get himself expelled on the advice of his mentor, the jailbird Luther (Mr. Griffin). While serving time with Luther -- don't ask -- Diz is told that to change his status as the school pinata for homeroom bullies, he'll have to get tossed out of his school. Then Diz can go to a new school and reinvent himself from the ground up. Diz emerges from Luther's counsel cooler, more mysterious: he's "the new guy," whose prison record makes him more attractively dangerous. This bad-taste comedy does have a heart. Now, if it only had a brain (Mitchell).

\* "RAIN," starring Alicia Fulford-Wierzbicki, Sarah Peirsecq and Marton Csokas. Written and directed by Christine Jeffs (not rated, 92 minutes). In this lovely, subtle coming-of-age story -- Ms. Jeffs's first feature -- a 13-year-old girl witnesses the slow unraveling of her parents' marriage and begins to discover her own sexual power. The movie, adapted from a novel by Kirsty Gunn, travels over familiar ground and veers toward melodrama at the end, but Ms. Jeffs makes it all seem strange and terrifying. She uses the film's natural setting -- a lush, empty stretch of the New Zealand coast -- to create an atmosphere of dread and erotic implication, and she is fortunate to have found in Ms. Fulford-Wierzbicki a young actress with the power and confidence to remind us what it is like to perch unsteadily on the edge of maturity in a world that is itself none too steady (Scott).

"SPIDER-MAN," starring Tobey Maguire, Willem Dafoe, Kirsten Dunst and J. K. Simmons. Directed by Sam Raimi (PG-13, 120 minutes). The most amazing thing about Mr. Raimi's franchise-founding adaptation of the 40-year-old Marvel comic book is that its high-tech special effects are overshadowed by witty writing and inventive performances. Mr. Maguire rediscovers the smart, alienated adolescent underneath the superhero's mask and mocks the heroic crime-fighter conceit without subverting it. Mr. Raimi and David Koepp, the screenwriter, are masters of pop realism, tossing off easy jokes and corny sentiment with gratifying enthusiasm. The romance between Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson (Ms. Dunst) is as ripe as an old Hollywood melodrama, and its a minor-key conclusion is like something out of Henry James. The cold, thin, computer-generated action sequences and a fatigued performance by Mr. Dafoe dampen the fun a little, but Mr. Maguire, Ms. Dunst and Mr. Simmons, in an uproarious turn as the irascible tabloid editor J. Jonah Jameson, manage to save the day (Scott).

"THE SUM OF ALL FEARS," starring Ben Affleck and Morgan Freeman. Directed by Phil Alden Robinson (124 minutes, PG-13). Given our national jitters after Sept. 11, the updated film adaptation of Tom Clancy's 1991 novel about a terrorist nuclear attack on Baltimore is inescapably gripping. But the scenario, in which cartoonish neo-Nazis carry out the secret attack hoping to draw Russia and the United States into war, is bogus. And Mr. Affleck, the third actor to play Mr. Clancy's C.I.A. hotshot, Jack Ryan, in a Hollywood movie lacks the gravitas for the role. Even so, the movie succeeds in churning up a froth of suspense before finally collapsing into a swamp of sentimentality (Holden).

\* "13 CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING," starring Matthew McConaughey, John Turturro, Clea DuVall, Amy Irving and Alan Arkin. Directed by Jill Sprecher; written by Karen Sprecher and Jill Sprecher (R, 102 minutes). This movie's general subject -- that mysterious thing that might be called fate, serendipity, happenstance or luck -- has inspired a number of recent movies, but the Sprecher sisters wield their pop mysticism with breathtaking intelligence and control. Four stories, all involving adrift, unlucky Manhattanites, spiral around each other in a chronological scheme that is as lucid and complex as a piece of music. Mr. Arkin, in one of his best recent performances, plays an insurance executive with a fatalistic view of the universe and a guilty conscience, and the actor's dry, precise sense of comedy gives the movie the absurdist kick of a Beckett play (Scott).

"UNDERCOVER BROTHER," starring Eddie Griffin. Directed by Malcolm D. Lee (PG-13, 89 minutes). The title character of this short, lively spoof began his life as an Internet cartoon. As portrayed by Mr. Griffin, Undercover Brother, decked out in blaxploitation splendor with a mile-high Afro and towering platform shoes, wages a heroic battle against the Man, who is not a metaphor for white power but an actual man. The satire is not altogether fresh, but the jokes are at once sufficiently clever and sufficiently silly to keep things moving, and to point up the ridiculousness of American racial politics. As one character remarks, "It's a proud day for black people of all races" (Scott).

\* "UNFAITHFUL," starring Richard Gere, Diane Lane and Olivier Martinez. Directed by Adrian Lyne (R, 137 minutes). This glossy Americanized screen adaptation of Claude Chabrol's "Femme Infidele" has an indelible central performance by Ms. Lane as a happily married suburban woman whose casual dalliance with a handsome French bookseller (Mr. Martinez) becomes a sensual obsession. Her performance makes you realize how long it has been since Hollywood dared to put disruptive grown-up sex on the screen. Mr. Gere gives one of his subtlest performances as her loving control freak of a husband driven to commit a crime of passion. The movie could be called "Fatal Attraction 2" with the roles reversed. But this time, Mr. Lyne doesn't settle for a crowd-pleasing horror-movie finale (Holden).

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

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[***Presidents Of Boroughs: Vestigial Or Vibrant?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-51H0-002S-X2WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

No other matter has so troubled and divided the commission rewriting New York City's charter as what to do with the borough presidents. Underlying the question is an even more fundamental debate about how New Yorkers perceive themselves and how those perceptions should be accommodated in the structure of municipal government.

Does New York still need boroughs? Are they merely a sentimental throwback to a simpler time, or are they vital parts of a larger metropolis? Do residents of a borough really have a distinct identity and viewpoint, or is each borough now so diverse that its people share little except geography?

If there are distinct borough interests, how should they be expressed in the new government now being devised? Should there still be borough presidents? What should they do?

Critic of Boroughs

In separate interviews, more than 20 elected officials, former borough presidents and former mayors, political scientists, historians, civic-group leaders and others offered widely varying opinions on these and related questions. Their views underline why the Charter Revision Commission has had such difficulty deciding the fate of the borough leaders.

''I think the boroughs are historical, vestigial districts; they don't serve any political purpose,'' said Richard D. Emery, the lawyer who initiated the lawsuit that led to the demise of the Board of Estimate, on which the borough presidents sit and from which they have derived most of their power.

Variety of Neighborhoods

The populations of the boroughs are so diverse, Mr. Emery contended, that there is no such thing as a borough viewpoint or a common borough interest; nor could a borough president truly represent all the varied populations within his jurisdiction.

Mr. Emery, the most ardent proponent of transferring power from the borough presidents to the City Council, said he thought that New Yorkers identify most strongly with their neighborhoods, and that those neighborhoods could be best represented by the members of an expanded and empowered Council.

He suggested that natural coalitions would form in a new Council between representatives of similar neighborhoods - Bay Ridge in Brooklyn and Riverdale in the Bronx, for example - rather than through the unnatural alliances that the boroughs force upon disparate neighborhoods.

Others saw that as a prescription for disaster. ''It's a class view,'' said Richard C. Wade, professor of urban history at the City University of New York. ''The last thing we want here is class warfare, where Brooklyn Heights joins up with the Upper West Side against Sunset Park.''

Andrew J. Stein, the City Council President and a former Manhattan Borough President, said he thought ''there is something healthy about people from Riverdale and the South Bronx identifying themselves as from the Bronx.''

''Borough identifications are real; people do identify with their boroughs,'' Mr. Stein said. ''I don't think you want in the City Council alliances between middle-class white neighborhoods, ***working-class*** minority neighborhoods. You don't want to see things break down in that way. It's divisive.''

''I think the boroughs are very important symbols,'' said Andrew Hacker, professor of political science at Queens College. ''I think it means a lot to people. The idea of neighborhoods having a root in a borough has an importance.''

From Diversity to Unity

''But I don't think it's a governmental mediation,'' Mr. Hacker added. ''Rather it's cultural, geographic, atmospheric.''

Many people suggested that the existence of boroughs has sometimes helped to unite communities that are separated by race, religion and social class. In determining priorities each year in the city's capital budget, for example, borough presidents and the Council delegations from each borough traditionally have balanced the desires of one neighborhood for new roads with the needs of another for a new library or a renovated park.

David G. Trager, a member of the charter commission and the dean of Brooklyn Law School, asserted several times at recent meetings that Council members with discrete districts and understandably parochial concerns could not have rallied support to rebuild Brooklyn's cultural institutions -the Botanic Garden, the Brooklyn Musuem, Prospect Park - after the city's fiscal crisis of the 1970's.

Only a borough president could have accomplished that, Mr. Trager said, because only a borough president has a sufficiently wide perspective and sufficient political clout to make it happen.

The leaders from Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island and the Bronx have long maintained that they protected their boroughs from the Manhattan bias of the central city government. In fact, such concerns were among the reasons for the creation of the boroughs when three counties and parts of a fourth were consolidated to create the modern New York City in 1898.

'Queens Into a Colony'

The borough presidents today continue to voice similar concerns, as they lobby to retain a significant role in the new city government.

Last week, for example, the Queens Borough President, Claire Shulman, wrote a scathing letter to the charter commission's chairman, Frederick A. O. Schwarz Jr., attacking his preliminary proposal, which in her view would relegate borough presidents to a powerless role.

''The proposed changes would turn the Borough of Queens into a colony of the Manhattan centralized government,'' Mrs. Shulman wrote. ''This is a cynical attempt to empower the real estate, media and financial establishment in the Manhattan core at the expense of local neighborhoods in Queens, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Staten Island and northern Manhattan.''

''The way to fight City Hall is with a borough president,'' said the Bronx Borough President, Fernando Ferrer. ''It's been in many cases the only protection from an insensitive administration.''

Mr. Ferrer, among others, dismissed the idea that the Council delegations would be able to replace the borough presidents as a voice of the boroughs and a strong check on the mayor.

Dick Netzer, a professor at New York University's Graduate School of Public Administration, cited cable television as an example of the city government's Manhattan orientation. ''There was cable in one borough, Manhattan, in 1970, and not in the other four boroughs for 19 years,'' he said.

Manhattan's Role

''Manhattan you pay attention to,'' Mr. Netzer said. ''We can see lots of examples of this in ordinary city services.''

Many people argued, too, that city efforts to encourage the redevelopment of downtown Brooklyn and other areas in the boroughs outside Manhattan would not have occurred without the prodding of the borough presidents.

But others contended that the preoccupation with Manhattan is exaggerated. Most of the municipal government's spending is outside Manhattan, they said, particularly in poor areas of Brooklyn and the Bronx, where billions of dollars are spent on city programs for social services, health and housing.

Robert F. Wagner Jr., the school board president and a former deputy mayor, said of the Manhattan bias, ''I think it is far less true than political rhetoric would indicate.''

Mr. Schwarz, the head of the charter commission, said he thought the boroughs should have a voice in a new municipal government because the city is so huge.

''There is a legitimate role for an official who is between the smaller size of a Council member and the very large size of the citywide officials,'' he said. ''Since we already have boroughs, the people who are borough presidents fit in that middle slot. If we didn't already have boroughs, maybe we would find another way.''

Executive or Legislative

But in the view of Mr. Schwarz and many other people interviewed, the attempt to find a suitable role for the borough presidents should not overshadow other goals of a new charter, like creating a strong, fully representative Council and making the executive branch directly accountable for functions that are clearly administrative.

Mr. Schwarz and others said the borough presidents should have an executive role in a new government, monitoring city services in their areas, making proposals to both the executive branch and the Council on the budget and other matters, and generally lobbying on behalf of their constituency.

''I think their role should be kept modest,'' Mr. Hacker of Queens College said. ''The new Council can take care of representing the boroughs, through the delegations.''

Mr. Netzer said, though, that the borough presidents should have a legislative role because it would enable them to be ''spokespersons, to be noisy, to be able to get attention for their boroughs.''

''Otherwise,'' he added, ''things tend to get lost.''

The charter commission on Saturday rejected a legislative role for the borough presidents, in part because of concern that it would dilute efforts to enhance the representation of black and Hispanic New Yorkers in the Council.

'Glorified Cheerleaders'

The panel turned instead to Mr. Schwarz's proposal, which, among other things, would give the borough presidents authority to propose budget initiatives and appoint members to a new land-use commission. Mr. Schwarz contends that the borough presidents would have more power in these new roles than they had on the Board of Estimate.

But the borough presidents vehemently disagree. Mr. Ferrer said the Schwarz plan would reduce them to ''glorified cheerleaders'' because their role would be merely advisory.

''The only day-to-day administrative check on a mayor is a borough executive who, when he or she speaks, is listened to,'' Mr. Ferrer said. ''Under the chairman's proposal, there is no reason to have your voice heard.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Richard D. Emery, lawyer for plantiff and Claire Shulman, Queens Borough President and Fernando Ferrer, Bronx Borough President (NYT); Frederick A. O. Schwarz Jr (NYT/Neal Boenzi)

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[***THE POWER OF POSITIVE PASSAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DXC0-000B-Y4T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 2; Book Review Desk; review

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**Byline:** By SUSAN JACOBY; Susan Jacoby's most recent book is ''The Possible She,'' a collection of essays on women

**Body**

PATHFINDERS By Gail Sheeh y. 494 pp. New Y ork: William Morro w & Co. $15.95.

IN her best-selling book ''Passages,'' Gail Sheehy laid out a map of adult development from the late teens through the late 40's. In ''Pathfinders,'' she shifts her focus to individual pilgrims along the way and follows some of them into the later decades of life. As its title suggests, this book is concerned with overcoming obstacles, solving problems, holding demons at bay. The Slough of Despond is, at worst, a temporary detour.

After obtaining the results of more than 60,000 ''life history questionnaires'' distributed through magazines, community groups and educational institutions, Miss Sheehy used the answers primarily as a tool to choose individuals for lengthy interviews. What she was searching for were people who felt they had attained many of their most important goals and who had handled the transitions of adult life in an ''unusual, personal or creative way.''

Susan Jacoby reviews "Pathfinders" by Gail Sheehy

The responses did yield some theoretical generalizations. For those people most satisfied with their lives, the strongest element was a sense of identification with a goal or purpose larger than themselves - a purpose that might involve work, children, religion or social ideals. Miss Sheehy expresses some surprise at this finding; it must be a measure of the pervasive cultural emphasis on self-gratification that we now feel a need to comment on the human desire for immortality as if it were a new or notable phenomenon. Although generalizations occupy a good deal of space in ''Pathfinders,'' they do not form the backbone of the book. Gail Sheehy is primarily a storyteller, and her stories concern themselves with people who have faced both the predictable and unpredictable crises of adult life and have emerged bloodied but unbowed. The cast of characters has a Chaucerian range: A few are public figures; most are not. Among them are a young woman with a high-powered career who is beginning to worry about the biological deadline for childbearing; a middle-aged engineer who has left the nuclear power industry; a woman who directs her deep religious faith toward salving the wounds of the elderly living in New York City's welfare hotels.

Miss Sheehy's work stands squarely in the American tradition of Thoreau, Emerson, Dale Carnegie and Norman Vincent Peale - with all the positive and negative qualities those names bring to mind. Although in literary terms the elegant prose of Emerson may be lightyears from the pieties of Norman Vincent Peale, as figures in American social thought they belong to the same universe. Miss Sheehy and her predecessors extol the admirable traits of grit, pluck, willingness to take individual initiative and accept individual responsibility - everything that might be summed up under the Emersonian label of self-reliance. But there is also a platitudinous overlay, a naivete about the intractable nature of certain moral, emotional and social dilemmas.

I found myself quite caught up in Miss Sheehy's stories of men and women who have overcome serious illnesses, failures at work, the loss of love, and who have managed to adjust old dreams to new realities -situations nearly all of us can expect to face at some point in our lives. But I also found myself resisting many of the success stories; we all know that there are some crises that cannot, by any extension of will or imagination, open up a new path to well-being. ''What can't be cured must be endured'' is one platitude that is conspicuously absent from this book.

Individual case histories illustrate both the strengths and the weaknesses of Miss Sheehy's approach. Julia Walsh is a woman in her mid-50's who is described, in what may be the book's wildest understatement, as ''bigger than life.'' Mrs. Walsh makes $750,000 a year as the head of her own financial consulting firm. She is also a mother to 12 - four children by her first husband, one by her second and seven from the first marriage of her second husband.

Widowed with four children at the age of 33, Julia Walsh did not take the usual route for a woman in the 1950's - finding a new husband as quickly as possible. Instead, she decided to pursue an active career as a stockbroker - a sideline while her husband was alive. She found an unusual solution to the problem of how to take care of the children by inviting her mother-in-law to come and live with her. The mother-in-law was not simply a relative and housekeeper but Julia's business partner, collecting 20 percent of everything her ambitious daughter-in-law earned on commission.

At 40, Juli a Walsh remarried a widower. And at the age of 54, after years with the same firm, she took the risk of starting her own business and moved on to supersuccess.

All of this would sound like a fairy tale were it not for the fact that Mrs. Walsh is very real. Miss Sheehy suggests that one key element in Mrs. Walsh's success may have been the fact that she did spend six years -her most intensive career-building period - without a husband to divert her energies.

The author admits that Julia Walsh was exceptionally lucky as well as skillful in reassembling the pieces of her life. Still, one wonders what this tale has to say to other women who are not blessed with loving (and available) mothers-in-law, extraordinary talents and abundant physical energy.

The importance of raw energy - something probably determined by heredity - cannot be overestimated. George Sand used to write between 2 and 6 A.M., after the rest of the household (including her less hardy lovers) had bedded down for the night. How is a woman (or a man) to accomplish such prodigious feats if - unlike Mrs. Walsh or Sand - she needs more than a few hours of sleep a night?

***Working-class*** men and women are underrepresented in this book - as they are in most works of journalism and social science - but those who do appear supply Miss Sheehy with some of her best material. Bingo Doyle (a pseudonym), a utility company worker and community leader in the Boston Irish enclave of Charlestown, embodies some of the complexities of a struggle against economic and educational limitations imposed early in life.

Doyle began taking a leadership role in his community in an effort to prevent the neighborhood from falling apart as a result of the violent emotions aroused by busing of blacks into white schools. He is now trying to move from his blue-collar job to a post as a community affairs coordinator in the same company. ''Where does the responsibility to family, as opposed to the better good, cut in?'' he asks. ''That's why I'm fighting so hard for the public-affairs job at my company - I believe the large corporation should have a social awareness. Then someone like me could do it all.''

How long, Miss Sheehy asks, will Doyle wait for the company to make its decision? ''Forever. I've already made a judgment that it is not in my family's best interests for me to leave the company. So they have me over a barrel, they know I'm locked in.''

This has quite a different ring from the accounts of men and women who have the money, educational background and mobility to take more risks to get what they want. What will happen to Bingo Doyle if the company chooses to keep him over a barrel - or gives the job to someone younger, with a college degree?

Most of the ''pathfinders'' get what they want, and the stories of how they achieve their goals seem likely to make this book an enormous popular success. It is something of a tonic to read about people who have summoned up the inner resources to transcend their emotional history, education, cultural background or economic status.

The problem with all of this -and it extends from the introspective self-reliance of Thoreau to the aggressive proselytizing of Dale Carnegie - is the fact that desire and self-discipline may be prerequisites for a satisfying life, but they are not always enough to bring about a happy outcome. Gail Sheehy has charted the territory that can be reached through courage and flexibility, but she does not venture into the many realms of experience that remain impervious to the power of positive thinking.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: series of drawings

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[***Vestiges of Harlem's Jewish Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:460W-39G0-01CN-H4C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

ON the map of the Jewish diaspora, Harlem is Atlantis. That it was once the third largest Jewish settlement in the world after the Lower East Side and Warsaw -- a vibrant hub of industry, artistry and wealth -- is all but forgotten. It is as if Jewish Harlem sank 70 years ago beneath the waves of memory, beyond recall.

At least until you spy the Star of David medallions atop the Baptist Temple Church. Or the cornerstone of the Mount Neboh Baptist Church that says it was built in 5668. Or the marble pediment leading to the baptismal pool at the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, on which is inscribed the Old Testament verse: "Jehovah is in his holy temple; be silent, before him, all the earth."

In its churches, of all places, Harlem reveals its Jewish past.

"This is their homeland, too," said Michael Henry Adams, a preservationist and the author of "Harlem Lost and Found, An Architectural and Social History: 1765-1915," to be published by the Monacelli Press.

Few structures in New York so poignantly reflect the layering of history as its houses of worship. While the best known among them -- Abyssinian Baptist Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Temple Emanu-El, Trinity Church -- are still used by the denominations that built them, most have changed hands over time.

The synagogues of Harlem have served as Christian churches far longer than they were used for Jewish worship. But the story of a richly inflected part of town is told through stained-glass Stars of David, Ten Commandments tablets, Middle Eastern filigree and silent vestiges of Orthodox Judaism like women's balconies.

"There are steps in the evolution of the American synagogue here," said Jeffrey S. Gurock, the Libby M. Klaperman Professor of Jewish History at Yeshiva University and the author of "When Harlem Was Jewish, 1870-1930" (Columbia University Press, 1979).

Standing near the corner of Fifth Avenue and 116th Street, Dr. Gurock can imagine worshipers filling the broad thoroughfares during High Holy Days.

Behind him is the Baptist Temple Church, 18 West 116th Street, built in 1906 for Congregation Ohab Zedek. In this enormous synagogue, a Hungarian group that had come from the Lower East Side hired its first English-speaking rabbi and thrilled worshipers by introducing Yossele Rosenblatt as its cantor. Across 116th Street, at No. 37, is the Salvation and Deliverance Church. This was once Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein's Institutional Synagogue, which drew new generations to Orthodoxy by offering social, educational and recreational services, inspiring a phenomenon known as the "shul with the pool." Goldstein held huge youth rallies in a nearby theater.

Just visible in the distance are the turrets of the Bethel Way of the Cross Church of Christ, 25 West 118th Street, built in 1900 for Congregation Shaare Zedek. At this building, Dr. Gurock said, Central and Eastern European Jews came together.

Around World War I, Dr. Gurock said, about 175,000 Jews lived in Harlem, including his father's family, which was in a tenement at Park Avenue and 100th Street. Within the next 20 years, the Jewish population had almost entirely dispersed.

Almost.

While researching his dissertation on Jewish Harlem in the mid-70's, Dr. Gurock paid a call on the tiny Congregation Tikvath Israel at 160 East 112th Street. Nine men had gathered there from the housing project across the street -- just one shy of the quorum, or minyan, needed for a service. "It's like a miracle," Dr. Gurock recalls the rabbi saying as he entered. "Every time we have services, someone shows up and makes it possible."

Tikvath Israel is now Christ Apostolic Church of U.S.A. No wider than a brownstone, its modest architecture discloses the gulf between the ***working-class*** Jews of East Harlem, whose synagogues were as plain as those on the Lower East Side, and the middle-class residents of Central Harlem, who constructed synagogues that proudly, even lavishly, proclaimed their arrival in society.

Before Tikvath Israel moved in, the four-story building had been home to Congregation Ansche Chesed, which went on to build one of the grandest synagogues in Harlem, at 1883 Seventh Avenue (now Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard), on the corner of 114th Street.

Designed by Edward I. Shire, Ansche Chesed has a neo-Classical porch behind six tall columns supporting a pediment with a decalogue, representing the tablets of the Ten Commandments. The cornerstone is incised with the dual dates of 1908 and 5668, on the Hebrew calendar.

Today that same porch is used for outdoor summertime services by its current owner, the Mount Neboh Baptist Church. Inside, the building reveals yet another heritage as the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, a Spanish parish, in the mid-20th century. Around the tall arched windows in the barrel-vaulted sanctuary are elaborate hand-painted yellow-and-blue tiles with floral patterns, cherubs and medallions of such important saints and patrons as Our Lady of High Grace, Our Lady of the Angels and St. Catherine Laboure.

(Perhaps only one other Manhattan sanctuary, St. Ann's Shrine and Armenian Catholic Cathedral at 110 East 12th Street, has served Jews, Catholics and Protestants.)

Mount Neboh Baptist Church, founded in 1937, moved to 114th Street in 1980 because it had outgrown its home farther uptown. Recently, it built a sound booth in the former organ loft and created a choir stall that extends into the niche where the ark once stood. The music of Mount Neboh attracts visitors from around the world.

The church has now outgrown even this large sanctuary, said the Rev. Richard Watkins, who has been the pastor for 14 years. That has required the addition of a second Sunday morning service.

Though the 94-year-old building needs work, Mr. Watkins said the congregation was committed to remaining there and renovating as needed. "We would not be able to build a church like this today," he said. "The way this building was built, there is no need to worry about it. It will hold."

As for Ansche Chesed, it moved to 251 West 100th Street, at West End Avenue, where it remains to this day in another building designed by Shire. Most of the prominent congregations of Harlem wound up on the Upper West Side: the Institutional Synagogue at 120 West 76th Street, Ohab Zedek at 118 West 95th Street, Shaare Zedek at 212 West 93rd Street and Temple Israel at 210 West 91st Street. The Mount Neboh Synagogue moved to the Upper West Side from 562 West 150th Street, a building that is now the City Tabernacle Seventh-day Adventist Church. (The Mount Neboh Synagogue, which closed in 1978, is unrelated to the Mount Neboh Baptist Church except in a name that commemorates the place from which the Bible says Moses first saw the Promised Land.)

Mount Olivet Baptist Church, at 120th Street and Lenox Avenue (now Malcolm X Boulevard), was built in 1907 as Temple Israel. Its four trunklike Corinthian columns could be mistaken for something out of imperial Rome were it not for the Stars of David nestled in their leafy capitals. The synagogue was designed by Arnold W. Brunner, architect of Congregation Shearith Israel, the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, at Central Park West and 70th Street.

After a brief spell as an Adventist church, Temple Israel was acquired in 1925 by Mount Olivet, one of the oldest and most influential black congregations of New York, which had previously been in mid-Manhattan.

"Our people were coming up this way, there were no black churches on Lenox Avenue and they needed the additional space," said the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Curtis, the senior pastor since 1990. "I'm glad we walked into a building that was used for religious purposes."

Mount Olivet, which traces its beginnings to 1876, has more than 1,000 members. President Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe spoke there in 2000. In recent years, it has rewired the church, installed an elevator and a new boiler, built a ramp for the disabled and laid down new floors and carpets.

But apart from painting the main sanctuary, it has left that chamber intact and entirely recognizable as the synagogue it once was, all the way to the Star of David fanlights atop the 11 stained-glass window bays that fill the space with glorious hues of emerald, amber and cornflower blue. Because their faith, too, is rooted in the Old Testament, Christian congregations can fairly easily adopt Jewish sanctuaries. About the Jehovah inscription at the front of the church, from the Book of Habakkuk, Dr. Curtis said, "We have the same view."

Sometimes, however, ingenuity is required in the transformation. At Mount Olivet, the marble pediment and columns of the ark were left in place, but its gold doors now open to a baptismal pool rather than to the Torah scrolls. As such, it remains a focal point of worship.

Not every synagogue has fared nearly so well. Temple B'nai Israel at 610 West 149th Street was abandoned for several years before becoming the Gospel Missionary Baptist Church. During that period vandals walked off with lion's-head ornaments and stripped the copper off of its dome. As a preservationist, Mr. Adams hopes a renewed focus on Harlem's Jewish heritage might bring in badly needed resources to help restore former synagogues.

"It would be wonderful," he said, "if these enormous and in some instances derelict houses of worship could get some infusion of money from the people whose ancestors built them."

At the Baptist Temple Church on 116th Street, the Rev. Anthony W. Mann may seek outside support. He hopes to create an endowment to restore the sanctuary, which was ravaged by fire in 1965. A false ceiling was built at the balcony level, closing off the soaring upper half of the space.

This hidden space is amazing in its dimension and decrepitude, stripped to brick, timber and steel columns. The frames of the Tudor-style arched windows are still evident, but cinder blocks now replace glass.

The Baptist Temple Church was founded in 1899 by congregants who had left Mount Olivet. It acquired the Ohab Zedek synagogue in 1938. In Mr. Mann, the small congregation has found a pastor with a connection to Judaism: he said he grew up in the Bronx attending synagogue on Saturdays (one of his grandfathers was Jewish) and church on Sundays.

He dreams of a rebuilt Baptist Temple sanctuary as glorious as in the days of Ohab Zedek, with stained glass in the sealed-up windows and gold stars on the ceiling. Meanwhile, the great chamber, empty except for pigeons and mice, is its own Atlantis: Breathtaking. Venerable. Ruined. Hidden. Waiting.

Sacred Sites

At least a dozen Harlem churches are in former synagogues, most built after the turn of the 20th century and given up by Jewish congregations in the 1920's. Among the most prominent are:

BAPTIST TEMPLE CHURCH, 18 West 116th Street. Originally Congregation Ohab Zedek.

BETHEL WAY OF THE CROSS CHURCH OF CHRIST, 25 West 118th Street. Originally Congregation Shaare Zedek.

CHRIST APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF U.S.A., 160 East 112th Street. Formerly Congregation Tikvath Israel, and before that, Congregation Ansche Chesed.

CITY TABERNACLE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH, 562 West 150th Street. Originally Mount Neboh Synagogue.

GOSPEL MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH, 610 West 149th Street. Originally Temple B'nai Israel.

MOUNT NEBOH BAPTIST CHURCH, 1883 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard. Formerly Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Originally Congregation Ansche Chesed.

MOUNT OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH, 201 Malcolm X Boulevard. Originally Temple Israel.

SALVATION AND DELIVERANCE CHURCH, 37 West 116th Street. Formerly the Institutional Synagogue.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The layers of Harlem's history: A stained-glass window at Mount Olivet Baptist Church, originally Temple Israel. Below, Bethel Way of the Cross Church of Christ, once Congregation Shaare Zedek. (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. E33); Temples in transition: Mount Neboh Baptist Church, top, was once the home of Congregation Ansche Chesed; a capital from Mount Olivet Baptist Church, above, hints at its link to Temple Israel, as does the pediment inscription, below; Baptist Temple Church, left, was Congregation Ohab Zedek; and City Tabernacle Seventh-day Adventist Church was Mount Neboh Synagogue. (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. E33) Maps of Harlem Highlighting Churches that were once Jewish Temples. (The New York Times)(pg. E42)

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[***The Listings: Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C2B-SBV1-DXY4-X008-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

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

Previews and Openings

'The Box: A Black Comedy' (in previews; opens on Wednesday) As the city amends its policing policies and settles lawsuits contesting the New York Police Department's stop-and-frisk tactics, relations between officers and many of those living in black and Latino neighborhoods remain strained. Marcus Gardley explores the subject in this satirical play, produced by the Foundry Theater and directed by Seth Bockley, with music by Imani Uzuri. The script follows a father and son -- Deadlust and Icarus -- as they navigate ''the American labyrinth of policing and prisons.'' Irondale Center, 85 South Oxford Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 866-811-4111, thefoundrytheatre.org. (Alexis Soloski)

'The City of Conversation' (in previews; opens on May 5) Jan Maxwell will invite audiences to dinner as she portrays Hester Ferris, a famed Washington hostess, in Anthony Giardina's capital play. Doug Hughes directs a cast that includes Phillip James Brannon and Kristen Bush in this drama, which runs from the Carter presidency to the current administration and pits family loyalties against political ones. Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center, 212-239-6200, lct.org. (Soloski)

'The Dutchman' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on May 3) The last play written by LeRoi Jones before he changed his name to Amiri Baraka, this disturbing social satire concerns a black man and a white woman whose subway flirtation soon turns fatal. The National Black Theater and the Classical Theater of Harlem present this 50th-anniversary revival. National Black Theater, 2031 Fifth Avenue, at 125th Street, Harlem, 866-811-4111, nationalblacktheatre.org. (Soloski)

'The Fabulous Miss Marie' (in previews; opens on Thursday) The first play in Ed Bullins's ''Musical Structures'' trilogy, this drama mirrors the bebop rhythms and syncopations of a jazz combo. Set in 1960s Los Angeles, it concerns a cocktail party where alcohol flows and resentment seethes. Woodie King Jr. directs this New Federal Theater revival with the rather fabulous Tonya Pinkins as the title character and Roscoe Orman as her husband. Castillo Theater, 543 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-941-1234, castillo.org. (Soloski)

'The Few' (in previews; opens on May 8) Samuel D. Hunter (''The Whale'') has molded a career writing about life's disappointed souls and the ways they console themselves. In this play, directed by Davis McCallum and set in Idaho, an editor returns to the failing local paper he founded years ago. Michael Laurence and Gideon Glick reprise the roles they created at the Old Globe in San Diego. Rattlestick Playwrights Theater, 224 Waverly Place, at 11th Street, Greenwich Village, 866-811-4111, rattlestick.org. (Soloski)

'Forbidden Broadway Comes Out Swinging!' (in previews; opens on May 4) Whether it's the treadmill in ''Kinky Boots'' or the trapeze in ''Pippin,'' it's hard not to see certain sequences on Broadway and wonder: ''What would 'Forbidden Broadway' do with/to this?'' After a 10-month hiatus, Schadenfreude-prone theatergoers need wonder no more. Gerard Alessandrini has at those shows and several other newcomers in his latest incarnation. Expect some playful jabs at ''Rocky,'' ''Aladdin,'' ''The Sound of Music Live!'' and ''Bullets Over Broadway.'' Davenport Theater, 354 West 45th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Eric Grode)

'Here Lies Love' (in previews; reopens on Thursday) This invigorating poperetta, conceived by David Byrne and returning to the Public Theater for an open-ended run, sets a new standard for audience participation. Or do I mean coercion? In this heady show about the heady life of Imelda Marcos, staged with infinite inventiveness by Alex Timbers, all the world's a dance floor, and all the men and women (including the audience) merely disco rats (1:30). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555, publictheater.org. (Ben Brantley)

'An Octoroon' (in previews; opens on May 4) The playwright Branden Jacobs-Jenkins (''Appropriate'') adapts Dion Boucicault's celebrated and controversial 1859 melodrama. Mr. Jacobs-Jenkins spikes this plantation tale of murder, inheritance and miscegenation with contemporary questions and sensibilities. Directing this ''old-fashioned, meta-melodrama'' for Soho Rep is Sarah Benson, the company's artistic director. An exploding steamboat is promised. Soho Rep, 46 Walker Street at Broadway, TriBeCa, 866-811-4111, sohorep.org. (Soloski)

'Red-Eye to Havre de Grace' (in previews; opens on Wednesday) Edgar Allan Poe believed that the death of a beautiful woman ''is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world.'' But for his latest work, the writer-director Thaddeus Phillips has selected the death of an unbeautiful man -- Poe himself. This ''action-opera'' charts Poe's final lecture tour, with music by the Minneapolis theater-music group Wilhelm Bros. Co. New York Theater Workshop, 79 East 4th Street, East Village, 212-279-4200, nytw.org. (Soloski)

'The Rivals' (in previews; opens on May 4) When Richard Brinsley Sheridan's play debuted in 1775, a newspaper noted ''the hisses of the auditors'' and declared it ''a most fatal disappointment.'' Sheridan rewrote it, and now the Pearl Theater Company is reviving it, with Hal Brooks directing this tale of a young woman determined to marry for love and into poverty. Pearl Theater, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-563-9261, pearltheatre.org. (Soloski)

'Sea Marks' (in previews; opens on May 5) Remote Irish islands may be great places to fish, but they're lousy locales for dating. So when Colm, a skilled angler and undiscovered poet, meets Timothea, who works in a publishing house, at a wedding, he attempts a move from shore to city. The Irish Repertory Theater's producing director, Ciaran O'Reilly, revives this seaside love story, which stars Patrick Fitzgerald and Xanthe Elbrick. 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-727-2737, irishrep.org. (Soloski)

'The Substance of Fire' (in previews; opens on Sunday) With strong-arm tactics from online booksellers and declining interest from readers, this is hardly a golden age of publishing. But it may be a fine time for a revival of Jon Robin Baitz's 1991 play, which concerns a foundering literary house. Second Stage hosts Trip Cullman's restaging, with John Noble as the imperiled patriarch and Halley Feiffer, Daniel Eric Gold and Carter Hudson as his children. Second Stage Theater, 305 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-246-4422, 2st.com. (Soloski)

'Too Much Sun' (previews start on Thursday; opens on May 18) Medea is one woman who won't be receiving a Mother's Day card. Neither, perhaps, will Audrey Langham, an actress preparing the role. In this Nicky Silver comedy, directed by Mark Brokaw, Audrey (Linda Lavin) flees rehearsal only to be rebuffed by her adult daughter (Jennifer Westfeldt). Will Ms. Lavin, who had a recent success with Mr. Silver's ''The Lyons,'' roar again? Vineyard Theater, 108 East 15th Street, 212-353-0303, vineyardtheatre.org. (Soloski)

Broadway

&#x2605; 'Act One' Playing the theater addict and artisan Moss Hart in James Lapine's loving adaptation of Hart's memoir, Tony Shalhoub and Santino Fontana brim contagiously with passion for that endangered religion called the Theater. If the lively, overblown production surrounding them isn't on their level, their shimmering performances (Mr. Shalhoub is also priceless as Hart's mentor, George S. Kaufman) are reason to celebrate (2:40). Vivian Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center, 212-239-6200, lct.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'After Midnight' The stars of this tribute to the Harlem jazz clubs of the 1920s and '30s are the 16 virtuosic musicians who perform -- with verve, style and a good splash of sheer joy -- about 25 songs from the period, with a special emphasis on Duke Ellington both as composer and arranger. The dancers and singers are terrific, and Adriane Lenox all but steals the show with her two lowdown numbers. But it's really the Jazz at Lincoln Center All Stars on the bandstand at the back of the stage who shine brightest (1:30). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, 212-745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

'Aladdin' Casey Nicholaw (''The Book of Mormon'') directs and choreographs (and choreographs, and choreographs) the latest Disney musical, adapted from the 1992 animated movie. While the familiar formulas are not entirely abandoned, Mr. Nicholaw and the book writer, Chad Beguelin, stuff so much splashy, shticky business into this show that the more syrupy bits hardly register. James Monroe Iglehart stands out as the showboating, scene-stealing genie (2:20). New Amsterdam Theater, 214 West 42nd Street, 866-870-2717, aladdinthemusical.com. (Isherwood)

'All the Way' Bryan Cranston makes a commanding Broadway debut as Lyndon B. Johnson in Robert Schenkkan's mostly absorbing drama about the tumultuous first year of the Johnson presidency. The play, directed by Bill Rauch, sorely needs streamlining, but Mr. Cranston's dynamic performance gives it a compelling center (2:50). Neil Simon Theater, 250 West 52nd Street, 800-745-3000, allthewaybroadway.com. (Isherwood)

'Beautiful: The Carole King Musical' This friendly, formulaic jukebox show about the New York-born singer-songwriter might as well be called ''Brooklyn Girl,'' so closely does it adhere to the template of the megahit ''Jersey Boys'' (about the Four Seasons). Jessie Mueller, though, is extraordinary as Ms. King, making us feel the connection between a singer and her songs (2:25). Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Ben Brantley)

'The Bridges of Madison County' As a questioning farmer's wife who briefly discovers a love with all the answers, Kelli O'Hara brings a rich and varied topography to what might have been strictly flat corn country. Adapted from Robert James Waller's best-selling novel, this musical features a sumptuous score by Jason Robert Brown and a lust-worthy leading man in Steven Pasquale (2:30). Gerald Schoenfeld Theater, 236 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Bullets Over Broadway: The Musical' This occasionally funny but mostly just loud adaptation of Woody Allen's 1994 film, directed by Susan Stroman, features a score of 1920s standards and esoterica. If watching the movie was like being gently tickled into a state of hysteria, this musical version feels more like being head-butted by linebackers. Make that linebackers in blinding sequins (2:30). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Casa Valentina' A gentle magic whispers amid the speechifying of Harvey Fierstein's prolix play about cross-dressing in the Catskills in the early 1960s. Directed with ripples of beauty by Joe Mantello, and featuring a first-rate cast, this production has the heaviness of an old-fashioned message drama. But it captures the blessed consummation that occurs for ordinary men transformed into women (2:15). Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'The Cripple of Inishmaan' Michael Grandage's splendid production of Martin McDonagh's dark comedy from 1996 is a ringing testament to the talents of everyone involved. That includes its star, Daniel Radcliffe, who plays a misshapen boy from rural Ireland with Hollywood dreams; an unimpeachable ensemble; and, most important, Mr. McDonagh, whose spellbinding narrative powers have seldom been so alluringly displayed (2:20). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, 212-239-6200, crippleofinishmaan.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder' Playing eight different victims of a sweet-faced killer (Bryce Pinkham) in Edwardian England, Jefferson Mays sings, dances, prances and generally makes infectious merriment in this daffy, ingenious new musical. Written with real wit by Robert L. Freedman and Steven Lutvak, the show has been stylishly directed by Darko Tresnjak (2:20). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Hedwig and the Angry Inch' Though he plays an ''internationally ignored song stylist'' of undefinable gender in John Cameron Mitchell and Stephen Trask's 1998 rock musical, Neil Patrick Harris is in full command of what he becomes here. That's a bona fide Broadway star, who can rule an audience with the blink of a sequined eyelid. Michael Mayer directed this mightily entertaining exercise in crowd control (1:30). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'If/Then' This new musical from Tom Kitt and Brian Yorkey (''Next to Normal'') is a gleaming drawing board of a show, full of polished surfaces and clearly drawn lines. The shiny-voiced Idina Menzel portrays a conflicted urban planner pondering two different roads her life might have taken. The show feels less like a variation on a theme, than a dogged reiteration of it (2:35). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, 877-250-2929, ifthenthemusical.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Lady Day at Emerson's Bar and Grill' Audra McDonald scales her lustrous soprano down to jazz-soloist size to portray the great Billie Holiday in this concert-cum-solo-play by Lanie Robertson. Ms. McDonald's terrific performance moves beyond mimicry to become a haunting portrait of a troubled artist who could only find equilibrium in her life when she lost herself in her music (1:30). Circle in the Square, 235 West 50th Street, 212-239-620, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Les Misérables' It's back -- again. Capitalizing on the popular movie, Claude-Michel Schönberg and Alain Boublil's musical about the French fellow who steals a loaf of bread and lives to regret it storms Broadway in a new production. Ramin Karimloo, as the long-suffering bread-stealer, and Will Swenson, as his relentless foe, Javert, give sterling performances (2:50). Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Mothers and Sons' In this impeccably acted production about the legacy of AIDS, Terrence McNally uses the old-fashioned form of the drawing room drama to take pulse of a gay American subculture. It doesn't avoid the stasis of most debate plays. But it features affecting moments from Frederick Weller, Bobby Steggert and the formidable Tyne Daly (1:30). John Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Of Mice and Men' In Anna D. Shapiro's respectable, respectful and generally inert revival of John Steinbeck's classic portrait of a friendship, James Franco and Chris O'Dowd are the immortal itinerant farmhands George and Lenny. These two undeniably talented screen stars here wear their archetypes like armor. The competent cast includes Leighton Meester as the woman who destroys their lives (2:20). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Raisin in the Sun' Despite the presence of a movie megastar, Denzel Washington, in a central role, Kenny Leon's disarmingly relaxed revival of Lorraine Hansberry's epochal drama has a welcome egalitarianism. This engrossingly acted ensemble piece makes us newly aware of one family's dynamics. The very good cast also includes LaTanya Richardson Jackson, Anika Noni Rose and Sophie Okonedo (2:40). Ethel Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, 212-239-6200, raisinbroadway.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'The Realistic Joneses' Plays as moving and funny, as wonderful and weird as Will Eno's meditation on the confounding business of being alive (and contemplating mortality) do not come along often on Broadway. Or ever. Sam Gold directs a flawless cast: Toni Collette, Michael C. Hall, Tracy Letts and Marisa Tomei (1:30). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Rocky' The final 16 minutes of this adaptation of the 1976 movie -- about a schlemiel who coulda been a contender -- are terrific. That's when the climactic boxing match occurs, and it's a hell of a fight. Otherwise, this sluggish show's sensibility isn't just underdog; it's hangdog. Alex Timbers directs a cast that includes the valiant and appealing Andy Karl (2:20). Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th Street, 212-239-6200, rockybroadway.com. (Brantley)

'The Velocity of Autumn' The great Estelle Parsons breathes comic life into Eric Coble's low-key but likable two-character play about an embattled 79-year-old painter who threatens to blow up her brownstone if her children insist on her leaving it. Stephen Spinella plays the son called in to calm the waters (1:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Violet' This terrific, heart-stirring revival of Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley's musical follows a young woman from the South who hopes a faith healer can cure the facial scar that has blighted her adolescence. Sutton Foster gives a moving, career-redefining performance in the title role, with nary a tap shoe in sight (1:45). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, 212-719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

'Annapurna' In Sharr White's two-hander, Megan Mullally and Nick Offerman portray a long-divorced couple suddenly reunited when she shows up at his trailer in the mountains of Colorado wanting to rehash their troubled marital history. Engaging performances cannot quite mask the play's resemblance to a scruffier version of a Lifetime television movie (1:30). Acorn Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, thenewgroup.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Bayside! The Musical' Attending this bawdy, ridiculous, unauthorized parody of the harebrained sitcom ''Saved by the Bell'' is a bit like going to a midnight screening of ''The Rocky Horror Picture Show,'' given the many inside jokes and synchronized audience responses. Audience members know the material so well because half the humor comes from merely reproducing every ludicrous plot twist and trope from the TV show (including Zack's giant cellphone, Becky the Duck and other allusions that will be familiar to longtime fans). The other half of the humor is just good-old fashioned raunch, usually playing up the horrifying ways to reinterpret a squeaky-clean children's show (2:00). Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, 212-388-0388, baysidethemusical.com. (Catherine Rampell)

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

&#x2605; 'Buyer & Cellar' Jonathan Tolins has concocted an irresistible one-man play from the most peculiar of fictitious premises -- an underemployed Los Angeles actor goes to work in Barbra Streisand's basement -- allowing the playwright to ruminate with delicious wit and perspicacity on the solitude of celebrity, the love-hate attraction between gay men and divas, and the melancholy that lurks beneath narcissism. Stephen Brackett directs this seriously funny slice of absurdist whimsy (1:30). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, West Village, 212-868-4444, smarttix.com. (David Rooney)

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

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

&#x2605; '50 Shades! The Musical' When it comes to potential for satire, E. L. James's she-porn best seller ''50 Shades of Grey'' seems as easy a target as you could shake a sex toy at. That said, this exuberant takeoff handily delivers the goods, barreling along with a score steeped in show tunes, R&B, gospel, Gilbert and Sullivan, and lyrics packed with references to various practices and orifices. ''This is real life; this isn't a book,'' says Ana, the show's heroine, to her tycoon suitor. ''If it was, it would be terrible.'' It certainly would. But ''50 Shades!'' is a musical parody, and a very entertaining one (1:30). Elektra Theater, 300 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-352-3101, 50shadesthemusical.com. (Andy Webster)

'Heathers: The Musical' Kevin Murphy and Laurence O'Keefe's rowdy guilty-pleasure musical isn't as mordant as the 1988 cult movie that inspired it. But in scaling up the grotesqueness, this sardonically grisly high-school revenge comedy puts a genial, guilt-quelling distance between its onstage mayhem and its audience. The excellent Barrett Wilbert Weed plays the ambivalent heroine (2:10). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, heathersthemusical.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'The Heir Apparent' David Ives's scintillating, exuberantly bawdy adaptation of a rarely seen play by Jean-François Regnard receives a stylish, endlessly entertaining production from John Rando. Carson Elrod shines as a wily servant scrambling to secure an inheritance for his master from an ailing miser, played with exuberant repulsiveness by Paxton Whitehead. It's a hoot from start to finish (2:15). Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, 212-352-3101, classicstage.org. (Isherwood)

'Holy Land' In its opening scenes, this drama by the Algerian writer Mohamed Kacimi, set in disputed territories, suggests how ordinary people might make sense of such extraordinarily brutal circumstances. But soon incident and symbol pile on and the play's themes grow crushingly obvious as the script subs in tawdry violence for trenchant thought (1:10). Here, 145 Avenue of the Americas, at Dominick Street, South Village, 212-352-3101, here.org. (Soloski)

'iLuminate' More spectacle than story, ''iLuminate'' offers technology as its most dazzling star. Conceived, produced and directed by Miral Kotb, a former software engineer, the show employs about a dozen talented, indefatigable young actor-dancers, encased in black suits wired with digitally controlled lights. Performing in total darkness to a score combining hip-hop, jazz and classical influences, they portray the tale of an artist whose magic paintbrush is stolen for evil ends. Much of the action is like a neon comic book, but it does have its magic moments (:55). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, iluminate.com. (Laurel Graeber)

&#x2605; 'King Lear' In Arin Arbus's thoughtful and affecting production, Shakespeare's most daunting play lowers its voice, the better to be heard more clearly. Starring Michael Pennington in a delicate portrait of the title monarch, Ms. Arbus's ''Lear'' tones down the bluster, and makes it clear that this portrait of majesty undone is as much a heart-wrenching domestic drama as an epic tragedy (3:05). Polonsky Shakespeare Center, 262 Ashland Place, between Lafayette Avenue and Fulton Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 866-811-4111, tfana.org. (Brantley)

'The Most Deserving' Catherine Trieschmann's frisky but inconsequential comedy about a kerfuffle in Kansas over an arts grant features the distinctive comic actress Veanne Cox, who leads a fine cast. But the play's contrivances are hard to ignore (1:30). City Center, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, 212-581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' After a successful run at Second Stage Uptown, this show is now at another Off Broadway space, New World Stages. In this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair, a virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'The Mystery of Irma Vep' In this Charles Ludlam play, revived by Red Bull Theater, two stalwart actors (Arnie Burton and Robert Sella) shift gowns, trousers, fezzes and the occasional wooden leg faster than laws of space and time would seem to permit. Though their repartee seems regulated and practiced, a scene set in an Egyptian tomb achieves divine lunacy (2:00). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, 212-352-3101, redbulltheater.com. (Soloski)

'Our God's Brother' The Storm Theater and Blackfriars Repertory Theater celebrate Karol Wojtyla, later known as Pope John Paul II, with a revival of his 1949 drama concerning Adam Chmielowski (Jed Peterson), a Polish religious brother. Though the play offers a series of sensitive moral arguments, it is more adept at philosophical inquiry than theatrical force (1:30). Theater of the Church of Notre Dame, 405 West 114th Street, Morningside Heights, 212-868-4444, stormtheatre.com. (Soloski)

&#x2605; 'Satchmo at the Waldorf' John Douglas Thompson does a remarkable job impersonating the aging Louis Armstrong in this one-man show, written by The Wall Street Journal's drama critic, Terry Teachout. While Armstrong's reminiscences cover the bases of his life, the show is most interesting in its examination of the racial and generational divides this jazz giant straddled. Two other portraits, ably conveyed by Mr. Thompson, also loom large: Armstrong's longtime manager, Joe Glaser, and the towering trumpeter Miles Davis (1:30). Westside Theater, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Webster)

'Sex Tips for Straight Women From a Gay Man' Matt Murphy's one-act is a blend of a bachelorette party at Chippendales and the embarrassing midnight show at some tourist trap in Pigalle. It has a talented cast, but it is no ''Queer Eye'' (1:20). 777 Theater, 777 Eighth Avenue, at 47th Street, Manhattan, 888-841-4111, sextipsplay.com. (Gates)

'La Soirée' The side show meets the big top in this naughty hybrid of burlesque and circus, featuring performers like the comic chanteuse Meow Meow and a waterlogged hunk taking a very gymnastic bath (2:00). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, 800-653-8000, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

'The Threepenny Opera' Martha Clarke's pretty-looking but pallid production of this Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill music drama lacks bite, despite a sterling cast, including F. Murray Abraham as Mr. Peachum and Laura Osnes (who sings beautifully) as his daughter, Polly (2:05). Linda Gross Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 866-811-4111, atlantictheater.org. (Isherwood)

'Your Mother's Copy of the Kama Sutra' An odd title for an odd play by Kirk Lynn about various forms of intimacy, sexual and otherwise. A couple (Zoë Sophia Garcia and Chris Stack) decide to re-enact each other's sexual history before they get married (2:10). Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Isherwood)

Off Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'The Mysteries' Ed Sylvanus Iskandar, a savvy and ambitious young director, has commissioned more than 40 playwrights to condense the Old and New Testaments into a five-and-a-half hour event, both gratifying and grueling. An enthusiastic 53-member cast works from the first light to the Last Judgment, with a vegan meal served in between (5:30). Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, 866-811-4100, theflea.org. (Soloski)

'Thank You for Being a Friend' This shrill, frantic musical drag parody of ''The Golden Girls'' -- one of the best-written and -acted sitcoms of the 1980s and '90s -- is so raunchy, overwrought and redolent with misogyny, it would be hard to call it affectionate (1:30). Laurie Beechman Theater, inside the West Bank Cafe, 407 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-352-3101, SpinCycleNYC.com. (Webster)

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

Extravaganzas

'Amaluna' Written and directed by the Tony-winning Diane Paulus (''Pippin''), this latest Cirque du Soleil extravaganza is based ever so vaguely on ''The Tempest,'' with a twist: the magical island is ruled by women. While the display of female strength (as in biceps and triceps and quads, oh my) is a lovely thing, the show is just another giant machine of a spectacle (2:30). Citi Field, Parking Lot C, 126th Street and Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing, Queens, 800-450-1480, cirquedusoleil.com/amaluna. (La Rocco)

'Queen of the Night' The latest and most lavish of this city's immersive theater experiments includes cocktails, a meal and a circus-style floor show, in addition to any number of possible intimate, eroticism-tinged (but PG-13) encounters with the comely young cast members. The show is not for the social anxiety-prone, but full of gaudy spectacle, with a fin-de-Bloomberg-era vibe (2:45). Diamond Horseshoe at the Paramount Hotel, 235 West 46th Street, Manhattan, 866-811-4111, queenofthenightnyc.com. (Isherwood)

Long-Running Shows

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Doña Flor y Sus Dos Maridos' A Spanish-language adaptation (''Doña Flor and Her Two Husbands,'' in English) of Jorge Amado's novel, a sex farce with the clarity and logic of a folk tale and the spirit of a party (1:40). Repertorio Español at Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 East 27th Street, 212-225-9920, repertorioespanol.com.

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

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

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

'Kinky Boots' These boots are made for dancin' (and stompin' out bigotry) (2:20). Al Hirschfeld Theater, 302 West 45th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, 800-432-7259, telecharge.com.

'Matilda the Musical' The children's revolution, per Roald Dahl (2:35). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Motown: The Musical' A dramatically slapdash but musically vibrant joy ride through the glory days of the Detroit music label founded by Berry Gordy (2:40). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, 877-250-2929, ticketmaster.com.

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

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

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

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

'Pippin' Making love and war, with music, under the big top (2:35). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

'Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella' The ultimate makeover story, restyled for a red-carpet age (2:20). Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

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

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

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

Last Chance

'Adoration of the Old Woman' (closes on Sunday) Directed by Patricia McGregor, José Rivera's drama uses the micro (family ghosts, turbulent love triangles) to explore the macro (Puerto Rico's future), but the layers never quite stack up to a sufficiently complex world (2:00). Intar Theater, 500 West 52nd Street, Clinton, 212-352-3101, intartheatre.org. (La Rocco)

&#x2605; 'Isolde' (closes on Saturday) This smashing new play about a romantic triangle, from the experimental auteur Richard Maxwell, takes place, more or less, in a drawing room. But working with a highly disciplined cast of four, Mr. Maxwell encourages us to see a hoary theatrical form with X-ray eyes -- to look for the plasterboard behind the wallpaper and the skull beneath the skin (1:25). Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand Street, at Pitt Street, Lower East Side, 212-352-3101, abronsartscenter.org. (Brantley)

'The Library' (closes on Sunday) Making his debut on the New York stage, the film director Steven Soderbergh floods the opening minutes of Scott Z. Burns's new play, about a high school massacre, with toxic dread. Unfortunately, what follows has such bluntness that the audience stays well ahead of the script. The young movie star Chloë Grace Moretz is terrific as an injured, guilt-plagued student (1:30). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, 212-967-7555, publictheater.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'London Wall' (closes on Saturday) John van Druten's lively 1931 office comedy is a provocative, socially conscious bit of fun that never made it to Broadway, even in an era when many of his plays did. Watching Davis McCallum's brisk, pitch-perfect production feels like stumbling across a lost film classic by Howard Hawks: How did this fresh and fizzy thing fall into obscurity (2:30)? Mint Theater, 311 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 866-811-4111, minttheater.org. (Collins-Hughes)

'The Norwegians' (closes on Sunday) There is every chance that C. Denby Swanson wrote this odd, dark, profane comedy -- about really sweet Scandinavian hit men in Minnesota and the young women who hire them -- after falling asleep during ''Fargo.'' But this low-budget guilty pleasure delivers solid laughs while making fun (in mostly nice ways) of various ethnicities and American states (1:30). Drilling Company Theater, 236 West 78th Street, 212-868-4444, smarttix.com. (Gates)

'A Respectable Widow Takes to Vulgarity' and 'Clean' (closes on Sunday) The Traverse Theater Company of Edinburgh presents this brisk double bill, directed by Orla O'Loughlin, as part of the Brits Off Broadway festival. An errant crudity is the catalyst for friendship between a coarse young ***working-class*** man and his late employer's widow in ''A Respectable Widow Takes to Vulgarity,'' Douglas Maxwell's sneakily thoughtful comedy of manners. Less successful is Sabrina Mahfouz's ''Clean,'' a curiously static crime caper, in which three London women team up to steal a computer chip (1:50). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, 212-279-4200, 59e59.org. (Collins-Hughes)

'Tales From Red Vienna' (closes on Sunday) David Grimm's play, about a gentlewoman (Nina Arianda) forced to work as a prostitute, is not only set in 1920, but it also feels like a throwback to that era, in which melodramas showed good women in hard times suffering fates worse than death. Ms. Arianda, so compelling in ''Venus in Fur,'' is out of her element (2:25). Manhattan Theater Club at City Center Stage I, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, 212-581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Brantley)

'Ubu Sings Ubu' If feeling a stranger's bare buttocks pressed into your upper back is more than you're willing to risk for an evening of theater, think carefully before deciding to see this show, starring Tony Torn and the performance artist Julie Atlas Muz. But do consider it. Loud, inspired and more than a little deranged, it mixes Alfred Jarry's scatological ''Ubu Roi'' with songs written by the experimental rock band Pere Ubu. And it works (1:30). Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand Street, at Pitt Street, Lower East Side, 212-352-3101, abronsartscenter.org. (Collins-Hughes)

'The World Is Round' (closes on Wednesday) Ripe Time offers a tender and sassy adaptation of Gertrude Stein's opaque children's book that centers on Rose, an assertive 9-year-old given to existential maundering. The cast is excellent, the choreography striking, the music buoyant and eclectic. So there are marvels all around, but something of a hollow in the middle. Fishman Space, Fisher Building, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 321 Ashland Place, near Lafayette Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 718-636-4100, bam.org. (Soloski)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/25/theater/theater-listings-for-april-25-may-1.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/25/theater/theater-listings-for-april-25-may-1.html)

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**Dateline:** SHEBOYGAN, Wis.

**Body**

SUMMER is nigh. The season of backyard barbecues and lakeside cookouts is at hand, which in most parts of the country means an orgy of grilled steaks, hamburgers and hot dogs lasting until Labor Day and beyond.

But not in Wisconsin, and certainly not in Sheboygan, a well-kept little city of 51,000 on Lake Michigan, about an hour's drive north of Milwaukee. This is the capital of the kingdom of bratwurst. A brat -- the name rhymes with pot, not with pat -- is a pork or pork-and-beef sausage, spicier and stubbier than a hot dog. In Sheboygan, at least, it is also an object of veneration, taken as seriously as a lock of some medieval saint's hair.

"When it comes to the manufacture, preparation, serving and ingestion of brats, we are right," says Sheboygan Brats, or Come Fry with Me, a leaflet published by the local convention and visitors bureau. "We are in first place. There is no second."

No self-respecting restaurant here, whether humble hole in the wall or soigne supper club, can make do without a proper charcoal grill, because the bratwurst catechism specifies that the stout little sausage must be grilled over charcoal, not boiled or fried or sizzled on a stove top griddle.

No civic, charitable, religious, educational or sporting fund-raiser, not even in midwinter, is complete without a brat fry, which has nothing to do with frying and everything to do with grilling. They know their sausages here, but they sometimes have a little trouble with culinary terminology.

A few old-fashioned butchers and markets in and near Sheboygan make their own brats. Most add salt, pepper and nutmeg to the ground meat that is stuffed into natural casings to form sausages; some use mace, garlic, sage or ginger. But the little guys have been eclipsed in volume, if not quality, by Johnsonville Foods, now partly owned by Sara Lee. The enormous Johnsonville factory, rising from the farmland west of here like an auto assembly plant, cranks out millions of brats a year and sells them nationwide.

Once cooked, a Sheboygan brat must be served on a split hard roll called a semmel, which is rugged enough to hang together under attack from the torrents of savory juice released when you bite into it. The classic accompaniments are brown mustard, preferably coarsely ground; dill pickle slices, ketchup and raw onions, though some nonconformists opt for relish or sauerkraut.

"A few people do that, I suppose," said Charles K. Miesfeld III, a fourth-generation bratwurst manufacturer, with the air of a priest discussing a wayward parishioner. "But it's not traditional, not the Sheboygan way." Even worse: at Milwaukee Brewers baseball home games at Miller Field, and at tailgate brat fries before Green Bay Packers football games at Lambeau Field, brats are often served, not on semmel rolls but on brat buns, which are downsized versions of squishy hot dog rolls.

"What can you expect?" Mr. Miesfeld asked me when I brought this schism to his attention. "You're in Milwaukee and Green Bay, not Sheboygan."

Since this is Wisconsin, the dairy state par excellence, the cut sides of the rolls are slathered with plenty of butter before the sausage is inserted. And since the German-Americans who dominate the local population are big eaters, two bratwursts are usually squeezed into one roll, side by side.

"A double with the works, that's what I always have," said Mr. Miesfeld, 44. "A double, then you pop a cholesterol pill. It's a mortal sin here if you order a single."

Personally, I'd hold the ketchup, if I weren't afraid the Wisconsin condiment cops would nab me for heresy.

Bratwurst -- generally a fresh sausage, neither smoked nor cured -- originated in southern Germany, in what are now the lander or states of Bavaria and Thuringia. Each region or city had its own specialty, and many still do. Coburg bratwurst, traditionally grilled over a fire fueled by pine cones, were known as early as 1530. Thuringer bratwurst are usually made of veal but sometimes contain pork. Regensburg bratwurst, roughly the size of your ring finger, are still served at the Historical Sausage Kitchen, a smoky little joint, founded in 1309, which stands along the Danube near an ancient stone bridge.

My wife, Betsey, ate a dozen or so regensburgers, cooked over an open beechwood charcoal fire and lined up with Teutonic precision on a paper plate, when we visited the historical kitchen some years ago. She begged for more. "I was cold," she later explained, piteously.

The most famous German brats are probably those of Nuremberg. A little smaller than regensburgers -- the size of your little finger, maybe -- these are made from neck or shoulder of pork, seasoned with marjoram, cooked over a wood fire and traditionally served on a pewter plate with sauerkraut, asparagus or potato salad. Six make a snack, they say, 14 a dandy lunch.

According to local legend, nurnbergers are as slim as they are because they were illicitly passed through the keyholes of taverns after closing time.

My guess is that Sheboygan bratwurst are descendants of Nurnberg bratwurst, although they are much bigger -- about six inches long and more than an inch in diameter. (Everything seems to grow when it crosses the Atlantic from east to west.) But this is no more than a hunch, I admit.

The local convention and visitors bureau, so good on most wurst questions, speaks less authoritatively on the matter of antecedents. The Germans who settled this region in the early to middle 19th century, the bureau says, substituted pork for veal in their brat recipes because they had more pigs than cattle. But why was that? Cattle were already plentiful in the United States, and as the passage of time has shown, Wisconsin is fine cow country.

Mr. Miesfeld has another explanation. His father and grandfather used a mixture of pork and veal, he said, but veal became too expensive in the 20th century and they went over to pork or pork mixed with beef.

Willy Ruef, 64, a master butcher from the Swiss capital city, Bern, who operates a meat market in New Glarus in the southern part of the state, still makes his bratwurst with veal. True, they cost more than pork brats, but New Glarus continues to attract immigrants from Switzerland, and they and his other customers are apparently glad to pay more for authenticity.

Usinger's, the famous Milwaukee sausage house, founded in 1880, makes fresh, mottled-red bratwurst with coarse-ground pork, corn syrup, lemon juice, salt and spices. It also makes a precooked version of that sausage as well as precooked brats stuffed with pork and veal. Both are popular with people like tailgaters, who can't take the time, or don't have the facilities, to parboil their brats before slapping them on the grill. Parboiling in water or beer or even beer and onions, which is de rigueur in Milwaukee, reduces the risk of sausage casings bursting over the coals.

"If that happens, you lose the juices and most of the flavor," said Jill Shibilski, a 15-year veteran behind the handsome old marble counters in Usinger's downtown Milwaukee shop. "And remember, never poke them with a fork, for the same reason. Turn them with tongs, or your fingers."

(Usinger's made the hot dogs, or frankfurters, as the firm prefers to call them, for the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. Sausage-starved souls stranded far from Wisconsin can order their brats, dogs and scores of other delicious sausages by telephone, (800) 558-9998; fax, (414) 291-5277; or on the Internet, [*www.usinger.com.)*](http://www.usinger.com.))

True sons of Sheboygan view parboiling as foolishness. They acknowledge the danger of exploding brats, certainly, but they insist that the way to guard against it is to cook the sausages slowly, for 20 minutes or more, a respectful distance from coals that have subsided from red to gray-white.

Traditionalist that he is, Mr. Miesfeld vigorously espouses that view. But he is a canny businessman as well, and his Triangle Market caters to every taste, no matter how perverse. In addition to his classic Grand Champion Bratwurst, customers can choose 19 other kinds of brats, including all-beef, no-salt, chicken, turkey, garlic, garlic and onion, cheese, jalapeno, Cajun, chili and Italian. What? Italian brats? Can bratwurst pizza be far behind?

Betsey and I got some inkling of Mr. Miesfeld's virtuosity as a sausagemaker at the Horse and Plow pub of the American Club, a handsome inn in the nearby village of Kohler. The grilled-sausage sampler there included a garlic brat, an apricot and Dijon brat, which tasted a lot better than it sounds, and a spicy, Slovenian-style sausage called a kranski, all from the House of Miesfeld, plus a mound of warm, vinegar-laced, bacon-dotted potato salad.

A towering glass of malty, amber-hued Maibock beer, a seasonal specialty from the Capital Brewery in Madison, did for the sausages what a bottle of good, flinty Chablis does for a plate of oysters. Only Miller remains of the many megabreweries that once graced Milwaukee, but dozens of small outfits have sprung up all over the state, producing beers of many varieties.

Everyone we talked to said the best semmel rolls come from City Bakery, and when we popped in for a visit, the young woman working behind the display cases, Kim Bannier, told us why: it has the only hearth oven in town. The rolls, about the size of a hamburger bun, are formed by hand, placed on a board dusted with cornmeal to rise, tapped with a stick to make the traditional crease in the top, then eased onto the oven's brick floor. The method, which produces a thin, notably crispy crust, has changed not an iota since 1937.

By now we had a passable working knowledge of brat and bun.

But we longed to set aside our table manners, to say nothing of our limited dignity, and sample the primal brat experience: smoky sausage and crusty semmel crumbling together in the mouth, condiments merging into a single slithery sharpness and buttery juices dribbling down the shirt.

We got our wish at Terry's Diner, a no-frills establishment housed in a battered concrete-block building in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on Sheboygan's south side. Settling ourselves on a couple of stools and sipping Diet Cokes -- an exercise in futility if I ever saw one -- we watched the laconic grill man move the brats around an ancient charcoal grill that must have been there since the place opened in 1939.

Why, I inquired, didn't he use tongs, to protect his fingers?

"I was born and raised in Sheboygan," he answered, "and the only way I ever learned to cook brats is using my hands. You have to squeeze them. When they're soft they're not done. When they firm up, they are."

He knows his business. With our appetites stimulated by the sweet, fatty smoke coming from the grill, we tore into the sandwiches as soon as they appeared on the counter before us, wrapped in parchment paper, bereft of plate. Bingo. Best in show.

At Terry's the brats come side by side on the roll, but at our next stop, the Charcoal Inn North, an immaculate little cube of a restaurant with lace curtains, they are split and flattened before grilling, then served one atop the other. That method yielded slightly less juicy sausages, but it produced crunchy bits at the edges of the brats. A fair exchange, we thought, though we preferred the spicier flavor of the sausages at Terry's.

Bob Lauer, owner of the Hoffbrau, a wood-paneled supper club decorated with lots of sporting memorabilia, had a trick that lent his brats (and New York strip steaks) the flavor of wood smoke. Disdaining charcoal briquettes because he thought they sometimes gave food an oily taste, he used only natural hickory lump charcoal from Cedar Grove, Wis., containing no chemicals. Though the Hoffbrau is no more, the knockout flavor of its brats is remembered by many (including the two of us).

But no matter where we went, no matter whether the bratwurst was slightly or intensely smoky, filled with finely or chunkily ground meat, mild or spicy, one ratio remained constant: each sandwich required a minimum of six large paper napkins for the postprandial cleanup.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: NOT FOR THE DAINTY -- Above, Kristin Dewar, owner of Terry's Diner in Sheboygan, Wis., with her bratwurst lunch. Far left, a grill like the one at Terry's Diner is essential for bratwurst purists. Left, Jill Shibilski, the store manager at Usinger's, a Milwaukee institution. (Photographs by Morry Gesh for The New York Times)(pg. F11); HALF A CLASSIC -- A bratwurst at Terry's. The regulars eat two. (Morry Gash for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

**Load-Date:** June 5, 2002

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[***THE POP LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F640-000B-Y212-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 12, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 23, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1431 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

DURING the worst weeks of the inner-city rioting that flared up in Britain last month, that country's number one single was ''Ghost Town,'' an eerily prophetic song by the Specials. ''Why must the youth fight against themselves?'' the Specials asked, and they provided an answer: ''Government leaving the youth on the shelf. No job to be found in this country / Can't go on no more, people getting angry / This town is coming like a ghost town.'' (Plangent Visions Music, Ascap).

Tonight, the Specials are playing at the Dr Pepper Festival on Pier 84, 12th Avenue and 46th Street. They flew into town earlier this week to finish planning a brief American tour that will take them across the country to Los Angeles and back again for a second New York performance at the Ritz on Tuesday, Aug. 25. On Monday, the three of them (there are seven in all) sat down to talk. ''When we recorded 'Ghost Town,' we were talking about last year's riots in Bristol and Brixton,'' said Terry Hall, one of the group's lead vocalists. ''The fact that it became popular when it did was just a weird coincidence.''

The Pop Life reviews the Specials, and other rock groups and recordings

Nevertheless, the Specials, a multiracial band that has played numerous benefit concerts for antiracist and antinuclear organizations and recently performed in Britain to aid the Right to Work march protesting unemployment, have always been a cause-oriented group. ''Because we are multiracial, we want to see people live together the same way we work on our music,'' said Lynval Golding, the group's black rhythm guitarist and vocalist. ''Issues like racism and unemployment can't be pushed aside. One reason we aided the Right to Work march was that one in ten people in Britain are unemployed now, which is a lot of people, if you think about it. Most of the Specials are from ***working-class*** backgrounds. I know if I didn't have this job to do, I'd probably have been out there doing what those kids were doing during the rioting. You can't blame them for rebelling against the system, because it's the system that has caused the unemployment.''

'They Aren't Helping Anybody'

''Our government leaders aren't interested in knowing the way people feel,'' Mr. Hall added. ''If they were, they'd just resign, because they aren't helping anybody. The kids can't go to the Prime Minister and say, look, 'We are unemployed, what are you going to do to help us?' There's no way they can approach people like that. So they express themselves by smashing things up.''

Neville Staples, the Specials' black lead vocalist and most manic stage performer, joined the conversation. ''Can you imagine leaving school and just going on the dole,'' he asked, ''with no hope of getting a job? Knowing that for the next 40 or 50 years you probably aren't going to be working? That's really depressing. It's very depressing in England now, and everyone is saying there's more of this to come and worse. I'm just wondering what my kids are going to do.''

The Specials have had a stormy history. They were the first British band to popularize a new kind of rock that was heavily influenced by ska, the Jamaican pop music of the 60's. Two Tone, the record label they started as a home base for bands with similar ska-related styles and similar commitments to racial harmony, eventually lent its name to an entire movement, encompassing popular bands like The Selecter, the English Beat, and Madness. After the Specials burst on the British recording scene at the end of 1979, Two Tone music became extremely popular there, but performances by Two Tone bands sometimes drew crowds that included opposing or hostile elements - blacks and Asians on the one hand, a few neo-Fascists on the other. Several Specials concerts were interrupted by shouts of ''Sieg Heil'' and Nazi salutes, and on more than one occasion, members of the band waded into the crowd to eject hecklers from the premises.

A Second U.S. Tour

After more than a year of almost nonstop touring, including a swing through the United States in early 1980 that resulted in remarkably vivid and energizing performances at new-wave clubs like New York's now-defunct Hurrah, the Specials decided to take a vacation. They returned to action recently with their single ''Ghost Town,'' which included an antiracist song by Lynval Golding and a bittersweet partying tune by Terry Hall on its flip side. They also played some benefits before beginning their long-delayed second United States tour, which comes almost a year after the release here by Chrysalis records of their second album, ''More Specials.''

The British music press has been spreading rumors of a Specials breakup recently, but Terry Hall put these rumors in perspective. ''We've all been writing songs that might go on a third Specials album,'' he said, ''but right now we're thinking about Wednesday night's concert, which we've been looking forward to for a long time. When we get back to England, we'll decide what to do next. We learned long ago that planning things far in advance doesn't work for us; we have to plan things from day to day.'' That might help explain how the band managed, apparently without trying, to make a hit single that perfectly mirrored the perilous tenor of its times.

Black and British

The Specials have helped create a brand of pop music that appeals to both blacks and whites in Britain. For the most part, British pop since the advent of their Two Tone fusion has either been variations on Two Tone, white rock and popular music, or Jamaican-derived black reggae. But recently, a few of Britain's black musicians have begun to create pop that is both overtly black and overtly British, rather than black and second-generation Jamaican or some species of blackwhite fusion.

Two recent albums, Dennis Bovell's ''Brain Damage'' (British Fontana) and Linx's ''Intuition'' (Chrysalis), suggest that while this new black British pop is being pulled in several different directions - toward black American funk on the one hand, back toward the Caribbean roots of most black Britons on the other - it is also developing a strong and solid character of its own. It is British inner-city music, and surely it is no accident that it has erupted along with the country's inner-city rioting. All pop music can be seen as a process of self-definition, but in the case of Britain's new black pop, this process seems particularly self-conscious.

'Brain Damage' Album

Dennis Bovell has produced albums by various reggae musicians and by several white new-wave rock groups as well. He has recorded two albums of dub, which is Jamaican-derived instrumental reggae, under the name Blackbeard. But ''Brain Damage,'' which is available at Bonaparte on West Third Street and other shops specializing in newwave imports, is his first release under his own name. It is a double album, with one disk of dub music that is a cool, percolating delight and another disk of songs that is a revelation.

Mr. Bovell does all the singing and plays most of the instruments on the disk of songs, a feat that seems remarkable in view of the fact that no two songs are stylistically similar. ''Bettah'' is an ominous inner-city protest number set to a loping reggae rhythm, the kind of thing one might have expected from Mr. Bovell, but ''After Tonight'' is a careening rock and roll tune with New Orleans-style saxophones bleating away merrily, and ''Run Away'' sounds like a black American vocal group performance from the 1950's. ''Heaven'' is shimmering, trance-like disco-funk, and ''Our Tune'' is a lyrical pop ballad. Mr. Bovell has turned each of these numbers into a personal statement. His album suggests that Britain's emerging black pop can encompass as many idioms as the most eclectic white rock, but from an explicitly black musical perspective. It is also one of the year's most savory and unexpected recorded pleasures.

The members of Linx are much more heavily influenced by popular American funk bands like Kool and the Gang and the Commodores. Several of the songs on ''Intuition,'' their first album, have little or no British flavor, but others suggest that, as the group matures, it will manifest an increasingly individual and increasingly British personality. ''I Won't Forget'' is reggae-pop, a black answer to the white group that pioneered the style, the Police. The group's British hit, ''You're Lying,'' is set to a Trinidadian carnival rhythm, with echoes of steel drums, and the album's closing number, ''Don't Get in My Way,'' is pointedly political in its lyrics and pointedly British in its accent.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of The Specials

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[***Public Rates Bush Highly But Sees Mostly Style***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5F30-002S-X1G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1565 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Body**

Americans tend to see more style than substance in the Bush Administration's actions so far, according to a new New York Times/CBS News Poll, but they are not much bothered by that, and they give President Bush high marks for performance.

Mr. Bush's overall job rating is almost as good, at 61 percent approval and 19 percent disapproval, as it was in February, when he was still settling into the Oval Office. His predecessor, Ronald Reagan, one of the most popular Presidents in American history, left Washington with a similar high rating - 68 percent approval and 26 percent disapproval.

The country's strongest reservations about what Mr. Bush has done in his three months in office concern economic affairs. About a third of the respondents in the survey, or 35 percent, said they disapproved of the way he has dealt with the economy; 45 percent said they approved.

Mr. Bush's budget agreement with the Democratic leadership in Congress, which he hailed Friday as ''a manageable first step'' toward putting the country's fiscal house in order, was announced too late to be fully reflected in the findings of the poll, which was conducted from Thursday through Sunday.

Support in Foreign Affairs

A solid majority of the 1,412 respondents to the telephone survey, said they approved of Mr. Bush's management of foreign policy. That is the subject on which he is most often faulted by Washington insiders, for allegedly allowing American policy to drift while Mikhail S. Gorbachev and the Soviet Union seek to dominate the world stage. Only 26 percent said Mr. Bush was moving too slowly.

Nearly two thirds of those interviewed, 63 percent, said they thought Mr. Bush has a clear idea of what he wants to do as President, and almost as many, 59 percent, said they thought his Administration was methodically developing its programs rather than drifting without policies.

That may be one reason why, as was the case with President Reagan, the public did not care all that much about what many saw as a triumph of style over substance in Mr. Bush's first months. Forty-seven percent of the respondents said there had been more style; 31 percent said there had been more substance.

The poll's margin of sampling error was plus or minus three percentage points. Good News for the G.O.P. In addition to the high ratings for Mr. Bush, the poll contained another piece of good news for the Republicans, who have won seven of the last 10 Presidential elections.

Since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Republican Party has been the minority party in the United States. But there is potent evidence that is changing - not only in the figures that show how people today identify themselves in partisan terms, but also in the trend among young people, which provides a clue to tomorrow's patterns.

In 1981, after Mr. Reagan's first victory, 49 percent of the respondents to Times/CBS News polls described themselves as Democrats or said they leaned that way, and 39 percent identified with the Republicans. Four years later the figures were 47 percent and 43 percent, respectively. And now the margin has narrowed further, the three Times/CBS News polls this year show, to 46 percent and 44 percent.

The trend among those aged 18 to 29 is even more decidedly pro-Republican. Within that group, the Democrats led by 47 percent to 42 percent in 1981. But Mr. Reagan's first four years in office gave the Republicans the lead, 48 percent to 42 percent, in 1985. Mr. Reagan's second term, plus the few months of the Bush Administration, have pushed the edge to 52 percent to 38 percent. That startling change of 10 percentage points in less than a decade flies in the face of the once-conventional wisdom that the young are always more liberal than their elders.

Despite that trend, of course, the Democrats have managed to dominate the voting for governors and members of Congress, demonstrating that the much-discussed partisan realignment remains incomplete. But the party's strength is obviously ebbing because of its inability to capture the White House, with its formidable potential for persuasion.

Drugs Are No. 1 Concern

When asked which problem facing the country Mr. Bush ought to make an all-out effort to solve first, more people (18 percent) mentioned drugs than any other single issue. But 26 percent mentioned some economic issue (the economy in general, the deficit or unemployment) and 22 percent mentioned one of several social issues (homelessness, education, poverty or the elderly).

Blacks were especially likely to identify homelessness as a central problem, although it has often been cited as mainly a concern of the white middle class.

Blacks also gave Mr. Bush the highest negative rating, 59 percent, on his handling of the economy; only 29 percent approved of his performance.

People who mentioned social problems as the main issue, and to a lesser degree those who spoke of economic questions and foreign policy, tended to believe that Mr. Bush was not concentrating enough on their areas of concern. But those who named drugs as their priority expressed the judgment, by a margin of 46 percent to 41 percent, that he was working hard on it, a reflection, perhaps, of the well-publicized activities of the Federal drug ''czar,'' William J. Bennett. ''It's so early,'' Idell Patterson, a 76-year-old widow from Fort Stockton, Tex., said about the President. ''I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt, based on what he says he's doing, as I see reported on television and in the papers. But I'll lose faith fast if I continue to see an increase in crime and killing and murder. If that continues much longer, I won't think he's doing all he can.''

David Ashcraft, a 23-year-old graduate student in Columbus, Ohio, agreed with Mrs. Patterson, a conservative Republican. Like her, he thinks the President ''is rowing in the right direction'' on drugs; like her, he said he might change his mind ''if in two years we still have as many drug lords and cases of crack as we do today.''

A third respondent who was also re-interviewed after the poll, a 61-year-old truck driver from Illinois, a moderate Democrat who asked that his name be withheld, has already lost faith. His comments: ''Who is Bush kidding? He was supposed to be knocking off this drug problem when Ronnie was in there. He was the dang head of drug control then. Looks to me like it got worse.''

'Approach Is Stand-Offish'

Despite his promises of ''a kinder, gentler America,'' the President has had trouble convincing some people that he cares about the poor.

''His whole approach is stand-offish,'' complained Judy Henderson, 51, of Saginaw, Mich., the mother of six and the legal guardian of four grandchildren. ''A main reason that makes me feel he is not really interested in pulling people into the economic mainstream is that he is fighting the higher minimum wage so hard.''

''As far as I am concerned, this is now the ninth year that the Republicans have shown us that they are only for the rich man,'' added Mrs. Henderson, a 20-year employee of a large veterans' hospital. ''Bush doesn't acknowledge that the poor ***working class*** also helps support this country.''

An aspect of the Bush Administration that is getting across less well, the Times/CBS News Poll indicates, is Vice President Dan Quayle.

In the new poll, only 15 percent of the public expressed a favorable view of the young Hoosier, while 22 percent expressed an unfavorable view, 26 percent said they were undecided and 36 percent, an extraordinary figure for a national politicial figure, said they had not heard enough about Mr. Quayle to form a sound opinion.

Last November, after the Presidential election, 22 percent regarded the former Indiana Senator positively and 31 percent negatively, which suggests that Mr. Quayle's image is becoming dimmer, not stronger, among the electorate as time passes.

How the Survey Was Conducted

The latest New York Times/CBS News Poll is based on telephone interviews conducted from April 13 to 16 with 1,412 adults across the United States, excluding Alaska and Hawaii.

The sample of telephone exchanges called was selected by a computer from a complete list of exchanges in the country. The exchanges were chosen so as to assure that each region of the country was represented in proportion to its population. For each exchange, the telephone numbers were formed by random digits, thus permitting access to listed and unlisted numbers. The numbers were then screened to limit calls to residences.

The results have been weighted to take account of household size and number of household telephone lines and to adjust for variations in the sample relating to region, race, sex, age and education.

In theory, in 19 cases out of 20 the results based on such samples will differ by no more than three percentage points in either direction from what would have been obtained by seeking out all American adults.

The percentages reported are the particular results most likely to match what would be obtained by seeking out all adult Americans. Other possible percentages are progressively less likely the more they differ from the reported results.

The potential sampling error for smaller subgroups is larger. For example, for blacks it is plus or minus nine percentage points.

In addition to sampling error, the practical difficulties of conducting any survey of public opinion may introduce other sources of error into the poll.

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[***Mexican Seriously Challenging Long-Ruling Party***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V7J0-008G-F107-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1639 words

**Byline:** Cuauhtemoc Cardenas

By ANTHONY DePALMA,

By ANTHONY DePALMA,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** VILLA DE GARCIA, Mexico

**Body**

Dusty winds whipped hundreds of yellow campaign banners as local politicos worked up the crowd. Finally the presidential candidate, the man with the magic name, spoke. His flat voice and deadpan face deflated the crowd, and even the standard applause line -- "Viva Mexico!" -- was so stiff that admiring campesinos hardly realized when Cuauhtemoc Cardenas had finished his speech.

But his style has not undercut the serious challenge Mr. Cardenas is mounting to 65 years of single-party rule in Mexico.

Polling here is still suspect, but independent surveys show that there are enough undecided voters to snatch the Aug. 21 election from the governing party's equally icy front-runner, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon, a stand-in for the assassinated Luis Donaldo Colosio.

The odds may still be against him, but analysts give Mr. Cardenas a better chance of winning than any opposition candidate since 1929. This is partly because his father was the most beloved President of this century; partly because during the 1988 election, in his first run for President, he was leading at the moment when vote-counting computers mysteriously broke down; partly because so many Mexicans are fed up.

As the possibility of a change in power grows, Mr. Cardenas tries to tone down the more radical views he expressed in the last election. Sounding the same economic themes of competitiveness and productivity as Mr. Zedillo, he now tries to assure voters and investors alike that his election will not bring Mexico's economy crashing down.

"Some people say we are going to take over and nationalize everything, but this would be an absurd confrontation with society," Mr. Cardenas said during an interview on the campaign trail. "Doing so would be to lose sight of the reality of the country in this moment. It would fail politically within 24 hours."

In essence he has been running for president since the last election, building his five-year-old party, the Democratic Revolution Party, or P.R.D., into a viable political base that has won local elections throughout Mexico.

He would seem to have gotten a political boost from the recent wounds to the establishment: the turmoil of a guerrilla war, the assassination of the governing party's candidate and the darkening reputation of that party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, known as the PRI.

Yet while his support has solidified, it has not soared. Analysts say Mr. Cardenas, 60, is hurt by his wooden personality and by confusion over his ambitions. Now, in contrast to 1988, Mr. Cardenas must prove not just that he can win, but that the opposition can govern Mexico. He must convince voters and investors that he is not a socialist who would undo the North American Free Trade Agreement and re-nationalize banks.

Most of all, though, he faces anxious voters who must be persuaded that this is the time for change.

"The events of this year have touched not only the political campaigns but the very life of the nation," Mr. Cardenas said in the grave style he uses, whether campaigning or among confidants. "We are living in the last days of a political regime."

While Mr. Zedillo still holds a comfortable lead, Miguel Basanez, an independent poll taker in Mexico City, says the election is much tighter than it appears. Opinion polls by organizations influenced by the Government show Mr. Zedillo far ahead, but they exclude the substantial number of respondents -- as high as 35 percent -- who are reluctant or afraid to declare their preference.

"People who are unlikely to tell their preferences lean more toward the opposition than toward the PRI," Mr. Basanez said.

Economy May Be Key

In 1988, Mr. Cardenas officially won 31 percent, but he believes that his total was much higher. Based on projections, Mr. Basanez foresees Mr. Cardenas and Mr. Zedillo each with 38 to 42 percent of the vote in August.

"It could turn in favor of the PRI if the economy improves," Mr. Basanez said, "or if the economy deteriorates, it could be in favor of Cardenas."

The opposition candidate's name is as historic as any in Mexico. He is the son of Lazaro Cardenas, President from 1934 to 1940, a revered statesman who nationalized the oil industry and gave thousands of acres of land to peasants. He also bears the name of the last Aztec king, Cuauhtemoc, who heroically defied the conquistadores until Mexico fell in 1521. (His name is pronounced kwow-TAY-moke CAR-deh-nas.)

"From the beginning of the first campaign, I would say that people saw me as the son of General Cardenas," he said. "But that changed, and since then I think I am seen as more Cuauhtemoc than the general's son."

Smiles Are Rare

Mr. Cardenas refuses to wear any makeup during television interviews, and photographers covering him regularly angle to catch a smile, but rarely succeed. He can be painfully incapable of engaging in the kind of small talk a politician on the stump is obliged to provide.

Yet somehow his lack of slickness strikes a chord. "Cuauhtemoc! Viva Cuauhtemoc Cardenas!" screamed Nicolasa Reyes after the candidate's weighty speech in this ***working-class*** neighborhood close to the United States border.

Her enthusiasm for Mr. Cardenas so obviously eclipsed the candidate's own fire that it raised the question of why she supported him. "I want to see change," she said, "and he is change."

Change, but with a familiar face. An engineer, Mr. Cardenas has served as a Senator from the PRI and as Governor of his home state, Mi- choa-can, on the Pacific coast.

But Mr. Cardenas was often at odds with the party. He pressed his father's leftist views of government intervention while the PRI turned increasingly conservative. He broke away in 1987 and started a renegade campaign for president.

Mr. Cardenas came on very strong in the last weeks of the 1988 campaign. Many Mexicans believe that he actually defeated Carlos Salinas de Gortari but that the PRI manipulated the count to give Mr. Salinas 50 percent. Cardenas campaign signs declare, "1994 will not be 1988."

In his current platform, Mr. Cardenas promises economic growth and social equity, but as the PRI points out, he is short on specific methods. He has moved increasingly to the center, trying to convince voters that his election would not drive out investors. He has even hired a conservative American financial adviser, Christopher Whalen, to advise him on economic strategy.

Mr. Cardenas denies his positions have changed, but his current views would surprise people who heard him a few years ago. Although he argued against signing the free trade agreement as it was drafted, he now says that it should only be "revised," perhaps lengthening the time during which certain rules are imposed. He once proposed suspending payments on Mexico's foreign debt; now he says only that the debt should have been renegotiated, as President Salinas has done. He has railed against the privatization of state-owned companies, but now says such action has a place.

He has promised to announce his economic cabinet before the election to erase fears about the kind of government he has in mind. Members of his staff say none of the posts will be held by members of his own party.

Many Mexicans remain unconvinced. A popular joke has Mr. Cardenas confronting a well-to-do boy who enthusiastically supports him.

"Why do you want people to vote for me?" he asks.

"Because my father told me that if Cardenas wins, we're going to live in Orlando," the boy says.

That image is aided by PRI propaganda and by the militant wing of Mr. Cardenas's P.R.D., which seems bent on blocking highways and causing other civil disruptions that anger almost everyone. Pressure to tone down his radical image has also kept him from gaining much political advantage from the uprising in Chiapas because he could not appear to support violence as a solution.

As the election draws nearer, the contrasts between campaign styles are becoming clear. The P.R.D. is so cash-poor that campaign banners are collected after rallies so they can be used again. Mr. Cardenas cannot afford to buy television time, and he travels by commercial jet with a handful of campaign workers.

Even after the assassination of Mr. Colosio on March 23, Mr. Cardenas refuses to have bodyguards.

On the other hand, Mr. Zedillo flies in a private jet lent to him by a businessman and had invitations to a recent journalists' breakfast delivered by messenger to 65 people. He has not yet made the required public accounting of his campaign expenses, but he appears to be spending lavishly.

Mr. Cardenas's managers say he is positioned precisely where they want him to be, clearly ahead of the other opposition candidates, including Diego Fernandez de Cevallos of the conservative National Action Party. Adolfo Aguilar Zinser, an opposition campaign strategist, said that as he did in 1988, Mr. Cardenas would gain strength late in the campaign, especially from middle-class voters, students and women.

A president who wins with less than 50 percent of the votes is a real possibility. And given the widespread expectation of fraud, the days after the voting may be turbulent. The Government has already ordered 18 heavily armored crowd-control vehicles that are to be delivered before August.

The memories of "the day after" in 1988 linger. Many Mexicans then expected Mr. Cardenas to ask the army, which had been loyal to his father, to help him take the presidency by force.

"There were people who thought we should have taken the National Palace," Mr. Cardenas said. "The only thing we would have provoked by doing so would have been a massacre of who knows how many people."

Mr. Cardenas knows that he holds the key to peace this summer, but he will not commit himself beforehand to honoring the results. "I would make such a declaration today," he said, "but I don't see any willingness on the part of the state to make it so."

**Graphic**

Photos: Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, Mexico's main opposition candidate. (Wesley Bocxe/JB Pictures)(pg. A1); Cuauhtemoc Cardenas being greeting by a supporter in March in Mexico City. Despite his deadpan style, the opposition candidate is given the best chance ever of ousting the party that has governed Mexico for 65 years. (Hector Garcia/Imagen Latina)(pg. A6)

Map of Mexico showing location of Villa de Garcia. (pg. A6)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM: THE ACTOR;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2VP0-000P-N1NC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Action-Movie Hero Who Eludes the Label***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2VP0-000P-N1NC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Bruce Willis

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

EVEN BRUCE WILLIS SAYS THAT Bruce Willis is an unlikely movie star. "When I was coming up, there were guys like Robert Redford and Paul Newman and Warren Beatty -- those were movie stars," he said. "I never imagined -- " His voice trailed off. "It all got handed to me pretty quickly."

Mr. Willis was speaking several weeks ago on one of the final days of filming for a new action drama, "Mercury Rising," in which he plays a Federal agent protecting an autistic boy who has deciphered some volatile classified information. A week or so later, Mr. Willis plunged into making a megabudget action film, "Armageddon," directed by Michael Bay. In that movie he plays an oil driller who is sent via space shuttle to drill a hole in a giant meteor that's hurtling toward the earth and destroy it with a nuclear device. ("It's big, it's fun, it's a larger-than-life thing," the actor said with a laugh.)

In the meantime, his newest finished film, "The Jackal," based loosely on the 1973 movie "The Day of the Jackal," will open on Friday.

"I try not to go back to back, but who's complaining?" said Mr. Willis, who usually earns $15 million to $20 million a film and knows that any complaints would sound ludicrous. "My dad was a mechanic, a pipe fitter; he worked around the calendar every year and took two weeks off every year. Am I complaining?"

Blunt, engaging and a bit irascible, Mr. Willis, at 42, seems at the pinnacle of an unpredictable career that has been characterized by some surprisingly shrewd choices and performances. In "The Jackal," which was directed by Michael Caton-Jones, Mr. Willis plays the villain: a mysterious assassin who has been hired to eliminate a top Government official. Seeking to foil him is an imprisoned member of the Irish Republican Army (Richard Gere), who has a history with the Jackal, and the F.B.I.'s deputy director (Sidney Poitier).

Except for his part in Alan Rudolph's "Mortal Thoughts," a modest 1991 movie that also starred his wife, Demi Moore, and is one of his favorites, Mr. Willis has never played a bad guy. "I've been wanting to do it for a long time," he said, "because I always noticed that the bad guys just had more fun. Sure, you don't get the girl at the end -- you generally get killed -- but just as an actor, it seemed so much more freeing. I just wanted to take some chances."

Mr. Caton-Jones, a British director who also made "Rob Roy," 'This Boy's Life" and "Scandal," said that Mr. Willis's intensity and involvement had surprised him. "There are two sides to Bruce -- the savvy businessman who knows you have to play certain heroes, and then there's the artistic side, screaming to get out," said the director. "Of all these action-movie stars, Bruce has the most acting chops."

Over the years, Mr. Willis has had a reputation as a bad boy on the set. He insisted that this was a dated notion, and Mr. Caton-Jones said the actor behaved like few movie stars. "He would suggest cutting scenes if it moved things along," the director recalled. "He doesn't have the kind of tunnel vision that most movie stars have. He's sensitive to people on the set; he realizes if they're good, he's good. He's constantly trying to break down the barriers that his celebrity erected."

SEATED ON THE SET OF "Mercury Rising," which will be released in the spring, Mr. Willis was asked if it was weird being a movie star. He broke into laughter. "It is weird; it's very weird," he said. "Anything singular is weird. You have nothing to compare it to. It's a strange existence. It's not just the money; it's all of it."

Weird existence or not, Mr. Willis has deftly handled his movie-star career, and unlike contemporaries in the action genre like Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger he shows no sign of hitting a wall as he gets older. Sure, he starred in the hugely successful "Die Hard" films, but when it was suggested that he was known mostly as an action hero, he interrupted immediately. "What does that mean?" he said, eyes flashing. "Let's examine that. What does that mean? I'm known as an action hero because those movies made a lot of dough, but I've done all kinds of movies, all kinds, romances, comedies, dramas."

Actually, what has separated Mr. Willis from his rivals is not so much the types of films he has appeared in but his ironic style, his ***working-class*** persona and, perhaps most important, his New York theatrical training, which has helped him avoid being frozen into an acting mold. He played a haunted Vietnam veteran in the 1989 film "In Country"; then, in the early 90's, he played a gangster in "Billy Bathgate," a spoof of himself in "The Player," a meek bespectacled physician in "Death Becomes Her," a forlorn boxer in "Pulp Fiction" and a philandering contractor in Robert Benton's "Nobody's Fool." More recently he starred in two science-fiction movies: Terry Gilliam's "12 Monkeys" and Luc Besson's "Fifth Element."

He has also been in an array of poorly received films, including "The Bonfire of the Vanities," "Hudson Hawk," "The Last Boy Scout" and "Striking Distance," but he has always seemed to emerge from these relatively unscathed.

Mr. Willis was especially criticized in magazine articles for self-indulgence after the 1991 caper "Hudson Hawk": he was a co-writer of the story and the title song. Mr. Willis said that the criticism of that film didn't rankle him, but mention of the movie touched a nerve. "Did it hurt me?" Mr. Willis said. "It's in profit. Nobody's interested in that."

LIKE MANY PEOPLE IN Hollywood, even the most powerful, Mr. Willis contends that he's not thin-skinned, but criticism clearly stays with him. "The gift I got from 'Hudson Hawk,' " he said, "was that I don't expect another good review. It would be great if I got the nice press that some actors get without trying, but I don't need it."

Mr. Willis's bursts of candor, coupled with his average-guy appearance, have enhanced his persona on screen. In many ways he's a throwback to movie actors who worked successfully in the studio system, churning out one film after another. Quentin Tarantino, who directed Mr. Willis in "Pulp Fiction," once said of him: "He's the only contemporary actor who suggests the 50's. Ralph Meeker, Sterling Hayden, Robert Mitchum, Aldo Ray. Bruce has that 50's man's-man look."

Asked to describe the roles he prefers, Mr. Willis paused and said: "For whatever reason, I'm attracted to guys who are trying to work things out, guys who have problems, guys who are trying to overcome obstacles. Maybe that comes from a blue-collar background; I just don't know."

In fact Mr. Willis seems to cling to his blue-collar background, despite his wealth, his marriage to a high-profile movie actress and a life that has taken him far from his hometown, Penns Grove, N.J., near the Delaware border. He worked after high school at the nearby Du Pont chemical plant, like his father, then quit to study acting at Montclair State College.

"I had what alcoholics call the moment of clarity," he recalled. "I looked at those guys working in the plant, walking in the same steps every day, and I said, 'Not me.' As soon as I began acting in college, I felt blessed. I found a home."

During his junior year, he got a bit part in an Off Broadway play, then dropped out and moved to Hell's Kitchen to be an actor-bartender. For seven years he lived in a fifth-floor walk-up on 49th Street, working somewhat regularly off Broadway and making numerous television commercials before landing the lead role in Sam Shepard's drama "Fool for Love" in 1984.

That same year he flew to Los Angeles, to see a girlfriend, and while he was there he was sent by an agent to several television auditions, including one for "Moonlighting." Competing with 3,000 other actors, he read for the role of David Addison, opposite Cybill Shepherd's Maddie Hayes. Getting that part made Mr. Willis a star and led to his playing the engaging bad boy John McClane in the "Die Hard" movies, a character patterned after Mr. Willis himself.

These days, when they are not working, Mr. Willis and Ms. Moore spend most of their time with their three young daughters at a sprawling ranch in Hailey, Idaho, a town whose Main Street has virtually been renovated by the couple. "I don't live in L.A. because it's a pretty weird town, weird place, and I don't want to raise my kids here," he said. "Living in a small town keeps me a lot more grounded, gives me a much better perspective on what I do for a living."

His marriage to Ms. Moore, who grew up in a blue-collar home and is as self-made and self-invented as her husband, has been fodder for the tabloid photographers, whom Mr. Willis loathes. "Stalkarazzi!" he shouted. "They target my kids; they target the kids of other famous people. They sit outside your house, try to get in your house, rent the house next door."

A strong Republican, Mr. Willis is as annoyed about politics, lobbyists and taxes as he is about the paparazzi. "I pay more tax every year than five of the six counties in South Jersey pay in total," he said. "I don't agree with it." Has he ever thought of running for office? Mr. Willis laughed. "I did inhale, I took drugs, I smoked dope. They don't elect guys like that, unless they start grading on a curve."

"Besides," he added, "why would anyone want to run for any political office? I really feel sorry for Bill Clinton and his wife and his kid. The focus they put on them is unbearable."

Wouldn't being President be a lot like being a movie star? "It's worse, it's much worse," Mr. Willis said. "You know why it's worse? You don't get the dough."

**Graphic**

Photos: TOUCH OF EVIL Bruce Willis in the second bad-guy role of his career: the hired assassin in "The Jackal," which opens Friday. (Eli Reed/Universal Studios)(pg. 2); EVOKING THE 50'S Mr. Willis in the 1994 film "Pulp Fiction." (Linda R. Chen/Miramax); FATHER FIGURE Mr. Willis, left, and Miko Hughes in "Mercury Rising," which will open in the spring. (Peter Sorel/Universal Pictures)(pg. 20)

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**End of Document**



[***Suffer the Little Children - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FVS-F5R0-TW8F-G2TB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By JESSE McKINLEY

**Body**

MARTIN McDONAGH has never killed a kitten. He has never torn the wings off flies, blown up a stove or bludgeoned a woman to death with a fireplace poker. He is a pacifist, a perfectionist and, he promises, a very happy person.

''I try to be as nice as I possibly can to people,'' says Mr. McDonagh, smiling meekly. And then, after a perfectly timed pause, he adds, ''Except journalists.''

It is exactly that kind of remark -- a joke with a touch of insinuation, in this case the fact that he hasn't spoken to the press in five years -- that has made Mr. McDonagh's work shimmer since he first burst onto the theater scene nearly a decade ago.

Acclaimed by critics on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. McDonagh, now 35, remains a confounding character: a writer of enormous lyrical gifts and sometimes off-putting arrogance; a mild-mannered, soft-spoken vegetarian whose plays depict casual torture, buckets of blood and the occasional decapitation; a skinny film geek who became infamous for drunkenly scrumming with a movie star; and a self-described skeptic of the ''magic of theater'' who has nonetheless become one of the most successful and produced playwrights in the world. Add the fact that he's a born and bred Londoner who writes pitch-perfect Irish rustics, and you have a person whom even his close friends can't completely corner.

Despite his early antics, Mr. McDonagh says he's grown up now, and that his new maturity is reflected in his play ''The Pillowman,'' which opens at the Booth Theater next Sunday after a successful run at the Royal National Theater in London. (It won the 2004 Olivier Award, British theater's highest honor, for best new play.) It is his first foray on Broadway since 1999, when both ''The Beauty Queen of Leenane'' (a long-running Tony winner) and ''The Lonesome West'' (a short-lived box-office flop) were performed here.

His new play shares some elements with those predecessors -- namely Mr. McDonagh's taste for the cinematic and the shocking -- but ''The Pillowman'' is in many ways a departure, his least overtly violent play yet perhaps his most disturbing (especially for a new parent, like this writer).

Unlike his earlier, Irish work, ''The Pillowman'' is set in an unnamed totalitarian state, and tells the story of a writer, Katurian (Billy Crudup), who is brought in by two police officers (Jeff Goldblum and Zeljko Ivanek) after a series of children are murdered. The deaths mirror descriptions in Katurian's stories, including one about a woebegone creature, the Pillowman, who travels the world convincing children to kill themselves to avoid their miserable lives. The murders are not seen onstage, but the circumstances that surrounded them -- including the use of drills and starvation, and the severing of toes -- are described and often played out. Audiences scream, gasp and occasionally cry.

And it is a comedy.

''I think audiences are looking around at each other at intermission and saying, 'What just happened?''' said Michael Stuhlbarg, who plays Katurian's mentally impaired brother. ''But I think they find themselves laughing in spite of themselves.''

All of which delights Mr. McDonagh -- who has attended every rehearsal of the production in New York and most of the show's previews -- and approaches it all with a precision that borders on, well, the creepy.

''Its all mathematical to me,'' he said. ''I don't really have a sense of other people's horror, because I'm just there trying to get it right: that joke to work or that horrific moment to work. I think there's something a little bit broken in my psyche that doesn't quite allow me to see it as other people do.''

He strongly rejects mining one's own history for material. He says, in not so many words, that if you can't make up a decent story, you shouldn't be in the business of making up stories. (The power of storytelling is the theme of both ''The Pillowman'' and Mr. McDonagh's theory of theater.) But he admits to certain similarities between himself and Katurian, a writer persecuted for writing dark, violent tales. ''Like Katurian, I stayed in and wrote and that's all I did,'' said Mr. McDonagh. ''And the arrogance of Katurian, to some degree, I share with him. Or certainly I did when I was younger.''

Still, he insists, he's not using Katurian to air any deep-seated resentment. ''Growing up I never would have thought I'd have three plays on Broadway,'' he said. ''I thought my life was going to be working in supermarkets or offices.''

A ***working-class*** kid from South London, Mr. McDonagh left school at 16 after he determined that he didn't want a job ''he didn't believe in.'' But he didn't come from arty stock (his father was a laborer and his mother did odd jobs) and only began to write in earnest at about 18, after his parents had retired and returned to their native Ireland, leaving himself and his brother, also a writer, to their own devices.

He said he had only seen one play by that time -- ''American Buffalo,'' by David Mamet, still one of his favorites -- and by his own account, he was a shy loner with posters of tough guys like Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel that ''used to scare the very few girls that ever came back'' to his bedroom. Rebels like Orson Welles (who gets a nod or two in ''Pillowman'') and Terrence Malick were his heroes, as were Joe Strummer of the Clash and, later, Kurt Cobain.

He started writing radio plays, without much success. At one point he received 22 straight rejections, but he kept submitting new scripts, sometimes once a week. But his most artistically formative experiences may have come years before.

As a child, Mr. McDonagh had traveled to visit his grandparents in Sligo, in western Ireland, every summer and continued to visit his parents in Galway after they moved back. So when, ''after being rejected in every other single avenue,'' he recalls, he began writing for the stage, he let his own Irish (well, semi-Irish) voice flow out. ''I think I was using what I had gleaned from Pinter and Mamet,'' he said, of his early efforts. ''But putting that into an Irish context freed everything for me.''

What resulted was ''Beauty Queen,'' a dark comedy about a horrid mother and a long-suffering daughter in the fictional town of Leenane, which he wrote in eight days in 1995 and submitted unsolicited to the Druid Theater in Galway.

Originally produced at the Druid in early 1996, ''Beauty Queen'' electrified Irish audiences and subsequently jumped to the West End. It was the first of what would come to be the Leenane Trilogy, including ''The Lonesome West'' and ''A Skull in Connemara.'' Bathed in cartoon violence (bludgeoning, stove exploding, etc.) and sadistic, gut-busting humor, each of those plays played in London on waves of adoration. Typical was Benedict Nightingale, of The London Times, who compared ''Beauty Queen'' to J.M. Synge's ''Playboy of the Western World,'' and concluded, ''Seldom have I ever seen the venom fizzing about the stage to better dramatic effect than in Martin McDonagh's debut play.''

A year later, when ''The Cripple of Inishmaan'' joined the already running trilogy, Mr. McDonagh became the first playwright since Shakespeare to have four plays running simultaneously on the West End. He was 27.

Not that Mr. McDonagh's ego needed any help. He wasn't shy about his opinions, periodically trashing other playwrights -- David Hare was a favorite target -- and getting trashed himself. In 1996 he reached tabloid fame when he drunkenly accepted a prize for most promising playwright at the Evening Standard Awards and almost ended up in a fistfight with Sean Connery. ''I think that was partly something he created for himself, but the press in England loved to pick up on it,'' said Robert Fox, a producer of ''Pillowman,'' who met Mr. McDonagh about the time of ''Beauty Queen.''

When his plays started transferring to Broadway -- ''Beauty Queen'' landed there in 1998, ''Lonesome West'' a year later -- Mr. McDonagh says his hubris nearly devoured him.

''I didn't even have the social skills that a normal person would have, having gone to college or university, so it was just being in the deep end, with meeting people and girls and all that stuff,'' he said. ''Just having people wanting to talk to you was very strange.''

So after producing his second Irish trilogy -- ''The Cripple of Inishmaan,'' ''The Banshees of Inisheer'' and the ultraviolent ''Lieutenant of Inishmore,'' which revolves around a bit of nastiness toward a cat -- the prolific Mr. McDonagh did something he hadn't really done since he first starting first hustling his work in the early 1990's: he took a break. He traveled, sometimes to go see productions of his work, other times to simply sit on a beach.

And it was on just such a beach, in Mauritius, that Mr. McDonagh finished ''The Pillowman.'' It was a script he'd begun years ago, before all the Irish plays, by grafting some of his early Borges-inspired short stories -- including the story of the poor old Pillowman himself -- onto a Pinter-inspired plot. In the fall of 2002 he sent it to the National Theater, which produced it the following year to another round of strong reviews. (It was directed by John Crowley, who has also directed the Broadway production.)

Now that it's in New York, the man who once pooh-poohed the theater has spent hours in rehearsal polishing pauses and trimming and changing words. ''I mean, with the money people are paying, you've got to be a perfectionist,'' he said.

''HE'S quite different now,'' said Mr. Fox. ''He was very, very successful when he was very, very young. And he's incredibly talented, so that can seem like arrogance. But I think it's all very tongue in cheek.'' Nicholas Hytner, the artistic director of the Royal National, agreed, saying Mr. McDonagh is a pure professional when rehearsals begin. ''The roaring boy never comes into the rehearsal room,'' he said. ''As a colleague, he's gracious, perceptive, focused and quiet.''

Indeed, talking to Mr. McDonagh you sometimes get the feeling of talking to a mischievous kid who knows full well what he should say, and then says the opposite just to get a laugh. Asked, for example, whether he admires any current British playwrights, he smiles, rolls his eyes, cocks his head, pauses and says, ''No one.'' And then laughs and says, ''Joking, joking.'' And he is -- he had earlier praised the work of the Irishman Conor McPherson, among others.

Sarcasm and irony don't always translate well to the page, though. And he doesn't necessarily want them to. That's why he stopped giving interviews to the press about five years ago, not because he'd been misquoted, he says, but because he felt his own stories were getting in the way of his plays. But he loves New York, and didn't want to come to town this time and have people think he was being standoffish. (More colorful language was involved, but that's the basic gist.) That said, he's probably also aware that ''The Pillowman'' isn't exactly the easiest sell, since a play about child murders doesn't really scream a fun night out. ''It's been tough to market,'' said Bob Boyett, another of the show's producers. ''I think its a great black comedy, but I really like great black comedies.''

Mr. McDonagh still resists analyzing of his work, preferring to view it as mere storytelling or entertainment. He says, too, that someday he might forgo producing his work altogether -- ''Just do a J.D. Salinger thing'' -- but admits that is a little precious, as well. (Again, some vivid nomenclature has been paraphrased for our readers.)

He used to say his ultimate ambition lay in a more accessible form of storytelling -- film. ''I was reduced to going into the theater,'' he was once quoted as saying. Last year he got his chance, but it wasn't quite as rapturous experience as he expected. He shot a short film, but, he says, ''I found it quite difficult.'' And the feature he wrote, ''Suicide on Sixth Street,'' is bogged down in contract squabbles, but still due to shoot at the end of this year.

Perhaps as a result, he now seems more comfortably resigned to the storytelling powers of drama, if still dismissive of its inherent elitism. ''It's kind of weird working in an art form that's not, well ,'' he stops and starts again. ''It's strange to be working in an art form that costs $100 to participate in.''

And he is adamant, in a very man-of-the-theater kind of way, that none of his plays be turned into movies. ''It's almost like a moral issue for me,'' he said. ''If you believe in being a writer, you shouldn't do script doctoring, you shouldn't take commissions you don't believe in, because I think it dissipates your passion.''

He later adds, ''I'm happy with what can be done'' in the theater. ''It's a box to tell a story in, basically. And that's a beautiful thing.'' That happy thought lingers for a split second, but he cannot resist the better, and slightly bitter, punch line. ''But there aren't an awful lot of plays that I see that thrill me.''

'The Pillowman'

Booth Theater

222 West 45th Street, Manhattan. Opens April 10.

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

**Correction**

An article on April 3 about Martin McDonagh referred incorrectly to Leenane, where his play ''The Beauty Queen of Leenane'' is set. It is a village in western Ireland; it is not fictional. (The error also appeared in the On Stage and Off column in the Weekend section on Sept. 29, 2000.)

**Correction-Date:** April 17, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: Billy Crudup, Jeff Goldblum and Zeljko Ivanek in Martin McDonagh's play ''The Pillowman,'' which opens on Broadway after a successful run in London. (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

A confounding character: Martin McDonagh, author of ''The Pillowman,'' in previews at the Booth Theater, and the Tony-winning ''Beauty Queen of Leenane.'' (Photo by Richard Perry/The New York Times)(pg. 9)

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[***Little Caesar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40DJ-YC70-00MH-F0JR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Alan Ehrenhalt;

Alan Ehrenhalt is executive editor of Governing magazine and the author of "The United States of Ambition and "The Lost City.

By Alan Ehrenhalt;  Alan Ehrenhalt is executive editor of Governing magazine and the author of "The United States of Ambition and "The Lost City.

**Body**

AMERICAN PHARAOH

Mayor Richard J. Daley: His Battle

for Chicago and the Nation.

By Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor.

Illustrated. 614 pp. Boston:

Little, Brown & Company. $26.95.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Richard J. Daley won his sixth and last election as mayor of Chicago. His control of the city was still secure, but his national image could not have been much worse. He was widely perceived as a sleazy and intolerant autocrat, a man who stole votes and ordered the police to beat up antiwar protesters in the streets. Some of his closest political confidants were under indictment on corruption charges, and many of them would ultimately go to prison. When he died in the fall of 1976, it was with the weariness of a beleaguered and discouraged man.

But time has come through splendidly for him. As the centennial of his birth approaches, a poll of political scientists has selected Daley as the single best mayor of the late 20th century and one of the 10 best in American history. Daleys son reigns virtually unchallenged as his mayoral successor. At a moment when managerial efficiency has replaced social activism as the central value of local government, the phrase "Boss Daley has lost the evil connotation for most people that it seemed to have a quarter-century ago.

Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor have produced a splendid, serious treatment of Daleys life, the first full-length biography of one of the most fascinating and enigmatic characters of modern American political history. "American Pharaoh deals in the subtleties and complexities of a man whose closest associates insisted they did not really understand him very well. Daley was obsessed with competence and order but operated a political machine larded with hacks, waste and inefficiency. He was personally honest to a fault but allowed those around him to take almost anything they wanted. He was blunt, forceful and pithy in private conversation, yet embarrassingly inarticulate in public.

Those were riddles in Daleys lifetime, and "American Pharaoh does not really answer them -- it drops no bombs and adds few juicy anecdotes to the existing trove of Daley stories. The time for such revelations may well have passed: Daleys contemporaries are nearly all gone, and his machine, like all such organizations, left a very meager paper trail. There is no significant storehouse of sensitive Daley documents for historians to comb through.

But if this is not a work of startling disclosure, it is a scrupulously thorough and readable examination of the important issues of a long political life. It is also a valuable introduction to the intricacies of Chicago politics over several decades. Unlike previous Daleyologists, the authors of "American Pharaoh are not locals: Taylor, the literary editor and Sunday magazine editor of The Chicago Tribune, grew up in New Jersey; Cohen, a senior writer at Time magazine, is from New York. They occasionally stumble over small details, such as whether Halsted is a street or an avenue. But for the most part, they demonstrate an impressive sensitivity to local nuance. They pick up on the cultural differences between blacks on the West Side and the South Side, and the postwar rivalry between ***working-class*** and middle-class Irish politicians. They approach the evidence with a dispassionate and balanced quality that no homegrown student of Daleys life has been able to achieve.

Daley was a man who loved tidiness, in things large and small. He was obsessive about details and hated loose ends. As chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, he operated a political machine that was expected to perform with precision in every one of the citys more than 3,000 precincts, and he checked the votes to make sure it did. As a newly elected mayor, he vowed that every street in the city would be swept once a month, and ordered 2,000 signs and 10,000 decals promoting the cleanliness campaign. He sometimes stopped his limousine to pick up a newspaper littering the streets.

Like quite a few of the legendary bosses of American politics, he was essentially a dour, inward-looking man, no natural practitioner of "Last Hurrah conviviality. "Daley was a gregarious loner, the authors write, "acquainted with thousands of people but close to almost none. Social life was a means for him, not an end.

What it was a means to, nobody who knew him doubted. Daley realized early in life that he desired power, and he was willing to wait patiently for the opportunity to exercise it. He spent three decades toiling quietly at the routine jobs of urban machine politics -- as secretary to an alderman, as a functionary in the county treasurers office, as a state legislator, as county clerk. He was 53 years old when the chance to run for mayor finally arrived, in the spring of 1955. By then he had maneuvered himself into the chairmanship of the countys Democratic Party, so he could essentially anoint himself for the job. As the official candidate of the party organization, he had little difficulty winning nomination against the citys ineffectual two-term reform mayor, Martin J. Kennelly, and election against a good-government Republican. It was on election night, April 5, 1955, that Alderman Paddy Bauler danced a jig and uttered his famous pronouncement, "Chicago aint ready for reform!

Once in office, Daley presented skeptics with a few pleasant surprises. He stripped the citys aldermen of some of their most egregious perquisites, like the right to demand payoffs for home improvement permits, and hired professionally trained outsiders for some of the more sensitive staff positions in planning and financial management. But he also left little doubt about his intention to run things in an autocratic way. During the campaign, Daley had promised that if he became mayor, he would give up the party chairmanship rather than trying to perform both jobs. After the election, as Cohen and Taylor put it, he "conveniently forgot his promise. Uniting City Hall and the massive Cook County political machine under his own control was a temptation to power that Daley was simply unable to pass up. "He ruled over his empire with pharaonic power, the authors write, "the kind of absolute power that few American politicians have ever wielded.

This is debatable. When it came to pure political power, there is no disputing that Daley was indeed a Pharaoh. The Cook County Democratic Party had a candidate slating committee, but when it met, in a smoky conclave at the old downtown La Salle Hotel, Daley told it whom to slate. The City Council passed the ordinances that Daley wished to enact, and no others. Among its 50 members, there were rarely as many as 10 dissenting votes. But the question of broader governmental power is more complex. Chicago in the Daley years was no monolith -- it was a network of interlocking institutions, social, financial, ethnic -- and even a leader as strong as Daley found himself brokering as often as dictating. Moving a budget through the City Council may have been a slam dunk; building a convention center or a hospital, or redeveloping a blighted section of downtown Chicago was almost as tough a job for him as it was for other mayors around the country.

A close reading of "American Pharaoh makes it abundantly clear that for all his legendary clout, Daley spent much of his time maneuvering his way among competing forces that no true Ramses would have had to contend with. The Mafia was a good example. The citys crime bosses cooperated with Daley; Mafia-dominated wards provided much of the vote that allowed him to win his first nomination. On the other hand, there is equal evidence that Daley considered the mob an embarrassment to the city and to his own public reputation. "Its there, the authors quote the mayor as saying, "and you know you cant get rid of it, so you have to live with it. But never let it become so strong that it dominates you.

The precise nature of Daleys relationship with organized crime is one of many riddles that the book does not fully resolve and cannot reasonably be expected to resolve after all these years. So is the issue of the 1960 presidential election: Did the Daley machine, as is widely suspected, steal Illinoiss 27 electoral votes for John F. Kennedy? Taylor and Cohen sift patiently through the evidence, document in impressive fashion just how votes could be manufactured, and conclude that the accusations of theft are perfectly plausible -- but unprovable.

"American Pharaoh is equally impressive on another of the climactic events of Daleys career: the disastrous Democratic National Convention held in Chicago in 1968. Daleys handling of the convention has always been difficult to understand. He opposed the Vietnam War and had urged President Lyndon Johnson to disengage from it as early as 1966. Yet Daley allowed his police to abuse and assault thousands of young people who came to the convention city to support his own private view. The books recounting of the convention chaos is detailed, fair and riveting to read. The authors make it clear that by the time the convention took place, Daley had come to see the protests as a challenge not to the war but to the sense of order and traditional social values that were crucial to him. And so he overreacted.

The convention stands as one of the two most lasting embarrassments to Daleys memory; the other is the high-rise public housing projects that by the end of his life had turned into segregated, crime-ridden failures. Taylor and Cohen hold him personally accountable, with considerable justification, for the decisions that concentrated Chicagos public housing along a small strip of the black South Side, rather than dispersing it around the city. "Instead of healthy integrated neighborhoods, the authors write, "the South and West sides ended up with a single black ghetto that engulfed communities in its path.

If the vertical ghettoes of the South Side represent the worst of the Daley legacy, other buildings that he created are the best of that legacy. Like great mayors in virtually all times and places, Daley was a builder. He inherited a drab and unambitious city that had seen virtually no public construction in two decades, and he used his power to restore it to physical vitality. The revival of the Loop commercial and financial district, the emergence of Michigan Avenue as a retail and entertainment magnet for millions of visitors a year, the affluent downtown residential population that cities all over America are now desperate to create -- all of these trace back, in one way or another, to Richard J. Daley.

There was a great deal not to like about the man and his policies, but for most Chicagoans, looking back on his era with a quarter-century of perspective, there is also a bottom line: Chicago might have become another Detroit, a national symbol of urban failure, and it did not. Cohen and Taylor, as critical of the mayors faults as anyone who has written about him, nevertheless pay him the ultimate compliment: "Daley, they bluntly state, "may well have saved Chicago.

But perhaps the most fitting summation is the one the authors provide in a story about Daley and Adlai E. Stevenson III, a sometime critic and sometime protege. In 1970, after denouncing the mayor for his patronage excesses and police brutality, Stevenson gladly accepted Daleys endorsement for the Senate. "Stevenson said Daley was a feudal boss, a joke had it. "He didnt say he was a bad feudal boss. Cohen and Taylor cant quite bring themselves to say it either.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Mark Alan Stamaty)

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**End of Document**



[***POP VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1H00-008G-F1GH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Techno Wars: A House Divided Over Beats***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1H00-008G-F1GH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Simon Reynolds;

Simon Reynolds is the author of "Blissed Out: The Raptures of Rock."

By Simon Reynolds;    Simon Reynolds is the author of "Blissed Out: The Raptures of Rock."

**Body**

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, IT WAS easy to define techno as a fast-paced dance music based on electronic textures. It was easy to say where one would hear techno: at raves, where the music combined with psychedelic lights and strobes to induce the ultimate trance-dance experience. But today, techno means atmospheric chill-out music designed for home listening as often as it does party music. There are even techno clubs where people sip tea rather than take Ecstacy and lull about on mattresses rather than leaping about on the dance floor.

Rave music has spread from Britain and Europe -- where it is still the dominant strand of pop culture -- to Japan, Australia and America, albeit as an underground phenomenon. Yet when a pop movement reaches such global proportions, it tends to split apart. Just as is happening in rap, techno is splintering into a profusion of subgenres. But if there's a basic schism, it's between "progressives" who want techno to evolve from a style geared to 12-inch singles into an album-based art form and "hard-core" fundamentalists who admire the music's origin as the soundtrack to nonstop ecstatic dancing.

When rave culture first exploded in late 80's Britain, it was celebrated as the heir to the spirit of the hippies' Summer of Love in 1967. Subsequently, rave music's evolution has paralleled what happened to late 60's acid rock when it split off into progressive rock and heavy metal. On one side, there's self-proclaimed "progressive" music for contemplative listening. Its lofty, pseudo-spiritual aura appeals to an audience that likes to imagine itself more discerning than mere pop fans. On the other side, there's music that offers a clamorous accompaniment to rowdy communal catharsis.

The parallel fits because partisans of progressive techno often dismiss hard-core as "the new heavy metal," arguing that it's monotonous and too fast for dancing. Hard-core fans, in turn, sneer at the progressives as wimps, lightweights, arty poseurs who've forgotten what rave culture is all about -- having fun, "going mental."

So while hard-core's tempos get faster and faster -- currently the range is from 150 beats per minute to an insane 200 -- the progressive faction has reacted by slowing down the music and, at the extreme, by dispensing with a beat altogether. Like the progressive-rock pioneers Pink Floyd and Tangerine Dream, these bands combine celestial synthesizer textures with cosmic imagery, as in song titles like "Paradox of Time Dilation" and "Chromosphere." But where 70's progressive rock tended to baroque ornamentation and complicated structures, progressive techno is minimalist. At its best, this approach yields a band like Orbital, which weaves simple motifs into a billowing, bittersweet tapestry of sound, much in the style of composers like Philip Glass and Michael Nyman.

The emnity between progressive techno and hard-core is partly class-based -- fans of the former tend to be middle class, while hard-core is favored by ***working class*** young people who live for the weekend. There is also a generation gap within rave culture. As ravers get older, they go clubbing less frequently and look to music that makes sense at home. This post-rave music has been dubbed many things -- the New Electronica, intelligent techno, electronic listening music. But the term that's most widespread is ambient techno, derived from the producer Brian Eno's term for environmental music, a sort of aural decor that provides a backdrop for daily life.

Initially popular as music for ravers coming down after a night's mayhem, ambient has become a booming album-based genre, appealing both to burned-out ravers and to people who never really cared for dance music in the first place. Much of the ambient genre is bland mood-Muzak as lazy in its construction as its consumers tend to be stoned and supine. But artists like the Irresistible Force, Pete Namlook, Sandoz, Reload and Mu-ziq have made ambient albums that reward concentrated listening.

If there's one figure who's become the figurehead of techno's maturation into electronic composition, though, it's Richard James, a 22-year-old originally from the remote British coastal region of Cornwall. In the last two years, he's released a torrent of EP's and LP's, under a host of pseudonyms, including Aphex Twin, Polygon Window, AFX, Caustic Window and Bluecalx. His most highly regarded and sheerly beautiful album so far, Aphex Twin's "Selected Ambient Works 1985-92" saw him acclaimed as the successor to Kraftwerk and Mr. Eno. Now Mr. James has signed a long-term deal with the American label Sire, which will release "Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2" next month.

As a child, Mr. James liked the family piano, but preferred hitting the strings inside rather than playing the keyboard. A bit older, he experimented with percussion, "found sounds" and tape-loops. "I've always been into banging things, always been fascinated by weird sounds," he said. At the age of 12, he bought a cheap synthesizer, took it apart and rebuilt it, which sett him on a course of customizing and constructing his own music-making technology. He has been able to generate an ununusal repertory of tones and textures. Prolific (which is why he needs so many alter egos as outlets), he has racked up an unreleased back catalogue of some 1,000 tunes -- enough for 100 albums.

"Selected Ambient Works 1985-92" ranges from the poignant, Satie-esque "Tha," through the shimmering majesty of "Heliosphan" and "We Are the Music Makers" to the foreboding futurism of "Hedephelym." The album's sequel, "Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2," is a triple album (double-CD) that Mr. James reluctantly cut down from quintuple length. Somber and bleak by comparison with its predecessor, the new album has more of his eerie sound-paintings and less of the naive music-box melodies that won him so many devotees, not just inside the rave community but among indie-rock fans too.

While a horde of Aphex imitators have reduced ambient to little more than a soothing soundbath for the stressed-out, Mr. James has opened up a new frontier for techno. At times, he's making what sounds like classical music for the next millennium.

For the hard-core fans, techno is primarily physical music, designed to keep the body moving and to enhance the effects of Ecstasy, a psychedelic drug that became popular in the 1980's. Confusingly, "hard-core" means different things in different countries. But all hard-core sounds and scenes share a hedonistic ethos and one-dimensional quality -- which is not necessarily a criticism.

Right now, European and American dance floors are dominated by trance, which combines harsh, all-electronic textures and programmed drum-machine beats. Fast-paced, mantra-like and minimalist, trance can be exhilarating in a coldly compulsive sort of way, but it is often rather uniform and soul-less.

"Trance is an excuse for people to make a record with three notes in it that goes on for ages and doesn't have any feeling behind it," Mr. James complains. "There's good trance, but it's only one percent of the total." That fraction includes the output of labels like Germany's Harthouse and Tresor, Canada's + 8 (in particular artists like Vapourspace and Fuse), San Francisco's Hardkiss and Detroit's Underground Resistance.

At the harder end of its spectrum, trance blurs into the brutal bombast of Frankfurt's PCP label and the 200 b.p.m. onslaught of gabberhouse. This Rotterdam-based style takes its name from the Dutch slang word gabber, which means hooligan; its aggressive machismo comes through in the title of the group Sperminator's anthem, "No Woman Allowed."

Britain has its own hard-core scene, but there the dominant style is called "jungle." Where other forms of hard-core techno sound Teutonic, jungle is blacker and funkier, drawing from hip-hop and reggae. Jungle tracks are based on frenetic break beats and rumbling bass lines, over which are layered jittery, oscillating keyboard riffs and ecstatic vocal samples from soul, reggae and disco, often sped up into a Minnie Mouse falsetto. Samples are modulated on the keyboard to creepy or comical effect.

The struggle between progressive and hard-core techno is a bitter contest to decide who owns rave culture and what direction it should pursue. The snobbish attitude of ambient devotees toward hard-core recalls the thinly disguised elitism of the students who worshiped Pink Floyd and King Crimson in the 70's and who despised disco and heavy metal as mindless pop pablum.

In truth, the most interesting music is being generated at the extremes of the rave scene, whether its ambient techno's beat-free atmospherics or the body-coercing intensity of hard-core. It's the middle zone that's least exciting, with its middlebrow quasi-spiritual pretensions, tepid beats and predictable electronic textures.

As techno continues to evolve at a frantic pace, it looks set to disintegrate even further. On the horizon, one can see the first glimmers of emergent minigenres like "etho-techno" and "ambient jungle."

SPLINTERING BEATS

Success has fragmented techno into many subgenres. Here is a short discography of leading artists and collections of each style. The albums are available on CD and cassette and in some cases on vinyl.

Ambient Techno

\* Aphex Twin -- "Selected Ambient Works 85-92" (R&S Amb 3922) and "Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2" (Sire 45482)

\* The Irresistible Force -- "Flying High" (Instinct, EX-258-2)

\* Polygon Window -- "Surfing on Sine Waves" (Warp/Wax Trax/TVT TVT 7204)

\* Compilations -- "Ambience: The Second Orbit" (Astralwerks/Caroline ASW 6105-2) and "Artificial Intelligence" (Warp/TVT TVT 7203-2)

Trance

\* Vapourspace -- "Themes From Vapourspace" (London/ ffrr 696 124 003-4)

\* Compilations -- "Harthouse: The Point of No Return Chapter 1" (American 9 45470-2) and "Tresor II" (NovaMute/ Tresor NMCD 3006)

Jungle

\* Compilations -- "Hard Leaders III" (Kickin' CD 7) and "The Joint" (Suburban Base/ Moving Shadow Joint 1 CD)

Gabberhouse

\* Compilation -- "Technohead II" (React Records CD 19)

**Graphic**

Photos: Phil and Paul Hartnoll, who record as Orbital -- A tapestry of sound. (Full Frequency Range Recordings)(pg. 35); Richard James, left, a progressive who records as Aphex Twin, Polygon Window and other pseudonyms. (Sam Robinson/Sire Records); Mark Gage, above, who records as Vapourspace -- Exhilarating in a coldly compulsive sort of way. (Full Frequency Range Recordings)(pg. 32)

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[***Battle Over Iroquois Land Claims Escalates***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:408G-WY10-00MH-F2YH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

By DAVID W. CHEN

**Dateline:** ONONDAGA NATION

**Body**

The Oneidas want 250,000 acres of rural New York between Syracuse and Utica. The Cayugas are staking claim to a 64,000-acre wishbone at the northern tip of Cayuga Lake. The Senecas are eyeing the Buffalo bedroom community of Grand Island. And the Mohawks, though distracted by a possible Catskills casino, are asking for various islands and parcels straddling the Canadian border.

For years, these Indian nations, all members of the Iroquois confederation, have demanded the return of vast swaths of land based on treaties dating back to George Washington's administration. But within the next few months, the stakes will increase as two cases head toward a trial and the Onondagas file the last, and most valuable, Iroquois land claim: a heavily populated tract of 64,000 acres that includes Syracuse.

No one is saying that Syracuse will suddenly change hands, or that anyone will be forcibly uprooted. But with the Iroquois backed by the federal government, the claims will probably lead to settlements or litigation costing taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars, and could intensify the anger over one of the biggest and touchiest topics in upstate New York.

And unlike other states, particularly in the West, which typically have Indian land claims in thinly populated areas resulting from the federal seizure of land, New York occupies a dubious position: it has more claims than any other state, but has been the slowest to resolve those claims, which total roughly 620 square miles, about double the size of New York City.

"There's a problem here that's over 25 years old," said Steven M. Tullberg, director of the Washington office of the Indian Law Resource Center, which has advised numerous Indian groups, "that's been passed from administration to administration, that's involved lots of people, lots of money, lots of lawyers, and after all that period of time, nothing is resolved."

To some residents, the real issues are: Why us? Why now? The subject has triggered such an antagonistic reaction that it could be a major issue in the fall elections and a potential problem for the Democratic Senate candidate, Hillary Rodham Clinton, whose husband's administration has been accused by Gov. George E. Pataki of giving unconditional support to unfair Indian land claims and a lawsuit naming 20,000 landowners as defendants.

"They're buying plazas, stores, entire tracts, farmland, and the reservations are like checkerboards," said Leon R. Koziol, a Utica lawyer who has represented several landowner groups. "Then eventually, what do you have? A virtual country within a country, and it's scary."

The Iroquois, though, say the issue has never been about greed or power. In fact, they have pledged not to evict any landowners. What they say is at stake is redressing ancient wrongs and securing a better future for their descendants.

So it was all the more symbolic when about 50 chiefs from the Iroquois nations convened a rare meeting in March just south of Syracuse at the sacred longhouse that is the spiritual and political heart of the Iroquois -- or, as they prefer to be called, Haudenosaunee.

While the formal agenda, conducted solemnly in Iroquois languages, focused on selecting new Mohawk leaders, the informal discussion swirled around the nation-by-nation status of their claims.

"Our people have been waiting a long time for this," said Chief Oren Lyons of the Onondaga Nation. "This is not something we just made up."

During the late 1700's and early 1800's, New York State bought or seized most Iroquois properties without Congressional ratification, thereby violating the Federal Trade and Intercourse Act of 1790. Yet for years, the Iroquois failed to reverse these deals, stymied by discrimination and legal obstacles, said Robert W. Venables, a senior lecturer in the American Indian program at Cornell University.

In 1970, the Oneidas became the first Iroquois nation to file a land claim in federal court. And in 1985, the Supreme Court sided with the Oneidas, in a 5-to-4 decision concerning a test case that named Oneida and Madison Counties as defendants and claimed only 900 acres.

At that point, the state and the Oneidas began settlement talks, which yielded mostly accusations of foot-dragging. Then, in December 1998, the Oneidas and the Justice Department, hoping to pressure the state and the two counties, moved to name 20,000 landowners as defendants.

People noticed.

"There has been much more activity in the last few months than in all the years previous," said Richard Rifkin, a deputy state attorney general, referring to all the claims.

The landowners' predicament has prompted officials like Governor Pataki, Senator Charles E. Schumer and Representative Sherwood L. Boehlert to ask the Justice Department to drop the 20,000 landowners from the Oneida suit.

Mr. Pataki, for instance, sent a pointed letter to President Clinton in early April, accusing the administration of offering "unconditional support" to a tribe that held residents "hostage under clouded real estate titles and the constant threat of eviction, while systematically executing a plan to amass large quantities of land upon which it pays no real estate taxes, evades all state and federal environmental and land use regulations, and wages a war of unfair business competition against the law- abiding, taxpaying business owners in central New York."

And in the Senate campaign, both Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York and Mrs. Clinton have sympathized with the landowners, though neither has discussed the issue at length.

In recent months, an Oneida settlement seemed close, thanks to the diligence of a court-appointed mediator, Ronald J. Riccio: a proposal of $500 million for the three branches of the Oneidas (the others are in Wisconsin and Ontario), as well as a cap on how much land the New York Oneidas could eventually acquire to buttress their current territory of 12,000 acres.

But several weeks ago, the talks collapsed, as the Oneidas rebuffed the state's demand for 25 percent of the revenue from the Oneidas' hugely profitable Turning Stone casino east of Syracuse. So a trial may begin this summer before Judge Neal McCurn of Federal District Court in Syracuse.

To date, the only land claim to go to trial in New York has been the Cayuga case.

In 1980, the Cayugas, who have no land in New York, filed a claim for 64,000 acres in Seneca and Cayuga Counties. In February, a jury awarded them $37 million in a decision that stunned the Cayugas, who had appraised the land at $660 million. But a second phase of the trial is set to begin in July, and the Cayugas may challenge the award.

In northeastern New York, the struggling Mohawks claimed 15,000 acres in 1985, mostly in St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, as well as Barnhart Island -- the site of the New York Power Authority's Robert Moses-Robert H. Saunders hydroelectric dam.

For years, the claim stalled, in part because of New York's desire to collect taxes from non-Indians who buy goods on all reservations. In recent months, though, the claim has become linked to the tribe's attempts to build a casino complex at the Monticello Raceway in the Catskills. That project is now in doubt, with the Mohawks mired in internal politics and juggling separate deals with competing developers.

"It just adds some significant elements of confusion to what was already a confusing situation," Mr. Rifkin said.

No less confusing are the Senecas, who live on three reservations and have two separate governments in western New York. They are claiming land in different areas, too, with the big prize being Grand Island, a middle-class Buffalo suburb, population 18,500, in the Niagara River.

The Senecas filed their claim for roughly 18,000 acres in 1993. Not much happened, though, until late March, Mr. Rifkin said, when the state filed a motion to dismiss the case, based on old maps disputing the Senecas' historic claim.

And now, it is the Onondagas' turn.

The Onondagas plan to file a claim of about 64,000 acres, which would include Syracuse and Onondaga Lake, one of the most polluted lakes in the country. At the same time, the Onondagas -- traditionalists who oppose gambling -- want to help clean up the lake and champion projects to benefit their resource-poor nation of nine square miles, Chief Irving Powless Jr. said.

"We know the land claim is going to cause some disruption, but we want to work with the community to minimize that," said Joseph J. Heath, a Syracuse lawyer who represents the Onondagas. "We want to be different from the Cayuga and Oneida areas, where all of the politicians are acting as if they have hoods on their heads."

The Iroquois are not the only ones with land claims in the state: in 1986, the Stockbridge-Munsee band of Mohicans, who are now based in Wisconsin, filed a claim for six square miles, within the Oneida claim.

The Oneidas have challenged that claim, and nothing has happened for years, "not even a phone call," said Sharon Greene-Gretzinger, tribal lawyer for the Stockbridge-Munsee band.

Someday, land claims may also be filed by several groups without federal recognition, including the Shinnecocks and the Poospatucks on Long Island.

But for now, the Iroquois claims have particularly unhinged residents in predominantly rural, ***working-class*** areas who sometimes talk about land as a family heirloom, not as a real estate commodity.

It is not just a matter of the Iroquois asking for land that would quadruple the area of all current Indian holdings in the state. It is the specter of the Iroquois accruing land, removing it from the tax rolls and surrounding landowners and businesses in checkerboard fashion to where non-Indians feel compelled to sell out.

There have been protest convoys decrying the "special treatment" of Indians, pickets of Indian-owned businesses, newsletters from landowner groups with articles titled "Who were the first Americans? Who cares?"

And the issue has become a big part of state politics. At a recent meeting of a new Syracuse group, the American Land Rights Coalition, Mr. Koziol and others discussed broader strategies, like lobbying trips to Washington, national alliances and get-out-the-vote endeavors.

"It was a political issue in our local elections this last time, and, oh yeah, I see it having a great part in the elections this year," said Connie Tallcot, a bookstore owner in Union Springs, on Cayuga Lake. "We're courting either party, and we don't care who helps us."

It has been enough of a cauldron that a Quaker group in Syracuse recently sponsored public forums to try to defuse tensions in anticipation of the Onondaga claim.

"I definitely don't feel upbeat, because knowing what I know about the other land claims, it's not going to be an easy route," said Mary Teelin, a Syracuse nurse who has been active in landowner groups. "No matter who wins the lawsuit, they'll appeal, and appeal, and appeal, and nothing is going to be resolved any time soon."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: About 50 chiefs of the Iroquois nations met in March at the longhouse near Syracuse that is the spiritual and political heart of the Iroquois. Three chiefs, from left, Irving Powless Jr., Sid Hill and Oren Lyons, displayed wampum belts representing treaties with the United States and, they say, their land claims. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times)(pg. B9)

Map of New York State highlighting areas claimed by American Indians in New York State: Indian land claims in New York State total roughly 620 square miles. (pg. B9)

Map of New York State highlighting areas claimed by American Indians in New York State: New York is facing more Indian land claims than any other state. (pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2000

**End of Document**



[***New Winds at an Island Outpost***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N61-W240-TW8F-G22S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MANNY FERNANDEZ

**Body**

STANDING behind the cramped counter of Los Guarinos, his bodega in Washington Heights, Joel Olivo deals not in big money but in small change. Jolly Ranchers candies, at a nickel apiece, are among his biggest sellers. Los Guarinos also sells cold beer and cigarettes, but on most days it is sweetness that prevails there. Neighborhood children ask for chocolate bars, and an arcade game in the corner fills the bodega with an electronic lullaby.

In Mr. Olivo's establishment, in a modest storefront on Amsterdam Avenue near 161st Street, gambling is discouraged. Yet there is a running bet in the store that is a sign of changing times in this neighborhood: How many years will it take for Dominicans, who have dominated Washington Heights for decades, to become the minority there, and for whites to become the new majority?

Some of Mr. Olivo's customers and friends say five years. Others predict seven. ''I say 10 years,'' Mr. Olivo said.

This is not your ordinary gentrification story. Washington Heights, the densely developed square mile that extends from 155th Street to roughly Dyckman Street, and from river to river, is to Dominicans what Harlem has been to blacks: a cultural capital with deep symbolic meaning. But over the past few years, this neighborhood of five- and six-story prewar apartment buildings has grown wealthier, hipper and better educated.

As the neighborhood has changed, a growing number of its Dominicans have moved to University Heights, Morris Heights and other neighborhoods in the west Bronx; some have left the city altogether. The wager at Los Guarinos is a lighthearted take not only on this exodus, but also on the questions it raises about the future of Washington Heights as a ***working-class*** Dominican stronghold.

The Dominican migration, powered by rising rents and other costs, is scattering families and friends who lived in the neighborhood for generations. This reshuffling is also fueling an uptown real estate boom, widening the gap between rich and poor, and realigning Dominican political power in the city. The shifts have even inspired an Off Broadway musical.

Mr. Olivo is confident about his prediction as to the neighborhood's future. ''I know I'll win,'' he said, ''because everyone is moving.'' But he does not believe that he will be around to collect. ''The rent,'' he explained, ''will kick me out.''

Washington Heights has welcomed immigrants for a century. The Irish arrived in the early 1900s. European Jews, among them the family of Henry Kissinger, flocked there to escape the Nazis in the 1930s and 1940s, around the time that affluent African-Americans like the jazz musician Count Basie migrated up from Harlem. By the 1950s and 1960s, so many Greeks lived in Washington Heights that the neighborhood was known as the Astoria of Manhattan. Even as that label gained currency, Cubans and Puerto Ricans were beginning to move in.

The '80s and the '90s, however, belonged to the Dominicans.

Bremilde Ramos, a 29-year-old waitress with dark hair and a bright smile, remembers the summers: old men playing dominoes on tables on the sidewalk, the packed streets transformed into playgrounds. She also remembers the scary times, like the day in 1999 when a man was shot and killed inside her building on West 162nd Street. And she remembers that one apartment operated as a makeshift brothel.

Yet Ms. Ramos, who, like thousands of her fellow Dominicans, immigrated to Washington Heights with her family as a child, also recalls the vibrancy amid the grime. ''You felt like you were in your own,'' she said. ''This was your own little country, you know, so many Hispanics were around.''

New York has many Hispanic enclaves, but only in Washington Heights did the size, density and visibility of the Latino population create a kind of sixth borough. From this high perch, visitors often wonder if they have accidentally stumbled into the 31st province of the Dominican Republic.

Those visitors can pass a barbershop on 181st Street and see a customer who happens to be the nephew of Joaquin Balaguer, a former president of the Dominican Republic. They can find not only Dominican merchants, but also Dominican doctors and Dominican lawyers. The red, white and blue Dominican flag flies from fire escapes, streetlights, even Pepsi trucks.

One morning in 2004, the local streets erupted with noisy political debate as thousands of voters cast their ballots for president. But the focus was not on Bush and Kerry. It was on Mejia and Fernandez, candidates for the Dominican presidency. The vote represented the first time that Dominicans living abroad could vote in a Dominican presidential election.'Rich Folks and Hipsters'

The recent transformation of Washington Heights is reflected not only on the streets but also on the stage. ''In the Heights,'' a charming little musical that opened last month at 37 Arts, on West 37th Street near 10th Avenue, offers a snapshot of a neighborhood in flux. ''When this whole city is rich folks and hipsters,'' a bodega owner wonders, ''who's going to miss this raggedy little business?'' The owner of a hair salon announces that she is moving her shop to the Bronx, where rents are cheaper.

When another character learns that the bodega is shutting for good, he screams: ''This is the end of an era!'' The line is intended as a joke, but seven miles north of the theater, in the shops and restaurants of Washington Heights, the words resonate less cheerfully.

Signs of change, many small but telling, fill the streets. You can still get a crispy chicken empanada for $1 at 181st Street and Audubon Avenue, where Jose Castillo has been selling them from a pushcart for nearly a decade, but you can also buy an $8 goat cheese tartine a half-mile away at In Vino Veritas, on St. Nicholas Avenue. While some tenants still pay $600 a month for a one-bedroom apartment, others pay triple that.

In a sense, the neighborhood is becoming two neighborhoods, even down to its name. Old-timers call it the Heights; newcomers, particularly those who log onto www.washington-heights.us, refer to Washington Heights and its northern neighbor Inwood as WaHI, in a kind of SoHo-speak.

The corner of 181st Street and Audubon Avenue still bustles noon to night with flashes of rapid-fire Spanish conversations and bursts of merengue blaring from passing cars. But the signs of change are increasingly visible. New residents can enjoy live jazz Thursday nights at Plum Pomidor on Broadway. They can visit the Starbucks on 181st Street. At the elegant Hispaniola restaurant a few doors down from Starbucks, they can dine on miso butterfish with steamed rice for $28.

Ms. Ramos, the waitress, sees fewer Dominican mom-and-pop stores and more chain stores. Mr. Olivo can now count among his Dominican customers six people who moved to the Bronx. And when Ms. Ramos visits her mother's building on 162nd Street, she notices more non-Hispanic white faces. Her best friend, who used to live on the same floor, has moved to the Bronx. Others have migrated to Florida.

''The neighborhood was one way, and now you look and you don't know anybody,'' Ms. Ramos said. ''Everybody's gone.''

A new set of census-based numbers, prepared by the Center for Latin American, Caribbean and Latino Studies at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, illustrates the neighborhood's gradual change, while offering signs that the Dominican presence remains strong.

From 1990 to 2000, the Dominican population in Washington Heights and Inwood soared, from about 88,000 to nearly 117,000. But in the following five years their numbers dropped slightly, to fewer than 113,000. During those same five years, the total number of Latinos in the area also fell, from about 165,000 to 155,000, while the number of non-Hispanic whites increased from fewer than 29,000 to more than 30,000.

Laird Bergad, the center's director, described the decrease of Dominicans as statistically insignificant, possibly a reflection of a small drop in the area's overall population. Dominicans, in fact, increased as a percentage of the total population in Washington Heights and Inwood, from 43 percent in 1990 to 53 percent in 2005.

What the census figures do clearly show, however, is a sharp decline in the number of foreign-born Dominicans in the area. In 1990, 89 percent of Dominicans in Washington Heights and Inwood between 15 and 44 years old had been born in the Dominican Republic. Ten years later, that figure was down to 78 percent. In 2005, it was 67 percent.

''This is unmistakable evidence that immigration has slowed,'' Professor Bergad said, pointing out that this trend casts a shadow on one of the most important roles of Washington Heights -- as Dominicans' main portal into New York. However, with the area buffeted by that shift and by the influx of wealthier residents and the migration of Dominicans to the Bronx and elsewhere, it is hard to surmise what the future face of Washington Heights will be.

These trends come vividly to life in the experiences of Ms. Ramos. Nearly two years ago, she moved to the South Bronx with her boyfriend and her 8-year-old son. She would have preferred to stay in Washington Heights, but her new home, a two-bedroom brick town house at Boston Road and Third Avenue, cost only $416,000. Half a mile from the building where her mother still lives, a three-bedroom condo was recently on the market for $1 million.

Ms. Ramos likes her new home. The neighborhood is calm, and there's a bus stop just two blocks away. But she misses her old place in the Heights, especially the way it used to be. ''It's very, very quiet,'' she said of her old building now. ''People just pass by you and you don't even notice them because they keep to themselves.''Bilingual Karaoke

Not everyone sees the changes in Washington Heights as a threat to its Dominican identity.

One person who is confident that the neighborhood will remain a Dominican stronghold for decades to come is Josephine Infante, executive director of the Hunts Point Economic Development Corporation in the Bronx. Although a growing number of Dominicans live in her borough, she notes that they are spread out, and that there is no concentration of Dominican stores, restaurants and hair salons.

''That's why everyone goes to Washington Heights,'' Ms. Infante said. ''There's an aroma. There's something there that's very special.''

Politically speaking, too, Dominicans in the Bronx are barely visible. Even though the Dominican population, at 213,000, is not too distant from the Puerto Rican population of 300,000, the borough has no elected Dominican officials.

''You have this kind of Puerto Rican political machine right now in the Bronx that's pretty formidable,'' said Angelo Falcon, president and founder of the National Institute for Latino Policy, a New York-based research and advocacy group.

But in the opinion of Adriano Espaillat, who has represented Washington Heights since he was elected the first Dominican member of the State Assembly in 1996, the Dominican political base in the neighborhood remains strong despite the exodus to the Bronx. In the 2005 Democratic primary, for instance, the turnout among registered Democrats in the average election district citywide was 15 percent; in Washington Heights it was roughly 24 percent.

''Our voting power in the Heights is very strong compared to some of the other emerging communities,'' Mr. Espaillat said.

In income, however, Washington Heights looks very different from how it once looked. In 2005, the median household income for non-Hispanic whites in Washington Heights was $56,300. For Dominicans, it was just $32,800. In that same year, 35 percent of non-Hispanic white households earned $75,000 to $200,000, compared with just 12 percent of Dominican households.

''The old question of class is still present,'' Professor Bergad said, ''and nothing highlights that better than this question of income distribution.''

Perhaps surprisingly, these disparities do not appear to be stirring tensions between Dominicans and whites. The sidewalk menu at L'Fonda restaurant on Amsterdam Avenue, for example, which used to be entirely in Spanish, now lists some items in Spanish (''salcocho'') on one side and in English on the other side (''Dominican-style soup''). At Coogan's, a restaurant and bar on Broadway at 169th Street, Tuesday and Saturday nights feature bilingual karaoke.

Coogan's, in fact, has become something of a bridge between the two sides. Owned by a pair of gregarious Irish-Americans, David Hunt and Peter Walsh, the bar is a gathering spot for politicians and even sponsors an annual race called the Salsa, Blues and Shamrocks 5K Run, which this year kicks off, rain or shine, at 9 this morning. Battling the Landlords

But good will doesn't extend to every corner of the neighborhood, especially when most of its 200,000 residents are renters and relations between tenants and landlords are increasingly strained.

Raysa Castillo, a lawyer who represents many Washington Heights tenants in housing court, says, as do many housing activists and community leaders, that some landlords make cosmetic improvements to their buildings to justify rent increases, then try to evict those unable to pay. The advocates also say some landlords falsely accuse tenants of violating leases, or drive out tenants by letting their apartments deteriorate. In response, Roberta Bernstein, president of the Small Property Owners of New York, an advocacy group, said that building owners who go to the trouble and expense of taking tenants to court often do so for legitimate reasons. ''If they're dragging tenants into court, it's because they're not paying rent,'' said Mrs. Bernstein, whose group includes a number of Washington Heights landlords. ''I won't deny that there's some bad owners, but there's also some bad tenants.''

Nevertheless, Ms. Castillo finds the broad housing picture, typical of modern gentrification, to be disheartening. ''We are experiencing something totally different than what was experienced by the Greeks, Irish, Cubans and Puerto Ricans who were here,'' she said. ''The majority of our folks are not leaving because they're doing better. The majority are leaving because they cannot afford rent.''

In 2004, for instance, more than 15,000 eviction notices were filed in housing court for tenants in Washington Heights and its northern and southern neighbors, Inwood and Hamilton Heights, said Mr. Espaillat, the assemblyman. The next year, he said, the number climbed to more than 19,000.

Ms. Castillo, who lives on Cabrini Boulevard at 187th Street, has seen such economic struggles firsthand. The buildings in the few blocks around her home were once full of blue-collar Dominicans, she said, but many of those neighbors have left in search of cheaper housing. As for the Dominican families who remain, she said she knew precisely who they are and where they live.

How could she know all those names and locations? Because she can count those who remain on one hand. Five.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: BETS, HITS -- A friendly wager at Los Guarinos bodega, left, focuses on when the Dominicans' heyday will end. At a local bar, below, karaoke is now bilingual.

CO-OP FEVER -- Large real estate firms, which sometimes identify a portion of the neighborhood as Hudson Heights, above, hope to cash in on the local boom. An Off Broadway musical called ''In the Heights,'' below left, puts a theatrical spin on the area's gentrification. (Photos by above and above right, Liz O. Baylen for The New York Times)

(Photo by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

(Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

NEW SIGHTINGS -- Washington Heights is known as the 31st province of the Dominican Republic, but its streets and stores feature new, non-Latino faces.

SIDE BY SIDE -- Delis and beauty shops share the streets of Washington Heights with hip new bars, and traditional Latino fare shares menu space with more yuppie-friendly offerings. (Photo by Diane Bondareff/Associated Press, 2004)

(Photo by Liz O. Baylen for The New York Times)

(Photo by Liz O. Baylen for The New York Times)

(Photo by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

(Photo by Liz O. Baylen for The New York Times)

(Photo by Mary Altaffer/Associated Press)(pg. 10)

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[***WHAT'S DOING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3SD0-000P-N4HC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cape Town - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3SD0-000P-N4HC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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DONALD G. McNEIL Jr. is a reporter in the Johannesburg bureau of The Times.

By DONALD G. McNEIL Jr.;   DONALD G. McNEIL Jr. is a reporter in the Johannesburg bureau of The Times.

**Body**

Cape Town just lost its chance to play host to the Olympics in 2004 and, while the boosters' polls suggest that most residents are disappointed, a fair number are relieved. They didn't want their little gem discovered.

Cape Town is a lot like San Francisco in the 1950's and 60's, before all the fruit farms to the south became Silicon Valley and the dairy farms to the north became condominiums: a beautiful port city near beaches and sunny vineyards, with consistently temperate weather despite quirks of fog or rain.

The town was founded in 1652 by the Dutch, with the British taking over in 1806. The Dutch East India Company, which ran the Cape, wanted Cape Town to remain a vegetable garden, watering hole and dry dock for its ships on the way to the rich spice and silk islands of Asia, and thus curtailed immigration.

It is a curious city, with rich, horsey suburbs that could be in Westchester, and vast shanty towns on the sandy Cape Flats that could be in Bangladesh. The majority of the poor and the ***working class*** are not black Africans, but Cape coloreds -- mixed-race descendants of early Dutch and French Huguenot settlers; of the Khoikhoi and San Bushmen who first inhabited the Cape; and of the Malay, Indian and African slaves imported by the whites.

South Africa is back on world tourism routes, and Cape Town is one of its star attractions. Summer is November through February. Schools are on vacation all December, so the high season is Christmastime, when lines can be long, restaurants jammed and hotel prices can double. It's also the best time for the fine local sandy beaches -- but since the Cape divides the warm Indian Ocean from the cold Atlantic, the weather can shift abruptly.

Events

The first arrivals in the Whitbread Round the World Yacht Race are expected about now. Ten boats left England on Sept. 21. They will be docked at the Marina Basin at the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront (Alfred was Victoria's son) before departing for Freemantle, Australia, on Nov. 8. The best viewing will be from the breakwater at the entrance to the port near the Waterfront.

Cape Town's chief annual event is so politically incorrect it horrifies Americans. It's the Cape Coon Carnival, which has its roots in 1880's tours by American minstrels. Every January for more than 100 years, choirs in the mixed-race communities have picked banjos, paraded nightly and held singing competitions and marches. Capetonians generally think American shock is funny. The contests are Jan. 1, 3 and 10 at Green Point Stadium. Tickets are $4.30 to $6.45.

Kirstenbosch, a beautiful botanical garden on the slopes of Table Mountain, is the setting for the Kirstenbosch Summer Sunset Concerts. The classical music series is on Sundays from 5:30 to 6:30 P.M., December to March. $2.15 (27-21) 761-1166.

The Cape Town Kite Festival will be held Dec. 20 and 21 at the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront, the Hamiltons Rugby Club and fields near Green Point Stadium. (27-21) 47-9040.

The International Tennis Players Tournament, Dec. 12 to 14 at the Good Hope Center downtown, will benefit Nelson Mandela's Children's Fund. Boris Becker and Andre Agassi will be among those playing. Admission fee is yet to be determined. (27-11) 402-3608.

Sightseeing

It is possible -- and instructional -- to book tours of the Cape Flats; one good company is Our Pride; (27-21) 633-8495. $19. But most visitors will end up seeing the white neighborhoods where the hotels and restaurants are, or driving out to enjoy the spectacular scenery, particularly the Cape of Good Hope via Chapman's Peak Road.

Most cities have grown to dwarf the natural features that created them, but Table Mountain, immense and flat-topped, absolutely dominates Cape Town. In the afternoon, a layer of fog, the "Tablecloth," drapes it, running down its gulleys into the streets. The only easy way up the cliffs is by cable car. The ride, $11.80, is vertiginous, the lines can be long, and on top it can be very cold. (Fortunately, there is a warming hut there with hot chocolate.) The cable car runs 8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. in October, 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. in November.

Two oceans meet at the Cape of Good Hope, where storms and currents have sunk hundreds of ships. It's about 90 minutes to the south on Chapman's Peak Road, and the narrow road climbs high up Chapman's Peak. A little error with the steering wheel can send you over the cliff. And there are lots of distractions: looming Sentinel Peak, picturesque Hout Bay, roadside African crafts hawkers, whales breaching offshore and baboons hustling for handouts.

The three-and-a-half-hour tour to Robben Island takes visitors to see the cell where President Mandela was imprisoned from 1963 to 1982. One of the ships used for the tours carried prisoners, and former prisoners lead the tours. Make sure you get on a boat that stops on the island, not one of the cruises that pass it. Three tours daily; tickets are $17.20. Reservations: (27-21) 419-1300.

Classic Cape Dutch architecture is on display at the area's vineyards, and some of the best examples are virtually inside Cape Town itself. Groot Constantia, in the heart of Constantia, south of the city center, is the oldest vineyard and homestead in the Cape, built by an early governor of the Cape, in 1693. It is the essence of the refined Cape Dutch architecture. There are daily wine tastings; (27-21) 794-5128. Most of the other wine towns, like Stellenbosch, Franschoek and Somerset West, are within an hour's drive. Blaauwklippen, a beautiful 300-year-old estate, is two and a half miles south of Stellenbosch on the R44 to Somerset West. There are tastings Monday to Saturday; (27-21) 880-0133. No matter where you are, you have to try hard to spend more than $10 for a bottle; excellent wines can be had for $8.

The Atlantic is frigid; Indian Ocean beaches are warmer. Boulders Beach, near Simonstown on the Indian Ocean side, shelters penguins who waddle right up to you.

The Victoria & Alfred Waterfront is reminiscent of the South Street Seaport but is in what is very much a working port. The area includes the Two Oceans Aquarium, (27-21) 418-3823, with "please touch" exhibits for children. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. daily; $5.80.

The District Six Museum is in a church at 25A Buitenkant Street, (27-21) 461-8745, in what was once a lively mixed-race neighborhood that was home to the Cape Town jazz scene. In the 1960's, it was bulldozed by the apartheid government. People were often given two hours to pack before their possessions were dumped on the Cape Flats. No admission charge; open Monday to Saturday 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

Where to Stay

The Winchester Mansions Hotel, 221 Beach Road, Sea Point, (27-21) 434-2351, fax 434-0215, has 53 rooms around a garden court, across a lawn from the sea. Doubles: $147 to $185.

The 101 rooms at The Ambassador, 34 Victoria Road, Bantry Bay, (27-21) 439-6170, fax 439-6336, are tiny, but the hotel hangs down a cliff in a cove, so the ocean practically crashes in. Doubles: $86 to $148, depending on the season.

Budget: The Don Executive Apartments, at Mill and Annandale Streets, in Gardens, (27-21) 462-1500, fax 462-1509, has 31 neat rooms with kitchenettes in the center of town. Doubles: $57 December to March, $43 to $50 the rest of year.

The 30-room Tudor, 153 Longmarket Street, (27-21) 24-1335, fax 23-1198, has a drab lobby, but is on Greenmarket Square, with a lively flea market and restaurants, in the heart of downtown. Doubles: $54.

Luxury: The sprawling pink Mount Nelson Hotel, 76 Orange Street, Gardens, (27-21) 23-1000, fax 24-7472, built in 1899, has seven acres of gardens and splendid views. The 226 rooms are decorated in English Victorian antiques and reproductions. Doubles: $438.

At the opposite end of downtown, the 386-room Cape Sun Intercontinental, (27-21) 23-8844, fax 23-8875, on an entire block of Strand Street, is a 32-story slice of skyline with vast views of the sea or the mountains. Rooms are decorated with a mix of antiques and contemporary furnishings. Doubles: $268.

Where to Eat

All prices are for two with wine.

Buitenverwachting is a handsome winery with extensive lawns and a horse paddock on Klein Constantia Road in Constantia, (27-21) 794-3522. The five-course dinner menu, which changes daily, recently featured terrine of crayfish and prawns, and salads with pine nuts. $95.

Americans who wish to see themselves through South African eyes (and get a large and terrific steak) should try one of the 15 Spurs restaurants in the Cape Town area. The decor is cowboys and Indians; the waiters wear baseball uniforms. There is a children's menu. Particularly good is the 400-gram aged filet mignon for $9. About $30.

Another good, inexpensive chain is St. Elmo's Pizzerias, with pizzas, pastas and salads. $20.

Nino's, at 52 Shortmarket Street on Greenmarket Square, is noisy, but close to everything; (27-21) 24-7466. It serves pastas, meats and fish; veal marsala, with black mushrooms, pasta primavera and prawns (for breakfast) are popular. $25

The place to be seen nowadays is Blues, across from Camps Bay beach; (27-21) 438-2040. It calls its menu California-Mediterranean. The most popular dish is the seafood grill, with crayfish, prawns, calamari and fish. A good wine list. $50.

Constantia Uitsig is a lovely old winery in Constantia with views of extensive lawns, vineyards and mountains; (27-21) 794-4480. There are two restaurants -- one French, the other Mediterranean-northern Italian, with such dishes as Italiata di manzo, seared beef on a salad of tomato and Parmesan. $45.

**Correction**

The What's Doing column on Oct. 26, about Cape Town, referred imprecisely to the place where the Indian and Atlantic Oceans meet. It is Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point in Africa, not exactly at the Cape of Good Hope.

**Correction-Date:** November 23, 1997, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: At the District Six Museum, Rose Lingeveldt marks the place where she used to live on the floor map. Table Mountain dominates the city. At Blues Restaurant, which calls its mostly seafood menu California-Mediterranean. (Photographs by Louise Gubb for The New York Times)

Chart: "Vital Statistics" lists travel information and statistics on Cape Town. (Sources: South African Tourisn Board, Times Books World Weather Guide, local businesses)

Map of Cape Town.

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[***Guarding the Image in Newark;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0X30-008G-F1YY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***City Bars Local Filming of a Movie About Teen-Age Car Bandits - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0X30-008G-F1YY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By CLIFFORD J. LEVY,    Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

After decades of trying to claw its way out of the ranks of urban has-beens, Newark can be a bit prickly about its image. The local boosters often complain that no matter how much they rebuild their venerable but often pitied city, they cannot wipe away the stains left by a history of poverty, bad schools and rampant car theft.

So when a young director named Nick Gomez recently sought permission to shoot a movie about Newark in the city itself, municipal officialdom winced. Backed by the film maker Spike Lee, Mr. Gomez had written a screenplay, "New Jersey Drive," about the reckless teen-age car bandits who have given the city gobs of unflattering publicity in recent years.

"My reaction was, 'Over my dead body will they film this in Newark,' " said Pamela E. Goldstein, who as chief spokeswoman for Mayor Sharpe James reviews applications for making movies in the city. Ever eager to bury the memories of the years when Newark was proclaimed the nation's car-theft capital, Ms. Goldstein politely told Mr. Gomez to take his $4 million budget elsewhere.

Newark's rejection of the project -- despite the money it might have pumped into the limping local economy -- perhaps reflects a growing tendency among civic leaders across the country to restrict filming of movies that they feel malign their localities or institutions.

Earlier this year, the New York City Transit Authority banned the shooting of subway scenes that it considered too violent, though it later backed off after being criticized by Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani.

And in 1990, New Jersey's Chief Justice, Robert N. Wilentz, refused to let the producers of "The Bonfire of the Vanities" film at the Essex County Courthouse in Newark because, he said, the scenes might erode the confidence of black people in the judicial system. The film makers had already met with criticism in the Bronx, where much of "Bonfire" is set.

But the icy reception of Mr. Gomez's proposal is also a fair indication that for this city of 275,000 on the Passaic River, the wounds inflicted by the sharp rise in car thefts in the late 1980's and early 1990's still sting. News accounts of the crimes painted Newark as a kind of urban badlands even as billions of dollars were being spent to revitalize its business district and to make improvements to neighborhoods that never really rebounded from the riots of the 1960's.

"Through a very sophisticated public relations campaign mounted by elected and major corporate figures, Newark had pretty much recast itself as a city on the move and a city that was solving many of its most nagging problems," said Clement Alexander Price, a professor at Rutgers University's Newark campus who specializes in local history. "The car thefts tarnished this highly buffed image of a city rising from the ashes."

Disappointed but not exactly surprised, Mr. Gomez went hunting for a city double that had some of the same feel as Newark: wide avenues lined with towering housing projects, weather-beaten specimens of Gothic architecture harking back to turn-of-the-century glory, gentle hills and a sense of inner-city isolation mingling with the nearness of suburbia. He landed in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn and Glendale, Queens.

A relatively inexpensive film by Hollywood standards, "New Jersey Drive" tells the story of two teen-agers, Jason and Midget, who have drifted into a subculture in Newark's poor neighborhoods that thrives on stealing cars and racing them on roadways and even sidewalks. The youths, some still in junior high school, taunt the police while executing breathtakingly dangerous maneuvers to impress their friends.

Mr. Gomez, 30, visited housing projects in Newark a number of times to talk with some of the youthful thieves and to find teen-agers to cast in the movie, which features little-known actors. In an interview on location the other day, he recalled that the people he met reminded him of his years growing up in ***working-class*** Boston, when he sometimes stole cars.

'Sense of Control'

"It's all about cruising around and getting cars and trying to pick up girls and having a certain amount of freedom and mobility," said Mr. Gomez, whose first major film was the critically acclaimed independent film "Laws of Gravity," about two small-time hoods in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. "But we weren't as isolated, disenfranchised and poverty-stricken as the people in Newark are."

"It's a real sense of control, power and luxury," Mr. Gomez said. "It's a sense of identity. It's pretty much an all-American rite of passage, if you think about certain socioeconomic groups."

In the movie, the Newark police become so frustrated by their inability to stop the teen-agers that their tactics turn brutal. The portrayal of the police seems influenced by the case of Howard Caesar, the Newark teen-ager who was shot and seriously wounded in a confrontation with officers in 1992 after parking a stolen car. One officer was convicted of aggravated assault in the episode.

In an odd twist, Mr. Caesar, now 19, was arrested last month on charges that he and four others took part in a wild crime spree that included a carjacking, shootings, robberies and the ramming of a police car. Mr. Caesar's lawyer contends that the police framed him because of the 1992 incident.

The depiction of the Newark police was one aspect of the screenplay that angered Ms. Goldstein and other Newark officials. She criticized Mr. Gomez for demonizing the officers and presenting the teen-agers as heroes.

"It is glamorizing something that shouldn't be glamorized," she said, noting that the city had rarely turned down film or television projects in the past. She also pointed out that the script makes no reference to the sharp decline in car thefts in Newark in recent years, from 15,698 in 1989 to 11,875 in 1993, according to police statistics.

Heated Rivalry

The streetwise Mr. Gomez, who has a closely trimmed goatee and shaved head, was unapologetic. "The film embraces the kids' attitudes more so that it does the cops'," he said. "It's their story, be they right or be they wrong."

At the height of the Newark car-theft epidemic, there were without a doubt enormous tensions between the police and the teen-agers, which lent an image of lawlessness to a city trying to lure back the middle class. The rivalry became so heated that officers had to be restrained because they were engaging in chases that endangered bystanders. They were permitted to speed after stolen cars only if the thieves were suspected of more-serious crimes.

"We had young policemen, and we had young people stealing cars," Donald Tucker, a member of the Newark City Council, said. "The kids wanted the policemen to chase them. They would get into a macho-macho thing. It was like 'The French Connection.' "

Though Mr. Tucker said he had not read the screenplay for "New Jersey Drive," he said he understood Ms. Goldstein's reaction. But he also maintained that some officials were so fixated on Newark's reputation that they were distracted from governing.

"I don't think it did any damage to the psyche of the city," Mr. Tucker said. "They took a phenomenon that existed within Newark and other municipalities and attempted to describe Newark as the phenomenon."

Neither of the male leads in "New Jersey Drive" is from Newark, though a few of the other actors are. Sharron Corley, 20, who plays Jason, grew up in Brownsville, Brooklyn, and Gabriel Casseus, 19, who plays Midget, is from Harlem -- neighborhoods where car theft is less common than in Newark.

But both said they understood why their characters stole cars.

Fake License Plates

"Among your peers, it gives you what we call 'props' -- respect," said Mr. Casseus, who has acted in theater but is starring in his first film. "When you steal the car, you are looked upon as someone higher up. It's our way of validating ourselves. It's a way of gaining status."

Mr. Gomez originally wanted to set the film in Boston or Washington Heights in Manhattan. But after reading articles about teen-agers in Newark written by Michel Marriott, a reporter for The New York Times, Mr. Gomez changed his mind.

Mr. Marriott later wrote the story for "New Jersey Drive" together with Mr. Gomez. Spike Lee is the executive producer of the film, which is being made for Gramercy Pictures and is to be released later this year.

Though he has had to re-create Newark in Williamsburg and Glendale, forcing his producers to come up with a garage full of fake New Jersey license plates and Newark police cars, Mr. Gomez said he did not resent being snubbed. And he noted that even if he had received permission, he still might have shot some scenes in Brooklyn because it was closer to his film studio and home in Manhattan.

"They are thinking of their own civic identity, which is completely logical to me," he said. "But it's too bad. Newark is a beautiful city. It has a lot of stuff that's good for movies. You point a camera in a certain way and there's going to be something about it that's interesting."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday about Newark officials' refusal to allow the filming of the movie "New Jersey Drive" in their city referred incorrectly in some copies to the position of the director, Nick Gomez, in the photo. He was at the left, near the camera, pointing with his left hand.

**Correction-Date:** April 19, 1994, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photo: Nick Gomez, left, instructing cameraman on the set of "New Jersey Drive," about reckless teen-age car bandits in Newark. He is directing the film in Brooklyn and Queens because Newark rejected the project, despite the money it might have pumped into the local economy. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 18, 1994

**End of Document**



[***WHEN 73 STATIONS MAKE THEIR OWN SHOWS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FDB0-000B-Y29G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 23, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1529 words

**Byline:** By SANDRA SALMANS

**Body**

''You gonna take my picture,'' observes the old man, who obviously doesn't like the idea. ''You'll break the camera if you take my picture.'' His wife, a heavyset woman clutching a beer can, grunts her assent.

The man behind the camera explains that ''I just want to show what the neighborhood is like. I live right across the street,'' he adds. ''Oh, that's all right,'' says the old man. ''No hard feelings.'' And so begins ''Lower Lancaster Street,'' a documentary about the gentrification of a rundown block in Albany that is being taken over by the middle-class - including the show's producer-cameraman - at the expense of the ***working-class*** and the unemployed.

The program is one episode in ''U.S. Chronicle,'' a 26-part documentary series that begins on WNET at 8 P.M. Thursday, July 9, and runs through December. The half-hour documentaries, produced by Lawrence K. Pomeroy, a 39-year-old Boston-based independent producer formerly with CBS News, and anchored by Jim Lehrer of the Public Broadcasting Service's ''MacNeil/Lehrer Report,'' will be shown on 73 stations around the country. While few of the programs are such striking examples of grass-roots journalism as ''Lower Lancaster Street,'' they have been produced by 20 different public-television stations and focus on local situations, although the issues are of national concern.

Preview of "US Chronicle," 26-part documentary series on public televison

Now entering its second year, ''U.S. Chronicle'' is a unique venture in television by consortium, and, at a time when government cutbacks are putting a crimp in public television budgets, it is getting close scrutiny. On the plus side, the pooling of resources by a number of stations may offer the possibility of more programming at less expense. On the debit side, however, the consortium approach has the inherent problem of unevenness in quality. And, judging from its story list, ''U.S. Chronicles'' would appear to break little journalistic ground.

The smorgasbord of subjects this year includes the Abscam investigation in Philadelphia, declining expectations - or ''downward mobility'' - of the young middle class in New York and Boston, an oil boomtown in Colorado, the flight to private schools in Los Angeles, labor productivity in a Japanese-owned factory in upstate New York, acid rain in the Adirondack National Park, Mexican immigration to Chicago, the lottery in New Jersey, three young musicians at the music festival in Aspen and the reputed good life in Minnesota.

What the series undoubtedly offers is, simply, more bang for the buck. ''It's a barter approach,'' explained Jay Iselin, WNET's president. ''With the rapid withdrawal of Federal support, we must find ingenious, alternative ways of putting together a program series without spending $2 million.'' That other public television stations agree is apparent from the acceptance this season of ''U.S. Chronicle.'' Last year, the series featured only 13 documentaries and was ignored by many of the major metropolitan areas; this year, it will appear in all major markets, including Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Miami and Houston, as well as New York.

For the members of the consortium, the series' only cost was the outlay for their individual production - ranging from $70,000 for WNET to $15,000 for a small-town station - plus $5,000 apiece to cover administrative overhead. The 50-odd stations that are also subscribing to the series pay an amount that is determined by their market size but remains modest, thanks to the relatively low costs of consortium production.

To produce a half-hour documentary independently, ''to hire a camera crew, lease facilities to edit, pay for the film, would cost a minimum of $80,000,'' Mr. Pomeroy said in a recent interview at WNET's offices. To duplicate independently a number of the ''U.S. Chronicle'' programs would have required a far greater investment. ''Imagine posting an out-of-town camera crew to Albany for 'Lancaster Street,' which was filmed over the course of a year,'' he suggested. ''Or doing the documentary on the boomtown in Craig, Colo. A network would send out a researcher, who would stay a few weeks and write a report. Then the report is evaluated. Then a camera crew flies out, with a producer, or a few producers, and they stay for weeks. Or months.'' Instead, a producer/reporter/editor with Denver's KRMA drove over to Craig.

While it is hard to quarrel with the economics, the choice of subjects might be faulted as unoriginal. The Abscam investigation, for example, will have been public knowledge for one-and-a-half years by the time the WHYY program is shown. The brownstone revival in Albany has not gone unnoticed in other media. Other subjects, such as downward mobility, the growth of private schools and boomtowns fueled by the discovery of oil have been reported frequently in newspapers and newsmagazines; some have even been duly noted in the ''MacNeil/Lehrer Report.''

Mr. Pomeroy acknowledged that one of the series' handicaps was the long time that typically elapsed between a program's conception and its broadcast. However, he denied that ''U.S. Chronicle'' covers well-trod ground. ''We're going behind the headlines,'' he asserted, noting that the documentaries focused on the individual rather than the general. The impetus for many of the stories was articles in the daily press, he conceded, but ''We tackle subjects in an entirely different way. You're hearing the voices, seeing the faces of the participants in the story. That's television.''

At the same time, the decentralized nature of the production leaves the series open to charges of inconsistency and amateurism, particularly when measured by the standards of commercial television and even big-city public television. Admittedly, last year's ''U.S. Chronicle'' series, as well as individual programs, won several awards and praise from critics. But John J. O'Connor characterized most of the documentaries as ''reasonably well made, but hardly inspired.'' Mr. Lehrer acknowledged that the quality had been uneven, adding that it has been ''upgraded'' this year.

''We have stations of varying expertise,'' Mr. Pomeroy admitted. ''But given the compressed production schedule, the use of cutting rooms around the country and the challenge to keep production values high, I think that we've succeeded.'' In fact, he and a number of public television executives cite the very variety of voices and styles as one of the virtues of the series. ''It lets us display the yeast, the originality, the diversity of our society,'' said Mr. Iselin.

Certainly the full diversity of public television is on display in the first two episodes of the series, ''Abscam and the Philadelphia Story'' and ''Lower Lancaster Street.'' The Abscam program, a conscientious and fairly conventional approach to documentary-making, is filled with the talking heads of politicians - those convicted of accepting bribes and those subsequently elected on a reform ticket.

The Lancaster Street report, in contrast, has a style more suggestive of cinema verite - undoubtedly the result of the presence on the block of the producer-cameraman throughout a year of filming. Among the events that occurs on Lancaster Street is the annual clean-up day, during which middle-class children plant the block with flowers - an episode upon which the camera dwells long and lovingly, with musical accompaniment.

What the two programs do have in common is a certain rough-hewn quality that places them in marked contrast to the slick professionalism of CBS's ''60 Minutes,'' for example. But Mr. Pomeroy stoutly defends the Lancaster Street sequence - ''I don't think it has to be jazzed up,'' he says - and praises the Philadelphia story. Nor does it trouble him that gentrification and Abscam have already been reported in depth. ''When do you run out of a subject?'' Mr. Pomeroy asks rhetorically. ''The point is, the program does have relevance. Is it interesting? Informative? We meet those objectives.''

If the second season of ''U.S. Chronicle'' gets a good audience rating, the consortium method is likely to be more widely adopted as a source of new programs. One project already in the works, tentatively scheduled for broadcast early next year, is a cabaret series which would be comprised of examples of the performing arts from a cross-country selection of regional theaters and orchestra halls.

Another new public-television offering that could go the consortium route is a nightly business report. The program was conceived by Miami's WPBT but, by the time it is broadcast in mid-October, collaborators may include WNET and Chicago's WTTW.

And if all goes well, the forerunner of consortium projects may itself become a permanent feature of public television. '' 'U.S. Chronicle' doesn't pretend to be the last word on the state of the country,'' said Mr. Pomeroy, ''but it does give a clear glimpse of what we are focusing on in the regions, and it shows us to be a vital and vigorous people. If the taxpayer asks what he's getting for his money, 'U.S. Chronicle' is, to a degree, evidence of the vitality of the public television system.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of scene from 'Lower Lancaster Street'

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45YC-92P0-01CN-H1T9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

"ABOUT A BOY," starring Hugh Grant, Nicholas Hoult, Toni Collette and Rachel Weisz. Directed by Paul and Chris Weitz (PG-13, 101 minutes). In this sweet, breezy comedy of redemption, Mr. Grant plays Will Freeman, a rich London slacker who has made it his goal in life to be as shallow as possible. Devoted to clothes, videos, pop music and nice stuff, Will decides to take up a sideline in seducing single mothers. This project leads him to Marcus, an awkward 12-year-old with a depressive mother (Ms. Collette). For no good reason, the boy decides to become Will's best friend and ends up teaching him valuable lessons about the importance of other people. The story, based on Nick Hornby's novel, is thoroughly sentimental, but the Weitzes bring it off with a light, knowing touch, and Mr. Grant has the wit to turn his charm against itself, emphasizing Will's caddish narcissism enough to make his maturation seem meaningful (A. O. Scott).

"THE CAT'S MEOW," starring Edward Herrmann, Kirsten Dunst, Cary Elwes, Jennifer Tilly and Eddie Izzard. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich (PG-13, 112 minutes). Mr. Bogdanovich exhumes a half-forgotten tidbit of Hollywood scandal involving a death on board a yacht belonging to William Randolph Hearst and fashions it into a spry, touching entertainment. Hearst (Mr. Herrmann) is the apex of a romantic triangle that includes his mistress, Marion Davies (Ms. Dunst), and Charlie Chaplin (Mr. Izzard). The direction is sometimes plodding; the madcap decadence of Jazz Age Hollywood never really comes alive. But the acting is first rate, and the picture shows an appealing sympathy for its vain, self-absorbed characters, no matter how monstrously or ridiculously they behave (Scott).

"CHANGING LANES," starring Ben Affleck, Samuel L. Jackson and Sydney Pollack. Directed by Roger Michell (R, 99 minutes). In this deeply flawed tale, Mr. Affleck plays Gavin Banek, a hard-charging Manhattan lawyer who finally discovers his own morality. His Mercedes rams a Toyota driven by a man named Doyle (Mr. Jackson), who is left with a flat tire in the rain. The rushing Gavin shrugs, leaves a blank check at the accident site to pay for the damage and then drives off. In his haste Gavin accidentally leaves a valuable legal document with Doyle. This is when "Changing Lanes" becomes "A Christmas Carol" with a Road Runner cartoon added. In this instance, though, it's like a Road Runner cartoon with dueling Wile E. Coyotes, with acts of escalating violence as each man tries to chip the other's hide and soul. But in the end Gavin's awakening from his moneyed cocoon is just too convenient (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "DOGTOWN AND Z-BOYS," with Sean Penn, Jay Adams and Tony Alva. Directed by Stacy Peralta (PG-13, 90 minutes). This thrillingly kinetic insider's history of the 1970's Southern California skateboarding culture was made by several of the hands that helped create that culture. Narrated by Mr. Penn, who describes how it evolved out of a cult of bad-boy surfers in the Venice area, the movie is a dizzy, fast-paced montage with a period rock soundtrack. Especially fascinating is the story of how a major drought emptied many of the area's swimming pools, which became testing laboratories for new skateboarding moves. We also see the stars of that culture, including Mr. Adams and Mr. Alva, then (in home movies and photographs) and now (Stephen Holden).

"ENOUGH," starring Jennifer Lopez and Billy Campbell. Directed by Michael Apted (PG-13, 115 minutes). "The Terminatrix" might be a more apt title for this jarring thriller about a battered wife who flees her comfortable Southern California life with a young daughter and assumes a new identity. When she eventually faces down her evil yuppie husband (Mr. Campbell), she is armed with brass knuckles and fortified by a martial arts course. Packed with crude shocks, the movie has an ugly undertone of class warfare (Ms. Lopez's battered wife is a spunky ***working-class*** waitress who marries up). Despite the movie's loathing of its villain, it still manages to suggest that batterers make better lovers (Holden).

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," starring Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, Frances O'Connor, Reese Witherspoon, Judi Dench and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Oliver Parker (PG, 94 minutes). Hyped up with fantasy sequences, a hot air balloon and music that sounds more 1920's than 1890's, Oscar Wilde's 1895 comic masterpiece has been reduced from a scathing satire of upper-class superficiality into a goofy, gimmicky costume comedy. If the playwright's dazzling language is intact, the embellishments interrupt its rhythms, and the low-keyed, realistic performances don't synchronize with the style of the play. The classic 1952 film adaptation, starring Edith Evans, is far preferable (Holden).

\* "INSOMNIA," starring Al Pacino, Robin Williams and Hilary Swank. Directed by Christopher Nolan (R, 116 minutes). In this noir thriller, Detective Will Dormer (Mr. Pacino) is tracking down a murderer in a small Alaska town while pursued by his own guilt. Back in Los Angeles, Will is the object of an Internal Affairs investigation. His chase is preordained to end in tragedy, and he knows it. This intensely sharp-witted remake of a 1997 Norwegian film also stars Mr. Williams as the subject of the detective's chase, a canny murderer with no one to brag to, except Will. The suspense in Mr. Nolan's film comes not in the standard whodunit plot turns but from another question: will having too much in the hero's head bring him down? (Mitchell).

\* "THE LADY AND THE DUKE," starring Lucy Russell and Jean-Claude Dreyfus. Directed by Eric Rohmer (PG-13, 125 minutes; in French with English subtitles). Mr. Rohmer, France's premier anatomist of late-20th-century romantic confusion, turns his attention to the political turmoil of the 18th century. Using digital video and hand-painted backdrops, he has made a gripping, contrarian costume drama that is also very much a Rohmer film, full of passionate argument and rueful irony. Ms. Russell plays Grace Elliott, an English expatriate whose loyalty to the French monarchy places her in danger during the revolutionary terror of the early 1790's. Mr. Dreyfus is her devoted friend and former lover, the Duke of Orleans, whose principles are far less steadfast. Mr. Rohmer's sensibility is so uncannily in tune with the period that you feel you are watching a recovered masterpiece of 18th-century cinema (Scott).

\* "MURDEROUS MAIDS," starring Sylvie Testud, Julie-Marie Parmentier and Isabelle Renauld. Directed by Jean-Pierre Denis (not rated, 94 minutes; in French, with English subtitles). The story of the Papin sisters, domestic servants in Le Mans who murdered their mistress and her daughter in 1932, has long fascinated French writers and intellectuals. Mr. Denis's film stays close to the details of the sisters' lives and provides a harrowing, unvarnished exploration of class domination and psychological obsession in the French provinces. There is no incidental music and little exposition, and Mr. Denis's clinical realism might in itself become oppressive if not for Ms. Testud's ferocious, frightening performance as Christine Papin, whose fanatical devotion to her younger sister, Lea, made her the primary actor in a bloody social tragedy (Scott).

\* "THE MYSTIC MASSEUR," starring Aasif Mandvi, Om Puri and Ayesha Dharker. Directed by Ismail Merchant (PG, 117 minutes). This subtle and absorbing screen adaptation of V. S. Naipaul's first novel takes a humorously detached view of Trinidadian politics in the 1940's and 50's when the island was still a British colony. Mr. Mandvi is Ganesh, a charismatic schoolteacher and bogus healer who becomes a leader just as the island's sizable Indian population is beginning to find its political voice. Mr. Puri as Ganesh's charming but chiseling father-in-law, Ramlogan, is the most colorful character. The film's wry perspective on politics, power and human frailty ultimately transcends time and place (Holden).

"THE NEW GUY," starring DJ Qualls, Eliza Dushku and Eddie Griffin. Directed by Ed Decter (PG-13, 100 minutes). Mr. Qualls plays Diz, a high school senior who is trying to get himself expelled on the advice of his mentor, the jailbird Luther (Mr. Griffin). While serving time with Luther -- don't ask -- Diz is told that to change his status as the school pinata for homeroom bullies, he'll have to get tossed out of his school. Then Diz can go to a new school and reinvent himself from the ground up. Diz emerges from Luther's counsel cooler, more mysterious: he's "the new guy," whose prison record makes him more attractively dangerous. This bad-taste comedy does have a heart. Now, if it only had a brain (Mitchell).

\* "RAIN," starring Alicia Fulford-Wierzbicki, Sarah Peirse and Marton Csokas. Written and directed by Christine Jeffs (not rated, 92 minutes). In this lovely, subtle coming-of-age story -- Ms. Jeffs's first feature -- a 13-year-old girl witnesses the slow unraveling of her parents' marriage and begins to discover her own sexual power. The movie, adapted from a novel by Kirsty Gunn, travels over familiar ground and veers toward melodrama at the end, but Ms. Jeffs makes it all seem strange and terrifying. She uses the film's natural setting -- a lush, empty stretch of the New Zealand coast -- to create an atmosphere of dread and erotic implication, and she is fortunate to have found in Ms. Fulford-Wierzbicki a young actress with the power and confidence to remind us what it is like to perch unsteadily on the edge of maturity in a world that is itself none too steady (Scott).

"SPIDER-MAN," starring Tobey Maguire, Willem Dafoe, Kirsten Dunst and J. K. Simmons. Directed by Sam Raimi (PG-13, 120 minutes). The most amazing thing about Mr. Raimi's franchise-founding adaptation of the 40-year-old Marvel comic book is that its high-tech special effects are overshadowed by witty writing and inventive performances. Mr. Maguire rediscovers the smart, alienated adolescent underneath the superhero's mask and mocks the heroic crime-fighter conceit without subverting it. Mr. Raimi and Mr. Koepp are masters of pop realism, tossing off easy jokes and corny sentiment with gratifying enthusiasm. The romance between Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson (Ms. Dunst) is as ripe as an old Hollywood melodrama and a minor-key conclusion like something out of Henry James. The cold, thin computer-generated action sequences and a fatigued performance by Mr. Dafoe dampen the fun a little, but Mr. Maguire, Ms. Dunst and Mr. Simmons, in an uproarious turn as the irascible tabloid editor J. Jonah Jameson, manage to save the day (Scott).

"STAR WARS: EPISODE II -- ATTACK OF THE CLONES," starring Hayden Christensen, Natalie Portman, Samuel L. Jackson, Ian McDiarmid, Ewan McGregor and Christopher Lee. Directed by George Lucas (PG, 132 minutes). Early and late, in a starship chase sequence and in a light-saber duel between Yoda and the nefarious Count Dooku (Mr. Lee), some of the old "Star Wars" magic returns. But otherwise the mixture of grandeur and whimsy that made the first three movies so thrilling has been sacrificed to self-importance, an incomprehensible plot and some of the worst screen acting of the year. Mr. Christensen and Ms. Portman are dreadful as Anakin Skywalker and Padme Amidala, who are reunited (and fall in love) in the midst of a messy political crisis that threatens the stability of the republic and the power of the Jedi order. Millions of people will see this dreary, joyless picture, but only those pursuing advanced degrees in "Star Wars"-ology will be able to appreciate it (Scott).

\* "13 CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING," starring Matthew McConaughey, John Turturro, Clea DuVall, Amy Irving and Alan Arkin. Directed by Jill Sprecher; written by Karen Sprecher and Jill Sprecher (R, 102 minutes). This movie's general subject -- that mysterious thing that might be called fate, serendipity, happenstance or luck -- has inspired a number of recent movies, but the Sprecher sisters wield their pop mysticism with breathtaking intelligence and control. Four stories, all involving adrift, unlucky Manhattanites, spiral around each other in a chronological scheme that is as lucid and complex as a piece of music. Mr. Arkin, in one of his best recent performances, plays an insurance executive with a fatalistic view of the universe and a guilty conscience, and the actor's dry, precise sense of comedy gives the movie the absurdist kick of a Beckett play (Scott).

\* "UNFAITHFUL," starring Richard Gere, Diane Lane and Olivier Martinez. Directed by Adrian Lyne (R, 137 minutes). This glossy Americanized screen adaptation of Claude Chabrol's "Femme Infidele" has an indelible central performance by Ms. Lane as a happily married suburban woman whose casual dalliance with a handsome French bookseller (Mr. Martinez) becomes a sensual obsession. Her performance makes you realize how long it has been since Hollywood dared to put disruptive grown-up sex on the screen. Mr. Gere gives one of his subtlest performances as her loving control freak of a husband driven to commit a crime of passion. The movie could be called "Fatal Attraction 2" with the roles reversed. But this time, Mr. Lyne doesn't settle for a crowd-pleasing horror-movie finale (Holden).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Al Pacino and Hilary Swank in the noir thriller "Insomnia," which is directed by Christopher Nolan. (Warner Brothers); Jennifer Lopez plays a battered wife who keeps in shape in Michael Apted's film "Enough." (Van Redin/Columbia Pictures)

**Load-Date:** May 31, 2002

**End of Document**



[***From Liverpool's decay, A New Tate Gallery Rises***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5D00-002S-X0H6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHALE KIMMELMAN

**Dateline:** LIVERPOOL, England

**Body**

Like so much else in this once grand, now impoverished port city, the jumble of brick buildings that has stood on the docks of Liverpool since 1846 had virtually collapsed after years of neglect. Condemned to be torn down some 20 years ago, the Albert Dock complex was saved through financial assistance from the British Government after a combination of historic preservationists and private developers argued that the buildings could be restored and made profitable.

The first of the refurbished structures opened in 1980, and the last stages of the $170 million project are due to be completed early in the next century. By that time, it is hoped, the dock will have been turned into a thriving complex of hotels, museums, offices, apartments, movie theaters, restaurants and shops, modeled roughly on the restoration projects at Quincy Market in Boston and Harborplace in Baltimore. Albert Dock stands as a bold and optimistic gesture in the face of persistent hard times.

The latest component in the dock renovation is in certain ways the most daring and the most impressive - a branch of London's Tate Gallery. Tate Gallery Liverpool brings for the first time the riches of Britain's national trove of modern art to people who until now had to venture either to London or to the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art in Edinburgh if they wanted to see it firsthand.

The museum here maintains no permanent collection but borrows portions of the London Tate's extensive holdings and works from abroad to stage temporary exhibitions. Its aim, judging from the shows thus far, has been to introduce mainstream artists to a public substantially unfamiliar with their work.

Concerns that the branch would only be lent second-rate paintings and sculptures should have been allayed by the first shows here: A sweeping and detailed survey of British sculpture during the past 20 years and a conscientious Minimalist retrospective, both of which remain on view, underscore the ambitions of this new museum. The Tate Gallery Liverpool has yet to overcome serious financial hurdles and completely win over a skeptical local audience, but in its goal of establishing an important center of modern art in this unlikely setting, it should already be counted a success.

During its initial 10 months, nearly 700,000 people have visited the formerly dark warehouse transformed by the architect James Stirling into a series of airy, white rooms, several of them with windows facing the harbor. The museum's popularity comes as a surprise even to its curator, Richard Francis, who had projected 500,000 visitors for the first year.

Liverpool is home to a moderate-sized arts center called the Bluecoat Gallery and to the Walker Art Gallery, which contains the city's only comprehensive art collection and which has for many years held the John Moores, a nationwide competition for painters and sculptors. But it was not at all clear to the Tate Liverpool's organizers how successful a museum devoted exclusively to modern art would be in a ***working-class*** city whose residents are, according to Mr. Francis, ''new to modern art.''

Encouragingly, the survey of British sculpture has drawn more than 70,000 visitors during its first three months. On a recent drizzly Tuesday morning, dozens of people could be seen milling around works by Anthony Caro, Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth.

''If you measure success by the number of people through the door, then we are seriously successful,'' Mr. Francis said.

Unfortunately for the Tate Liverpool, these numbers do not tell the entire tale. Visitors may be strolling through the garish orange doors that Mr. Stirling installed at the building's entrance, but so far money is not pouring into the museum's coffers fast enough to meet the institution's $1.7 million annual operating budget, or even to complete the renovation of the building.

Three floors for exhibitions are now open, but the Tate's upper story - for which a restaurant, contemporary art galleries, artists' studios and a live performance space are planned - awaits the $5.1 million needed for conversion. In the midst of neighborhoods plagued by roughly 60 percent unemployment, where population is falling and businesses have been loath to settle because of reputedly combative unions, the museum faces exceptional challenges in its attempts to raise money. A flurry of publicity before the museum opened buoyed a fund-raising drive, but now that the Tate is not making the news as often, it has been difficult to sustain interest.

There are other problems, endemic to any cultural institution trying to establish a foothold in an economically troubled area. The Tate Gallery Liverpool has been an institution conceived and realized at a certain psychological distance from the city in which it is based. Two-thirds of the money for the renovation of the Tate's building came from British Government funds. The rest came from private sources, just a few of which were in Liverpool. The museum was therefore largely the product of a Conservative administration planted in a Labor Party stronghold.

Not surprisingly, the Liverpool City Council was at first strongly opposed to the Tate, contending that investment in Liverpool should go toward housing or other essential services, rather than to a dockside renovation that the council members felt appealed principally to the well-off (prices for apartments at Albert Dock start at around $136,000).

''There was a good deal of suspicion that because we were placed here by the Government, we were a tool of the Government,'' Mr. Francis explained. ''But the Liverpool City Council has come around and seen that we're not a monster, that we're working with the community and with other art institutions here.''

To help woo the local audience, Mr. Francis has quite rightly tried to portray his institution not as an outpost of the London cultural scene but as a genuine participant in the life of its community. He has come up with several intelligent strategies along these lines. Instead of guards at exhibitions, the Tate Liverpool has ''information assistants,'' who are trained to answer any visitor's questions about the art on display. Mr. Francis points out the plan for artists' studios and mentions a program that will send museum officials with audio and video equipment to discuss modern art with groups of the disabled, children and others living in and around Liverpool.

And the director recalls proudly ''The Surreal Object'' - an event staged to coincide with the Tate Liverpool's exhibition of Surrealism - in which members of the public were invited to contribute their own examples of Surreal art. Some 200 works were submitted.

Of course, Mr. Francis has had to balance these gestures toward the community with the museum's goal of becoming an institution of international significance: not a minor arm of the Tate in London, but a place that initiates major exhibitions. Toward that end, Liverpool has organized not only the shows of Minimalism and British sculpture but also ambitious displays of Surrealism, Australian art and works of Mark Rothko and the early 20th-century English painter W. R. Sickert. The goal, according to Lewis Biggs, the curator of exhibitions, is not to be comprehensive like the Tate in London, but to ''present specific parts of the Tate's collection in depth.''

What can be shown in Liverpool is constrained to a certain extent by physical limitations. In knocking out one story of the warehouse, Mr. Stirling managed to create a ground-floor exhibition space with a tall ceiling. But on upper stories, height is a problem. Brick ceilings prevented the installation of inset lighting and air-conditioning, so the solution has been a series of hanging metal ducts. For all its ingenuity, the system cannot help but be intrusive.

If the top story could be finished, more expansive exhibition spaces would be available. But funds have been so limited that the museum was even forced recently to curtail certain of its educational programs.

And not all of the museum's efforts have met with enthusiasm locally. The Rothko exhibition, abstract murals that the painter originally executed for the Seagram Building in New York, was not especially popular among the people of Liverpool. ''A large proportion of our audience is going to find something like that difficult,'' said Mr. Francis, who also mentioned the lively debates that the current exhibition of Minimalist art has prompted.

Heated letters, both pro and con, in the local press have helped to spur interest, at the same time suggesting the increasing engagement of the residents here with their new museum. During the first three weeks, 57,000 people have stopped in to look at the handsome display of works by Carl Andre, Sol Lewitt and others. Mr. Francis believes that what was at first ''amused skepticism has turned to enthusiasm.''

With almost nowhere locally to turn for money, Mr. Francis is now looking to the Tate in London to help him raise funds, and it is encouraging to hear his confidence that, despite the troubles thus far, the museum can be completely renovated and economically stable within three years. ''We have meant a good deal in terms of the regeneration of the city and its image,'' Mr. Francis concluded, ''because we demonstrate that the city isn't the disaster it has often been portrayed as being.''

**Graphic**

Photos of modern British sculpture onview at the Tate Gallery Liverpool (pg. 35); the Tate Gallery in Liverpool (pg. 39)

**End of Document**



[***Coach Leads a School Without a Gym to Basketball Glory***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5V10-002S-X3N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JACK CURRY

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

THE message scrawled on a blackboard in the locker room at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena was simple, yet symbolic. It characterized the St. Anthony High School basketball team and their coach, Bob Hurley. Minutes before the title game against Elizabeth High School in the Tournament of Champions two weeks ago, Mr. Hurley offered his Jersey City team the same statement and same question he posed before every contest.

''Defense dominates offense. Which defense is going to dominate tonight?''

Elaboration was unnecessary. To the Friars, the words are gospel. St. Anthony plays pressure defense and wins games, 50 in a row to date, by outworking its opponents. True to the background of someone born, reared and still living in Jersey City, Mr. Hurley has developed a successful program built on a blue-collar ethic. His sleeves are rolled up, he never punches a time clock, he sacrifices and he cares.

''We understand how we do it, and there are people in Jersey City who appreciate our achievements because of how we did it,'' said Mr. Hurley, a Hudson County probation officer who earns $3,000 a year as coach. ''We don't have a fancy gym or a booster club for support. We don't even have a gym. We're a city team that plays tough for 32 minutes a night.''

With 310 students crammed into a decaying building on Sixth Street in downtown Jersey City, St. Anthony is an unappealing sight. Without a gymnasium (the players practice at other schools), it is remarkable that Mr. Hurley has transformed the school's team into a powerhouse. Playing against teams with enrollments of 3,000 and more, St. Anthony was 32-0 this season and was rated the No. 1 team in the nation by USA Today. The Friars were second in the rankings last season.

The success begins with the stocky 41-year-old coach, who works the court the way an artist embraces the canvas. Mr. Hurley's style is frenetic. He yells at referees and players. On the bench, exhaustion causes his graying hair to become disheveled and his fair complexion to turn red.

Dedication and Defense

His style is demanding. For him, basketball is 12 months of dedication and defense. Most of all, his style is paternal.

''Bob demands the most they can give and then asks them to give more,'' said Ed Riche, an assistant coach for St. Anthony. ''But nobody cares about them as much as he does. Nobody.''

In 17 years, he has won 13 state titles in his team's class, has a career record of 429-53 and has coached more than 50 players who earned scholarships. The Friars made state history by winning the inaugural Tournament of Champions as the overall titlist in basketball.

How does Mr. Hurley coax teen-agers away from the temptations of the inner city? And why do his players listen? Mr. Hurley says the answers are obvious. Basketball is a savior for many in Jersey City. Youngsters see someone like David Rivers, a graduate of St. Anthony, playing with the Los Angeles Lakers, and they want Mr. Hurley to coach them. The word on Mr. Hurley is etched in the blacktop, beneath the crooked rims. If you want to play superior basketball, Bob Hurley is the man. ''Mr. Hurley,'' Mr. Rivers said, ''is the best.''

Mr. Hurley's fascination with intense defense stems from his ***working-class*** roots. The coach reels off defensive instructions that players know better than their middle names. Beat him to the spot. Don't reach. Don't give up the baseline. Help out. Box out. ''The first time we played,'' said Ben Candelino, the coach of Elizabeth, ''we didn't get one easy bucket. They wouldn't let us.''

''We work on defense so much,'' said Jerry Walker, a senior and a forward who is headed to Seton Hall University on a basketball scholarship, ''that you can't wait to play a game and shoot.''

The sweat and toil do not end with basketball. St. Anthony has strict academic standards, and Mr. Hurley hounds players about grades. If a player fails one course, he becomes a spectator.

Ability on Court and in Class

Scrapbooks could be filled with stories lauding the athletic ability of Bobby Hurley Jr., the coach's son and point guard. But little has been written about his academic ranking - second in the senior class.

''I'm going to miss my father,'' said Bobby, who is bound for Duke University on a basketball scholarship. ''He didn't just care about basketball. He cared about everything.''

It seems improbable that work as a probation officer and basketball coach could mesh, but Mr. Hurley explains how the jobs are related. In the morning, he counsels young criminals. In the afternoon, he counsels young basketball players. The difference between the groups is one mistake. That's all it takes to go from bouncing the ball to getting bounced behind bars, he said.

It's why Mr. Hurley demands so much from his players and why he sheepishly admits to getting nervous hours before each game. He doesn't want youths to make the wrong choices, on or off the court, he said.

''I want them to do well,'' Mr. Hurley said. ''I believe a lot of kids can play in college. I don't want to see them miss the chance. I've seen too many who have.'' Robert Patrick Hurley was born in Jersey City on July 31, 1947. His mother was a nurse and his father was a police detective. All he ever wanted was to be a basketball player.

Mr. Hurley recalls that as a young boy he imagined tumbling out of his home on Linden Avenue and altering his identity. He dreamed of being Bob Cousy of the Celtics. The playground was the Boston Garden. He would practice making shots that won games. ''I'd use my imagination and be anywhere,'' he said. ''I always knew where to find a good game. I took my ball and went.''

No Varsity Letter

The practice turned him into a good player at St. Peter's Preparatory High School, but that was it. As a 5-foot-10-inch point guard, he was unable to contribute at St. Peter's College. He averaged 20 points a game for the freshman team, but never stitched on a varsity letter.

Curtailing his career was a painful blessing. It gave Mr. Hurley freedom to coach. As a junior in college, he coached the St. Anthony junior varsity. Three years later, he was varsity coach.

While he was the junior varsity mentor, he married Chris Ledzion. Their third date was a three-hour elementary school basketball game. In Mr. Hurley's first varsity season, the team was 27-2 and won a state championship. The next year, St. Anthony was 30-0 and won another state crown. It was also the season when Bobby Jr., still a baby, clinging to a miniature basketball, began making appearances at practices. Bobby was recently named one of the top 10 players in the country by Parade magazine.

As Bobby went from crawling to walking and dribbling behind his back, the state championships continued to pile up. With Mr. Hurley in the backcourt, St. Anthony added four more state titles and won 91 of its last 93 games.

''We're going to miss that guy,'' Mr. Hurley said. ''He always made the big shot.''

Point guard was the elder Hurley's own position. It is Bobby Jr.'s position, and next season his younger brother, Danny, a sophomore, will inherit it. The players change, but the coach remains.

Asked About a Change

Mr. Hurley is often asked about leaving St. Anthony for a more lucrative job. He admits to being flattered by the attention, and his penetrating blue eyes gleam at talk of handling a Division I college team.

After a few seconds, he returns to reality. Not the reality of whether he could do it, but the reality of what he said he would miss. It is the pleasure of molding the lives of wayward youths and giving them a better chance than they could have expected without him.

And it is the pleasure of doing it in his own backyard, with his sons on the team, with his wife keeping score and with his 8-year-old daughter, Melissa, as a water girl. It is the pleasure of coaching one of the best teams in the country in the city where he first dreamed of basketball. Mr. Hurley believes he belongs at St. Anthony, and he is in no hurry to leave.

''This past season was filled with memories that will last a lifetime,'' Mr. Hurley said. ''We were the best in the United States. The taste was phenomenal and I don't want to lose it. I don't want to be coaching for my livelihood as opposed to coaching for the love of it. I coach because I love it. I don't see any reason why I would ever leave.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Bob Hurley, coach of the St. Anthony High School basketball team, with team members during a game (NYT/Barton Silverman)

**End of Document**



[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN: Inwood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5CM0-002S-X0CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SARAH A. KASS

**Body**

IF a few great downtown restaurants could be hauled on flatbed trucks to Manhattan's northernmost point, the community of Inwood would be complete, say Assemblyman John B. Murtaugh and other neighborhood residents.

Built on rolling hills and abounding in parkland, this area north of 193d Street between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers offers residents just about everything else they might want for a style of life that is less frilly but much more affordable than that found elsewhere in Manhattan.

Musicians and artists have moved from the Manhattan's West Side to Inwood, attracted by its landscape and low rents, and music from Mozart to merengue can be heard through open windows.

Inwood thrives on diversity. Assemblyman Murtaugh, in his ninth year of representing the area, said that about 26 languages are spoken there and that it ''has always been a gateway neighborhood for immigrants.''

That has certainly been true since the 1920's, when apartment buildings started going up in the area and Riverside Drive was extended to Dyckman Street. Many of those apartment houses have Art Deco details which for a time were unloved but now have become newly fashionable. And single-family homes, most left over from an earlier era, still survive in the neighborhood, although they do not often become available for resale.

Inwood may not have developed according to Frederick Law Olmsted's and James R. Croes's 1876 plan - they envisioned a residential community akin to the English ''terrace'' - but the topography was preserved and even today about two-fifths of the area is parkland.

Fort Tryon Park's 62 acres were given to the city in 1930 by John D. Rockefeller. Something of a boomlet accompanied the development in that decade of Inwood Hill Park's 167 acres and Isham Park's 20 acres.

Today Broadway divides Inwood into two areas, the east side, with lower-income families in older walk-up buildings, and the west side, with more co-op apartments and residents with higher incomes.

''There are some people who never cross Broadway,'' said Larry Moskowitz, president of the East Inwood Neighborhood Association. ''But it's usually just a question of income; there is no rivalry.''

Mr. Murtaugh said East Inwood is often the first home of immigrants to the United States who settle in northern Manhattan. ''There is a pattern of migration from east of Broadway to west of Broadway to Park Terrace,'' he said. ''But people get along well. It's not two groups fighting for dominance.''

Joseph H. Green, a real estate broker in Inwood for more than 50 years, said the conversion of rental apartment buildings into co-ops began there about five years ago. Since then much of Park Terrace has been converted, as have many buildings west of Broadway. Although those co-ops are among the most affordable in New York City - $75,000 to $85,000 for one-bedrooms and $110,000 to $130,000 for two-bedrooms - residents are far from unanimous about the trend.

''We have a strong Latino ***working class*** who is not willing to give up and be gentrified,'' said Kay Stewart, executive director of the Inwood Preservation Corporation. ''Some people will be stretched financially and some will have to move.''

Rental apartments are available but the demand for them is larger than the supply. Frank Analante, treasurer of Lemle & Wolff, a real estate management company, said a one-bedroom apartment usually runs from $450 to $525 and two-bedrooms are about $700.

The co-op movement has led to the warehousing of apartments to prepare buildings for conversion. Any apartments not warehoused fill up quickly. Mr. Murtaugh attributes the warehousing to speculators buying up buildings at high prices with the intention of selling them to sponsors. Adding to the tightness of the apartment market is an influx of newcomers, many from Santo Domingo.

Inwood's growing population has led to acute overcrowding in the local public schools, P.S. 98, P.S. 152 and I.S. 52. All three are operating about 200 students above capacity, according to Hilda Perez-Santiago, a District 6 employee working on the overcrowding problem. She says the schools maintain a cap on class size by staggering sessions.

''New sites have been scheduled since 1970 and have still not been built,'' said Robert Moll, executive assistant to the District Superintendent, Anthony Amatop, ''but the population continues to increase.''

THE problem has been alleviated temporarily by busing children to schools in three neighboring districts - 2, 3 and 5. A permanent easing awaits completion of two schools for which ground has been broken.

P.S. 48, originally proposed in 1970, is being built at West 187th Street and Broadway and will serve 600 to 700 students from kindergarten through fourth grade. The second school, I.S. 218 at West 196th Street and Broadway, will serve the middle grades, from either fifth or sixth to eighth grade.

A public school has also been proposed for the Sherman Creek area between Ninth and Tenth Avenues near Dyckman Street in East Inwood, but Mr. Moskowitz said children would have to cross busy thoroughfares to get there.

Church-run schools like Good Shepherd and St. Jude's Roman Catholic elementary schools and St. Matthew's Lutheran school, which serves grades kindergarten to eight, are among Inwood's stronger selling points, Ms. Stewart said.

In 1984 the forerunner of the East Inwood Neighborhood Association, the Washington Heights Inwood People Opposed to Garbage Incineration, won a fight against a city proposal to put an incinerator in Sherman Creek.

''We opposed the incinerator for both environmental and neighborhood reasons and showed we could win,'' Mr. Moskowitz said.

Inwood residents have since banded together repeatedly, if less dramatically, to improve the quality of life, and block associations thrive. Recent rehabilitation projects on Academy Street and other streetshave helped to stop drug-trafficking in buildings that had been vacant. A building at 578 Academy Street was part of an entire block rehabilitation by the Academy Community Partnership, a joint venture between the Inwood Preservation Corporation and Frank Analante.

''We have had trouble, though, in getting leadership on some blocks,'' Ms. Stewart said. ''We need more block-watcher types so once construction ends, the block won't resume its old activities.''

Community groups have also worked to help young people stop substance abuse. Inwood Community Services, a private group started in 1979 as a part-time recreation center, has evolved into a full-time organization offering a range of programs, among them summer day camps, English classes and employment centers for teen-agers. It also has a counseling center and an outpatient alcoholism treatment program.

The community suffers from a lack of adequate health care, residents and officials agree, and Inwood still is feeling the loss of St. Elizabeth and Jewish Memorial Hospitals early in the 1980's.

Ms. Stewart said efforts have been made to recruit doctors to serve lower-income residents. And adding to the neighborhood's resources is the Community Hospital of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, which has 300 beds. It was built in the spring of 1988 on Inwood's northern tip, on what had been part of Columbia University's Baker Field complex at West 218th Street.

''Over one-third of the people here have no health insurance,'' Assemblyman Murtaugh said. ''They are the 'working poor' and are not eligible for Medicaid.''

One of the community's strengths, its parks, have also served to mobilize residents, who work to maintain and improve them. Friends of the Indian Road Playground, which formed about four years ago, has done much work on the area at Indian Road and West 214th Street, including the construction of an area with climbing apparatus to challenge children.

Two restaurants with bars at West 207th Street and Broadway, Piper's Kilt and The Last Stop, are among Inwood's newer, popular dining spots. Carrot Top Pastries at Broadway and West 214th Street is a neighborhood favorite.

Although stores are sprinkled throughout the area, the main shopping thoroughfares are Dyckman Street, Broadway, West 204th Street and West 207th Street.

Inwood also has the 67-acre Cloisters, a museum and park celebrating medieval art, on its southern border and the Dyckman House Museum, an 18th-century farmhouse, at Broadway and West 204th Street.

''We've never been a glitzy neighborhood,'' Ms. Stewart said. ''But we have a strong mixed population with cross-cultural fertilization. People look out for each other.''

GAZETTEER

Population: 53,217 (1980 census).

Median income: $11,890 (1980 census).

Median rent for one-bedroom apartment: $525.

Median rent for two-bedroom apartment: $700.

Median price for one-bedroom co-op: $75,000.

Median price for two-bedroom co-op: $100,000.

City Councilman: Stanley E. Michels, Democrat.

Rush-hour travel to midtown: 25 minutes on the A or No. 1 trains.

Roar, Legends, Roar!: Inwood has produced some of the best and worst in sports. On the plus side, the basketball superstar Kareem Abdul Jabbar grew up in the community. On the minus side, the Columbia Lions football team garnered the major college record for consecutive losses with 44. The Lions broke the streak at Baker Field on Oct. 8, 1988, by beating Princeton, 16-13.

**Graphic**

Houses on Payson Avenue; Columbia University's Baker Field, West 218th Street (The New York Times/Jim Estrin); map of Inwood section of Manhattan

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C0W-13T1-DXY4-X0GM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

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

Previews and Openings

'Annapurna' (in previews; opens on Monday) The married television stars Megan Mullally (''Will and Grace'') and Nick Offerman (''Parks and Recreation'') play an estranged couple in the New Group's production of Sharr White's play. Mr. Offerman, who begins the show wearing an apron and little else, portrays an ailing ''cowboy poet.'' Ms. Mullally is the long-absent wife who returns to care for him. Bart DeLorenzo directs the reunion. Acorn Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, thenewgroup.org. (Alexis Soloski)

'The Box: A Black Comedy' (in previews; opens on April 30) As the city amends its policing policies and settles lawsuits contesting the New York Police Department's stop-and-frisk tactics, the relations between officers and many of those living in black and Latino neighborhoods remain strained. Marcus Gardley explores the subject in this satirical play, produced by the Foundry Theater and directed by Seth Bockley, with music by Imani Uzuri. The script follows a father and son -- Deadlust and Icarus -- as they navigate ''the American labyrinth of policing and prisons.'' Irondale Center, 85 South Oxford Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 866-811-4111, thefoundrytheatre.org. (Soloski)

'Cabaret' (in previews; opens on Thursday) Willkommen. Studio 54 once again summons the decadent spirit of Weimar-era Berlin with the return of the Kit Kat Klub and Roundabout Theater Company's wildly successful 1998 revival of this classic Kander and Ebb musical. Directed by Sam Mendes and Rob Marshall, the revival redux promises a fresh take on Sally Bowles, courtesy of the luminous Michelle Williams. Alan Cumming reprises his lasciviously Brechtian Master of Ceremonies, while the first-rate supporting cast includes Linda Emond, Danny Burstein and Bill Heck. Studio 54, 254 West 54th Street, 212-719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (David Rooney)

'Casa Valentina' (in previews; opens on Wednesday) While Harvey Fierstein has kept busy writing books for musicals (''Newsies,'' ''Kinky Boots''), this premiere from Manhattan Theater Club is his first new play in over 25 years. Based on actual events, it takes place in 1962, in a secluded Catskill bungalow colony where heterosexual family men with a secret passion for cross-dressing are free to frolic in frocks. Directed by Joe Mantello, the deluxe cast includes Reed Birney, John Cullum, Gabriel Ebert, Lisa Emery, Patrick Page, Larry Pine and Mare Winningham. Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'The City of Conversation' (in previews; opens on May 5) Jan Maxwell will invite audiences to dinner as she portrays Hester Ferris, a famed Washington hostess, in Anthony Giardina's capital play. Doug Hughes directs a cast that includes Phillip James Brannon and Kristen Bush in this drama, which runs from the Carter presidency to the current administration and pits family loyalties against political ones. Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center, 212-239-6200, lct.org. (Soloski)

'The Cripple of Inishmaan' (in previews; opens on Sunday) Daniel Radcliffe adopts an Irish brogue as the title character in Michael Grandage's Broadway revival of Martin McDonagh's bleak comedy. Reprising the role he played in London, Mr. Radcliffe appears as Cripple Billy, a hapless orphan on a remote island who dreams of Hollywood stardom. Perhaps Mr. Radcliffe can give Billy a few pointers. Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, crippleofinishmaan.com. (Soloski)

'The Few' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on May 8) Samuel D. Hunter (''The Whale'') has molded a career writing about life's disappointed souls and the ways they console themselves. In this Davis McCallum-directed play, set in Idaho, an editor returns to the failing local paper he founded years ago. Michael Laurence and Gideon Glick reprise the roles they created at the Old Globe in San Diego. Rattlestick Playwrights Theater, 224 Waverly Place, at 11th Street, Greenwich Village, 866-811-4111, rattlestick.org. (Soloski)

'Forbidden Broadway Comes Out Swinging!' (in previews; opens on May 4) Whether it's the treadmill in ''Kinky Boots'' or the trapeze in ''Pippin,'' it's hard not to see certain sequences on Broadway and wonder: ''What would 'Forbidden Broadway' do with/to this?'' After a 10-month hiatus, Schadenfreude-prone theatergoers need wonder no more. Gerard Alessandrini has at those shows and several other newcomers in his latest incarnation. Expect some playful jabs at ''Rocky,'' ''Aladdin,'' ''The Sound of Music Live!'' and ''Bullets Over Broadway.'' Davenport Theater, 354 West 45th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Eric Grode)

'The Great Immensity' (in previews; opens on Thursday) Steven Cosson is the artistic director of the Civilians, a documentary drama troupe. But in his new play, which debuts at the Public Theater's Public Lab, he trades fact for fiction. In this thriller, supported by the National Science Foundation, Rebecca Hart stars as Phyllis, a woman who stumbles on a climate-change conspiracy while searching for her missing husband. Michael Friedman supplies the songs. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, 212-967-7555, publictheater.org. (Soloski)

'Hedwig and the Angry Inch' (in previews; opens on Tuesday) Time to put on some makeup, turn up the eight-track and pull that ''Wig in a Box'' down from the shelf. John Cameron Mitchell and Stephen Trask's influential cult musical about the rocker chick from East Berlin with the Farrah Fawcett tresses and the botched transgender surgery ran more than two years in its original 1998 Off Broadway incarnation. The show moves uptown for the first time, with Neil Patrick Harris slipping into heels and donning eyeliner as ''the internationally ignored song stylist,'' under the direction of Michael Mayer. Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'Here Lies Love' (in previews; reopens on May 1) This invigorating poperetta, conceived by David Byrne and returning to the Public Theater for an open-ended run, sets a new standard for audience participation. Or do I mean coercion? In this heady show about the heady life of Imelda Marcos, staged with infinite inventiveness by Alex Timbers, all the world's a dance floor, and all the men and women (including the audience) merely disco rats (1:30). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, 212-967-7555, publictheater.org. (Ben Brantley)

'The Mysteries' (in previews; opens on Saturday) With ''Noah'' on the big screen, it seems fitting that the Bible should also get stage treatment, even if this promises to be an unorthodox interpretation. Conceived and directed by Ed Sylvanus Iskandar, and performed by 54 members of the Flea Theater's resident acting ensemble, the Bats, this radical retelling of the Good Book encompasses episodes by 48 playwrights, including David Henry Hwang, Craig Lucas, Billy Porter, José Rivera, Najla Said and Jenny Schwartz. At six hours, this qualifies as epic event theater, though dinner and dessert will be served during the intermissions. Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, 866-811-4100, theflea.org. (Rooney)

'An Octoroon' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on May 4) The playwright Branden Jacobs-Jenkins (''Appropriate'') adapts Dion Boucicault's celebrated and controversial 1859 melodrama. Mr. Jacobs-Jenkins spikes this plantation tale of murder, inheritance and miscegenation with contemporary questions and sensibilities. Directing this ''old-fashioned, meta-melodrama'' for Soho Rep is Sarah Benson, the company's artistic director. An exploding steamboat is promised. Soho Rep, 46 Walker Street at Broadway, TriBeCa, 866-811-4111, sohorep.org. (Soloski)

'Red-Eye to Havre de Grace' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on April 30) Edgar Allan Poe believed that the death of a beautiful woman ''is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world.'' But for his latest work, the writer-director Thaddeus Phillips has selected the death of an unbeautiful man -- Poe himself. This ''action-opera'' charts Poe's final lecture tour, with music by the Minneapolis theater-music group Wilhelm Bros. Co. New York Theater Workshop, 79 East 4th Street, East Village, 212-279-4200, nytw.org. (Soloski)

'The Rivals' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on May 4) When Richard Brinsley Sheridan's play debuted in 1775, a newspaper noted ''the hisses of the auditors'' and declared it ''a most fatal disappointment.'' Sheridan rewrote it, and now the Pearl Theater Company is reviving it, with Hal Brooks directing this tale of a young woman determined to marry for love and into poverty. Pearl Theater, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-563-9261, pearltheatre.org. (Soloski)

'The Substance of Fire' (in previews; opens on April 27) With strong-arm tactics from online booksellers and declining interest from readers, this is hardly a golden age of publishing. But it may be a fine time for a revival of Jon Robin Baitz's 1991 play, which concerns a foundering literary house. Second Stage hosts Trip Cullman's restaging, with John Noble as the imperiled patriarch and Halley Feiffer, Daniel Eric Gold and Carter Hudson as his children. Second Stage Theater, 305 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-246-4422, 2st.com. (Soloski)

'The Velocity of Autumn' (in previews; opens on Monday) The independence of the elderly and the indignities of aging are tackled in Eric Coble's two-character play, which comes to Broadway after a run last fall in Washington, D.C., directed by Molly Smith. Estelle Parsons portrays an irascible 79-year-old artist barricaded inside her Brooklyn brownstone with enough Molotov cocktails to raze the block. While she's intent on going nowhere, her family has other ideas, sending in her estranged son (Stephen Spinella) as mediator. Reviewing the premiere in The New York Times, Charles Isherwood called Ms. Parson's performance ''bracing, honest and often deliciously funny.'' Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'Violet' (in previews; opens on Sunday) Sutton Foster makes a welcome return to Broadway as the title character in Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley's 1997 musical about a facially disfigured North Carolina country girl who embarks on a quest for movie-star beauty that takes her across the South during the civil rights era. Directed by Leigh Silverman, the revival evolved out of an Encores! one-night concert presentation last summer. In his review for The New York Times, Stephen Holden wrote, ''The role of Violet fits Ms. Foster so perfectly, it could have been written for her,'' describing her performance as ''transfixing.'' Starring alongside her here are Colin Donnell, Alexander Gemignani and Joshua Henry. American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, 212-719-1300, roundabouttheatre.org. (Rooney)

'The World Is Round' (in previews; opens on Monday) Many adults have found Gertrude Stein's prose opaque. But that didn't discourage her from publishing a children's book in 1939. Now Ripe Time is presenting its stage adaptation of that tale about a girl named Rose, her cousin Willy and a favorite blue chair. Rachel Dickstein directs this ''play with songs and mountains,'' featuring music by Heather Christian, who performs live with the Arbornauts. Fishman Space, Fisher Building, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 321 Ashland Place, near Lafayette Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 718-636-4100, bam.org. (Soloski)

'Your Mother's Copy of the Kama Sutra' (in previews; opens on Monday) Playwrights Horizons continues its season with the premiere of this tough-love comedy by Kirk Lynn, the Austin, Tex., playwright and founding member of the Rude Mechs theater collective. The play deals with sex and honesty, beginning with a couple who agree to marry on condition that they first come clean about their respective sexual histories -- via role-playing re-enactments. Those stories prove instructive years later when the barriers of intimacy that were broken down between them resurface in the household. Anne Kauffman directs a cast of six. Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Rooney)

Broadway

&#x2605; 'After Midnight' The stars of this tribute to the Harlem jazz clubs of the 1920s and '30s are the 16 virtuosic musicians who perform -- with verve, style and a good splash of sheer joy -- about 25 songs from the period, with a special emphasis on Duke Ellington both as composer and arranger. The dancers and singers are terrific, and Adriane Lenox all but steals the show with her two lowdown numbers. But it's really the Jazz at Lincoln Center All Stars on the bandstand at the back of the stage who shine brightest (1:30). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, 212-745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

'Aladdin' Casey Nicholaw (''The Book of Mormon'') directs and choreographs (and choreographs, and choreographs) the latest Disney musical, adapted from the 1992 animated movie. While the familiar formulas are not entirely abandoned, Mr. Nicholaw and the book writer, Chad Beguelin, stuff so much splashy, shticky business into this show that the more syrupy bits hardly register. James Monroe Iglehart stands out as the showboating, scene-stealing genie (2:20). New Amsterdam Theater, 214 West 42nd Street, 866-870-2717, aladdinthemusical.com. (Isherwood)

'All the Way' Bryan Cranston makes a commanding Broadway debut as Lyndon B. Johnson in Robert Schenkkan's mostly absorbing drama about the tumultuous first year of the Johnson presidency. The play, directed by Bill Rauch, sorely needs streamlining, but Mr. Cranston's dynamic performance gives it a compelling center (2:50). Neil Simon Theater, 250 West 52nd Street, 800-745-3000, allthewaybroadway.com. (Isherwood)

'Beautiful: The Carole King Musical' This friendly, formulaic jukebox show about the New York-born singer-songwriter might as well be called ''Brooklyn Girl,'' so closely does it adhere to the template of the megahit ''Jersey Boys'' (about the Four Seasons). Jessie Mueller, though, is extraordinary as Ms. King, making us feel the connection between a singer and her songs (2:25). Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'The Bridges of Madison County' As a questioning farmer's wife who briefly discovers a love with all the answers, Kelli O'Hara brings a rich and varied topography to what might have been strictly flat corn country. Adapted from Robert James Waller's best-selling novel, this musical features a sumptuous score by Jason Robert Brown and a lust-worthy leading man in Steven Pasquale (2:30). Gerald Schoenfeld Theater, 236 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Bullets Over Broadway: The Musical' This occasionally funny but mostly just loud adaptation of Woody Allen's 1994 film, directed by Susan Stroman, features a score of 1920s standards and esoterica. If watching the movie was like being gently tickled into a state of hysteria, this musical version feels more like being head-butted by linebackers. Make that linebackers in blinding sequins (2:30). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder' Playing eight different victims of a sweet-faced killer (Bryce Pinkham) in Edwardian England, Jefferson Mays sings, dances, prances and generally makes infectious merriment in this daffy, ingenious new musical. Written with real wit by Robert L. Freedman and Steven Lutvak, the show has been stylishly directed by Darko Tresnjak (2:20). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'If/Then' This new musical from Tom Kitt and Brian Yorkey (''Next to Normal'') is a gleaming drawing board of a show, full of polished surfaces and clearly drawn lines. The shiny-voiced Idina Menzel portrays a conflicted urban planner pondering two different roads her life might have taken. The show feels less like a variation on a theme, than a dogged reiteration of it (2:35). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, 877-250-2929, ifthenthemusical.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Lady Day at Emerson's Bar and Grill' Audra McDonald scales her lustrous soprano down to jazz-soloist size to portray the great Billie Holiday in this concert-cum-solo-play by Lanie Robertson. Ms. McDonald's terrific performance moves beyond mimicry to become a haunting portrait of a troubled artist who could only find equilibrium in her life when she lost herself in her music (1:30). Circle in the Square, 235 West 50th Street, 212-239-620, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Les Misérables' It's back -- again. Capitalizing on the popular movie, Claude-Michel Schönberg and Alain Boublil's musical about the French fellow who steals a loaf of bread and lives to regret it storms Broadway in a new production. Ramin Karimloo, as the long-suffering bread-stealer, and Will Swenson, as his relentless foe, Javert, give sterling performances (2:50). Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Mothers and Sons' In this impeccably acted production about the legacy of AIDS, Terrence McNally uses the old-fashioned form of the drawing room drama to take pulse of a gay American subculture. It doesn't avoid the stasis of most debate plays. But it features affecting moments from Frederick Weller, Bobby Steggert and the formidable Tyne Daly (1:30). John Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Raisin in the Sun' Despite the presence of a movie megastar, Denzel Washington, in a central role, Kenny Leon's disarmingly relaxed revival of Lorraine Hansberry's epochal drama has a welcome egalitarianism. This engrossingly acted ensemble piece makes us newly aware of one family's dynamics. The very good cast also includes LaTanya Richardson Jackson, Anika Noni Rose and Sophie Okonedo (2:40). Ethel Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-239-6200, raisinbroadway.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'The Realistic Joneses' Plays as moving and funny, as wonderful and weird as Will Eno's meditation on the confounding business of being alive (and contemplating mortality) do not come along often on Broadway. Or ever. Sam Gold directs a flawless cast: Toni Collette, Michael C. Hall, Tracy Letts and Marisa Tomei (1:30). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'Rocky' The final 16 minutes of this adaptation of the 1976 movie -- about a schlemiel who coulda been a contender -- are terrific. That's when the climactic boxing match occurs, and it's a hell of a fight. Otherwise, this sluggish show's sensibility isn't just underdog; it's hangdog. Alex Timbers directs a cast that includes the valiant and appealing Andy Karl (2:20). Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th Street, 212-239-6200, rockybroadway.com. (Brantley)

Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'Bayside! The Musical' Attending this bawdy, ridiculous, unauthorized parody of the harebrained sitcom ''Saved by the Bell'' is a bit like going to a midnight screening of ''The Rocky Horror Picture Show,'' given the many inside jokes and synchronized audience responses. Audience members know the material so well because half the humor comes from merely reproducing every ludicrous plot twist and trope from the TV show (including Zack's giant cellphone, Becky the Duck and other allusions that will be familiar to longtime fans). The other half of the humor is just good-old fashioned raunch, usually playing up the horrifying ways to reinterpret a squeaky-clean children's show (2:00). Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, 212-388-0388, baysidethemusical.com. (Catherine Rampell)

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

&#x2605; 'Buyer & Cellar' Jonathan Tolins has concocted an irresistible one-man play from the most peculiar of fictitious premises -- an underemployed Los Angeles actor goes to work in Barbra Streisand's basement -- allowing the playwright to ruminate with delicious wit and perspicacity on the solitude of celebrity, the love-hate attraction between gay men and divas, and the melancholy that lurks beneath narcissism. Stephen Brackett directs this seriously funny slice of absurdist whimsy (1:30). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, West Village, 212-868-4444, smarttix.com. (Rooney)

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

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

&#x2605; '50 Shades! The Musical' When it comes to potential for satire, E. L. James's she-porn best seller ''50 Shades of Grey'' seems as easy a target as you could shake a sex toy at. That said, this exuberant takeoff handily delivers the goods, barreling along with a score steeped in show tunes, R&B, gospel, Gilbert and Sullivan, and lyrics packed with references to various practices and orifices. ''This is real life; this isn't a book,'' says Ana, the show's heroine, to her tycoon suitor. ''If it was, it would be terrible.'' It certainly would. But ''50 Shades!'' is a musical parody, and a very entertaining one (1:30). Elektra Theater, 300 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-352-3101, 50shadesthemusical.com. (Andy Webster)

'Heathers: The Musical' Kevin Murphy and Laurence O'Keefe's rowdy guilty-pleasure musical isn't as mordant as the 1988 cult movie that inspired it. But in scaling up the grotesqueness, this sardonically grisly high-school revenge comedy puts a genial, guilt-quelling distance between its onstage mayhem and its audience. The excellent Barrett Wilbert Weed plays the ambivalent heroine (2:10). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, heathersthemusical.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'The Heir Apparent' David Ives's scintillating, exuberantly bawdy adaptation of a rarely seen play by Jean-François Regnard receives a stylish, endlessly entertaining production from John Rando. Carson Elrod shines as a wily servant scrambling to secure an inheritance for his master from an ailing miser, played with exuberant repulsiveness by Paxton Whitehead. It's a hoot from start to finish (2:15). Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, 212-352-3101, classicstage.org. (Isherwood)

'iLuminate' More spectacle than story, ''iLuminate'' offers technology as its most dazzling star. Conceived, produced and directed by Miral Kotb, a former software engineer, the show employs about a dozen talented, indefatigable young actor-dancers, encased in black suits wired with digitally controlled lights. Performing in total darkness to a score combining hip-hop, jazz and classical influences, they portray the tale of an artist whose magic paintbrush is stolen for evil ends. Much of the action is like a neon comic book, but it does have its magic moments (:55). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, iluminate.com. (Laurel Graeber)

&#x2605; 'Isolde' This smashing new play about a romantic triangle, from the experimental auteur Richard Maxwell, takes place, more or less, in a drawing room. But working with a highly disciplined cast of four, Mr. Maxwell encourages us to see a hoary theatrical form with X-ray eyes -- to look for the plasterboard behind the wallpaper and the skull beneath the skin (1:25). Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand Street, at Pitt Street, Lower East Side, 212-352-3101, abronsartscenter.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'King Lear' In Arin Arbus's thoughtful and affecting production, Shakespeare's most daunting play lowers its voice, the better to be heard more clearly. Starring Michael Pennington in a delicate portrait of the title monarch, Ms. Arbus's ''Lear'' tones down the bluster, and makes it clear that this portrait of majesty undone is as much a heart-wrenching domestic drama as an epic tragedy (3:05). Polonsky Shakespeare Center, 262 Ashland Place, between Lafayette Avenue and Fulton Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 866-811-4111, tfana.org. (Brantley)

'The Library' Making his debut on the New York stage, the film director Steven Soderbergh floods the opening minutes of Scott Z. Burns's new play, about a high school massacre, with toxic dread. Unfortunately, what follows has such bluntness that the audience stays well ahead of the script. The young movie star Chloë Grace Moretz is terrific as an injured, guilt-plagued student (1:30). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, 212-967-7555, publictheater.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'London Wall' John van Druten's lively 1931 office comedy is a provocative, socially conscious bit of fun that never made it to Broadway, even in an era when many of his plays did. Watching Davis McCallum's brisk, pitch-perfect production feels like stumbling across a lost film classic by Howard Hawks: How did this fresh and fizzy thing fall into obscurity (2:30)? Mint Theater, 311 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 866-811-4111, minttheater.org. (Laura Collins-Hughes)

'The Most Deserving' Catherine Trieschmann's frisky but inconsequential comedy about a kerfuffle in Kansas over an arts grant features the distinctive comic actress Veanne Cox, who leads a fine cast. But the play's contrivances are hard to ignore (1:30). City Center, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, 212-581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' After a successful run at Second Stage Uptown, this show returns to another Off Broadway space, New World Stages. In this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair, a virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

'A Respectable Widow Takes to Vulgarity' and 'Clean' The Traverse Theater Company of Edinburgh presents this brisk double bill, directed by Orla O'Loughlin, as part of the Brits Off Broadway festival. An errant crudity is the catalyst for friendship between a coarse young ***working-class*** man and his late employer's widow in ''A Respectable Widow Takes to Vulgarity,'' Douglas Maxwell's sneakily thoughtful comedy of manners. Less successful is Sabrina Mahfouz's ''Clean,'' a curiously static crime caper, in which three London women team up to steal a computer chip (1:50). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, 212-279-4200, 59e59.org. (Collins-Hughes)

&#x2605; 'Satchmo at the Waldorf' John Douglas Thompson does a remarkable job impersonating the aging Louis Armstrong in this one-man show, written by The Wall Street Journal's drama critic, Terry Teachout. While Armstrong's reminiscences cover the bases of his life, the show is most interesting in its examination of the racial and generational divides this jazz giant straddled. Two other portraits, ably conveyed by Mr. Thompson, also loom large: Armstrong's longtime manager, Joe Glaser, and the towering trumpeter Miles Davis (1:30). Westside Theater, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Webster)

'Sex Tips for Straight Women From a Gay Man' Matt Murphy's one-act is a blend of a bachelorette party at Chippendales and the embarrassing midnight show at some tourist trap in Pigalle. It has a talented cast, but it is no ''Queer Eye'' (1:20). 777 Theater, 777 Eighth Avenue, at 47th Street, Manhattan, 888-841-4111, sextipsplay.com. (Gates)

'La Soirée' The side show meets the big top in this naughty hybrid of burlesque and circus, featuring performers like the comic chanteuse Meow Meow and a waterlogged hunk taking a very gymnastic bath (2:00). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, 800-653-8000, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

'Tales From Red Vienna' David Grimm's play, about a gentlewoman (Nina Arianda) forced to work as a prostitute, is not only set in 1920, but it also feels like a throwback to that era, in which melodramas showed good women in hard times suffering fates worse than death. Ms. Arianda, so compelling in ''Venus in Fur,'' is out of her element (2:25). Manhattan Theater Club at City Center Stage I, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, 212-581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Brantley)

'The Threepenny Opera' Martha Clarke's pretty-looking but pallid production of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill music drama lacks bite, despite a sterling cast, including F. Murray Abraham as Mr. Peachum and Laura Osnes (who sings beautifully) as his daughter, Polly (2:05). Linda Gross Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 866-811-4111, atlantictheater.org. (Isherwood)

Off Off Broadway

'Adoration of the Old Woman' Directed by Patricia McGregor, José Rivera's drama uses the micro (family ghosts, turbulent love triangles) to explore the macro (Puerto Rico's future), but the layers never quite stack up to a sufficiently complex world (2:00). Intar Theater, 500 West 52nd Street, Clinton, 212-352-3101, intartheatre.org. (La Rocco)

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

Extravaganzas

'Amaluna' Written and directed by the Tony-winning Diane Paulus (''Pippin''), this latest Cirque du Soleil extravaganza is based ever so vaguely on ''The Tempest,'' with a twist: the magical island is ruled by women. While the display of female strength (as in biceps and triceps and quads, oh my) is a lovely thing, the show is just another giant machine of a spectacle (2:30). Citi Field, Parking Lot C, 126th Street and Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing, Queens, 800-450-1480, cirquedusoleil.com/amaluna. (La Rocco)

'Queen of the Night' The latest and most lavish of this city's immersive theater experiments includes cocktails, a meal and a circus-style floor show, in addition to any number of possible intimate, eroticism-tinged (but PG-13) encounters with the comely young cast members. The show is not for the social anxiety-prone, but full of gaudy spectacle, with a fin-de-Bloomberg-era vibe (2:45). Diamond Horseshoe at the Paramount Hotel, 235 West 46th Street, Manhattan, 866-811-4111, queenofthenightnyc.com. (Isherwood)

Long-Running Shows

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Kinky Boots' These boots are made for dancin' (and stompin' out bigotry) (2:20). Al Hirschfeld Theater, 302 West 45th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, 800-432-7259, telecharge.com.

'Matilda the Musical' The children's revolution, per Roald Dahl (2:35). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Motown: The Musical' A dramatically slapdash but musically vibrant joy ride through the glory days of the Detroit music label founded by Berry Gordy (2:40). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, 877-250-2929, ticketmaster.com.

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

'The Norwegians' Sweet Minnesota-Scandinavian hit men and the young women who hire them (1:30). Drilling Company Theater, 236 West 78th Street, 212-868-4444, smarttix.com.

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

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

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

'Pippin' Making love and war, with music, under the big top (2:35). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

'Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella' The ultimate makeover story, restyled for a red-carpet age (2:20). Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com.

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

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

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

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

Last Chance

'Beyond Therapy' (closes on Saturday) The Actors Company Theater revives Christopher Durang's not-quite romantic comedy about two flailing 30-somethings and their crazier-than-thou therapists. The production doesn't make much of a case for the play, whose humor hasn't aged well (2:00). Beckett Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rachel Saltz)

'Greed: A Musical for Our Times' (closes on Saturday) This revue by Michael Roberts hurtles through 19 songs in 85 minutes. But just as the lyrics suggest, more isn't always better. In each number, Mr. Roberts grabs for the obvious and hits it harder than a compulsive shopper's credit card. The quartet of able performers work to sell the material, but no one's buying (1:30). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, 212-239-6200, telecharge.com. (Soloski)

&#x2605; 'I Remember Mama' (closes on Sunday) The shyly charming resurrection of this work might have seemed too brazenly sentimental for current tastes. But Jack Cumming III, the director, has come up with the inspired gimmick of casting John van Druten's 1944 play about a poor-but-loving Norwegian-American family entirely with actresses born in the 1930s and '40s. They all prove themselves artful masters of time travel (2:20). The Gym at Judson, 243 Thompson Street, at Washington Square South, Greenwich Village, 866-811-4111, transportgroup.org. (Brantley)

'The Junket' (closes on Sunday) Mike Albo turns a career misfortune into an entertaining though slight solo show about the perils of navigating freelance waters in a new media world. The underdeveloped larger themes of the ''really insecure TED talk'' need some work, but with a combination of charm and snark, Mr. Albo manages to engagingly depict the struggles of trying to make it in the big city (1:05). Lynn Redgrave Theater at Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, near Lafayette Street, East Village, 866-811-4111, cultureproject.org. (Frank Rizzo)

&#x2605; 'My Mother Has 4 Noses' (closes on Saturday) In Jonatha Brooke's haunted and haunting solo play with music, she is bearing witness, recounting the descent into dementia of her mother, Darren Stone Nelson, and her experience of caring for Ms. Nelson in the last years of her life. Unavoidably sad yet poignantly funny, it is a narrative created beautifully out of mourning (1:45). The Duke on 42nd Street, 229 West 42nd Street, Manhattan, 646-223-3010, dukeon42.org. (Collins-Hughes)

'Ode to Joy' (closes on Saturday) Craig Lucas, the author of great toxic fairy tales for grown-ups like ''Prelude to a Kiss,'' suspends storybook whimsy for this more straightforward look at talented people battling the ogres of addiction and denial. An eloquent mess of a play, filled with choice dialogue and sharply acted by Kathryn Erbe, Arliss Howard and Roxana Hope (2:00). Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce Street, West Village, 866-811-4111, cherrylanetheatre.org. (Brantley)

'The Real Americans' (closes on Sunday) Fueled by a hefty dose of liberal guilt and propelled by an earnest desire to better understand his fellow citizens, the playwright-performer Dan Hoyle leaves the comfort of his native San Francisco to travel through small towns and rural areas of the United States. It is an entirely honorable endeavor, but the resulting solo show traces a well traveled path peopled with familiar types (1:15). Lynn Redgrave Theater, 45 Bleecker Street, East Village, 866-811-4111, cultureproject.org. (Collins-Hughes)

'Red Velvet' (closes on Sunday) Playing the 19th-century African-American actor Ira Aldridge, Adrian Lester provides so many layers -- of style, technique and emotion -- that you may have trouble wrapping your mind around all of them. Lolita Chakrabarti's carefully researched drama, directed by Indhu Rubasingham, can bring to mind the stolidity of ''great lives'' biographies. But Mr. Lester's centuries-crossing performance is truly transporting (2:15). St. Ann's Warehouse, 29 Jay Street, at Plymouth Street, Dumbo, Brooklyn, 718-254-8779, stannswarehouse.org. (Brantley)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/18/theater/theater-listings-for-april-18-24.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/18/theater/theater-listings-for-april-18-24.html)

**Graphic**

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

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[***FUGITIVE CHILDHOODS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-74B0-002S-X20N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 15, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 1, Column 4; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1521 words

**Byline:** By JOEL CONARROE; Joel Conarroe is a critic and president of the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation.

**Body**

THIS BOY'S LIFE

A Memoir.

By Tobias Wolff.

288 pp. New York:

The Atlantic Monthly Press.

$18.95.

Tobias Wolff's first stepfather was not exactly a model parent. An alcoholic sadist who humiliated his young charge and regularly beat him up, he also stole his money and shot his dog. As if that weren't enough, he tried to strangle the boy's mother. Not a very nice fellow, and were he to show up in a novel we'd probably say that he lacked credibility, that the author had overegged the custard.

Life, though, has a habit of outdoing even extremist fiction, and while Dwight is presented to us not so much warts and all as all warts, he nevertheless achieves a certain bizarre plausibility. And yet for all his oddness he is not even the most incredible of Mr. Wolff's relatives. That honor belongs to his actual father, as we know from ''The Duke of Deception,'' a cathartic memoir published 10 years ago by the author's older brother, Geoffrey. With his fake coat of arms and nonexistent degrees from Oxford and Yale, where he was - that is, wasn't - Skull and Bones, Duke Wolff was a Gatsby-like con artist of considerable charm who somehow managed, despite his failings, to gain not only the rage but also the love of his oldest son.

Love, however, is not a word that leaps to mind when we consider the younger sibling's descriptions of his stepfather. Perhaps through sheer loathsomeness, Dwight is even more memorable than the numerous unsympathetic characters who appear in the author's novella ''The Barracks Thief,'' which won a PEN/Faulkner award, and his two books of disturbing and often brilliant stories, ''In the Garden of the North American Martyrs'' and ''Back in the World.'' The memoir as a whole, moreover, is literate and consistently entertaining - and richer, darker, and funnier than anything else Tobias Wolff has written.

But isn't it premature (if not presumptuous) for a young writer with three slim volumes under his belt to lapse into his anecdotage? Aren't memoirs, after all, the domain of elders like Graham Greene and Karl Shapiro who are persuaded that a summing up is in order? Yes, at least usually, but since Mr. Wolff limits himself to the first two decades of his life, it obviously makes sense to get his memories down now. And since these memories are compelling, constituting as they do a kind of Bildungsroman that helps us see how a troubled boy's experiences became a mature artist's material, we can overlook whatever impatience (or narcissism) may have motivated this account of youth and its discontents.

Mr. Wolff's title plays variations on Philip Roth's ''My Life as a Man'' and on Edmund White's ''A Boy's Own Story,'' but where these products of inventive imaginations are fiction that resembles autobiography, ''This Boy's Life'' is apparently straight autobiography - the facts, attired in their exotic garments. The book, however, reads very much like a collection of short stories, each with its own beginning, middle and end. Lifted from their context, the individual chapters would be at home in the fiction pages of any good magazine.

And the tale itself? In 1955, when he was 10, Tobias and Rosemary, his mother, left Florida (having departed from Connecticut and the Duke some five years earlier) to get away from a man who was violent, a trait he shared with all the men in Rosemary's life, including her father, who beat her every day on the assumption that she must have done something wrong. The mother-son duo ends up in Chinook, Wash., a tiny village about three hours north of Seattle, where they settle into a domestic nightmare with the besotted Dwight and his three children. It is here that Tobias (who now calls himself Jack) gets an informal education in humiliation, betrayal and injustice, and learns how to fight, cheat, steal, gamble and, especially, lie. (He even plagiarizes his first confession to a priest, claiming as his own an acquaintance's minor transgressions.) This streetwise training in a hardscrabble world makes up the major part of the book.

His formal education, if it can be called that, is acquired at a place with the unpromising name of Concrete High School, an institution not calculated to make anyone forget Choate (brother Geoffrey's alma mater) or the Hill School, to which ''Jack'' - forging both his academic transcript and letters of recommendation - ultimately manages to get a scholarship, thus escaping Dwight's tyranny. What goes on in the Concrete classroom?

''Mr. Mitchell relied heavily on audiovisual aids in teaching his classes. We saw the same movies many times, combat documentaries and FBI-produced cautionary tales about high-school kids tricked into joining communist cells in Anytown, U.S.A. On our final examination Mr. Mitchell asked, ''What is your favorite amendment?'' We were ready for this question, and all of us gave the correct answer - ''The Right to Bear Arms'' - except for a girl who answered ''Freedom of Speech.'' For this impertinence she failed not only the question but the whole test. When she argued that she could not logically be marked wrong on this question, Mr. Mitchell blew up and ordered her out of the classroom. She complained to the principal but nothing came of it. Most of the kids in the class thought she was being a smarty-pants, and so did I.''

In the course of conning his way out of Chinook, Toby wins over a Hill alumnus from Seattle, who outfits him with the Harris tweeds, Weejuns, and other sartorial necessities of a proper preppie. The boy's intellectual wardrobe, however, remains woefully shabby, and once at Hill our young forger fails miserably: ''I knew nothing. My ignorance was so profound that entire class periods would pass without my understanding anything that was said.'' How, then, did this dishonest, disillusioned and culturally impoverished young man transform himself into the writer we read with admiration today? That, as he says at one point, is another story. I hope he will tell it.

As for this story, there may or may not be convincing reasons to believe everything Mr. Wolff tells us. He is, by his own admission, a fabricator who learned at his father's knee that it is pointless to stick with facts when fantasy is so much more rewarding. Mendacity is a central motif in his fiction, which is crowded with individuals who take liberties with the truth. In one story, for example, a depressed priest invents a murder he committed and persuades a colleague it really occurred; in another, a lonely girl calls a stranger on the phone and tells him he has won a prize. Lies give substance, however minimal, to empty lives.

And yet whatever liberties Mr. Wolff may have taken with the facts of his boyhood in this memoir (and he admits in the preface that memory has its own tale to tell), I found myself convinced by the sharply etched details and more than willing to suspend any disbelief. It is possible, to be sure, that Tobias Wolff is the Joe Isuzu of contemporary autobiography and ''This Boy's Life'' simply another of his fabrications. If that's the case, so be it - the book won me over. And that's the truth.

FOURTH GRADE NEVER DIES OUT

''Boy's Life,'' a magazine celebrating carefree, suburban boyhood, provided Tobias Wolff with a sharp counterpoint to his own unhappy upbringing in ***working-class*** Washington state in the late 1950's. It also provided him with a title for his account of those years, ''This Boy's Life,'' an Eisenhower-era memoir punctuated by violence and rejection.

''That magazine proposes a kind of ideal boyhood that is a source of frustration and disappointment to every boy who reads it and takes it seriously,'' said Mr. Wolff, speaking from a parking lot pay telephone on a freezing New Year's Eve in Lake Placid, N.Y., where he was on vacation.

After a tour of duty with the Army in Vietnam and a stint as a reporter for The Washington Post, Mr. Wolff in 1980 became Syracuse University's writer in residence. In addition to teaching literature and writing each fall semester, he has published a novella and two collections of short stories. In 1985, at the advanced age of 40, he started his memoirs.

''I think and remember in terms of stories,'' said Mr. Wolff, whose brother, Geoffrey, wrote a memoir about their father. ''I've told these stories so often - in a way I've been writing it for 20 years. I have an incredible clarity about those years. I can remember the names of boys I was in fourth grade with, but I can't remember the names of people I met last year.'' Mr. Wolff said he remains very close to his mother, though she lives in Florida. At a reading of portions of the book there last year, she was ''very impressed with its accuracy,'' he said. ''She can't even tell the smallest lie.''

Mr. Wolff does most of his writing in a soundproof attic, safe from the intrusions of his two sons, who are 8 and 10 years old.

''I thought I would be able to control them a lot more,'' said Mr. Wolff. ''I didn't want them to get out of hand the way I got out of hand, but they are obedient to their nature. It's a process that has its own powers and mysteries. Their compasses are already set.''

JONATHAN GILL

**Graphic**

Photos of Tobias Wollf with his mother, Rosemary and Chips; Seattle, 1956 (pg. 1); Tobias Wollf (Jerry Bauer) (pg. 28)

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[***High Costs in Hamptons Force Workers Out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:406K-NRH0-00MH-F4DN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By TRACIE ROZHON

By TRACIE ROZHON

**Dateline:** EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

**Body**

They sit at the end of the rutted dirt road, with fenced-in backyards that go too close to the marshes: six house trailers, all showing their age, all occupied, all scheduled for the wrecker's ball in a town that more and more prizes wetlands and open space.

"People don't want to move, but where can we go?" said Andreas Garcia, 49, a groundskeeper who owns one of the condemned trailers in the Three Mile Island Trailer Park on Soak Hides Road, about five minutes from the expensive cashmere and leather goods shops on Main Street. "Now it's too hard to find a place to live."

The angry owner-occupants represent merely the most visible evidence of what is happening in the Hamptons, and in the country's wealthiest enclaves and resort towns: many of those who were born here, along with others who arrived more recently, are being forced out.

The Hamptons has always been a place of contrasts: of workers and wealth, of masons and millionaires, of, recently, carpenters and kings of dot-com. But within the last year the gap has grown. "It's a disaster," said Nina Stewart, who directs the department of housing and community development here.

In East Hampton, where the average house price is $573,725 -- more than triple the national average -- even salaries as high as $110,000 no longer guarantee a two-bedroom, two-bath bungalow with Montauk daisies and a picket fence. Those with incomes in the $50,000-to-$70,000 range find they are competing for year-round rentals with Manhattanites willing to pay anywhere from $25,000 on up -- just for July and August. And for those earning less than $50,000, a job in the Hamptons increasingly means a long trip home.

Ms. Stewart has settled in Bellport, unable to find affordable housing in East Hampton. She has joined what locals call the "trade parade" along the Montauk Highway, the major road into the Hamptons, which snakes its way through quaint towns every morning starting at 6:30 and every afternoon starting as early as 3. Pickup trucks and vans back up for miles between Bridgehampton and Water Mill, moving as slowly as corn syrup on a frosty morning. Ms. Stewart spends an hour and a half in traffic, twice a day.

Taking care of those roads has become a challenge. Just weeks before the Memorial Day beach migration, nearly half the jobs on East Hampton's 36-member road crew were unfilled. Workers cannot afford to take jobs paying, on average, $25,000, said Jay H. Schneiderman, the town supervisor, because the cost of housing is so high.

Many of the people clogging the Montauk Highway are construction workers, the backbone of a building frenzy that has created Suffolk County's lowest unemployment rate, 3 percent, since the state started keeping track in 1974. These skilled laborers, earning $25 to $35 an hour, up from $20 last year, say they, too, cannot find affordable rentals.

Along Further Lane, Georgica Road and Lily Pond Lane, where Martha Stewart lives a bouillon cube's throw from Steven Spielberg and Harry Macklowe, nothing much is left to rent. Shingled stately homes and Palm Beach-style palazzi are rising from the sandy soil; scaffolding crisscrosses plywood boxes at breakneck speed.

"We're building an average of a house a day out here," Mr. Schneiderman said. "but none of them will house the people who are going to service these new houses: first, the carpenters, then the lawn guys, the house cleaners, the whole infrastructure to maintain the estates."

In this atmosphere, Jan Furman, East Hampton's superintendent of schools, worries about finding candidates who can afford to take the job of high school principal, which pays $110,000. "It sounds like a lot," Dr. Furman said, "but they can buy a lot less house here than they could in upstate New York, making less."

Eric N. Brown, Mr. Schneiderman's chief of staff, just had his $600-a-month rental snatched out from under him by summer tenants.

"We just moved into the second-floor bedroom of my in-laws," said Mr. Brown, a lawyer. His wife, Laura, is a behavioral psychologist. "We make $75,000 between us, which anywhere else would be a lot," he said. "We looked at a house, a cute little house in Sag Harbor, that overlooked a rubbish dump. It was $399,000; there was no way we could have afforded it, even if we liked it."

Many of those who keep the town functioning are moving farther and farther away. They land in towns like Riverhead and Hampton Bays, Shirley and Mastic, trying to keep their jobs along the Hamptons Gold Coast.

In the inevitable real estate ripple, those at the bottom face the toughest housing problems. In the past, hotels and restaurants sometimes housed seasonal workers -- many from places like Ecuador and Ireland -- in nearby barracks, but even these are being converted to cooperative apartments and sold to weekenders.

As head of housing in East Hampton, Nina Stewart hands out federal Section 8 subsidies to landlords who offer low- to moderate-income rentals. But the pool of interested landlords is dwindling. The town itself has built about 300 units of subsidized low- to moderate-income housing since 1984, but only five in the last two years, blaming a shortage of available land.

Mr. Schneiderman said there were now "only two small parcels in the whole town where we could build affordable housing -- politically. They're both near the railroad tracks." But even that proposition, he confessed, would likely encounter political opposition from neighbors.

More than 100 families who have applied for federally subsidized housing cannot move up on the list.

Land preservation is the clear winner. Two years ago, county voters levied a 2 percent tax on real-estate transfers, but the money can be used only for open space. With rising property prices, the tax has brought in a windfall, twice as much as was projected only two years ago, and in 1999 alone raised $6 million for East Hampton. More than 500 acres have been set aside for open-space preservation just since January.

"I think we're doing well on preservation," Mr. Schneiderman said, "and we're doing miserably building houses for our working people."

At the Three Mile Island Trailer Park, which the town bought in March, residents meet in angry klatches on the bumpy road near a handwritten "Eggs for Sale" sign. They worry that they will not be able to save the six condemned trailers closest to the tall marsh grasses -- trailers that both sides say are probably too old to move. In an interview, Mr. Schneiderman said he would not evict the residents until he could find them a new place to live.

"Six doesn't sound like much," said Richard Whalen, the town lawyer who handles land acquisitions. "But it's six more units of affordable housing we need."

The town has offered $12,000 to $13,000 to buy the trailers, amounts their owners have deemed ridiculous. But even if the town increases the amount -- officials acknowledge privately they would have to raise it substantially to be fair -- the owners say they want to stay.

"We own our own homes," said Mr. Garcia, the groundskeeper, who lives in a condemned trailer. "Even if we wanted to rent, we couldn't find anything under $2,200 a month."

Within the last year, fewer and fewer landlords have been willing to rent out their houses year round, said Diane Saatchi, president of Dayton Halstead Real Estate here, who "disappoints people looking for year-round rentals on a daily basis."

It all boils down to money.

Cook Pony Farm, a large Hamptons real estate company, found that between December 1998 and December 1999, the average sales price in the combined Hamptons was $464,000; in East Hampton Village, the average price rose to $1.16 million, a 43 percent increase from the year before.

Consequently, some of those who thought they would live in East Hampton for the rest of their lives now find they cannot.

"We couldn't find a house there," said Lee DeGraaf, a marina worker. Like many other year-round residents, he and his wife have spent their married life moving from one rental to another.

"When my daughter was born, back in '88, we were paying $700 a month for a real nice house," he said. "But we kept being forced out: the landlords were going to sell the house or were just getting more rent every time."

After a lengthy search, the DeGraafs thought they had found something: a $1,400-a-month place on a dirt road. But there was an attic fire the night they moved in. They looked in vain for another rental they could afford in East Hampton. They were forced to widen their search.

Now, the family feels it has "lucked out," Mr. DeGraaf said, with a three-bedroom house about a 45-minute drive away in Flanders, just south of Riverhead; the rent is $900 a month. Mr. DeGraaf quit his Hamptons painting jobs and found work as a dockmaster at a marina in Hampton Bays. His wife commutes to her old job in an East Hampton pharmacy. "This house would go for $2,000 a month in East Hampton," Mr. DeGraaf said.

But a year later, the market value of such houses has climbed to $1,200 a month. "People are being priced out of Riverhead as well," said Edwin Fishel Tuccio, who owns a real estate agency in Riverhead. "Where are they going?" he said. "Further west, I guess, into Brookhaven."

Others interviewed said a significant number of ***working-class*** and middle-class families had left for the southern states or northern New England, where the wages are low, but so are the housing costs.

Judith Cooper took over as director of land protection for the Nature Conservancy in East Hampton about a year and a half ago, moving there with her husband, Richard, a landscaper, and their infant daughter.

Last month, they moved again -- to Maine.

"We had found a place in Amagansett for $1,500 a month," she said of her winter rental. When the summer rolled around, Mr. Cooper landed a housesitting job in Southampton, "but we were merely surviving," said Mrs. Cooper, who was earning nearly $50,000.

Now, she has a lower-paying job as a planner with the state of Maine and the family lives in a three-bedroom cottage on a lake near Augusta.

"We pay $600 a month rent," she said. "In the Hamptons, we ate warehouse food. We could never go out to eat. Now we can afford a $12, $15, $18 bottle of wine at home. And now we can go out to dinner!

"It was very difficult to make the decision to leave," Mrs. Cooper explained. "We still have some wonderful friends there, friends who got their piece of the pie 20 years ago. They have a great life.

"But for us, it just wasn't possible."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Housing in East Hampton is increasingly available only to the wealthiest. Trailers will give way to a park as big homes are built. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Lee and Tina DeGraaf, with their daughter, Shannon, left East Hampton for Flanders, 45 minutes away. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 52)

Map of Long Island shows the location of East Hampton: Many from the Hamptons seek cheaper housing west on Long Island. (pg. 52)

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[***Year of Snake Marks Decade of Change in Chinatown***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6T70-002S-X341-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1508 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Body**

Far from the firecrackers and lion dancers in Chinatown, Tu Hsiaochun and his wife began the Year of the Snake yesterday with an early morning bus trip from their home in Union City, N.J. to their tiny storefront restaurant on Second Avenue.

There was no time for the traditional Chinese New Year's festivities - visiting relatives or giving out red envelopes stuffed with cash. The Tus were busy serving bowls of hot and sour soup and zesty plates of shrimp with garlic sauce to the noontime crowd at the six-table restaurant they opened a year ago, Szechuan Aroma.

''We came to America to make a better living, and the rent in New York is so high you have to work on New Year's,'' said Mr. Tu's wife, Qu Siu-xia, smiling.

The Diversity of China

The Tus, who immigrated from Shanghai in 1980, are typical of the new Chinese community in New York that has blossomed from its old, cramped and impoverished base in Chinatown. In 1960 there were fewer than 20,000 Chinese in New York, almost all of them squeezed into a six square block area of Chinatown near the Manhattan Bridge. Now there are about 300,000 Chinese scattered across chunks of Queens, Brooklyn and a vastly expanded Chinatown.

Where the old-timers were virtually all Cantonese speakers from a handful of villages in Guangdong province, the new settlers represent the diversity of all of China, from the Communist mainland to Hong Kong, Taiwan and refugees from Chinese communities in Vietnam and Burma.

Chinatown alone now has 150,000 residents, according to the Asian-American Center of Queens College, making it the largest Chinese settlement in the United States. The overall Chinese community in New York, if separated out, would be one of the fastest growing cities in the country.

The origin of this growth was a little-noticed byproduct of the civil rights movement of the 1960's and the immigration law of 1965 that ended restrictive quotas against Asians. The subsequent increase in Chinese immigrants was further stimulated when the Nationalist government on Taiwan relaxed its exit controls in 1976 and the People's Republic allowed its citizens to leave for America after Washington and Beijing established diplomatic ties in 1979.

In the process, Chinatown has been transformed from what other Americans thought of as a mere picturesque tourist attraction into a flourishing self-contained center of manufacturing and service industries run by Chinese for Chinese. It has spilled northeast through what was once a Jewish section on the Lower East Side, turning Yiddish into Cantonese, and northwest across Little Italy, making pasta into fried rice.

The economic engine for this growth has been 450 restaurants, which employ 15,000 Chinese men, and 500 garment factories, which employ about 20,000 Chinese women, according to Peter Kwong in his highly regarded book, ''The New Chinatown.''

In the last decade Chinatown has also been inundated by a flood of capital from newly affluent businesssmen in Hong Kong and Taiwan, nervous about their political future. Some old warehouses and lofts in Chinatown have been bought and sold so often by their representatives that ''the price of real estate in Chinatown is as high as it is in Trump Tower,'' said M. B. Lee, a former president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, the informal governing body of Chinatown.

''If you look at Chinatown today, it's just like Hong Kong,'' Mr. Lee said with a hint of disparagement. ''All people care about is their business and their money. They live here today and they are gone tomorrow,'' added Mr. Lee, who is treasurer of the New York Lee Federal Credit Union, a credit union for 1,400 members of the Lee family in the New York metropolitan area.

Even with all the new wealth, ''Some people say New Year's is not as exciting as it used to be,'' said Ying Chan, the associate editor of Chung Pao, the largest New York-based Chinese language newspaper. Many Chinese from Chinatown go on bus tours to Atlantic City to gamble, she said.

''It brings good luck for the whole year if you win money on New Year's,'' Ms. Chan said. Uptown and Downtown Mr. Kwong, a professor of political science at the State University of New York at Old Westbury, believes most Americans fail to understand the differences between what he calls the ''Downtown Chinese'' in Chinatown and the newer ''Uptown Chinese'' in other parts of Manhattan and Queens.

The ''Downtown Chinese,'' in his analysis, are still largely poor and ***working class*** and Cantonese speaking. The ''Uptown Chinese'' by contrast, tend to come from Taiwan, speak Mandarin, and be middle-class professionals.

Uncomfortable with the Cantonese dialect and food in Chinatown and its escalating rents, these immigrants from Taiwan followed the No. 7 IRT subway train, nicknamed ''the Orient Express,'' to its end in Flushing. Now they number perhaps 100,000. ''People here don't need to go to Chinatown anymore,'' said Mary Wang, a Queens resident whose husband is an electrical engineer from Taipei.

'Model Minority Myth'

It is these ''Uptown Chinese'' whose children often do so well in school, giving rise to what Mr. Kwong and others call the ''model minority myth.'' Last year, for example, Janet Tseng, of Forest Hills, Queens, who was born on Taiwan, won second place in the prestigious Westinghouse Science Talent Search contest while a senior at Stuyvesant High School. Two other Chinese students in New York also placed among the top 11 finishers nationwide.

But in Chinatown, 71 percent of the residents never finished high school and 55 percent either do not speak English well or cannot speak it at all, according to the 1980 census. In addition, 24.7 percent of Chinatown's families live below the poverty level compared with 17.2 percent for New York as a whole, the census found.

But many Chinese have prospered. Take Margaret Chan whose parents came from Hong Kong 25 years ago so she and her two brothers could have a better education. Her father, who never learned English, worked six days a week, 12 hours a day, as a cook, with no benefits.

Her mother worked six days a week, 11 hours a day, in a garment factory. The whole family lived in a one-bedroom apartment.

High Achievers

''Watching my parents was a pretty driving experience for me,'' said Ms. Chan, a 30 year-old graduate of Northwestern University's business school and a member of an executive recruiting firm. One of her brothers is a stockbroker, the other a lawyer who graduated from Princeton University and Yale Law School.

Two years ago, the three children bought their parents a co-op apartment as partial repayment for their years of sacrifice.

Or take David Ke, who arrived in New York in 1964 as a graudate student from Taiwan with $12 in his pocket. Desperate, he got a job cleaning toilets at the Chinese pavilion at the World's Fair. Gradually he moved up to jobs as a dishwasher, busboy, waiter and then maitre d'hotel, before opening his own restaurant in 1968.

The next year he opened another, on Broadway at 95th Street, called the Szechuan Restaurant. It drew rave reviews and touched off the craze for that spicy cuisine. Mr. Ke has since gone on to popularize Hunan cooking, at Uncle Peng's, and currently operates four trendy eateries on the Upper East Side, including David K's and Pig Heaven.

Replacing Chop Suey

But his greatest contribution, he says, laughing, ''was to replace chop suey as the standard Chinese food.''

Although not all New Yorkers may know it, the city is also home to the best known Chinese to Chinese people, Yue-sai Kan. A television program she produces designed to introduce the outside world to China appears weekly on China Central Television to an audience estimated at 400 million people.

With her China-doll haircut and breezy manner, Ms. Kan has become so popular in China that last fall when she autographed copies of a book based on her show at a store in Tianjin, a waiting crowd touched off a riot.

''The police told me they hadn't had such a scene since Chairman Mao visited Tianjin,'' Ms. Kan said.

Moving Into the Mainstream

With the vast increase in numbers and the passage of time, many Chinese have been slowly moving into the mainstream, said Ms. Chan, the newspaper editor. Chinese now squabble less about the Nationalists and the Communists, and more about the problem of education, she pointed out.

In Queens, in District 25, which covers Flushing, 33 percent of the students are Asian, mostly Chinese, and a Chinese woman, Pauline Chu, has become the first Asian elected to a district school board. Ms. Chu, from Taiwan, is also an executive of the local Democratic club and is regarded as a future candidate for the Assembly.

The question is, when will Chinese begin to vote in larger numbers? Only about 3,000 voted in Chinatown last fall, and 1,200 in Queens.

''But we are making progress,'' Ms. Chu said. ''I kept telling people they must vote last fall, it's their right as an American, and the day after the election, everyone was asking each other whether they voted. Those who didn't felt guilty.''

**Graphic**

Photos of residents of Chinatown (pg. B1); Qu Siu-xia & her husband, Tu Hsiaochun (NYT/Don Hogan Charles) (pg. B2)

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[***Connecticut Housing;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G030-000B-Y1T3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***VICTORIAN HOUSES CUT FROM A PATTERN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G030-000B-Y1T3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 22, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 11; Connecticut; Page 21, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1527 words

**Byline:** By ANDREE BROOKS

**Body**

BRIDGEPORT WITH a large mustard-colored volume tucked into his dusty workclothes, Jeffrey Colendo, a young builder and restoration specialist, has been spending the winter months restoring a twofamily Victorian house on Myrtle Avenue.

When he hasn't been sure exactly what the original doors looked like, he has pulled out his book and turned to the page titled ''Door and Casings.'' Staircase bannisters? He flipped to ''Stairs, Rails and Balusters.'' Fireplace moldings? He thumbed through until he reached ''Mantels.'' There was never any problem because the needed information had been faithfully recorded by the individuals who designed and owned the house back in 1883.

The current revival of interest in Victorian homes has brought to light new information concerning their construction. This in turn has assisted the increasing number of Victorian house buffs busy with restoration chores.

Jeffrey Colendo restores two-family Victorian house in Bridgeport (Conn); listing of real estate for sale in Connecticut area

Much of the basic information about the construction of a surprising number of Victorian houses is contained in that large mustard-yellow volume, a recent reissue of two of the most famous pattern books of the 19th century. Titled ''American Cottage Homes'' (1878) and ''Cottage Homes and Details'' (1889), they were written by Palliser and Palliser, two brothers from Bridgeport.

And in them lies a fascinating yet long-forgotten episode from Connecticut's past - the amazing story of how the Palliser brothers - carpenters and architects by trade - dotted not only Bridgeport, but in time the entire American residential landscape with their mailorder pattern-book homes.

Pattern-book architecture? Mail order blueprints? Most proud owners of Victorian house would find the idea preposterous, yet it is likely their architectural ''gems'' were duplicated often - in a manner not too unlike the Levitt houses of the 40's and 50's or the builders of the colonials of today.

It is likely, in fact, that a house in Waterbury designed by the Pallisers in the last two decades of the 19th century has a copy in New Haven or Norwalk.

Recent research by Michael A. Tomlan, a university lecturer from Muncie, Ind., and Charles Brilvitch, an architectural historian from Bridgeport, shed some light on how it all happened.

Originally from a ***working-class*** background, George Palliser came to the United States from England in 1868. He worked as a carpenter for four years in Newark, N.J., before he moved to Bridgeport, then a thriving industrial city sorely in need of new housing for its immigrant workers. Mr. Palliser was joined there by his younger brother, Charles, who was to become his partner.

The Pallisers found that American architecture books were rare and expensive and that builder's manuals offered little that could help improve the makeshift and unappealing look of the homes of Bridgeport workers.

Their experience with a variety of clients soon convinced them such homes could indeed be built attractively as well as inexpensively once basic and tasteful designs had been worked out. Slight modifications could be made depending on the individual sites and the needs of the owners.

But finding the financing to ''try out'' their models was a problem. Enter P.T. Barnum, the legendary showman from Bridgeport. Barnum had been looking for just such a pair to design a whole neighborhood of speculative houses to go up on a particularly choice piece of land he had acquired.

The tale of how Barnum appropriated the land upon which the Pallisers would develop their model home styles is so improbable and so flavored with Victorian melodrama that it is worth a quick sidestep.

The land was the site of the old Division Street Cemetery, an area of some 20 acres in the center of Bridgeport. But before it could be developed something had to be done with all those bodies. For Barnum, the problem was no more troubling than that of teaching a performing seal new tricks. Having just been elected to the General Assembly, he pushed through a bill that permitted him to move all the bodies and stones onto a new cemetery site near the Fairfield border.

A contemporary account in The New York Sunday World noted: ''Barnum had in his employ George Pool, a retired butcher. Pool superintended the digging up of the bodies. Sixteen and 20 at a time were loaded onto trucks and in broad daylight hauled by horses through the streets to the new Mountain Grove Cemetery.

''Many of the graves were so old that the coffins were decayed or entirely gone. Some burst open and bones were scattered along the causeway. Many graves contained only portions of skeletons. These were loaded up in haphazard lots. Coffin lids came off. This aroused the indignation of the citizens and Mr. Barnum was severely called to account. He declared, however, that he was proceeding by special enactment of the legislature.

So the building began and the models were developed. The aim of the Pallisers was to provide architectural services by mail, much the way Sears, Roebuck & Company was beginning its mailorder trade in personal furnishings.

The Palliser concept was simple. Inexpensive paperback pattern brochures of the latest Palliser designs were to be published and distributed all over the country. A prospective client, finding one of these designs appealing, would answer a series of questions regarding cost, lot size, special needs and so forth. The Pallisers would sketch preliminary plans that the customer could modify. Finally, the Pallisers would send a full set of floor plans and drawings with detailed specifications for such things as lumber, foundation needs and windows.

According to Mr. Tomlan, ''thousands of buildings throughout the United States were designed in this manner.'' In recognition of the strange chapter in American architectural history, the Division Street District was placed in the National Register of Historic Places last December. In addition, the Myrtle Avenue area, also made up almost entirely of Palliser houses, is currently being considered for similar placement.

The Old House Journal, a monthly magazine, has now arranged to distribute the yellow volume containing the two most popular of the Pallisers' pattern books. The book has been renamed ''Pallisers' Late Victorian Architecture.'' The publisher is the American Life Foundation and Study Institute of Watkins Glen, N.Y. ($19.95).

It is not only a book of designs. One of its more appealing features is the folksy construction wisdom offered by the Palliser Brothers. The house on the front cover, incidentally, stood on Lafayette Street near University Avenue in Bridgeport. It was taken down in 1976 to provide tennis courts for the college.

Can you tell if you have a Palliser house? According to Mr. Colendo and William Paquet, his associate carpenter on the job, an interested Victorian homeowner might look for the following clues: a re-creation on the exterior trim of the half-timbered look of a Tudor cottage; a sunburst pattern carved under or above windows or entry doors; wagonwheel carvings on the piece of wood that extends from the pitch of the roof to the end of the gable; horizontal fluted moldings around the edges of each panel of any four-paneled door; geometric shapes worked into stained-glass windows next to the front door; a ''crown'' on the top of moldings that surround a door or window; a fireplace that sits diagonally between two walls; indented instead of raised carvings, and abstract interpretations of the plants and animals in the carved designs instead of the usual Victorian life-like presentation.

Mr. Brilvitch explained that the reason so many of these houses were built as two-family homes was that ''the houses looked larger and more impressive this way.'' It was also cheaper, he added, because only one foundation and one roof was needed.

At least 10 original Palliser houses are now on the market. For details call the South End office of the Neighborhood Housing Services at 367-7052.

Darien 10 Garden City Road 2-bedroom, 1 1/2-bath colonial $127,000 1980 oil use: 943 gallons; one-fifth acre taxes $1,241; asking $132,800 Greenwich 1465 E. Putnam Ave. 1-bedroom, 1-bath condo $110,000 taxes $1,010; asking $115,000 1980 fuel and common charges: $1,020 Greenwich 128 Weaver Street 4-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath contemporary $387,000 gas heat; 1.5 acres; asking $395,000 Southport 176 Butternut Lane 5-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath colonial $205,000 1 acre; taxes $2,406; asking $210,000 Southport 80 Spruce Street 5-bedroom, 1-bath Victorian $150,000 3/4 acre; taxes $1,351; asking $175,000 New Haven 275 Central Avenue 3-bedroom, 1 1/2-bath colonial $77,500 city lot; taxes $1,428; asking $77,500 Hamden 121 Waite Street 3-bedroom, 1-bath colonial $49,500 town lot; taxes $901; asking $50,000 Hamden 185 Highland Avenue 4-bedroom, 1-bath Cape Cod $62,000 gas heat; town lot; asking $64,500

Sales in Other Areas Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. Holbrook Road 10-room, 3-bath, frame colonial $162,000 built 1888; 1 1/2 acres; taxes $4,481 Wayne, N.J. 28 Sheffield Road 3-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath ranch $167,900 air-conditioning; marble fireplace; taxes $2,859

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawings photo

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[***Martha's Privacy Seems to Be Everyone's Business***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FP9-3G80-TW8F-G2WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 13, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2257 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER MEDINA; Abigail Sullivan Moore contributed reporting for this article from Westport.

**Body**

TELEVISION news crews called the local police asking for permission to park, and residents braced themselves for what they were certain would be nonstop commotion. The woman who was sparking it all grabbed her hand-knit poncho from her cell in a West Virginia prison and boarded a private plane to the Westchester County Airport.

Martha Stewart was coming home. And guests, invited or not, were coming with her.

There turned out to be more of the uninvited kind. Reporters far outnumbered fans, filling Bedford, N.Y., with notebooks, cameras and pesky questions.

Meanwhile this well-heeled community rolled out the welcome mat, if not the red carpet, for both its prodigal neighbor and her attendant reporters.

''It doesn't seem like it's bothered anyone,'' said Allison McReddie, who owns a small jewelry store along Route 22 in the heart of Bedford Village. ''The consensus is it hasn't been too much of an inconvenience. It'll pass. It always does. We all do our own thing here.''

This live-and-let-live mentality seemed to prevail in much of the area, where celebrities including Richard Gere, Glenn Close and Mariah Carey have all lived in relative calm for years.

Few had anything bad to say about Ms. Stewart, who has just served five months for lying to investigators about why she sold stock in a pharmaceutical company in 2001 just before the price plummeted.

They were Martha-ready. Since she bought her house here about five years ago, residents have become accustomed to seeing her duck into the local hardware store, Kelloggs & Lawrence, or sit down for a meal at Willy Nicks.

''She's like anyone else in town,'' said Stan Schulman, an engineer who lives down the road from Ms. Stewart's $16 million estate in Bedford Hills. ''The localites give them their space,'' he said of celebrities. ''We leave them alone. We respect their privacy.''

Well, most do. According to Mr. Schulman, several neighbors were offered as much as $100,000 by camera crews seeking parking for their equipment.

''I only heard about one guy who sold out,'' he said -- reportedly for $10,000. The police were sticklers about not allowing street parking, but they, too, did what they could to let reporters get what they had come for. They had prepared for as many as 100 journalists, said Lt. Robert Mazurak, who coordinated press arrangements for the department.

By early last Monday, most of them had gone.

''We're back to business as normal,'' said the lieutenant that afternoon. ''We'll continue to go up in that area, just to make sure that there is not any problem. By this time next week, we'll be on to the next thing.''

But, just in case, the bright orange signs still stood at the street corner. ''Warning,'' they proclaimed. ''No parking on road. Violators will be summoned or towed.''

Mr. Schulman said that a few of Ms. Stewart's neighbors had been invited to a going-away party of sorts just before she left for prison in November. Though he had not made the cut, he had been pleased with the manners she displayed on the eve of her departure, when she attended the Bedford Riding Lanes Association's fall trail cleanup. He remembered her wearing a confident smile and shaking hands as she warmly introduced herself.

''She really tried to reach out,'' Mr. Schulman said. ''I think she wanted to tell people, 'I'm not the Wicked Wanda you see on TV.' People appreciate that.''

Carolyn B. Mandelker is one of those people. Ms. Mandelker, president of Harrison Edwards, a national public relations firm based Bedford Hills, couldn't be more pleased. Ms. Stewart's media savvy and the spotlight on the town are projecting just the right message, she said.

''It's brilliant for several reasons,'' Ms. Mandelker said. ''It says she's back in the way we used to know her, reinforcing her brand as America's wholesome homemaker.''

As an example, she cited Ms. Stewart's behavior over the homecoming weekend, offering hot chocolate and freshly baked cranberry-walnut bread to reporters standing outside her fence. ''It's treating them like human beings rather than vultures who are besieging her.''

''In a way it also ties in with how Bedford thinks of itself, well mannered and wholesome, peaceful,'' she added. ''It speaks to her target market.''

Also, the constant mention of the town in the news reminds outsiders that many celebrities live in the area, Ms. Mandelker went on -- a fact that continues to help drive up real estate prices.

For all of her hospitality to reporters, Ms. Stewart has declined to be interviewed, and spokesmen at her company have not commented on her activities at her estate.

Ms. Stewart's neighborly relations have not always been so cordial. In 2000, after living on Turkey Hill Farm in Westport for nearly three decades, Ms. Stewart declared that she was moving out.

Her favorite locally owned stores had by that time been replaced by impersonal outlets of corporate chains, she wrote in an essay in The New York Times Magazine, and traffic had become an ever-growing headache. The neighbors? People she had once regularly invited over seem to drift away after she and her husband divorced, she said.

''Friends took sides,'' she wrote, ''and more than half of them were no longer there for companionship, a dinner, a movie. It was more difficult to have just a casual lunch or dinner, and entertaining just wasn't the same, even though I made bold attempts to keep up old traditions, like open house at Christmas.''

She even stopped welcoming newcomers on the block with fresh eggs or produce, she added, after she was twice rebuffed, ''once with a slammed door!''

These days it is unlikely that Ms. Stewart would receive such harsh treatment, said Steven C. Dubin, a Purchase College sociology professor who specializes in popular culture.

With her rise from ***working-class*** roots, he said, ''she's become the quintessential American dream. Now she represents this WASP establishment. Americans love for the high and mighty to fall.''

John Barnard, an English teacher at Emerson College and former Westport resident who was visiting his family there last week, described many townspeople as having a love-hate relationship with Mrs. Stewart. ''Everyone wants to be with her,'' he said. Yet, ''People love to hate people like that. At the same time, people buy her stuff and love her aesthetic.'' After her imprisonment, Mr. Barnard said: ''People will like her even more. She's managed to become an underdog.''

As many have observed, Ms. Stewart's time in jail seems to have increased her popularity, endearing her even to people who scoff at her labor-intensive home advice.

''The fact people in New York seem to be forgiving her is absolutely miraculous,'' said Mr. Dubin, who grew up in Kansas City, Mo., and theorized that Midwesterners were probably feeling even more charitable toward her. ''A lot of people who admire her most are of a social class who will never reach near the way of life she has and represents.''

Soon after she moved to Bedford, Ms. Stewart sought permission from the town board to build a stable exceeding heights set by zoning regulations. Before the board put the decision to a vote, she attended, passing out chocolate-chip cookies. The act drew considerable snickering from some corners, but she got the votes.

According to some estimates, she has added $25 million in improvements to the estate, which has several outbuildings. Although her main home is not visible from the street, any passer-by can see the sprawling greenhouse, whose plants seem to be flourishing. Town residents describe the greenhouse and stable as the most enviable parts of the property.

Known as Cantitoe Farms, it is 153 acres -- 48 more than the minimum-security prison in West Virginia, now best known as Camp Cupcake. Under the conditions of her house arrest, she must be confined to one building, though she is allowed to leave for up to 48 hours each week for work, shopping and doctor's appointments.

It is unclear whether she will use the allotted time to shop along Katonah Road, which features the kind of locally owned quirky stores whose passing she lamented in Westport.

Gaynor Scott, who owns Boo Girls, a women's clothing store on the road, said sales over the weekend of Ms. Stewart's return were 90 percent better than on the same weekend a year ago.

''Is all of that because of Martha?'' she asked. ''I don't know. But it's a good weekend at the beginning of March.''

Ms. Scott made sure to have three bright T-shirts with the slogan ''Juicy Loves Martha'' on display in the store's sidewalk window.

The shirts, made by Juicy Couture last year, were not for sale, but by the end of the weekend, 12 people had left their numbers, in case she changed her mind.

Ms. Scott said there is no denying that the Stewart presence is a help to the bottom line.

''She attracts attention,'' she said. ''She brings publicity to the town. She'll come up and film, and those people will make use of the restaurants. She'll bring business to a small town.''

Most of the town's residents and business owners are inclined to agree with that assessment, at least publicly. In a survey of about two dozen people, only one was overtly negative.

''Get out, go back to Manhattan, and take Martha with you,'' said one woman as she applied highlights to a client's hair at a beauty shop on Route 22. She declined to give her name, saying: ''I am so sick of you reporters. We want our quiet simple lives back. This is disgusting.''

But in the village jewelry store Ms. McReddie remained upbeat, even if she was not seeing any influx of customers, saying she hoped Ms. Stewart would do something good for the local community after her experience in prison.

Maybe, she suggested, Ms. Stewart could do volunteer work at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility for women.

Ms. Stewart may not have such intentions at the moment, but she has already begun getting back to work (and collecting her salary of $75,000 a month). In addition to shoring up operations at the Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia company, where her title is founding editorial director (no longer chief executive officer), she is scheduled to begin working on two television shows. There have been reports that she will seek a town permit for filming.

When she tried to set up a catering company out of her basement in Westport, she wrote in the magazine article, she was met with a labyrinth of town regulations.

''Ultimately, I was granted the proper permits, but they came with a few extremely critical neighbors and an increasingly unfriendly neighborhood atmosphere,'' her account read.

These days, however, there is an air of forgiveness even in Westport.

''She's been a great businesswoman and I have family members who really love her,'' said Steve Parton, a Westport artist, last week. ''Her bad reputation is that she doesn't treat well tradespeople and people who work for her. Personally, I have nothing bad to say. She's been good for the town and has given to charitable causes.''

Gavin Anderson, a Westport Board of Finance member, said Mrs. Stewart recently pledged $10,000 in an effort to preserve the historic Abel Bradley House on Sturges Highway from demolition. ''I'm grateful that she's taken an interest in this historic home,'' he said. ''Ms. Stewart took her lumps and made her choices and I respect that. She's a lady who has accomplished a great deal in her life and you have to admire that. Let's move on.''

Cathy Greene is more than ready to move on, describing herself and her circle of friends as ''apathetic'' about Mrs. Stewart's recent release from prison. ''It's unfortunate that it's gotten so much publicity,'' she said. Still, Mrs. Greene, a former investment banker now home with three children, marveled at Mrs. Stewart's marketing talent.

''I've seen the poncho and her address to her employees,'' Mrs. Greene said, while having coffee at Starbucks in downtown Westport. ''Whether it's genuine or not, it's genius marketing.'' That marketing will help solidify Mrs. Stewart's position among both the affluent and those who shop at Kmart, she said.

Anna Ringer, who has lived in Westport for the past 60 years or so, is ready to let bygones be bygones. ''She's trying to make amends, and very nicely. She was judged and given a sentence and served her time.'' Mrs. Ringer said. ''A lot of people have done the same type of thing and just not got caught.''

And although Ms. Stewart's company may have lost millions last year, if shoppers at the Kmart in Yorktown Heights in northern Westchester County are any indication, business might now be looking a bit brighter. Last week customers there were extolling the virtues of Martha's products -- the fluffy comfort of her towels, the muted beauty of her pastel wall paint, the durability of her patio furniture.

Sure, they said, Ms. Stewart herself probably has little to do with the actual production of goods they've come to love. But the stuff is good, they say, and it's cheap.

Karen Bucko, 53, of Yorktown, who works as a teacher's aide in Chappaqua, regularly buys several of the line's products, but likes the sheets best.

''I read her magazine all the time, even if I don't always make everything in there,'' she said. No time, she added, and besides: ''I'm not the crafty type.''

Ms. Bucko's fondness extends to Ms. Stewart herself. ''I kind of just feel sorry for her,'' she said.

As for the house arrest sentence Ms. Stewart has begun in her estate, she said, ''Really, come on, where do they think she's going to go?''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Hot chocolate, anyone? Martha Stewart's first day home in Bedford, N.Y., after her jail term included offering drinks to her uninvited guests. (Photo by Ed Betz/Associated Press)(pg. 1)

Reporters waiting outside Martha Stewart's house in Bedford, N.Y. Ms. Stewart bought the house about 5 years ago, moving from Westport. (Photo by Doug Kuntz for The New York Times)

Off the home page and to the home: Members of a Web site, [*www.savemartha.com*](http://www.savemartha.com), show their support on the day Ms. Stewart returned. (Photo by Stephen Chernin/Getty Images)

Gaynor Scott, owner of Boo Girls, shows T-shirts from Juicy Couture, in her shop. Below, a shopper grabs a bucket of Martha Stewart paint at the Kmart in Yorktown Heights, N.Y. (Photographs by Susan Stava for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2005

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FX90-000B-Y2KR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***NEW ODD-COUPLE MOVIES ARE ODDLY CONVENTIONAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FX90-000B-Y2KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1390 words

**Byline:** By JANET MASLIN

**Body**

WHEN oddballs fall in love, they seek out others of a similarly weird stripe. Maybe that's why movies right now seem to be devoting most of their imaginative energy to dreaming up, then pairing up, unlikely lovers. Do an out-of-work boxer and a chirpy prostitute (in ''Back Roads'') make an odd couple? Not beside a television newswoman and a janitor (''Eyewitness''), or a voluptuous housewife and the manager of an all-night drugstore (''All Night Long''), not to mention Albert Brooks plus anyone (''Modern Romance''). By comparison with these pairs, the hot-blooded killers of ''The Postman Always Rings Twice'' and the homosexual marrieds of ''La Cage aux Folles II'' look like the homiest of homebodies.

But how unconventional are any of these odd-couple movies, at heart? The curious thing about some of them is that their characters, while displaying at least a surface strangeness, have a bedrock conventionality that is really what makes them tick. Look at ''Back Roads'' (which almost nobody is doing, by the way - another thing these movies seem to share is their failure to catch on). Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones are supposed to be playing drifters, characters with no money, people living on the edge. Mr. Jones's character, called Elmor, even lives in an open-air junk heap. In doing so, he demonstrates a cheerfulness about his poverty that the genuinely poor seldom display.

Janet Maslin discusses several movies that have odd pairs of lovers

The screenplay for ''Back Roads,'' which is full of aggressively bright remarks, furthers the impression that the characters are not what they seem to be. When Sally Field talks about her profession, she sounds both proud of her competence and disappointed about the limited opportunities for advancement in the field. This kind of talk has more to do with middle management than with a walk on the wild side, and so does her common-sense conversation with Mr. Jones about their past marriages and affairs. They sound a lot more like Club Med vacationers working up to a second marriage than like the vagabonds they're supposed to be. And the movie, no matter how many mud puddles it dunks them into, can't shake off that middle-class mentality.

In the much more successful ''Eyewitness'' there's another type of inconsistency, also related to the characters' economic and class status. Why are audiences so willing to accept the romance between a wealthy television newswoman, played by Sigourney Weaver, and a janitor from a poor family, played by William Hurt? First and foremost, they accept it because these actors, particularly Mr. Hurt, are so charming. But the movie also gets away with its mismatch because it doesn't seriously ask to be believed.

There sits Mr. Hurt, alone in his shabby apartment, pining away for Miss Weaver as he plays back tapes of her on his video-cassette recorder - on his what? What kind of night janitor invests in such things? Only one kind -the kind who is in college. Steve Tesich, who wrote the genuinely eccentric and sparkling screenplay, reportedly held a part-time custodial job while he was a student. And if he brings an authenticity to the love story that's because it feels like a college courtship.

Audiences don't fuss about the scenes that insist Mr. Hurt is a ***working-class*** hero - they skip right to the fairy tale. Only in a few spots does economic reality intrude on ''Eyewitness,'' as in the scene that has the svelte Miss Weaver musing wistfully about what it would be like to be a fat housewife with lots of children. Suburban audiences have been talking back to the screen at this line. Crowds on the Upper East Side of Manhattan just let it go by.

When Barbra Streisand and Gene Hackman play their offbeat roles in ''All Night Long'' - she's supposed to be a wildly sexy suburban wife, and he plays an executive suddenly demoted to drugstore manager - it's impossible to imagine these two are doing anything but acting. On the other hand, that artificiality helps make the movie enjoyable. When the housewife character declares ingenuously that she writes music, notably gospel and Hawaiian music, and when she later sings a terrible country song she has written, what makes the scene funny is the fact that Miss Streisand is playing it (and playing it straight). In this case, the movie's oddball quality works best when the performers undermine it, and undermine it they do.

Albert Brooks's film ''Modern Romance'' may not sound like an oddcouple story: it's about a film editor who breaks up with his girlfriend, a bank officer, and then spends the rest of the story trying to get her back. However, Mr. Brooks so emphasizes the normal aspects of this, by burrowing into every tiny humdrum detail in his hero's life, that his becomes the only one of these films to approach real eccentricity. Mr. Brooks brings so much crazy intensity to bear upon supposedly ordinary people that nothing in his movie feels ordinary at all.

The Museum of Modern Art screened a program of Ken Russell's BBC biographies of artists not long ago, black-and-white films made during the 1960's and examining Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Isadora Duncan, Frederick Delius and Sir Edward Elgar. These films, rarely screened, were greeted with the furious shushing (while the films were running) and shouts of ''Bravo!'' (when they were over) that make the museum's auditorium such a proud outpost of film buffdom.

These films of Mr. Russell's have some glorious things in them, particularly the Rossetti and Duncan biographies, but even the lesser ones (like the 1962 ''Elgar'') are met with wild enthusiasm. That has to do with the unusual nature of Mr. Russell's following, because a great many of his fans seem to be waiting for him to calm down. This is the most staid work of a director best known for his frantic excesses. And so, in a way, is the current ''Altered States,'' which raises the question of whether Mr. Russell's career is coming full circle.

Mr. Russell's BBC biographies have a sedateness that his latest film, for all its psychedelic effects and monkeyshines, has too. Intervening films like the dismal ''Lisztomania'' or the inspired ''The Music Lovers,'' ''Tommy'' and ''The Devils,'' have had precisely the feverish quality ''Altered States'' lacks. On the other hand, ''Altered States,'' like Mr. Russell's first works, has a coherence and gentility that render it more accessible than his genuinely frenetic films. The popular success of ''Altered States'' may mean that Mr. Russell, with at least some of his energy in check, is working at the pitch audiences can best abide. Certainly it means he will have license to do whatever he'd like to do for a while. And what he has sporadically done for so long, as the early films indicate, is to make films of enduring beauty.

''The Elephant Man'' didn't have much of a chance at any of the eight Oscars it was nominated for. I say that because I doubt that all the academy members, or even the large majority of them, saw the film. I say that because the grosses indicate as much, and because, having avoided it myself until just lately, I know whereof I speak. A portion of the audience that might otherwise be in the market for a serious, well-played, ambitious movie is afraid to go see ''The Elephant Man.''

Having finally caught up with it, I was astonished at the teasing delicacy with which David Lynch, the director, handles the matter of his character's deformity; even the most timid moviegoer is coaxed into wanting to see John Merrick's grotesque face long before it is actually shown. And the first glimpses of Merrick are presented extraordinarily gracefully. But then -and here is the really surprising thing about ''The Elephant Man,'' far more surprising than its tact or its story -the grace all but disappears. The movie divides bizarrely into an early, revelatory section and a clumsy round of moralizing that goes on far too long. From the time Merrick's tormentors break into his room, crudely disrupting not just his own peace but that of the movie, until the time of his death, the film never recovers. It just retraces its own steps and hammers a message home.

''He was ugly, but he was a nice guy,'' said a man in the lobby. ''I would've liked to know a guy that nice.'' Message delivered. his character's deformity; even the most timid moviegoer is coaxed

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones

**End of Document**



[***Looking for Trouble, 9 Aimless Youths Find Tragedy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-62J0-000P-N3Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Once Just Small-Town Bad Boys, A Group Is Scarred by Death***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-62J0-000P-N3Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

By JANE GROSS

**Dateline:** SCOTIA, N.Y.

**Body**

They called themselves the Lords of Destruction and at first, the rubric seemed the adolescent boasting of nine aimless small-town boys, not smart enough for the honor roll nor strong enough for the football team.

They made a name for themselves in this quiet upstate village by being bad: ditching school, guzzling beer, smoking dope, annoying merchants and winding up too often at the police station.

But the horseplay turned deadly.

In the space of a few months, four were dead in a car wreck and the fifth in a shooting. The sixth wielded the 12-gauge shotgun that killed his best friend while the seventh watched. The eighth is in drug rehabilitation. And the ninth is serving time in a juvenile lockup.

These were not the predatory teen-agers who make headlines with murderous rampages. They were far more ordinary than that -- the bad guys and bullies who have always hung out on street corners. But the volatile mix of alcohol, cars, firearms and some parental inattention can raise the stakes for such teen-agers, turning trouble to tragedy.

So it was for the Lords of Destruction.

"In the scheme of things, what they were doing was small-time," said Tom Moran, a juvenile aid officer with the Scotia police. "Some of them might have done some prison time for petty stuff. But if you could have got them to 22 or 23, they'd have been good people."

There were Rocky and Tommy Monzo, 19- and 15-year-old brothers, crazy about cars and scarred by what the police describe as domestic abuse in their parents' broken marriage. Rocky and Tommy were buried side by side in a single coffin after the automobile accident last Nov. 23. There were Dave DeCrease and Chris Caisse, both 16, who were drunk and joy-riding with a 21-year-old fresh from jail whom they hardly knew.

There was Justin Curren, 17, raised by grandparents because his single mother moved away in search of work. He was felled by a single bullet in his neck during a drunken sleep-over and is buried with his teddy bear. There was Frank Connor, 15, plagued by severe learning disabilities, who accidentally pulled the trigger as his mother and her boyfriend slept in the room next door.

There was Kevin Bertasso, 15, who watched the March 9 shooting. There was Anthony Orsino, 16, who entered drug rehabilitation after his friends' deaths. And there was Andrew Hendricks, 16, who is in a youth detention center.

Each of the boys who remain -- Kevin, Anthony, Frank and Andrew -- has worn his one good suit to too many funerals. Mike Hendricks, Andrew's father and a news-wire service editor in Albany, was asked if each loss registered on his son or if these months have been a blur of death.

"I don't know how to answer," Mr. Hendricks said. "The people who would know live in places like Bosnia."

Aimlessness brought the boys together in junior high school, when peers can matter more than parents. All nine were the sort who floundered in school, uncommunicative or unmanageable. Some had learning disabilities and were sent to special schools. Others dropped out.

With nothing else to do, they hung out at the gazebo in Collins Park here and on the cliffs along the Mohawk River.

The police in this ***working-class*** village of 7,500 people knew them well: They stole boxes of pastry stacked outside the Dairy Circus drive-in. They assaulted a snow-plow driver who had asked them to move from the road. They threw a rock through a car window to steal a purse.

But a few seemed pointed toward better things.

Dave DeCrease and Anthony Orsino had bonded with a teacher at the Grout Park special education school in Schenectady. Kevin Bertasso was excelling in baseball. Andrew Hendricks, charged with felony robbery after intimidating another boy and stealing 80 cents, accepted his parents' bold suggestion that he spend a year at a home for delinquent boys.

Rocky Monzo, father of a 2-year-old girl whom his mother and grandmother were raising, got a job as a caterer. His brother Tommy was restoring a 1973 Chevy Malibu.

Then tragedy struck. The catalyst was 21-year-old Dean Palmo, who was a few months out of jail for stealing a car and bent on celebrating a new job as a groundskeeper. His mother, Janice Palmo, said that she had offered to stay out all night so Dean could use her apartment.

Mrs. Palmo said she expected a few neighborhood youngsters to play video games. Instead, two dozen youngsters spent the evening drinking Old English and Molson Ice.

"When you leave a house full of kids alone, what do you think they're going to do?" asked Tom Monzo, Rocky and Tommy's father.

At some point, five of them piled into Mrs. Palmo's 1993 Pontiac Grand Am. Dean was at the wheel, Rocky in the front seat. Tommy, Chris and Dave were in the back, one in a spot that Andrew had turned down at the pleading of a girlfriend.

"She had a bad feeling," Andrew said.

At 1:09 A.M., on a two-lane road with a 40-mile-an-hour speed limit, the purple car -- going 100 m.p.h. -- hit two trees, flipped and burned. All five boys died immediately.

Two were burned beyond recognition. Dean had a blood alcohol level of .10, slightly above the legal limit.

Phones and door bells rang throughout the tight little village. Summoned by the police, Mrs. Palmo returned home with her boyfriend at 4:45 A.M.

Relatives went to the hospital to identify the bodies. "It didn't hit me right away," said Ann DeCrease, a cash collection agent at a military commissary. "Fatal in my mind. . . . I didn't realize fatal meant dead."

At the Hendricks house, Andrew's father paced as he had so many nights before, waiting for his son. At 5 A.M., he fell into a fitful sleep. At 8, the phone rang. There's been an accident, a friend said. Where's Andrew?

Mr. Hendricks raced to the boy's room, sure Andrew would not be there. But he was, tangled in the arms of an unfamiliar, sleeping girl.

"For as long as I live," Mr. Hendricks said, "I will look at Nov. 23 as the day my son didn't die."

A shrine, assembled at the site of the accident, is inspired by Dean's "live fast/die young" fantasy. "He always said, 'Mom, I'm gonna go in a speeding ball of fire,' " Mrs. Palmo said.

There are tough-looking photographs of Dean, fake flowers, crucifixes, poems written in girlish purple script. There are sunglasses melted from the fire, a single charred sneaker, a blackened seat belt buckle.

"It's like James Dean," Mr. Hendricks said. "They shouldn't be lionized for bad decisions. But they also shouldn't be written off as losers. Each of them is a kid on the inside, more than just their outrageous moments."

Three months later, tragedy struck again. Shortly before dawn on March 9, during a drunken sleep-over at Frank Connor's home, Frank, Justin Curren and Kevin Bertasso were fighting.

Frank had a rifle and loaded it. Somehow it went off, killing Justin. The dead boy's grandfather, Roderick Curren, who delivers The Schenectady Gazette, was on his rounds and saw police cars outside the Connor house. Justin's grandmother, Marjorie, was awakened shortly thereafter by the sound of her husband sobbing at the kitchen table.

Now when Andrew comes home from the juvenile detention center for visits, the phone never rings. Frank has moved to the Monticello area. Anthony is in drug rehabilitation. Kevin is busy with baseball. Often Andrew visits Ann DeCrease, Dave's mother, who takes him out for pancakes or invites him to sit in Dave's room.

Earlier this month, Andrew grudgingly accepted an invitation to tour the village with a visitor. He was interested not in the shrine, but in a place about a mile away, where his friends had frolicked.

A search for graffiti at the gazebo in Collins Park turned up nothing. Their names had been scrubbed from a lock on the canal.

Andrew had one last idea: the rocky cliffs near the river. He found his own name. Harder to find was Dave's. But there it was, pale and hidden under newer signatures.

"I wish we had more places like this," Andrew said. It was the first complete sentence he had spoken all day.

Andrew has been begging his parents to arrange an early exit from the detention center, but they are skeptical.

"When I was his age I was doing as bad at everything or worse," Mr. Hendricks said. But he was the captain of the high school wrestling team, which won him a college scholarship.

"That saved my life," Mr. Hendricks said. "And that's my big thing with Andrew: Find one thing. Just one thing to care about. Then he can put as much energy into that as he has into being bad."

**Graphic**

Photos: Four of the five victims of a car accident in Scotia, N.Y., were among a group of troubled boys who called themselves the Lords of Destruction. A roadside shrine is a memorial to the dead. (pg. B1); "They shouldn't be written off as losers," said Mike Hendricks, center, of his son and a group of his friends, five of whom have died. Mr. Hendricks and his wife, Suzanne, visited Andrew, 16, at a youth detention center. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

Chart/Photos: "The Lords Of Destruction"

Nine friends who shared a penchant for drinking, drugs and delinquency have either died or have been emotionally scarred by two incidents in which five members of the group died.

CAR CRASH VICTIMS\*

Rocky Monzo

Tommy Monzo

Dave DeCrease

\*Also killed were Chris Caisse, one fo the nine friends, and Dean Palmo, an acquaintance

SHOOTING VICTIM

Justin Curren

THE OTHERS

Andrew Hendricks, 16 is spending a year at the Berkshire Farms Center, a home for delinquent boys in Columbia County.

Frank Connor, 15, who accidentally shot Curren, his best friend,moved to the Monticello area.

Kevin Bertasso, 15, who witnessed the shooting, is in high school and is a member of the school's baseball team.

Anthony Orsino, 16, who was depressed by the death of his friends, is in drug rehabilitation. (pg. B1)

Map of New York showing the location of Scotia: In a suburb near Albany, death struck among a group of boys. (pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** July 31, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Not-So-Rich Get a Hand On Housing In Westchester;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YYB-55B0-00MH-F078-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Above Library, a Rarity: Subsidized Apartments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YYB-55B0-00MH-F078-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

By JANE GROSS

**Dateline:** IRVINGTON, N.Y., April 2

**Body**

Vincent Astuto, Irena Korneva, Michelle Piacintino and Marc Jacoby had no realistic chance of settling in this Westchester County village, with its grand estates, sweeping river views and a median family income of nearly $100,000.

Mr. Astuto was still under his parents' roof at age 31, unable to pay his own way on an ambulance driver's salary. Ms. Korneva, easing off welfare, was living in Dutchess County, enrolling in school in White Plains, and sure that the only subsidized housing in Westchester would be in a slum.

Mrs. Piacintino, a newlywed whose father is the village fire inspector, figured she would have to move because there was no way she could afford Irvington on her income as a manicurist and her husband's as an attendant at a laundry.

And Mr. Jacoby, with a family of four, was barely hanging on here with a patchwork of jobs teaching music at day care and recreation centers.

"I'd watch people go off on the train to New York City to make six figures while I was singing 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' to their children," said Mr. Jacoby, known locally as Marc the Music Man. "There was a huge amount of economic pressure to leave this town."

Now, though, Mr. Jacoby and the others live here, in river-view apartments in a historic building that was once home to a greenhouse manufacturer. The apartments were, in effect, an afterthought to a plan for a new library, which was financed partly with government tax credits for affordable housing.

The $7 million project, combining the library and 22 apartments, is a collaboration between a developer, a nonprofit foundation, the village, the county, the state and the federal government.

It blends the passions and talents of Brahmins and Buddhists, environmentalists and accountants. And, experts say, it sets a new standard in Westchester County, one of the wealthiest in the nation, where many communities have gone out of their way to avoid building housing for all but the rich.

According to a report this month by the Westchester County Housing Opportunity Commission, 20 of the 43 municipalities in the county have not built a single affordable housing unit this decade and 19 have not endorsed the county's modest and nonbinding goals for each community. There are 97 applicants for every new affordable housing unit in Westchester, the report said, and 15,000 people on the waiting list for federally subsidized housing for the poor.

"Affordable housing" is no vague euphemism in wealthy suburbs; rather it is a category designed to make it possible for village employees, the elderly and the children of longtime residents to remain in communities with steadily rising housing prices. Eligibility is based on a percentage of the county's median income, for this project 50 percent to 60 percent. "Low income" housing, by comparison, is available to those who earn 30 percent of the median or less.

Neither category is popular with developers.

"Private developers don't want to build, because there's not much money in it, and neither do municipalities because existing homeowners say, 'We made it; let's stay the way we are,' " said Norman Glickman, director of the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University, which aided Westchester County in setting its goals.

New Jersey, Professor Glickman said, is thought to be the only state to require municipalities to build affordable housing, or pay for it in nearby communities, under the terms of two State Supreme Court rulings, in 1975 and 1983, known as the Mount Laurel decisions.

The situation in Westchester, he said, is more common, with county officials in a "bully pulpit situation," limited to exhorting municipalities and offering technical assistance and government money.

Irvington, a village of 6,348 people, accepted affordable housing as a means to an end: the new library and the restoration of the Burnham Building, listed in the National Register of Historic Places, where greenhouses and conservatories were built for the New York Botanical Garden, Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and Lyndhurst, Jay Gould's estate in Tarrytown, N.Y.

The impetus was the library board. The library had outgrown its quarters and the board approached the village eight years ago with a proposal to buy the derelict factory, at the foot of Main Street. The board negotiated the price down to $750,000 from $1.5 million, and the village passed a referendum to go forward.

But nobody had a clue where the money would come from to restore and develop the building, or what would be done with the upper floors. "I found myself wondering what we had gotten ourselves into," said Stephen A. McCabe, the village administrator.

The first developer could not come up with a viable plan. So the village turned to Jonathan F. P. Rose, a scion of the New York City real estate and philanthropic dynasty, who is president of the Affordable Housing Development Corporation in Katonah, N.Y.

Mr. Rose cobbled together a financial package that includes equity, tax credits, grants and loans. Of the $4.6 million needed for the housing, nearly half came from corporations that buy tax credits in affordable housing projects, which entitles them to a dollar-for-dollar income tax benefit.

The library side of the project, which cost $2.4 million, depended heavily on private donations. One in five families here, or 2,500 households, gave a total of $1.4 million. Mary Morrisett, the president of the library board, was flabbergasted by how easy her task seemed on her very first fund-raising call. She made her pitch to three couples. Each pledged $100,000.

The primary beneficiaries of Mr. Rose's expertise and Mrs. Morrisett's powers of persuasion are the tenants, selected according to income eligibility standards (most earn 50 percent of the county median income, which at the time of selection was $79,900 for a family of four) and a point system that favors local residents. Six units were earmarked for people on the county waiting list for Section 8 housing, subsidized by the federal government.

The tenants, who moved in last summer, are amazed at their good fortune. In a village where the rare rental apartments go for around $2,000, the Piacintinos, for instance, pay $736 a month for a duplex with a spacious master suite. Mr. Astuto pays $763 for a gabled aerie with original yellow pine roof timbers and views from the Tappan Zee Bridge to the World Trade Center.

Mr. Jacoby and his wife, Mary, have a two-bedroom, two-bath unit, with river views and tongue-and-groove wainscoting, for $881. And Ms. Korneva pays nothing for her two-bedroom apartment, under the rules of Section 8 housing, until she is finished with her computer training and employed.

The library, too, is bustling with delighted patrons, used to the cramped nooks and crannies on the second floor of Village Hall. The gleaming new quarters, at 10,000 square feet three times larger than the old library, have state-of-the-art technology, access for the handicapped, a public meeting room with a kitchenette and amenities like infants' changing tables.

The restoration, by Stephen Tilly, an architect in nearby Dobbs Ferry, is but one element of Irvington's riverfront development. Old manufacturing buildings have become home to a tapas bar, a yoga studio, a day spa and an art gallery. A waterfront park, the village's second, is under construction. There is talk of condominiums and housing for the elderly on the far side of the railroad tracks.

Mr. Rose, who next plans a project in nearby Hastings, said that all his projects were intended to provide below-market-rate housing that is environmentally sound, and that Irvington officials embraced his philosophy.

The Burnham Building, as a historical restoration, is the quintessential recycling project. Its location, steps from the train station, encourages residents to use public transit. It is right on Main Street, walking distance from stores and the post office. And there are many so-called green elements in its construction, including triple-glazed windows and recycled cellulose insulation.

To select the tenants and manage the building, Mr. Rose chose the Greyston Foundation in Yonkers, a Buddhist-inspired organization, which began as a bakery and a Zen center and grew into a developer of housing and services for the homeless and people with AIDS.

Mr. McCabe, the village administrator, said he had worried that the community would resist the six Section 8 units, required by the county as a condition of financial support. In fact, he said, it was the candidates from the public assistance rolls who were wary of living here.

Ms. Korneva, for one, feared she would feel like an outsider among the wealthy, said Shelley Weintraub, who screened the tenants for the Greyston Foundation. Ms. Weintraub convinced Ms. Korneva, a Soviet refugee, that she owed her children the advantages of the Irvington school system.

All the river towns have ***working class*** neighborhoods along the Hudson, where descendants of the 19th- and early 20th-century factory workers remain. And, for the most part, it is these people, the elderly on fixed incomes and the young adults just getting started, who fill the remaining 16 apartments.

They earn $28,000 to $48,000 and include a 90-year-old man who had been living in an apartment that Ms. Weintraub described as a firetrap, a school janitor who is also a volunteer firefighter, and a bank teller.

The Jacobys have taken some criticism from envious friends. In another place, or another time, they would be solidly middle class. But this is Westchester in a gilded age.

Mr. Jacoby said the family was "totally thrilled" on two counts. First, because he views his selection as a salute to his role in the lives of Irvington's children.

"I don't view this as someone subsidizing my life," he said. "I serve my community."

And second because his own boys, 9 and 10 years old, will have the experience of growing up with truly disadvantaged children.

"My only misgiving about living here is there is not enough diversity," Mr. Jacoby said. "I like that my kids will see more of that, be a part of it."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In Irvington, N.Y., a $7 million project to restore the historic Burnham Building, above, yielded a new library, left, and 22 subsidized apartments. Vincent Astuto, top, has views from the Tappan Zee Bridge to the World Trade Center from his $763 apartment. (Photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times) (pg. B1); Jonathan F. P. Rose assembled financing for the library and housing project in Irvington, N.Y. With him are Shelley Weintraub, center, of the Greyston Foundation and Mary Morrisett, the library board president. (James Estrin/The New York Times) (pg. B5)

Chart: "A CLOSER LOOK: Edge on Eligibility"

Of the 22 apartments made available in the Irvington, N.Y., library project, 6 were earmarked for people on the county waiting list for Section 8 housing. Tenants for the remaining 16 units were selected based on income eligibility standards and points accrued under the following system, which favors local residents.

RESIDENCY

Irvington resident who is: 62 or older, 30 or younger, disabled or a single parent.-- 10

Other Irvington resident or former resident. -- 5

Non-resident relative of an Irvington resident. -- 3

Other non-residents. -- 1

EMPLOYMENT

Irvington municipal or school district employee.\* -- 5

Others employed in Irvington. -- 2

Others employed in Westchester County (not Irvington). -- 1

VOLUNTARY WORK

Irvington volunteer fire department or ambulance corps member.\* -- 8

Irvington municipal board/committee volunteer.\* -- 5

Other qualified volunteer service. -- 2

\*Minimum of 12 months; 1 additional point for every 5 years of service.

(Source: Village of Irvington)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** April 3, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Nassau's Tax Base: The People Were Heard***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YY4-S4R0-00MH-F4PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By VIVIAN S. TOY

By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

RUTH VANBOOM never knew how much of the mortgage payment that she and her husband paid every month for more than 20 years went for taxes.

So they were quite shocked when they finally paid off the mortgage in the early 1990's and were told that from then on, they faced an annual property-tax bill of nearly $10,000. The vanBooms live in a four-bedroom house in Hempstead whose value they estimate at $173,000.

"When you're working and raising a family, you're not really concerned about what items are in the mortgage, you just pay the bill," Mrs. vanBoom said. "But when we got that first tax bill, I said, 'Hold the phone, this can't be right.' "

To her great consternation, county officials insisted it was right -- and that was enough to turn the retired black schoolteacher into a tax crusader.

She became one of the six plaintiffs in a lawsuit filed in 1997 by the New York Civil Liberties Union, charging that Nassau County's archaic tax assessment system unfairly discriminated against black and Hispanic homeowners.

Last week, when the County Legislature finally agreed to overhaul the 62-year-old system and reassess all properties by Jan. 1, 2003, Mrs. vanBoom and her fellow plaintiffs reacted with cautious optimism: While pleased that the promised reassessment brings an end to their lawsuit, they are nonetheless wary of the county's ability to handle the complicated reassessment fairly and efficiently.

They plan to follow the process with the same rapt attention that a bird dog brings to a hunt.

"I'm not going to say, 'This is it, we won,' " Mrs. vanBoom said. "I have two words to say: Show me. And then I have two more words: Prove it."

Mrs. vanBoom, who is 70, said she would not rest until she knew that all the overassessed homeowners in Hempstead and other black and Latino communities finally got their due.

"I am weary of the minorities having become the elephant upon whose back the more affluent have traveled all these years," she said. "We've been paying all along, and now it's time for it to be split more evenly."

For years, county officials have insisted that the system was fair, despite thousands of successful assessment appeals, which cost the county more than $100 million a year in refunds.

But faced with the opening of the trial last week, the fractious Legislature mustered a bipartisan 14-4 vote approving a settlement in which the county did not admit to discrimination but agreed to reassessment. The vote came just hours before the trial was to begin.

Robert Summerville, a Roosevelt homeowner and another plaintiff in the lawsuit, found the victory bittersweet. "Believe it or not, I was not thrilled after the vote; I was pained," he said. "A gun had to be placed to the heads of the legislators before they would take action to relieve the pain and suffering of so many people in Nassau County."

The lawsuit charged that because the county's assessment system is based on 1938 building costs and pre-1964 land values instead of current market value, it results in disproportionately higher assessments and taxes in black and Latino areas.

Since property and land values tend to rise more quickly in predominantly white areas, the suit argued, a house built in Garden City some 60 years ago might be worth $300,000 today while its twin in Roosevelt would be worth only $110,000. Despite the difference in current values, both homes are assessed at the same rate, overtaxing the Roosevelt homeowner by $670 a year and undertaxing the Garden City homeowner by $271, the plaintiffs estimated.

Donald Shaffer, an attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union, said the county's current fiscal crisis probably played no small part in pushing officials to settle. One credit rating agency threatened to reduce the county's bonds to junk status and insisted that reassessment was crucial to financial stability. But in the end, Mr. Shaffer said, the prospect of losing at trial was probably what ultimately prompted officials to drop their opposition to reassessment.

"The facts are overwhelming," he said. "Not a single report or study contradicts the correlation between race and overassessment. Nobody defends the current system."

He also said a judgment in favor of the homeowners would have been an enormous help to a class action suit against the county that also charges discrimination and demands that the county refund all tax overpayments. No trial date has been set in that case, but Frederick K. Brewington, the lawyer handling the case, said thousands of homeowners, white and nonwhite, could eventually collect hundreds of millions of dollars in damages.

Mrs. vanBoom and her fellow plaintiffs said they would watch that other case closely, but said fixing a tax system that seemed to defy comprehension was a crucial first step before asking for payback.

At first blush, the six plaintiffs would seem to have little in common. They include, besides Mrs. vanBoom, a former New York City transit police officer, a retired Defense Department engineer, a retired printer, a retired housing advocate and a health plan administrator.

But as disparate as their backgrounds are, the inequities of the assessment system made them a team. The three years of winding legal turns only made them more determined, and the endless questions and demands of county lawyers that often seemed accusatory and demeaning only gave the plaintiffs a shared experience that made them feel like a family.

The case began in the mid-1990's when two tax consultants, a black from Roosevelt and a white from the East End, got together and decided to try to document what they had long believed.

Walter L. Winfree, the Roosevelt consultant, said he had been handling property-tax-reduction cases for years, but the injustice of the system crystallized for him in 1995 as he argued a case for an elderly woman from Roosevelt.

"She was paying $7,000 on a small Cape Cod house worth about $120,000 and her appeal was summarily rejected, when others in wealthier communities were getting approved," Mr. Winfree recalled. "I got incensed and decided to do something about it."

His friend, Paul Henry, agreed that the system was weighted against minority communities and they started consulting with lawyers and eventually the civil liberties union.

Mr. Winfree was considered as a plaintiff but was eliminated because, over the course of five assessment appeals, he had managed to get the taxes on his own $150,000 home in Roosevelt gradually reduced from $8,200 a year to about $4,900. So in 1996 Mr. Winfree went on a campaign to drum up support and to find plaintiffs. It was an easy sell.

At a meeting of the local chapter of 100 Black Men, a mentoring and community action group where Mr. Winfree is a member, he recruited John E. Harris, a 70-year-old retired printer from Lakeview. Mrs. vanBoom read about the campaign and called to volunteer. Then, at a meeting of the N.A.A.C.P. chapter for Freeport and Roosevelt, Mr. Winfree signed up Mr. Summerville, a retired transit officer and the chapter president, and two others, Arthur and Eileen Weaver.

The Weavers bought their home in Freeport in 1987, after Mr. Weaver, now 74, had retired as an engineer with the Department of Defense. Mrs. Weaver, 65, retired a few years later from a housing and community development program in New York City. Their home is worth an estimated $165,000, but it is assessed as if it were worth $188,012. Their tax bill comes to about $7,000 a year but they pay only about $4,000 because Mr. Weaver fought in World War II and gets a veteran's discount.

Shortly after moving in, Mr. Weaver said, he and his wife started noticing home listings in local papers that showed million-dollar homes on the North Shore paying the same or less than they were in taxes.

"My wife has a folder that would choke a horse showing all those houses," he said. "It drove us nuts."

They have appealed their assessment four times since 1992 and have been successful twice. The last time, in 1998, their lawyers told them they could expect a refund of $600. "But we haven't seen a dime of it," Mr. Weaver said. "And now that the county's out of money, who knows if we ever will?"

Mrs. Weaver said she resented the wealthier homeowners who have complained that reassessment will drive up their taxes. "I've been subsidizing them all these years and they have no right to complain," she said. "They need to pay their fair share."

She said she and Mr. Weaver never thought twice about becoming plaintiffs. "We volunteered because it was a terrible injustice being inflicted on all ***working-class*** families, not even just black people," she said. "I knew it would be a long haul and a dirty battle."

They made countless trips to Mineola to meet with lawyers and to bring documentation on their home. Last year, they both sat through seven hours of arduous questioning from county lawyers.

"It was a lot of foolishness," Mrs. Weaver said, "asking the same questions over and over again, questions that were tangential and that were starting to get very personal. I guess they thought they were going to beat me down, but they found out who they were opposing."

Diana Coleman, at 47 the youngest of the plaintiffs, also said the legal process often felt abusive.

"The county wanted to know over and over why we thought the system was discriminatory," she said. "We had to pull together our tax records, submit and resubmit them, explain and re-explain them. I was made to feel like I was lying about having paid the taxes. And why on earth would I do that?'

Ms. Coleman, who manages the health plan for a community group in Hempstead, was born and raised in Roosevelt and owns a home there that is worth an estimated $110,000 on the market but is assessed at $160,883. A community activist for most of her life, she jumped at the chance to become the lead plaintiff when she learned that her old friends at the civil liberties union had decided to take on the county.

"As soon as I heard they were doing something, I just said, 'When, when, when? Let's get going,' " she said.

The plaintiffs met on a number of occasions to review legal tactics but for the most part, lawyers working with the New York Civil Liberties Union built the case.

"God bless the civil liberties union and people like them," said Mrs. Weaver. "They just wanted to right a wrong. And none of us could have afforded to pay lawyers to do what they did."

The plaintiffs and their lawyers said the settlement merely set the stage for years of monitoring in which they and the state Supreme Court would closely follow the reassessments and then test the tax rolls to make sure that there was equity throughout the county.

Budget analysts have said that with reassessment, about a third of the county's 415,000 residential and commercial properties would see tax increases, a third would see decreases and a third would see no change.

Mr. Weaver, the oldest of the plaintiffs, said he figured from the day he agreed to join the suit that he would never see a tax reduction as a result of reassessment.

"When it looked like we were going to trial, I said, 'No matter who wins this stupid thing, the other side is going to appeal,' and I don't think I could make 100," the 74-year-old said. "But now that we're just looking at four years of waiting, there's hope I might actually see it."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Diana Coleman of Roosevelt was the lead plantiff in a suit seeking property tax reassessment in Nassau. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times)

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[***VOTERS IN MEXICO VENTING OUTRAGE AT RULING PARTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6M70-000P-N3DX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 2, 1997, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, July 1

**Body**

The governing party, which has been at the center of Mexican politics for seven decades, is facing the most competitive elections in its history on Sunday, and polls indicate that its power will be dramatically reduced.

Since the 1920's, Mexico has been governed by a single party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, which unified the country and created a stable political system after a violent revolution. But in recent years, Mexicans have grown increasingly frustrated with the arbitrary and corrupt rule and recurring economic crises under the party.

Opposition political parties on both the left and right have gained popularity and appear poised to score significant advances in both national and local contests in the July 6 vote. Even officials of the governing party acknowledge that Mexico's political landscape is being reshaped.

"We used to be the system," said Miguel Gonzalez Compean, the official in charge of training young activists for the Institutional Revolutionary Party, known as the PRI. "Now we have to become a party."

A multi-party system is emerging in Mexico, one in which the PRI is likely to be pre-eminant, but without its former authoritarian control.

A leftist opposition candidate, Cuauhtemoc Cardenas Solorzano, is set to become mayor of the huge capital city by a wide margin. The governing party is behind in races for a key statehouse in the industrial north and for congressional seats across the country.

The Institutional Revolutionary Party could even lose its absolute majority in the lower house of the national congress, an event thatwould effectively bring an end to the single-party system. If that were to happen, for the first time the enormously powerful Mexican President would be forced to negotiate with the legislature, just as President Clinton has to in the United States.

Since the PRI was founded in 1929, every president has come from its ranks, the most important politics have passed through the party structure and the party has also been the means for carrying out Government business at the village level.

But growing discontent with the PRI's monopoly forced President Ernesto Zedillo to adopt electoral reform laws that cut off the party from the generous, if clandestine, access to public coffers it relied upon for decades to finance its activities. A new, independent elections council has made it difficult for the party to win by the fraud that its members had raised to a science.

Furthermore, the stringent fiscal policies adopted by Mr. Zedillo to pull Mexico out of a recession have left the party, the prime conduit for patronage, with nothing to dole out.

Many rank-and-file members object to Mr. Zedillo's market-oriented policies and distrust his technocratic persona. His policies build on economic reforms initiated by former President Carlos Salinas de Gortari, who has fallen into deep public disgrace, becoming a heavy millstone for the party.

Mr. Zedillo has vacillated, keeping his distance from his party in his first two years in power, then embracing it awkwardly as this year's campaigns began to heat up.

The PRI is revolutionary in name only. Since it rarely had to defend its positions in elections, it no longer has a defining platform of ideas to offer.

"This is a party with a very profound identity crisis," said Delal Baer, an expert on Mexican politics at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington.

The tensions have pitted a minority of leaders who want to modernize the party, aligned with Mr. Zedillo, against a larger faction defending the party machine. The modernizers want to maintain recent trade and diplomatic openings with the United States, continue dismantling the state-run economy and turn away from tainted political methods.

But many members, from ward heelers to the prominent bosses often called "dinosaurs," would like to return to the days when the Government drove the economy and the party had the Government to itself.

The Institutional Revolutionary Party remains the only party whose organization reaches to every corner of Mexico. Its strength is intact in rural areas and it remains strong among Mexicans who are accustomed to dealing with one party and who fear change.

Since the late 1960's, Mexican presidents have neglected their party's structure, calling on it only in times of elections. As a result, the nationwide honeycomb of block-level party cells, the party's foundation, has eroded, longstanding party members said, with thousands of cells closed down completely.

To reverse the losses, Mr. Zedillo appointed a new party chief, Humberto Roque Villanueva, late last year. The combative Mr. Roque broke with the party's traditionally moderate public tone and went on the attack against the opposition.

"Some people think we have to treat the opposition with reverence and not offend them with so much as a rose petal," Mr. Roque said in an interview. "I think in a competitive democracy we have to confront the opposition with all its defects."

Mr. Roque lambasted the conservative opposition, calling it "fascist and authoritarian." He accused Mr. Cardenas of betraying his nation by leaving the governing party a decade ago to join the leftist opposition.

"Some of our members think Mr. Cardenas is a traitor to his country, and to his own father," Mr. Roque said. Mr. Cardenas is the son of the man who perhaps was the most popular Mexican President in modern times, Gen. Lazaro Cardenas.

Mr. Roque chose a new editor for the party newspaper, who changed it into a tabloid that makes lurid assaults on the opposition. In April, the newspaper published a full-page photo montage showing the head of a conservative opposition leader on a body wearing a Nazi uniform, placed next to a photograph of Hitler.

The federal elections council ruled that the montage was a violation of campaign fairness laws and fined the party $1,300.

Mr. Roque shrugged off the council's censure."Everybody wants to see our paper because of that fine," Mr. Roque said. "It was free advertising for us."

Some of the party's most severe problems are financial. Under intense pressure from his party, Mr. Zedillo pushed through laws last year that provide generous public financing for elections. Parties are allotted money based on their showing in the previous election, but no party is allowed to spend more than $48 million. The PRI was allotted $64 million above this limit based on its past vote tallies, but it cannot spend this money on campaigning, party officials said.

"We have terrible money problems," said a high-level party official, who spoke on condition of anonymity. "Our operations are nearly paralyzed by the new laws."

Rosario Guerra, a reformist congresswoman appointed by PRI leaders to clean up the party's finances and to send a message through the ranks that the old days are over, said, "It is very difficult for our candidates, since we are still the majority party, to accept these limits on our campaigns and advertising."

In mid-campaign the elections council, for the first time, slapped a major fine, about $683,000, on the governing party for accounting lapses. The commission stopped short of accusing the party of corruption, but said it failed to account for $2.5 million it spent in 1996.

Party leaders reacted with personal attacks on several council members.

"The PRI still hasn't learned to subject itself to an authority it doesn't control," said Emilio Zebadua, an elections council member who came under fire by the party.

So far, a few instances have been reported in which party loyalists have given in to old temptations, although such cases have been surprisingly rare. In the state of Campeche, reporters caught the party's gubernatorial candidate handing out medicine taken from federal medical clinics. In the northern state of Nuevo Leon, 92 party members were arrested for forging voter credentials to swing the results of a local mayoral race.

President Zedillo decided early this year to abandon the past practice of Mexican presidents and began to campaign openly for candidates of his party. Regarded by many Mexicans as honest and hard-working, Mr. Zedillo enjoys a 52 percent favorable rating in recent polls, about 20 points higher than his party. He has tried to lend some of his prestige to his party without having its reputation for corruption rub off on him.

Mr. Zedillo used his prerogatives to commandeer television prime time to stump for the party's candidates. His Government also has announced an array of job-creating initiatives, most recently a special $1 billion highway building program to aid the ailing construction industry.

But these initiatives are not helping the party's candidates in urban areas, who are on the defensive.

The PRI candidate for Mexico City mayor came recently to Iztapalapa, a gritty ***working-class*** neighborhood in the capital that had been a party stronghold for decades. The candidate, Alfredo Del Mazo, campaigned briskly, but learned that his party's support had dwindled.

A band of youths from Mr. Cardenas's leftist party surrounded and heckled Mr. Del Mazo's wife, saying that the PRI's policies had cost them their jobs. As soon as the candidate's convoy sped away, the indifferent crowd dispersed and the musicians he had hired for a street dance played on alone.

Practically everywhere Mr. Del Mazo stopped in Iztapalapa, a sprawling Mexico City borough that is home to 1.2 million voters, there was some social club or day care center built in past years with party help. Yet his crowds were thin. Many residents blamed the party for the unemployment in the area.

The following for Mr. Cardenashas grown here, creating explosive tensions. A well-known community leader who supported the governing party, Martha Hernandez Trujillo, was stabbed to death in early June, and many party members suspect that her killing was politically motivated.

Followers of Mr. Cardenas and PRI loyalists nearly came to blows at the closing of Mr. Del Mazo's rally.

"We've had it," shouted Fausto Sanchez, 43, a food market inspector. "The PRI stole everything the Government was supposed to give to the people! They don't want to lose because then they won't be able to steal anymore."

But the leader of a local cell, Jesus Barrera Ramirez, brandished his fists at Mr. Sanchez and responded: "We're the PRI! We're the Government! We gave this neighborhood everything it has. Those people are just jealous because they didn't get government jobs."

A brawl was averted when the opposition group backed off.

The party is divided on whether to cooperate with officials elected from opposition parties or to use its influence with labor unions and other entrenched interests to try to subvert them, especially in Mexico City.

Moderates like Mr. Del Mazo also worry about what will happen to them if the party does badly in Sunday's election.

"Those of us who promoted change will be under attack inside the party," predicted one supporter of modernizing the party, who spoke on condition of anonymity. "The hard-liners will say, 'Let's get rid of those little brats.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: The governing party's candidate for Mayor in Mexico City, Alfredo Del Mazo, campaigned in the Magdalena Contreras district, but wonders what will happen to moderates like him if the party does badly. (Phillippe Diederich for The New York Times)(p. A8)

**Load-Date:** July 2, 1997

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[***Merchants With Stubborn Hopes;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-67D0-000P-N2PR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Welfare Cuts Don't Dash the Optimism of Store Owners***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-67D0-000P-N2PR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOE SEXTON

By JOE SEXTON

**Series:** WELFARE NEIGHBORHOOD: Hoping for profits in a new era

**Body**

William Rodriguez and his financial backers understood the risks when they decided to reopen a supermarket on Havemeyer Street in the Southside section of Williamsburg. Welfare, which for years had accounted for the bulk of the supermarket's revenues, was being overhauled. The number of people on public assistance was shrinking, and benefits, including food stamps, were being denied to tens of thousands of legal immigrants, hundreds of whom live in the Brooklyn neighborhood. A supermarket association was reporting that business was off by 10 percent in the city as a result of the changes.

Mr. Rodriguez, who had come to Southside from the Dominican Republic at age 9 and whose first job was in his father's bodega on Grand Avenue, listened to people call him irresponsible for even thinking about taking a chance in such circumstances.

But Mr. Rodriguez, with bank loans and credit from wholesalers, made the deal this spring. And in so doing, he made a large private bet on the future of welfare reform -- a $1 million gamble that his C-Town Supermarket could make it, that even in a welfare-dependent neighborhood facing significant change there was still plenty of money to be made.

"People have said that I am crazy, that more changes are coming, that the location depends too much on public assistance," said Mr. Rodriguez, who owns three other supermarkets in the city. "Maybe the people will find work, and the neighborhood will improve. Maybe, though, I live in another world."

For Mr. Rodriguez and other local business people, who have never been on welfare and are not targets of the effort to end welfare dependency, the overhaul of the country's system of public assistance is an intensely personal matter. As much as 80 percent of his Southside supermarket's business has been in food stamps, so profound changes in his clientele's incomes could produce serious changes in his own.

For the moment, Mr. Rodriguez, 36, is convinced that he can make money. He opened the Southside store after its previous owner closed it and filed for bankruptcy when a loan bid failed. And he bluntly says that his concerns are more about profit margins than the social safety net. "People will have to eat," he said.

The stakes are high for Mr. Rodriguez, as well as for Santa Valdez, a 22-year-old cashier, Willie Palino, a 37-year-old stocker, and 18 other store employees. And the fortunes of other stores along Havemeyer Street, many of which benefit from the shopping traffic the supermarket generates, will be shaped, as well, by its fate.

Proponents of the revision of welfare are convinced that Mr. Rodriguez, the store and the neighborhood's commercial life will prosper. As people move off welfare and into private jobs, they say, their incomes will improve and so will the fragile economy of Southside.

But skeptics abound, both here and across the country, where other poor neighborhoods face the same uncertain future -- and where the early evidence is not encouraging.

Mr. Rodriguez, whose other supermarkets are in ***working-class*** neighborhoods in the Bronx, Queens and Manhattan, is president of the National Supermarkets Association, a trade group for independent supermarket owners. He said members of the association throughout the city have reported a 10 percent reduction in total sales over the last year, a falloff they attribute to fewer food stamps. Such shifts can have major ramifications for stores operating at the margins of profitability. More than three-quarters of the $300,000 in business Mr. Rodriguez did in his first month came from food stamps.

In Cleveland, officials with the Council for Economic Opportunities, a nonprofit organization, studied the reductions in welfare caseloads in the city's 93 neighborhoods over the last three years. The neighborhood with the highest proportion of people on welfare, the analysis found, had lost 14 percent of its aggregate income.

"If Wall Street had lost one-seventh of its money, you would have people jumping out of windows," said George Zeller, who conducted the Cleveland study.

In the Glendale section of Los Angeles, a neighborhood of 40,000 people that has the highest percentage of legal immigrants in the country, reductions in food stamps will decrease spending on food by 7 percent, or $5.5 million, according to researchers at the University of Southern California.

Clearly, Southside's economic staples -- welfare dollars and food stamps -- are diminishing. More than 10 percent of the people in the neighborhood on welfare (those on welfare automatically qualify for food stamps) have been moved into private jobs or merely removed from the rolls over the last three years. And Southside's supply of food stamps will decrease further. Next month, 100,000 legal immigrants in the city who currently receive the coupons will be cut off as a result of last summer's vast Federal revision of welfare.

The reductions occur in an already bleak commercial landscape. The five blocks of Havemeyer Street that make up the heart of the commercial strip have 59 storefront operations. Seven are variety stores, six of them beauty or nail salons. A dozen are boarded up. Merchants, from Victor Franqui at the travel agency off South Second Street to Sonia Lowenbraun at Lowen's Variety on South First Street, say business is the worst it has been in a half-dozen years.

"So much of this debate has focused on clients," said Jennifer Wolch, a professor at the University of Southern California who produced the report on Glendale, "but not on the places in which these policies play out."

They have already played out starkly at the Latin Corner, a bodega on South Second Street owned by Angel Feliciano. Mr. Feliciano did $3,200 in food stamp business in June, about two-thirds of the store's receipts for the month. Mr. Feliciano said that in a good month two years ago, he took in $5,500 in food stamps. And competition is stiff: in addition to Mr. Rodriguez's supermarket three blocks away, there are 52 other bodegas in the surrounding 25-square-block vicinity.

And, as in the supermarket's case, more is at stake than Mr. Feliciano's own income, which he says is roughly $24,000 a year. The Latin Corner extends credit to customers, as many bodegas do. Credit is a vital component in the minimalist machinery of a welfare-dependent neighborhood's economy, and if the bodega closes, there will be less available credit, less in the way of survival tools. The Latin Corner also provides occasional odd jobs to the older men who play cards every day in the back.

"I don't know how most of these people live now," Mr. Feliciano said. "Without me, without credit, it won't be easier. Maybe I can hold on for another five years, go back to Puerto Rico. But business hasn't been this bad in years. I used to be able to do $1,500 worth of food stamps in a day if it was near the first of the month. No more."

There is consensus, among experts in the grocery industry and academics who study the economic impact of changes in welfare, that bodegas will be squeezed harder and earlier than supermarkets by the shifts in public assistance. Mr. Feliciano does not doubt it.

Born in Lares, Puerto Rico, and the son of a sugar cane cutter, Mr. Feliciano came to New York at 21 and drove trucks. Six years ago, he rented the storefront, sank $7,000 into refurbishing and stocking it, borrowed from loan sharks and became a neighborhood fixture.

Mr. Feliciano, now 35, can still make $100 in food stamps in an hour of making sandwiches. One recent morning, Alex Rodriguez, 9, came to buy three sandwiches, turning over a handful of coupons. Juan Cortes, a recipient of Federal disability welfare benefits, spends his food stamps in the bodega because Mr. Feliciano will cash his Government check.

Lorraine Morgan, working after 15 years on welfare, still receives food stamps because her income is so modest. And she still spends them at the Latin Corner because Mr. Feliciano extended her credit when she needed it. "Look, the taxpayers have been paying for the crooked side of welfare for years, and so if they go after those people who are cheating, that's great," Mr. Feliciano said. "Food stamps are my business. People say there will be more money in the streets with jobs. We'll see."

It is impossible to project how much income will be lost or gained in a neighborhood under welfare reform. But officials with Community Food Resources, a nonprofit advocacy organization that has done extensive research on both welfare reform and the supermarket industry, did a computer analysis of Southside's welfare and food stamp caseloads. The organization estimated that in 2002, when recipients begin to approach the new Federal five-year limit on cash benefits, total welfare and food stamp payments could be $17.3 million less a year than if the welfare system had not been changed. That figure would represent about one-tenth of the neighborhood's aggregate income. Southside, with a population of nearly 30,000, has an aggregate income of $160 million.

Economists and social scientists say any number of things could happen as the welfare system changes. Some people now on welfare might move into what is known as the informal, or underground economy. As it is, many people in the neighborhood already work in the world of unreported income, from off-the-books factory workers to women selling meals from their kitchen.

"There might be jobs, but not likely reliable jobs," said Bennett Harrison, a dean at the New School for Social Research who has studied economic development in urban neighborhoods. "Demand for credit will go up; the ability to pay will go down. Welfare was many things, not the least of which was reliable."

And so Mr. Rodriguez, the supermarket owner, frets and strategizes. He said he would have to take in $100,000 a week to have a chance of survival. Aware that the neighborhood is undergoing increasing gentrification by young white artists from Manhattan, he has stocked Boar's Head meats and Ben and Jerry's ice cream. And because he often does two-thirds of his month's business in the first days of the month because of the timing of Government benefits payments, he staggers his workforce, often laying off cashiers at the end of the month.

"I worry," he said. "And I look for another way of doing business."

Welfare Neighborhood

The nation's welfare system is being reshaped by an array of new Federal, state and local laws and regulations. Since March 10, this series has examined how the changes come together in one Brooklyn neighborhood, Southside in Williamsburg. Other articles have examined fear of change, welfare fraud, and the closing of a welfare office.

**Graphic**

Photos: The newly reopened C-Town supermarket, whose owners believe the changes in welfare may help it survive this time. Angel Feliciano, owner of the Latin Corner, a bodega on South Second Street. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 21); The flags used for the grand opening of a C-Town store cast shadows on Havemeyer Street in Southside, a struggling Brooklyn neighborhood. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 22)

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[***This Blessed Plot, This Realm of Tea, This Marmalade - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45FH-6KD0-01CN-H1PN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** TIPTREE, England

**Body**

IT is made from exotic fruits that grow far away bitter oranges that hang like golden baubles amid the shiny leaves of trees near Seville in southern Spain. Its name comes from marmelo, the Portuguese word for quince. It has been eaten in one form or another since the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Yet for more than 250 years, marmalade has been a quintessentially, unmistakably British product, as much a part of a proper Scottish breakfast as oatmeal, and as much a part of a proper English tea as Cornish cream. A supply of marmalade went to Antarctica with the ill-fated Robert Falcon Scott in 1911, and cans of this mellow citrus preserve followed the Union Jack to the most distant imperial outposts.

For a time, late in the last century, marmalade seemed to be losing favor with the British consumer. But recently it has made a comeback.

"I don't quite understand it," said Peter J. Wilkin, chairman of Wilkin & Sons Ltd., the highly reputed marmalade and jam manufacturer, founded by his great-grandfather in 1885. "People don't really have tea now. They don't have breakfast, either, except on the weekends.

"But our marmalades are our biggest sellers, and they're much more popular than they were 15 years ago -- here in Britain and abroad, too."

Rightly so, in my view. Properly made marmalade (which to my taste means dark and treacly stuff, generously endowed with rough-cut strips of peel) has no peer as the crowning glory on a piece of hot buttered toast. On a morning dark and drear, it is superbly restorative, a welcome lift as the new day begins, sweet but not cloying, a ray of sunshine spooned from a jar.

Observations on marmalade's place in British life dance through the pages of literature. James Boswell, for example, remarks that he and Samuel Johnson were offered it at breakfast in Scotland in 1773, along with a semi-obligatory dram of good Scotch whisky.

When Louisa May Alcott visited Britain in the 1800's, she described "a choice pot of marmalade and a slice of cold ham" as "essentials of English table comfort."

At Oxford in the upbeat 1920's, Charles Ryder, the protagonist of Evelyn Waugh's novel "Brideshead Revisited," ate his "scrambled eggs and bitter marmalade with the zest which in youth follows a restless night." And in the more downbeat 30's, in "The Road to Wigan Pier," a jar of marmalade on a sideboard, "an unspeakable mess of stickiness and dust," epitomized for George Orwell the complete squalor of a ***working-class*** household.

Americans have been fans of marmalade since Colonial days, and still are. My wife, Betsey, recently showed me a marmalade entry in the "receipt book" compiled in 1770 in South Carolina by her ancestor Harriott Pinckney Horry. It resembles the recipe given by Hannah Glasse, the pioneering English food writer, in her collection, first published in 1747, and the one used by Wilkin in some of its marmalades, whose top export market is the United States.

I WOULD have known I was in the right place if I had been wearing a blindfold. In the wintertime, a captivating bittersweet aroma -- a marmalade-scented canopy -- hangs over Wilkin's plant here at Tiptree in Essex, a 50-minute train ride northeast of London. Marmalade is manufactured three months each year, from January through March, when the Seville oranges (Citrus aurantium) are at their ripe, sharp-tasting, thin-skinned best.

Marmalade-making consists of disassembling oranges and putting the parts back together. Most of Wilkin's competitors save money by beginning that operation in Spain, but Wilkin brings in whole fruit, which it processes in small batches, partly by hand, partly by machine.

In the small, modern, surgically clean factory here in Tiptree, oranges are first scrubbed, then frozen to soften their skins, then boiled in stainless-steel tanks that hold 1,750 pounds of fruit each. This not only completes the softening process but also releases the pectins, natural jelling agents that are present in the skins and the seeds. After four hours, the heat is turned off and the oranges cool overnight, steeping in their own juices to intensify their flavor and lend them a slight taste of caramel.

The operation varies, depending on which type of marmalade is being produced. Wilkin makes 14, some clear and jellylike, some opaque; some with mere threads of peel, some with thick strips of peel, some with no peel at all. Most are made with oranges, but other citrus fruits, including grapefruit, tangerines, lemons and limes, are also used, either alone or together.

For Tawny, the company's classically dark, thick-cut marmalade, the softened oranges go to a room where pairs of women, using only their hands, split the fruit into two pieces and scoop out the flesh. The flesh moves on to a separator, which divides the fruit mash from the seeds, which are discarded. The peels are thrown onto a conveyer belt that runs between the women's workstations, to be inspected for quality and sliced by whirling knives into strips about a quarter-inch wide.

Finally, for a second boiling, the peels are combined with the mash, orange-infused water from the first boiling and sugar. In 150-pound batches, the mixture is cooked twice at 220 degrees for 10 minutes or so, before being poured into 56-pound containers, where it rests for 24 hours to darken and caramelize further. These second boilings are done in traditional copper-lined stainless-steel pans, 14 of them, at normal atmospheric pressure.

"The equipment is all new, installed last year," Mr. Wilkin told me. "It cost thousands and thousands of pounds, obviously. It is electronically controlled and more modern in other ways. But the pans and process are the same. We tried pans without copper linings, we tried pressure cookers, we tried vacuum cookers. But we couldn't get the taste we were used to."

The label is terse: "Ingredients: sugar, oranges. Prepared with 47 grams of fruit per 100 grams. Sugar content 67 grams per 100 grams."

Walter Scott, the company's production manager, was rather more lyrical. "The elixir of life," he said as he watched marmalade flowing into hot jars on the speeding bottling line.

Wilkin's attention to detail and refusal to cut corners costs money; it adds neither caramel nor preservatives, as many manufacturers do. But this also enables it to command premium prices, not only for its marmalades but also for its 45 jams, including Little Scarlet strawberry, made from premium fruit grown near Tiptree; loganberry, whose production dates back to plants brought from California by Peter Wilkin's great-uncle; and rarities like medlar, guava and ginger-rhubarb.

Compared with many of its competitors, Wilkin is a tiny company, with 170 employees and sales of about $15 million a year. It is one of only three family-owned companies left in the industry, along with Baxter's of Fochabers, in the Scottish Highlands, and Manchester-based Duerr & Son.

Yet Wilkin wins shelf space in elite shops like Fortnum & Mason in London and Legrand in Paris as well as in supermarkets.

Many mass-produced marmalades are no longer quite what they appear to be. Frank Cooper's Oxford marmalade, which introduced the coarse-cut, aromatic style in 1874, is no longer made in Oxford, nor do his descendants play any role in making it. The trademark belongs to a conglomerate. Though it is still labeled "Seville Orange Dundee," Keiller's is made by Robertson's, the biggest British producer, in its plant across Manchester from Duerr's.

There's more. Not only has Keiller been absent from Dundee for decades; the romantic, oft-told story of how a grocer's wife named Janet Keiller "invented" marmalade in 1797, using Seville oranges bought from a storm-tossed ship in Dundee harbor, has been decisively disproved by food historians, including C. Anne Wilson in "The Book of Marmalade" (Prospect Books, not available in the United States; about $16 from amazon.co.uk).

Wilkin marmalades do battle in the supermarkets with the less expensive market leaders like Chivers and Robertson's, and at Fortnum & Mason and similar stores with more expensive house brands. Fortnum's has 18 of its own-label varieties, including lemon with Earl Gray tea; orange with Champagne; orange with whisky; lime, kumquat and blood orange -- this last a favorite of Christopher Watson, the salesman who showed the line to Betsey.

The choice, in other words, is more or less infinite (I counted no fewer than 39 different varieties at a supermarket near our cottage in the Cotswolds). Nonetheless, an astonishing number of people in Britain, by no means all of them demented foodies, insist on preparing their own marmalades. Elegant hotels pride themselves on serving marmalade made in their own kitchens. Recipes are handed down from one generation to the next like heirlooms.

My friend Bill Baker, a prominent English wine merchant, detects "a bitter, burned taste" in a lot of commercial marmalade. The marmalade that his mother made every year until her recent death, he insists, was sweeter and more "orangey" in flavor, with more precisely cut strips of peel.

Come next year, he vows, "I'll make up a batch myself."

Lady Owen, an American from St. James, N.Y., on Long Island, spends three evenings late each January boiling oranges, sugar and a few lemons (for extra snap), rigorously following the recipe given to her by her mother-in-law. Lord Owen, the former foreign secretary, said homemade preserves were a tradition in his family -- "my mother never bought anything she could make," he said -- a tradition reinforced by shortages during World War II.

"I had never seen Seville oranges before I came here," Lady Owen said. "I was so thrilled that an American kid could turn them into this delicious thing, with such a special taste, that I kept at it."

THE Greeks made a product called melomeli. For this, according to Ms. Wilson, they preserved quinces in honey, and ate them as an aid to digestion. Martial, the first-century Latin poet, mentions a similar Roman preparation, and medieval manuscripts make it clear that the Portuguese learned the process, perhaps from the Arabs. They substituted sugar for honey, giving birth to what they named marmelada.

In the first half of the 15th century, the English made a spiced jelly called chardequynce from quinces (or quinces and pears) and honey (or sugar). Then in 1495, only three years after Columbus's first epic voyage to America, a Portuguese ship's captain named Farnando Yanes delivered to the port of London the first consignment of marmelada ever to arrive in Britain.

The English initially ate it as a sweetmeat or as an after-dinner digestive. It was solid, not liquid, and it came in a box, not a pot. But gradually cooks began to experiment with other fruits, using apples at first to aid the jelling process. The first printed recipe for "modern" orange marmalade was published in 1714 in Mary Kettilby's "Collection of Above Three Hundred Receipts in Cookery, Physic and Surgery."

It was the Scots who moved marmalade to the breakfast table, complete with finely cut peels, or chips, to use the Scottish term. There it joined scones, sausages, game pies, trout, roast beef and sometimes a haunch of venison on the sideboard. The traditional Scottish breakfast was certainly not for the meek.

Not until well into the 19th century did the English follow the Scottish example and abandon the eating of marmalade in the evening.

Mrs. Kettilby's formula called for whole oranges, lemon juice and sugar. A contemporary recipe for home-made marmalade, that of Shaun Hill, owner of the Michelin two-star Merchant House in Shropshire, differs only slightly, using whole lemons along with the oranges and sugar.

"Homemade marmalade," he says, "is superior to anything you can buy," and he made 20 cases of Seville oranges into marmalade each January when he cooked at Gidleigh Park in Chagford, Devon, a prominent country-house hotel.

A few days ago, Betsey came across a pot that he must have given us around 1990, hidden at the back of our larder. Mr. Wilkin and others had told me that marmalade improved with age, like wine, so we opened the elderly pot and spread a little of the glistening, mahogany-colored preserves on toast.

I won't swear it was the best marmalade I've ever eaten, but it was certainly up there. In a way that almost never happens with even the best marmalades, the bitterness of the oranges and the sweetness of the sugar had miraculously dissolved into a rich, syrupy harmony.

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

**Correction**

An article last Wednesday about English marmalade misstated the number of Michelin stars awarded in recent years to the Merchant House in Shropshire. It is one star, not two.

**Correction-Date:** April 3, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: THE TOAST, PLEASE -- Marmalade, which has been made for centuries, is resurging in popularity in Britain and around the world. Marmalades made by Wilkin & Sons of England are known for being intensely fruity. (Christopher Woods for The New York Times)(pg. F1); BITTERSWEET -- Oranges from Spain are peeled at the Wilkin & Sons marmalade factory in Tiptree, England. (Christopher Woods for The New York Times)(pg. F8)

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[***STAMPS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CJF0-000B-Y0HN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***U.S. LISTS NEXT YEAR'S COMMEMORATIVE ISSUES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CJF0-000B-Y0HN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Samuel A. Tower

**Body**

The curtain has been lifted a good part of the way to show the United States what commemoratives will be on stage in 1981, and it looks like much of the excitement will be generated by stage business - new international and then new domestic rates - rather than by any of the issues.

There are no details about the 1981 quartets for Wildlife Habitats, and for cacti, which may match the beauty of the 1980 Coral Reefs block of four, or about the American Architecture 1981 block, which is bound to sustain the excellent representations of the two previous blocks, or about the 1981 Space Achievement block of eight, which - if it is issued - is bound to be out of this world.

Along with the triumphs of the recent past in space, there will be the triumphs of two centuries ago to relive, with two commemoratives for battles of the American Revolution in 1781, one being the decisive battle of Yorktown.

But there also is a grouping of worthy causes and tributes to worthy institutions that seem to have an aura of good civic virtues - always to be commended but not necessarily stimulating.

Stamps column previews 1981 US commemorative issuesThe announc ed list is light - only 15 commemoratives - with only three of them coming out in the first three months of next year. However, with higher domestic rates scheduled to go into effect earlyin March, it is possible that a stream of new regular issue stamps inhigher denomi nations will be taking up the slack.

Two of the five personalities on the 1981 agenda are among the first to be issued, and it appears very much that someone in the Postal Service knows something. Fortuitously, for 1981 is patently a big Republican year, the first 1981 commemorative is a tribute to a Republican, Everett McKinley Dirksen (1896-1969). For a quarter of a century he was a member of the House and Senate from Illinois and the Senate Minority Leader from 1959 to 1969.

Two years ago, the first commemorative honored a Democrat, Robert F. Kennedy, who had been an Attorney General and a Senator from New York. Senator Dirksen's melliflous oratory is still recalled with awe at the capital. His daughter is married to Senator Howard Baker, who will shortly become the Senate Majority Leader.

The Dirksen stamp is scheduled for Jan. 4, and is to be followed on Jan. 30 by a commemorative for Whitney Moore Young (1921-1971) to continue the Black Heritage Series. Never a militant and derogated by young black militants, Whitney Young was a chief spokesman for the black majority that chose to continue working within the system. As director of the venerable National Urban League, he headed one of the most prestigious organizations in the country and imbued it with new effort and direction to achieve equal opportunity in all fields for blacks.

In another ongoing series commemorating outstanding figures of the nation's Literary Arts, the choice for 1981 is poet Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950), who first won fame with her poems of Flaming Youth and of Greenwich Village in its golden age. She later became known for her sonnets and saddened themes and enjoyed an immense popularity in the 1920's. The commemorative for her is coming at mid-year.

Two of America's greatest athletes, Bobby Jones (1902-1971) and Mildred ''Babe'' Zaharias (1912-1956) are being honored with commemoratives in September. Jones, one of the greatest golfers of all time, won all four major tournaments of the time in 1930 - the open and amateur championships of both the U.S. and Great Britain. The Postal Service marked the 50th Anniversary of this feat by unveiling the design of the commemorative for him this year. From 1923 through 1930, Jones won 13 championships in the four tournaments.

As Babe Didrikson, already one of the nation's stars in woman's basketball, she became a national figure because of her track and field triumphs in the 1932 Olympic Games. As Mrs. Zaharias, she set records in women's golf before turning professional in 194 7, a year she won six tournaments in six weeks. The des ign of the stamp was unveiled with the Jones stamp.

All of the commemoratives for personalities are verticals. The ones for Whitney Young and Edna St. Vincent Millay will be multicolored. The promise of beauty in next year's stamps comes from the blocks of four on the schedule. The Preservation of Wildlife Habitats, to be issued in Nevada probably in August, points up the need to prevent destruction of animal, bird and fish habitats in the nation's wetlands, grasslands, woodlands and mountains.

The four for American Architecture will continue its saga by going on to a new period, the structures that were created from the turn of the century and the early decades of the 20th century as Victorian influences waned and innovation and new directions took over. Likely to be represented are Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Sullivan, Richard Morris Hunt and Stanford White.

The Space Achivement block of eight also gives promise of some spectacular stamps, as was again brought out recently by the views of Saturn. This block was originally scheduled for this year, but was postponed by the repeated delays in the Space Shuttle project. There still has to be a question mark about the projected April date. The place of issue naturally is the Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral, Fla.

The cactus exists in more than 1,000 varieties in North America; in the U.S. mostly in the dry regions of the Southwest. Four of these - the barrel cactus, beavertail cactus, agave and saguaro cactus - will appear on a block of four mixed vertical and horizontal stamps due in October to close out the 1981 commemoratives. In most other plants, food for the plant is made in the leaves, and the leaves also give off water. In the cactus, most of the leaves have disappeared so that the plant may better hold its moisture. Cactus stems have thus taken over the task of making food for the plant.

The barrel cactus is an example of a plant able to store water. If the top is sliced off and the pulp inside mashed, several quarts of juice may be obtained. It has saved the life of many in the desert. Its tough, curved spines were used by the Indians as fishhooks.

The agave is also called the century plant be cause of the mistaken notion that t he American plant bloomed only once in 100 years. The saguaro cactu s or giant cactus is the largest in the U.S. It may reach a heigh t of 50 feet and in America grows only in the foothills and deserts o f southern Arizona and southeastern California.

The stamps being issued for causes and organizations, or both in one, begin with a commemorative in January for the International Year of Disabled Persons. This is the cause that the United Nations is espousing next year, and the U.N. will be joined not only by the U.S. but by many nations around the world in philatelic observance of it. This will be followed in April by a vertical multicolor for the American Red Cross, by a vertical multicolor in May in Chicago for Savings and Loan Associations and a horizontal monocolor in June in Philadelphia for Professional Management.

The Savings and Loan Association commemorative is a vertical multicolor scheduled for early May. The organization was founded 150 years ago, and early associations were cooperative clubs of ***working-class*** people of limited resources wishing to build homes.

Today the associations are the leading source of home financing in the U.S. and hold over 40 percent of the total home mortgage debt. Since World War II they have been the fastest growing type of financial institution.

The stamp for Professional Management, a horizontal monocolor due in mid-June, commemorates the 100th anniversary of the beginning of professional management education in the U.S. and bears a portrait of Joseph Wharton, founder of the Wharton School of Business of the University of Pennsylvania.

In October will come two multicolors for Christmas and a pair of horizontal multicolors for the bicentennial of the crucial naval battle of the Virginia Capes and the victory of the Americans under Washington and their French allies over the British forces commanded by Lord Cornwallis. The victory assured the success of the American Revolution.

December First Days

The following first days have been scheduled for December for the United States by the Postal Service and for Canada; nothing from the United Nations.

United States - 27: Regular 19-cent stamp for surface post cards; 29: 30-cent aerogramme; 30: two airmails of 28 cents and 35 cents; Jan. 2, 1981: a 28-cent airmail postal card. All items are to implement new international rates effective Jan. 1, 1981.

Canada - 5; A 17-cent commemorative for Dr. Emmanuel Persillier Lachapelle, a founder of Montreal's Notre Dame Hospital.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photos of stamps

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[***My Dress Is Older Than Yours Is***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSN-3030-00MH-F356-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By GINIA BELLAFANTE

By GINIA BELLAFANTE

**Body**

On a sale rack at Jeffrey on West 14th Street one day shortly after Christmas, there hung a cap-sleeve minidress cut in the same "Jetsons go to Coconut Grove" manner that led Courreges, the Parisian house that made it, to prominence three decades ago. Originally $1,500, it was marked down to $800.

That same afternoon at Resurrection, a Mott Street shop selling vintage apparel -- the clothing formerly known as used -- a similar version of that orange Courreges dress, actually made and worn in the 1960's, was also for sale. The vintage model was $1,200.

A visit to Resurrection suggests that clothing is not in fact the world's most bubble-headed investment. Next to the Courreges was a navy A-line Pierre Cardin minidress from the same period with white vinyl trim and a circle in the center -- the kind of dress that would make the wearer look like a 7-year-old who has been reading Buckminster Fuller. Anyone hoping to leave the store with it would have to part with $1,500.

In the past 20 years, the vintage-clothing market has undergone marked changes, catering of late to a fashion elite that is hungry to signal that it has acquired something that other people haven't and can't. Through the 1980's, the market was fueled by sales of 50's bowling shirts, 40's floral housewife dresses and jackets once worn by gas-station attendants -- ***working-class*** clothes from which college students could forge ironic wardrobes for very little money. But with the growth of stores like the Gap and Old Navy in the 90's, and the widespread availability of inexpensive khakis, pedal pushers and shift dresses that are inspired by old ones (the Gap's current line is called "1968"), many purveyors of vintage clothes had to rethink their strategy. They began offering rarefied and more costly merchandise.

Alice Lindholm has sold old clothes for 15 years; when she started her business, Right to the Moon Alice, she conducted most of it directly on college campuses, traveling from Cornell to Vassar to Oberlin with her stock. With the boom in tasteful, lower-priced clothing, "we had to reinvent ourselves," Ms. Lindholm said. Today, she and her husband, Ron Lindholm, have Chanel sweaters and Schiaparelli hats moving in and out of an inventory they keep in Cooks Falls, N.Y. The Lindholms sell at vintage shows like the one to be held at Pier 88 over the next two weekends.

What the term "vintage" means in reference to clothes is, as one might expect, the subject of some debate. To Liz Goldwyn, 23, a filmmaker and avid collector-wearer, with 150 Yves Saint Laurent pieces, most of them older than she is, vintage is defined as anything more than 10 years old. To Mark Walsh, a private dealer who traffics in clothes worth thousands of dollars from the early 1900's through the 30's, vintage clothes are those meant for museums. ("I'm not crazy about the wearing clientele," he said.) Anything from the 70's and 80's he dismisses as "thrift shop."

At the moment, though, among the broad range of people who consider themselves fashionable, vintage implies clothes made by well-known designers from the mid-20th century onward, mostly the 60's and 70's -- the period that continues to maintain a bottomless fascination for popular culture.

Ina Davidson, who runs Buy Gone Days, based in Montgomery, N.Y., has been a vintage-clothing dealer for 20 years, selling garments to designers who use them for inspiration and to people who wear them to dinner. Recently, she said, she has become "compulsive" about acquiring high-profile clothes from the Lyndon Johnson years through the Gerald Ford years. "Either you have designer clothes from the 60's and 70's or you're not going to make money," Ms. Davidson said. Six months ago, she came upon 10 Rudi Gernreich dresses from this period and has sold 9 of them, one for $1,200.

Resurrection focuses exclusively on clothes from the 60's and 70's. Katy Rodriguez, 30, the store's owner, a former student of fine-art photography, opened her first store on East Seventh Street in 1996. Two years ago she added the Mott Street shop, and in May she will open a third Resurrection in Los Angeles. During her four years in business, Ms. Rodriguez said, customers have become increasingly eager to delve into high-end vintage. The same has been true at What Comes Around Goes Around, a vintage shop on West Broadway, where the Puccis and Halstons are chained up.

In the beginning, Ms. Rodriguez said, "we'd sell a Pucci dress for $250 and we'd have to explain to the customer why it was $250." Today, the customer knows something about a Pucci dress and is willing to pay the $500 or more it now easily costs.

In fact, expensive old clothes have been so sufficiently scrubbed of whatever negative stigma they once had that Barneys New York is opening a vintage boutique on April 1 in its Madison Avenue store. Across the street at DKNY, vintage pieces have been selling as part of the mix since the store's opening in August, just as they have at the Polo Sport store on West Broadway since it opened in July.

The Barneys shop, on the third floor, will be run in conjunction with Cameron Silver, the owner of Decades, a Los Angeles vintage store that, like Resurrection, specializes in clothes from the era of Gucci's original heyday.

Among the items at Barneys are some chain-mesh halter tops from Whiting & Davis and two 60's python jackets -- one from Lanvin, the other Bill Blass -- that Mr. Silver and Julie Gilhart, vice president for fashion merchandising at Barneys, found in January at the Metropolitan Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show, which is held three times a year and attracted a record 65 dealers this winter. The python jackets cost more than $2,000 each, and they are likely to cost more than twice that when they reach the store.

In the era of the unstoppable economy, however, with growing numbers of people actually able to part with the thousands of dollars a few Jil Sander sweaters could cost, the appeal of buying vintage clothes at an elevated level is the comfort of knowing you won't be an exact replica of someone else.

In 1998, Kim Kassel, a 30-ish Upper East Side resident who attends many charity benefits with her husband and who now works in public relations at Jeffrey, wore a Dolce & Gabbana to the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute gala, only to find that someone else was wearing it, too. So in December 1999, Ms. Kassel attended the gala in a beaded blush-colored Norman Norell gown she bought from Rita Watnick, owner of Lily in Los Angeles, perhaps the country's most exclusive vintage boutique.

"There was a fur-trimmed Oscar dress," Ms. Kassel said of a new Oscar de la Renta style she spotted at the Met party. "Three people had it. It's a $9,000 dress."

Ms. Kassel could not abide vintage clothes a few years ago, she said, because "old had a negative connotation for me." But she said her introduction to Ms. Watnick's pristine collection, as well as the heightened exposure vintage clothes received during the tenure of the socialite Tiffany Dubin as head of the fashion department at Sotheby's, helped her change her mind.

Another woman wearing vintage at the Met party in December was Laura Steinberg Tisch, who had on her mother's Warhol-inspired Emeric Partos fur jacket from the 60's.

Another important reason for the flowering of interest in old clothes among people accustomed to buying costly new ones is that contemporary fashion has gone beyond simply invoking the past, the period of the 60's and 70's especially, to photocopying it. Prada's spring 2000 collection is a replay of Yves Saint Laurent's wardrobe for the 1967 film "Belle de Jour," as so many fashion editors have pointed out. This, in turn, has sparked the market for vintage Saint Laurent pieces from the era. "I could go out and spend $500 on a Prada shirt," Ms. Goldwyn said, "or I could buy what it was copied from and have something that no one else has."

As the crowds funneled out of Marc Jacobs's very-Julie-Christie-in-"Darling" fall show in New York last month, the expression one kept hearing people use to describe it was "vintage-y." In London the following week, a young designer named Russell Sage, who recycles vintage fabrics, formulated the most aggressively postmodern comment on the already postmodern notion of mining the past by sending an old John Galliano jacket down the runway with the Sotheby's price tag still hanging on it.

Ronnie Cooke Newhouse, a former creative director at Barneys and Calvin Klein and a vintage shopper, said she felt that vintage dealers had become what stylists were in the 80's; that is, crucial influences on the designer's creative process.

That fashion has drawn so heavily from the 60's and 70's and that the diligently stylish now hanker for the actual sources of inspiration, rather than their more commonplace but not very different-looking byproducts, suggests that consumers of fashion will go only so far in the name of self-expression. Well-heeled shoppers, the sort who turn up at Barneys, might crave things they feel are unique, but ultimately they don't want to look radically different from their tribe.

That is something Mr. Silver, the Decades owner, seemed to understand well as he tried to stock the Barneys boutique with a spree at the Metropolitan Vintage Show in January. Python coats called to mind any number of recent designer collections, so he bought them. Bell-sleeve fur jackets with oversize buttons did not, and he avoided them. A Pierre Cardin shoulder bag with an enormous "C" on the front spoke to the current logo-obsessed moment. But it will never make it to Barneys. Donna Karan, one of the designers scouting for inspiration at the Metropolitan Show, bought it from Mr. Silver just after he returned to Los Angeles.

"I love Adrian suits," Mr. Silver said later, referring to an American designer of the 40's. "But if you wear one you're going to look like Joan Crawford."

Often, what dealers fail to sell tells as interesting a story as what they do sell. A few months ago, Ms. Lindholm, the dealer based in Cooks Falls, was offering a Chinese embroidered coat from the turn of the century in fine condition. Given that clothes that are 100 years old are not as easy to find as 25-year-old clothes, logic suggests that it might have been a hot property. No one was interested. When Ms. Lindholm posted a 17-year-old Betsey Johnson dress on eBay recently, she was shocked to see it sell instantly for $306. Of course, as anyone who followed the fall collections last month knows, the 80's are back.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Katy Rodriguez, the owner of the Resurrection shops, which specialize in designer clothes from the 60's and 70's, at her Mott Street branch. The Pierre Cardin tunic behind her at right is $1,200.; Kim Kassel in a beaded Norman Norell gown, circa 1970, that she bought at Lily, a Los Angeles shop.; Laura Steinberg Tisch in a Warhol-inspired Emeric Partos fur jacket from the 60's.; Vintage fringed belt by Azzedine Alaia, $450 at Resurrection. (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times above and inset below ; Bill Cunningham/The New York Times two photographs at right )(pg. 1); A Gucci skirt and raincoat, an Hermes blouse and a Pucci kerchief, all from the 60's, at Decades, a vintage clothing shop in Los Angeles. (Suzette van Bylevelt for The New York Times); Vintage loafers, sandals and bags, including a trendy Gucci logo bag at lower right, at the Resurrection shop on Mott Street. (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 6)

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[***ART VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CNC0-000B-Y2XW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***EXPRESSIONISM MEANS REVOLT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CNC0-000B-Y2XW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

With the opening on Friday of a mammoth exhibition called ''Expressionism: A German Intuition, 1905-1920,'' at the Guggenheim Museum, one of the major art events of the season is upon us. Owing to the special character of Expressionism as an art movement, however -and owing, too, to our own very different attitudes toward art today - it is the kind of event for which many people are likely to be unprepared. Of the many art movements that have shaped the spirit and substance of Western culture in the modern era, Expressionism - which erupted in Germany and other parts of Central and Northern Europe in the first decade of the 20th century -remains to this day the least understood. For its goal was not primarily to offer us a new mode of esthetic delectation but to change the very course of our lives, and this is not something that today's eager but somewhat jaded art public is accustomed to expect from a mere art movement.

"Expressionism: A German Intuition, 1905-1920" at Guggenheim Museum is reviewed

It therefore requires a certain leap of the historical imagination to grasp exactly what it was that gave this movement its characteristic quality and power. No doubt because Expressionism, like other forms of modernist art, comes to us now mainly as a museum experience, it is largely perceived in purely esthetic terms. It is, after all, in the nature of the art museum to concentrate our attention on the esthetic factor, and thus to leave the extra-esthetic forces that enter into both the conception and the experience of a work of art more or less in abeyance. Yet nothing was more alien to the Expressionist vision than the art-for-art's-sake attitude than is commonly invoked as a standard in judging it. The governing impulses of Expressionism were, in fact, profoundly revolutionary, and art was only one - and not always the most compelling - of the many areas of experience it fiercely aspired to alter in the most fundamental ways.

The real importance of Expressionism is this: it gave an early and particularly vivid definition to a spirit of revolt that has continued to haunt all of Western culture down to the present day, usually as an underground phenomenon but at times emerging above ground to threaten the very existence of that culture. Expressionism was the first of the 20th-century counter-cultures - spawned, like the counter-cultures closer to our own historical experience, in the resentments and frustrations of youthful dropouts from the middle class, and intent upon shattering the conventions of middle-class society in the hope of displacing it with a utopian order, or disorder, believed to be freer and more life-enhancing than any to be found in the advanced industrial world just then approaching a new pinnacle of development.

The young artists who joined forces in Dresden in 1905-06 under the name of Die Brucke (The Bridge), for example - Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Erich Heckel, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff and Otto Mueller - were dropouts from architectural school who turned to pictorial art as an instrument of social rebellion and spiritual redemption. ''As youth, bearers of the future,'' wrote Kirchner in a manifesto for the group, ''we want to achieve freedom to live and work in opposition to the old, established forces.'' Passionately rejecting the social modalities of the respectable burgher class that had reared them, the Brucke group formed itself into an artists' collective, or commune, settled in ***working class*** neighborhoods, and adopted a proletarian style of dress while looking to peasant and primitive societies for its standards of emotional authenticity.

In other respects, too, this early Expressionist group offered a prophetic preview of what was coming in Western civilization. Its guards were Nietzsche and Walt Whitman. Its war cry was sexual freedom. Its abiding symbol, both in art and in life, was the image of naked men and women freely disporting themselves in a sun-drenched landscape unspoiled by the encroachments of industry or commerce. As a corollary of its mystical nature worship, the modern metropolis was looked upon as the world of the damned -though, of course, it was only in the despised cities, with its cadres of disaffected intellectuals and freethinking, well-heeled patrons, that such a group could hope to survive and prosper.

Thus, not only did the early Expressionists give us a preview of a radical counter-culture - they gave us a glimpse, too, of the nascent radical-chic support system that would thenceforth minister to the interests of such movements in the middle-class world usually earmarked for destruction.

Expressionism was neither a unified nor an altogether coherent movement, however, and both its tone and its outlook differed significantly from group to group and from place to place. Its gentlest aspect, concentrating on a lyrical evocation of the countryside and its native inhabitants, is to be found in the work of the artists' community that gathered at the turn of the century in Worpswede near Bremen in the German North. (It is represented in the Guggenheim show by Paula Modersohn-Becker, the best-known artist of the group). In Vienna, on the other hand, there emerged in the work of Oskar Kokoschka a more penetrating psychological vision - appropriate, perhaps, in the work of a contemporary and countryman of Freud - that found its deepest expression in a mode of portraiture so radical and intense that it was virtually a form of psychoanalysis in itself, especially in its depiction of intellectuals.

The only group to rival the Brucke artists in shaping the destiny of Expressionism as a movement, however, was the association that called itself the Blaue Reiter (Blue Rider), founded by Franz Marc and Vasily Kandinsky in Munich in 1911. Even more mystical than the the Brucke group in its vision of earthly life and far more heterogeneous in its membership - which included, among others, the composer Arnold Schoenberg - the Blaue Reiter owes much of its fame to the fact that in the work of Kandinsky, a little-known Russian emigre then resident in Germany, Expressionism broke its last ties to the observable world and entered the realm of abstraction for the first time.

This radical foray into abstraction represented an even deeper expression of rebellion and rejection than any to be found in the work of the Brucke artists, who, whatever their degree of disaffection from the life they observed around them, continued to base their art on some form of representation of it. For Kandinsky, however, the world of earthly experience had ceased to exert its traditional priority. Under the influence of theosophical doctrines that looked upon the material universe as a snare and a delusion, Kandinsky turned to the realm of ''spirit'' as his artistic province, and thus initiated an artistic revolution that fatefully altered the whole course of modern art.

In regard to this revolutionary impulse, too, it is nowadays difficult to regain a sense of the urgency that originally shaped it. We live in a cultural world in which abstract art is a commonplace, and all too often a bore. The last thing we expect from it is some resounding metaphysical statement or revolutionary impulse. Yet it was precisely as a mode of metaphysical - indeed, religious - statement that Kandinsky forged his first abstract works, and we quite fail to grasp the meaning of his art, and of the powerful strain of Expressionist painting it introduced into the modern movement, without some understanding of the rebellion in metaphysics that determined its course.

The Expressionist movement was clearly many-sided, being at once a form of social revolt, more or less libertarian in its ethos, and a religious phenomenon that looked beyond the petty concerns of the social world for salvation in the realm of spirit. Its social philosophy was utopian, its religious philosophy mystical, and its overall mood agitated and apocalyptic. Between the individual self or soul, on the one hand, and the social and material world, on the other, it could find no basis of resolution short of either revolution or escape.

It was essentially a youth movement - though it managed, like other youth movements we have known, to capture the allegiance of many elders - and could not really sustain itself once the aspirations and the innocence of youth were cruelly crushed in the real apocalypse of World War I. The Guggenheim show, one of the largest surveys of the Expressionist movement ever organized, gives us a glimpse of what happened to these aspirations as the result of the war, and thus concludes on a fairly grim note, another reminder, if we have the wit to grasp it, that Expressionism was always something more than an art movement - it was a prophecy that is with us still.

''Expressionism: A German Intuition, 1905-20'' remains at the Guggenheim Museum through Jan. 18, and will then travel to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, where it will be seen from Feb. 18 to April 26.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of ''Herwarth Walden'' by Oskar Kokoschka (page

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[***Theater; The Briton Who Revived 'Oklahoma!'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45CC-BN00-01CN-H121-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 5

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**Byline:**  By BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE; Benedict Nightingale is the chief theater critic of The Times of London.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

A LESS tenacious, obstinate or driven director might have given up the battle, but Trevor Nunn was always determined to give New York theatergoers a chance to see the makeover of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!," which he staged at the National Theater here in 1998. And why not? The production, praised by almost every reviewer for its freshness, moved to the West End, drew the crowds and, Mr. Nunn would like to think, still has something fundamental to say about the values and virtues of America.

Now, at long last, he has achieved his aim. Despite a refusal by Actors' Equity to permit the London production to transfer to Broadway, and despite Mr. Nunn's own commitments as artistic director of the National Theater, "Oklahoma!" will open in New York at the Gershwin Theater on Thursday.

Mr. Nunn, 62, had his critics when, soon after his appointment at the National in 1997, he announced he would do "Oklahoma!" Some still think that Britain's leading subsidized theater should not have staged it or, for that matter, the other Broadway musicals that he has gone on to direct at the National, "My Fair Lady" and "South Pacific." Some have even accused him of populism -- a term that, as he prepares to retire from the National's top job, he clearly finds offensive. As he pointed out in an interview in London recently, only 6 of the 95 works he has presented at the National in the last five years have been musicals, among them Leonard Bernstein's notoriously tricky "Candide."

What Mr. Nunn did not mention, however, is that the theater's productions and transfers have won nearly 100 significant awards in Britain and America during his directorship, six for "Oklahoma!" and even more for his revival of Tennessee Williams's tough, taxing prison drama, "Not About Nightingales."

"Diversity" is Mr. Nunn's own word for a policy and a program that have embraced Michael Frayn's "Copenhagen" and Noel Coward's "Private Lives," Rita Dove's "Darker Face of the Earth" and Gorky's "Summerfolk."

"Some critics of the National Theater want esoteric and only esoteric," Mr. Nunn said. "Regardless of the box-office implications of such a blinkered view, I profoundly disagree with the concept of an exclusive National Theater. My idea of the National is a theater for everyone, for very different audiences and tastes, for the whole spectrum of taxpayers who contribute to the National's existence."

"I was brought up in a poor ***working-class*** community," added Mr. Nunn, whose father was a cabinetmaker from the East Anglian town of Ipswich. "I want to run a theater that's accessible to the people I grew up with every bit as much as a theater for aficionados."

And that, too, helps to explain why his National program has included Broadway shows as well as Tom Stoppard's "Invention of Love," Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" and Harold Pinter's adaptation of Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past."

According to statistics collected by the theater, 34 percent of those who saw "My Fair Lady" before its transfer to the West End had never been to the National Theater before. "But many of them have come again," Mr. Nunn emphasized.

As for the 1943 "Oklahoma!," Mr. Nunn believes that it represents the American musical at its most original. And since it had not been seen in London for two decades before his revival, it seemed overdue for reassessment. "There are masterpieces in the genre," he said, "and the National has a responsibility to explore masterpieces of every kind. It's a show with the capacity to be about much more than fun and superficiality. Somehow 'Carousel' avoided the same criticism when the National revived it because it spoke of violence in marriage. Well, 'Oklahoma!' isn't any less unusual or demanding."

Another reason the piece appealed to him was that it deals with a community: a subject that, he said, has fascinated him throughout a career whose prime achievements have included "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Les Miserables" (both of which he directed with John Caird), "Porgy and Bess" and, recently, a fine revival of "The Merchant of Venice."

In "Oklahoma!," both the farmers and the cowmen are painfully adjusting to a brave new world. "They're in this wondrous place," Mr. Nunn said, "in which there's no law and no authority, and somehow the community has to prove itself worthy of the land. Common sense, justice, equality and decency have to prevail."

Since Mr. Nunn wanted his revival to be a tribute to those virtues, he felt that authenticity of place was essential. So Anthony Ward's designs include a water tank, cattle fences, an old stove and a whirring windmill -- the community's only source of power. "We're trying to say, 'This is a real world, with real people, with a real cornfield near the house, with real corn that the girls strip and munch,' " Mr. Nunn said. "We also wanted to show that the buildings were temporary little structures in a vast landscape. So we used exaggerated perspective to suggest that some of those structures were far distant and some unimaginably far distant."

The first preview in London, which received the imprimatur of the composer's and librettist's children, Mary Rodgers and Jamie Hammerstein, was the fruit of nearly seven weeks of rehearsal, a period longer than normal in the commercial theater. Mr. Nunn began by introducing his cast to Lynn Riggs's "Green Grow the Lilacs," the 1931 drama on which "Oklahoma!" is based. When they turned from that to the musical itself, they could see that the first song, "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," embraced some of the play's opening stage directions. They soon developed a respect for the unfussy, unpretentious poetry of Hammerstein's lyrics, which emerged seamlessly from Riggs's plot, embodying situation and character and pushing the drama forward.

To emphasize this, Mr. Nunn made his cast work on "Oklahoma!" as if it were a straight play. No singing was allowed at first. Every lyric was spoken or, rather, acted. Hugh Jackman, who played the hero, Curly, was able to demonstrate that "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top" was a psychologically true expression of his delight in the heroine, Laurey, nature and the land. Then came a period of improvisation in which the farmers and cowmen did not merely argue about ownership of the land but also ended up physically brawling. At the same time, the performers were steeping themselves in the history of Oklahoma and the social practices of pioneers. "By the time we came to stage the show," Mr. Nunn said, "people were bringing a huge amount of background knowledge and detail to it."

The director has followed much the same pattern with his New York production, starting with two weeks in which he rehearsed his new Curly, the American actor Patrick Wilson, and the other principals in London. The two survivors of the London company are Josefina Gabrielle, who plays Laurey, and Shuler Hensley, as the villain, Jud Fry. Andrea Martin portrays Laurey's no-nonsense Aunt Eller. The main difference has been that Mr. Nunn asked each performer to explain to the rest of the company 24 hours in the life of the farmer, cowman, housewife or whomever he or she is playing.

That has not meant that singing or dancing has been neglected. In fact, Susan Stroman sat in on the original rehearsals in London, absorbing much that was to find its way into her choreography for the show and especially into its most original episode, Laurey's dream or nightmare ballet. That sequence was notable for another reason. In past productions of "Oklahoma!" and in the 1956 movie, dancers had always substituted for Laurey and acted out her hopes and fears. But Mr. Nunn believed that they distanced the audience from the dramatic situation. "You're terribly aware they're other people," he said, "and so you watch the dance rather than observe the character."

But how were Mr. Nunn and Ms. Stroman to bring immediacy to a physically demanding ballet? The answer came in the person of Ms. Gabrielle, a former soloist with the National Ballet of Portugal who proved in London that she could act, sing and dance. Actors' Equity ended up permitting her to repeat her role in New York. The union had originally objected to Mr. Nunn's request to bring the show's entire London company to New York.

There is a danger when a director restages a production with a mostly different cast. There may be a cloned look and an ersatz feel. By encouraging his performers to make their own discoveries about their characters, Mr. Nunn has tried to avoid this. "I won't deny that a production pre-exists in my mind," he said. "There are certain givens there weren't when we started rehearsals at the National Theater: a set design, a lighting plot, a sound plot, a properties plot. I've known where we're going and, as with any production, I've used a certain sleight of hand to encourage the cast to get there.

"But I want this to happen as organically as possible. I don't want the actors to feel strapped in. I want them to feel they themselves have taken possession of the material. So we've given them what freedom we can, and it's been surprising how often they've chosen the same movements and come to the same solutions" as the London cast did.

After Mr. Nunn has overseen the opening of "Oklahoma!," he will be returning to England to cast and direct Mr. Stoppard's new "Coast of Utopia," a three-play epic set in 19th-century Russia and scheduled to open at the National in July. In the fall, his production of Williams's "Streetcar Named Desire," with Glenn Close as the poor, doomed Blanche DuBois, will open at the theater. Indeed, Mr. Nunn will be overseeing plenty of other projects before he hands over control of the National to Nicholas Hytner next March, prime among them a "transformation" season that will run from May to September.

During these months, the Lyttelton auditorium at the National and a foyer immediately outside it will be temporarily transformed into two theaters, one offering cheap seats to 650 people, the other to a mere 100. The 13 world premieres to be performed have not yet been announced, but the director Deborah Warner, the actress Fiona Shaw and the choreographer Matthew Bourne are likely to be involved, as are several young, untried dramatists. The aim, Mr. Nunn said, is to proclaim the National's belief in its future, to foster a new generation of talent and to encourage the theatergoing habit, especially in people under 30.

If they were to come now, they would see "South Pacific," among other productions. It is a show to which Mr. Nunn has tried to bring the same realism he brought to "Oklahoma!," and it also has enough seriousness, he believes, to earn its place in the National's repertory.

He did not, he said, intend the two Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals to be companion pieces, but he knows that in a sense they are. "South Pacific" involved a very recent, very bloody war against the Japanese and raised issues that were still current in 1949, when the show first appeared. It suggested that it wasn't just a bellicose foreign power that needed defeating, but racial prejudice at home.

To Mr. Nunn, who has often worked in America, "Oklahoma!" raises much the same question in a less obviously topical way. He is aware that the musical's emphasis on decency, justice and equality leaves it open to accusations of sentimentality. "We know that America in the 20th century didn't altogether turn out that way," he said. "But we also know that there's a huge amount of American life that's still devoted to those principles. And 'Oklahoma!' expresses them."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Trevor Nunn, the artistic director of the Royal National Theater in London, outside the complex, which borders the River Thames. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg.5); Lauren Kennedy (front, second from left) as Nellie Forbush in "South Pacific" in London. (Alastair Muir)(pg.26); Josefina Gabrielle, above left, Patrick Wilson and Andrea Martin in "Oklahoma!" on Broadway and, top, cast members and corn. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg.26)

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[***What's Doing in Lisbon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YWW-7220-00MH-F24B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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MARVINE HOWE, a former correspondent for The New York Times, lives in Portugal.

By MARVINE HOWE;   MARVINE HOWE, a former correspondent for The New York Times, lives in Portugal.

**Body**

Gradually, this sedate Old World capital has gained an exciting new dimension along its waterfront. It's as though the center of gravity had shifted from the city's time-worn hills back to the great silvery Tagus River, where it all began.

Lisbon has become a major cruise port. The 12-mile littoral from Belem to the ethereal two-year-old Vasco da Gama Bridge has been spruced up and in places totally renewed. Seedy warehouses, dilapidated tenements and abandoned factories have been reconstituted as museums, cafes, restaurants, discos and shops or replaced by grassy esplanades and mosaic promenades.

This intense renewal effort began barely a decade ago, when Mayor Joao Soares pierced the riverside commuter train tracks with viaducts and overpasses. First, the West Side was gentrified with new restaurants and cultural institutions. Then the Alcantara docks were rehabilitated as a center of night life. But the major challenge was the transformation of the ugly industrial zone on the East Side into a welcoming home for Expo 98, and its integration as a vibrant part of the city -- a work still in progress.

Lisbon expects a surge of visitors this spring, as it takes its six-month turn as the capital of the European Union through June 30. Lisbon is also the starting point for pilgrimages to Fatima, 75 miles north, on May 12 and 13. Pope John Paul II is scheduled to visit Fatima then in honor of the beatification of two of the three children (the third is still living) who are said to have witnessed the Virgin Mary there in 1917.

Events

To celebrate the 400th anniversary of the birth of the Spanish playwright Pedro Calderon de la Barca, Jordi Savall, a leading expert on Spanish Baroque music, will conduct La Capella Reyal de Catalunya and Hes perion XXI in excerpts from the oldest extant Spanish opera, "Celos aun del Aire Matan," by Calderon and Juan Hidalgo. Other 17th-century songs will be part of the concert, April 9 at 9 p.m. in the Gulbenkian Foundation's Grand Auditorium, Avenida De Berna 45. Tickets are $16.50 to $28.50, at 210 escudos to the dollar; telephone (351) 21-793-5131, fax (351) 21-793-7296.

The 250th anniversary of Bach's death will be commemorated by the Belem Cultural Center on April 29 and 30, with performances of more than 60 Bach concertos, orchestral suites and choral pieces. Rene Martin and Miguel Lobo Antunes are producing the festival, which has concerts from noon to midnight in five different halls at the center, at Praca do Imperio. Tickets are $2.40 to $4.75 for each concert; (351) 21-361-2400, fax (351) 21-361-2560.

The Belem Cultural Center is also presenting a spectacular sweep of modern art from the Berardo Collection, including major works by Picasso, Magritte, Miro, Pollock, Lichtenstein and Warhol. Open daily through April 30, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission $2.85.

Events all year commemorate the 500th anniversary of the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese navigator Pedro Alvares Cabral. The main event features the Brazilian singers Caetano Veloso and Maria Bethania on May 22 at 9 p.m. at the Atlantic Pavilion in the Parque das Nacoes. Tickets, $21.50 to $57; (351) 21-891-8471, fax (351) 21-891-8413.

The Sao Carlos National Theater will present a new production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" directed by Paulo Ferreira de Castro and with Harry Christophers conducting. Linda Kitchen sings the role of Pamina and Charles Workman is Tamino, June 12, 14, 16 and 20 at 8 p.m. and June 18 at 4 p.m., at the Sao Carlos Opera House, 9 Rua Serpa Pinto. Tickets: $16.70 to $47.50; (351) 21-346-5914, fax (351) 21-343-0613.

Every June, Lisbon celebrates its favorite saints, Anthony, John and Peter. Festivities open with a carnivalesque parade along the Avenida da Liberdade, June 12 at 9 p.m., followed by nightly street music, dancing, entertainment and tasting of grilled sardines in various neighborhoods, like Alfama and Madragoa, through June 30.

Sightseeing

The most dazzling approach to Lisbon is by sea. The Transtejo ferry line runs daily two-hour guided tours from the Parque das Nacoes to Belem. They leave from Terreiro do Paco at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Tickets cost $14.25, and less for children.

Although Lisbon has Roman roots, much of the Baixa, or downtown, was rebuilt after the earthquake of 1755. The city's main gateway is Terreiro do Paco, a vast mosaic square framed by 18th-century gold-colored government buildings facing the river. A triumphal arch leads to a handsome grid of banks, offices and shops, now largely a pedestrian area with open-air cafes.

The oldest neighborhoods hug the hills, with the Moorish Sao Jorge Castle towering over the city. Inside the ramparts, an exhibit provides a thumbnail sketch of Lisbon's history, and a giant periscope offers spectacular views of the city and river. Open daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

From the castle, it's an easy stroll downhill through the old Moorish quarter of Alfama, a maze of cobblestone alleys, stairways and modest houses with iron balconies, flowers and fluttering laundry. Near the base of the hill, the 12th-century Se (cathedral), with romanesque towers and gothic chapel, is open daily 10 a.m to 5 p.m., except Sunday and holidays.

Around the corner, the new Fado and Guitar Museum at 1 Largo do Chafariz de Dentro, gives an introduction to Lisbon's special soul music. Open daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., except Tuesday. Admission $2.15.

On the opposite hill, the Chiado, a fashionable shopping area devastated by fire in 1988, has been restored. The centerpiece is the Armazens do Chiado, an old department store converted into an upscale shopping center with fabulous views.

The adjacent Bairro Alto used to be a ***working-class*** neighborhood with bars and taverns, where many fado singers like Amalia Rodrigues, who died Oct. 6, got their start. The fado houses have been gentrified, as has much of the old neighborhood. Cafe Luso, 10 Travessa da Queimada, is in the vaulted cellars of a 17th-century palace. An evening of dinner, folk dancing and fado costs $55 to $70 for two. Open from 8 p.m.; (351) 21-342-2281.

On the western edge of the city, the monuments of Belem mark the site from which Vasco da Gama and other navigators set out to discover new worlds. The Tower of Belem and Jeronimos Monastery, 16th-century masterpieces, have undergone major repairs. The Monument of the Discoveries, a stylized caravel, was built in 1960 to honor the 500th anniversary of Prince Henry the Navigator's death.

The popular Coach Museum in the former Royal Riding School of Belem Palace, Rua Belem, is closed for repairs but is expected to reopen by early May. Admission $2.40.

Until Expo 98, the National Azulejo Museum, in the Madre de Deus Monastery, 4 Rua Madre de Deus, was a cultural oasis in the industrial zone on Lisbon's East Side. This exceptional collection of religious and secular decorative tiles is open daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. except Tuesday mornings and Mondays. Admission $2.15.

The Parque das Nacoes, as the Expo 98 area is now called, is open free daily 9:30 to 1 a.m., till 3 a.m. Friday and Saturday. The Oceanarium, one of Europe's finest aquariums, is still the main attraction. It is open daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; admission $7.15, $3.80 for children and seniors.

A popular addition to the parque is the Vasco da Gama shopping center with a variety of restaurants and cafes; Sunday fairs (10 a.m. to 7 p.m.) on the northern waterfront near the restaurant area have alternating themes: stamps and coins, then street art, antiques and secondhand books.

Where to Stay

Off the Avenida da Liberdade, the Lisboa Plaza, 5 Travessa Salitre, (351) 21-346-3922, fax (351) 21-347-1630, combines modern comforts -- double-glazed windows, air-conditioning, modem jacks -- with traditional charm, like large marble bathrooms and decorative tiles. It has 112 rooms furnished in sunny pastels. A double is about $128, including a copious American breakfast buffet.

The Orion Lisboa is a modern apartment-hotel in the former Eden Theater, 24 Praca dos Restauradores, (351) 21-321-6600, fax (351) 21-321-6666, in the center of town. Behind the splendid Art Deco facade, 75 studios and 59 apartments all have kitchenettes with microwave, refrigerator and dishwasher, and air-conditioning. A studio is $78, an apartment $93

Budget: Hotel Miraparque, 12 Avenida Sidonio Pais, (351) 21-352-4286, fax (351) 21-357-8920, overlooks Parque Edward VII. The 100 rooms have minibars, satellite television, air-conditioning, homey flowered curtains and chenille bedspreads. Doubles, with breakfast, are $69.

Luxury: The Avenida Palace, 123 Rua Primeiro Dezembro, (351) 21-346-0151, fax (351) 21-342-2884, is a grand hotel in the heart of the city, with spacious foyer and salons, brocaded walls and crystal chandeliers. All 82 rooms have been recently remodeled, equipped with effective soundproofing and air-conditioning and decorated in classic elegance. A double with breakfast is $170.

A favorite meeting place is Hotel Tivoli, (351) 21-319-8900, fax (351) 21-319-8950, along the Avenida da Liberdade, with an inviting lobby, spacious bar, terrace grill, swimming pool and tennis court -- a rarity in Lisbon. The 329 rooms are tastefully decorated and computer-friendly. A double including breakfast is $200.

Where to Eat

The latest word in riverside restaurants has no sign and an unlikely name: O Bica do Sapato (The Shoe Tap), Avenida Infante D. Henrique, Cais da Pedra; (351) 21-881-0320. The inspiration of three well-known Portuguese restaurateurs who have the actor John Malkovich as a partner, Bica combines a terrace cafeteria, upscale restaurant and sushi bar in four renovated warehouses. The restaurant specializes in New Portuguese cuisine (fresh and organic), like grilled squid with artichokes. Dinner for two with wine is about $55.

A Travessa, 28 Travessa das Inglesinhas, (351) 21-390-2034, with red-tile floors, whitewashed walls and local art, is near Parliament and will open a new establishment on Terreiro do Paco, by the river, in summer. Specialties include bacon-wrapped dates and grilled turbot encrusted in salt to preserve the juices. Dinner for two with a good wine: $55.

When it was across from the Presidential Palace, Nobre was widely considered to have the best food in town. When it moved to the Expo marina, its faithful clientele followed. The new Nobre, Edificio Nau, Marina Expo 98, (351) 21-893-1604, has kept its standards with refined dishes like sea bass meuniere aux fines herbes. Open daily except Sunday evening. Dinner for two with wine is about $75.

Antonio Clara, also called Clube de Empresarios, 38 Avenida da Republica, (351) 21-799-4280, is in a charming old mansion near the bull ring. The atmosphere is elegant, with damask curtains, silk-covered chairs, silver under-plates and an attentive staff. French cuisine, like chateaubriand bearnaise, dominates. Dinner for two with wine, around $65.

For family fare, the best bargain is Bonjardim, 11 Travessa Santo Antao, downtown off the Avenida da Liberdade. The decor is simple and rustic, and tasty roast chicken, salad, french fries and an earthenware jug of wine for two runs about $10.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: At O Bica do Sapato, the food is fresh and organic. The river offers dazzling views of the city. Detail of a column at Jeronimos Monastery. (Joan Costa/Cover, for The New York Times)

Map of Portugal highlighting Belem.

Chart of Portugal's Vital Statistics including population, weather in April, and rates for hotels, dinner for one, taxi service, and daily car rentals. (Sources: Runzheimer International, Portuguese National Tourist Office, Fodor's World Weather Guide, local businesses)

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[***1993 Homicides Fewer but More Clustered in New York City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TY80-0024-J38T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MATTHEW PURDY

By MATTHEW PURDY

**Body**

From the rectory of the St. Jerome Catholic Church in the South Bronx the Rev. John Grange hears gunfire every night on the streets below. "We used to do about a funeral a month here," Father Grange said. But with shootings and other tolls of urban life, he said, "now we do a funeral a week."

But on the east side of Manhattan, in the neighborhood of United Nations diplomats and quiet streets of exclusive apartments, the gunfire might as well be in a distant city. "We all feel sorry and feel bad about all the crime and violence in the city," said Gloria Sandmeyer, who lives in Tudor City. But as for crime in her neighborhood, she said, "We don't think about it much."

Although police statistics show that the number of homicides in New York City declined in 1993, for the third year in a row, the improvement is occurring largely in neighborhoods like Ms. Sandmeyer's, while neighborhoods in the South Bronx, eastern Brooklyn and upper Manhattan are bearing a greater proportion of the killings.

Clusters of Killings

In fact killings are so clustered that 12 of the city's 75 police precincts -- all in those areas of the Bronx, Brooklyn and Manhattan -- reported a total of 854 homicides, or 43.6 percent of the 1,960 homicides reported by precinct and borough officials citywide in 1993. Although the total number in those precincts declined slightly in recent years, their percentage grew, from 39.2 percent in 1990.

By contrast, the 12 precincts reporting the smallest number of homicides -- six or less -- are sprinkled in every borough except the Bronx. Taken together they reported a total of 37 homicides, less than half the number they registered three years ago, when the city's murder rate hit a peak.

Thirty-one precincts reported an average of one homicide a month or less last year. Three of them -- the 123d Precinct on the southern end of Staten Island, the 6th Precinct on the west side of Greenwich Village and the 20th Precinct on the west side of Central Park between 59th and 86th Streets -- each reported just one homicide. And Manhattan's 17th Precinct, east of Lexington Avenue between 30th and 59th Streets, was the only one reporting none.

'Movement to Safety'

Robert McCrie, an associate professor at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, said the growing disparity reflected "a movement to safety by people who can afford to move to safer neighborhoods."

"The safer neighborhoods become safer and the other neighborhoods suffer because of the economic disparity," he said. "Our neighborhoods have become more concentrated in terms of their socio-economic culture. A century ago, rich and poor lived closer to each other."

Philip McGuire, director of the crime analysis section of the Police Department said of crime: "When it goes down it pulls back into the areas that are more economically depressed. These are areas where criminals come in to do other things, deal drugs and rob."

The tally of 1,960 homicides for 1993 is based on unofficial figures gathered by The New York Times from the city's 75 police precincts. Although the Police Department last week said there were 1,995 homicides last year, a top police official later said the number was in error and released an estimate of 1,960 to 1,970. Still, officials said the final tally, due in March, was likely to change as homicide reports are examined over the next two months.

The preliminary total shows a steady decline from the city's homicide record of 2,245 in 1990. In 1991 there were 2,154 homicides, and in 1992 the number was 1,995.

Community Policing Credited

Police officials credit the overall decline in murders to its community policing program, which puts more officers on the street. Also, the number of police officers has grown. In 1990 there were 26,000 officers; and by next month the department expects to have 31,351 officers, said Chief John Timoney, the commanding officer of the New York City Police Department's Office of Management Analysis and Planning.

But community policing may have its limits, particularly in places like the East New York section of Brooklyn, with its high concentration of housing projects, said Deputy Police Chief Kenneth Gussman, commanding officer of the Brooklyn detective command. "There's a sense that community policing works better in middle class, homogeneous neighborhoods," he said. "There's a real sense of community in those areas.

"You take where I live, out in Bay Ridge, people get excited about double-parked cars. People have owned their homes there for 20 years. It's less transient than in areas with a lot of housing projects."

Mr. Timoney also blames the availability of guns for the high murder rates in certain neighborhoods. "What happens is it's almost self-fulfilling," he said. " 'I carry it so I have to use it.' It's a circle and it's spinning faster."

Fear, Even in Church

And in those neighborhoods the violence is difficult to avoid, and everyone seems to have a perspective on it.

Father Grange opened his church's death registry last week and read the ages of the people he had buried last year: "29 . . . 15 . . . 23 . . . "

"If it isn't a bullet it's AIDS," he said. His church is in the 40th Precinct in the Mott Haven neighborhood of the South Bronx, which reported 70 homicides last year.

Even though his church is across the street from the precinct police station, Father Grange said altar boys had told him they would not leave through the back door of the church for fear of being shot. "It creates a sense of unfairness of life," he said, "that you can become a victim without cause."

Danielle McDaniels, 23, rounded a corner in the South Bronx walking home last July and was stopped by neighbors who told her there had been a shooting on her block. A 20-year-old friend of hers had been killed instantly when someone driving by shot her in the head and abdomen, Ms McDaniels said.

"You don't know when it's going to happen," she said. "You could be coming from the store and if they want you, it could be you or your children."

A color picture of a mural painted in memory of Ms. McDaniels's friend Jessica hung recently on the wall of a church on Prospect Avenue along with 16 pictures of similar murals for other neighborhood victims of the violence. They were hung around a sign that said "Thou Shalt Not Kill" in both English and Spanish.

Heidi Neumark, the pastor of the Transfiguration Lutheran Church, said she feared that the violence in the inner city glanced off the consciousness of the general public.

She marvels at the public attention stirred by the shootings on the Long Island Rail Road. "That's a horrible tragedy, but this is a much more horrible tragedy if you talk about numbers," she said. "People have given up in a lot of cases. 'Well, it's the Bronx, what do you expect?' That's not what we should expect."

On Good Friday last year, as Pastor Neumark and other adults at the church led children on a procession down the sidewalk they came to a subway stop where men were gathered, selling drugs, Pastor Neumark said. The men saw a car approaching, filled with people they thought were there to shoot them. "They yelled for everyone to take cover," she said. "The people in the car, out of respect, or whatever, shot up in the air."

"The war they're having is not a private war," Debra Simmons, a church member said of the drug dealers. "We're all in it."

Atmosphere for Killing

The steadiest rise in homicides in recent years has been in a string of neighborhoods across eastern Brooklyn where three precincts reported the most slayings last year. The 75th Precinct reported 126 homicides, up from 109 in 1990; the 77th Precinct reported 82 homicides, up from 70; and the 73d Precinct reported 74 homicides, up from 60.

Deputy Chief Gussman said the large number of public housing developments in the eastern end of Brooklyn "provides a ready clientele for drugs," an atmosphere that often leads to shootings.

James Bowens, the chairman of the community council in the 73d Precinct in Brownsville, said his neighborhood was a ***working-class*** community increasingly overshadowed by "these idiots out there shooting people with no apparent reason."

"Everybody says, 'I need a gun to protect myself from him' and the others say, 'I need a gun to protect myself from him,' " Mr. Bowens said. "It's frightening to the point that as a citizen you can't walk down the street without worrying."

Some Large Reductions

Even among the most crime-ridden neighborhoods there are examples of large reductions in murders. The 34th Precinct in Washington Heights, which had 103 homicides in 1990, reported 75 homicides last year, making it the fourth leading precinct for homicides in 1993.

Police officials said the precinct had been the focus of increased police activity by narcotics agents and other officers following a July 1992 disturbance there ignited by the fatal shooting of a man by a police officer.

Mr. Timoney, of the police department's office of management analysis and planning, said he expected the areas of Brooklyn now plagued by growing numbers of murders would see increased police activity.

But he said he was concerned that over all, the public would become complacent as the city's total murder level continues to decline.

"I think we have become inured to this stuff," Mr. Timoney said. "Now we're happy if we keep it under 2,000. That's ridiculous."

**Graphic**

Photo: Heidi Neumark, the pastor of the Transfiguration Lutheran Church in the South Bronx, said she feared that the violence in the inner city glanced off the consciousness of the general public. She marveled at the public attention stirred by the shootings on the Long Island Rail Road. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

Chart: "TRENDS: The (Relatively) Safe Get Safer" shows change in number of murders reported from 1990 to 1993 for the highest and lowest reporting precincts. (Source: Police Department)(pg. B4)

Table/Map: "CRIME: Homicides, Precinct by Precinct" shows locations and lists number of homicides for each precinct in New York City. (pg. B4)

Map: "CRIME: Locating Murders in 1993" shows locations of reported homicides in New York City in 1993. (Source: Police Department)(pg. B1)

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[***ECONOMY IS BIG ISSUE; VOTERS AREN'T SURE OF ANSWER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CS50-000B-Y02B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 1980, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1433 words

**Byline:** By E.J.DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Oct. 18

**Body**

Detroit seems as far away as Katmandu from this tranquil city perched on the edge of Lake Michigan and surrounded by forests engulfed in the scarlets and yellows of autumn.

But when Detroit's automobile companies 250 miles to the south started laying

This is the fourth of several articles examining how voters are reacting to major issues in the 1980 Presidential campaign.

off workers, so, eventually, did the industries thatsupply the automobile companies, which form part of northern Michigan's economic base. The results in Traverse City included an increase in the unemployment rate from 6 to 10 percent and an increase as well in economic anxieties among the city's 15,000 residents.

In America's small communities as well as in its big cities, the performance of the economy is near the center of voters' thoughts as they confront the 1980 election.

Fourth in series on major Presidential campaign issues notes indications that many voters believe economy is beyond control of any President

Lou Anne Taylor, a Republican leader here, says that is what a lot of people talk about when they come in to party headquarters to volunteer their time for Ronald Reagan.

Persistent Voter Dissatisfaction

The polls have found voters persistently and overwhelmingly dissatisfiedwith President Carter's handling of the economy, a fact that Mr. Reagan hopes will produce an avalanche of blue-collar votes to add to his base among the more affluent.

But one of the oddities of the 1980 campaign is that Mr. Carter has consistently managed to outdistance his dismal ratings on the economy.

In the primaries, The New York Times/CBS News Poll found Mr. Carter drawing substantial support even from those who looked unfavorably upon his economic performance. And Mr. Carter has managed to run very close to Mr. Reagan in recent polls, in part because he has done well among groups that have suffered heavily from the economy's downturn: blacks, the poor and blue-collar workers.

One of the many reasons for this is that Americans are increasingly uncertain just what a President, or anyone, can do to improve the economy.

'Not Angry Only at Carter'

''Even though people are angry, they're not so much angry only at Carter,'' said John Shimel, the international representative of the United Automobile Workers here. ''They know that something is wrong with the system, that it's been unfair to them. But workers also think that it's not fair just to single out one man.''

This sentiment is borne out in the voter surveys. In March, for example, The Times/CBS News Poll found that almost half of those with views on inflation thought it was ''beyond any President's control.'' Democrats who felt that way were far more likely to favor President Carter in the primaries than those who thought a President might make a difference.

In April, The Times and CBS News asked Americans where they placed the blame for inflation, and again Mr. Carter found absolution from a large segment of the public. Thirty-nine percent attributed ''a lot of blame'' to the President, but 48 percent said they attributed ''not much'' blame to him.

Americans were much more likely to hold Congress responsible for the inflation rate, with 69 percent blaming it ''a lot.'' Government deficit spending, the cost of oil, easy credit, businessmen searching for higher profits and labor unions seeking pay increases - all appeared to voters as more central to the inflation rate than Mr. Carter.

What If Ford Was President

''There wasn't a President in the world who could have done anything about it,'' said Bill Echlin, news editor of The Traverse City Record-Eagle. ''I think today would be very much today if Gerald Ford were President.''

There is little doubt that many voters relate their Presidential preferences to their views on the economy. In recent national surveys, about three voters in 10 said their family financial situation had worsened in the last year, and this group was overwhelmingly for Mr. Reagan. About two in 10 said their situation had improved, and they supported Mr. Carter. The rest said their financial situation had gone unchanged, and they split roughly evenly between the two men. Feelings of dissatisfaction over the economy are enabling Mr. Reagan to make gains among those who usually vote Democratic, especially blue-collar whites.

But Dr. Donald R. Kinder, a political science professor at Yale University, argues that voters' choices are more influenced by their judgments of the performance of the economy nationally, an impression they get from newspapers and television, than by their own situations. This may be helping Mr. Carter, especially in light of recent improvements in the Federal statistics on inflation and unemployment.

Dr. Kinder, who based his judgment on an analysis of election surveys conducted over the last 20 years, said: ''Carter may end up losing votes from those who are doing well themselves, but believe the economy is going to ruin under his Administration. But people who are getting creamed economically may end up voting for Carter nevertheless.''

Surveys Support View

Surveys by The Times and CBS News in Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio lend some support to this view. In each state, about one-fifth of the voters said someone in their family had been unemployed in the last year. These voters did not differ much in their Presidential preferences from those who had experienced no unemployment. Indeed, in Ohio and Illinois, those who suffered from unemployment were slightly more likely to favor Mr. Carter.

For both the better-off and the less well-to-do, partisan and ideological attitudes have an often-decisive impact on their judgments about the candidates and the economy.

Mr. Shimel, who joined the United Automobile Workers 36 years ago, sees things as a strong labor Democrat. ''I have no qualms that Jimmy Carter's economic policies got us into hard times,'' said Mr. Shimel, who supported Mr. Kennedy in the Michigan caucuses. ''But I'm also aware, and so are many workers, that Reagan would have even more conservative fiscal policies and would get us in deeper.''

At the other end of the spectrum is George Simon, a Detroit industrialist who is developing a hotel and condominium project here. Mr. Simon is doing well and his project is even a beneficiary of ''big government.'' The loan to build the project was 90 percent guaranteed by the Farmers Home Administration, over the objections of some Traverse City officials.

A Vote for Big Tax Cuts

But Mr. Simon is voting for Mr. Reagan, because he thinks the economy needs big tax cuts to encourage business investment and a reduction in regulation by the Environmental Protection Administration and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

''Five percent of the inflation factor is attributable to OSHA and EPA,'' he said, using acronyms that have become the equivalent of curse words for many businessmen.

The effects of the recession are being felt unevenly around the country, which also complicates its relationship to Presidential preferences.

''Not only doesn't it affect all regions equally,'' said Mr. Echlin, the newspaper editor, ''it doesn't even affect all the areas of a given region equally.''

Not Hearing Talk of Layoffs

Jeremy Conaway, a politically active local lawyer added: ''I'm not hearing all this talk about layoffs. I talk to a lot of people and I'm just not hearing it.''

Mr. Conaway contended that Americans in small towns and rural areas, even those affected by increases in the unemployment rate, were likely to react less sharply to the economic downturn than people in cities. In cities, he argued, large numbers of the unemployed were concentrated in slums and ***working-class*** neighborhoods; in rural areas, the unemployed were more isolated.

If voters are not sure that any President can do anything about the economy, they are equally uncertain about what they would have a President do.

Voters strongly favor balanced budgets and tax cuts, but they also want social services and regulation. Polls show support for the free market economy generally, but also reflect considerable popular sympathy for wage-price controls and government job creation proposals.

''We're really stuck,'' said Dr. Marlene Bevan, who directs a speech and hearing center here. ''We're angry at the way the government has handled the economy and want it cut back. But we know we'd be lost without government, and we always end up turning to it to solve our problems.

''The effect of it all,'' she concluded, ''is to give people a sense of impossibility when they go into the voting machine and pull that lever.''

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[***UNDECIDED VOTERS MAY PROVE KEY IN PENNSYLVANIA PRESIDENTIAL RACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CTV0-000B-Y4N9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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October 11, 1980, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By ADAM CLYMER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10

**Body**

Voters in Pennsylvania, whose 27 electoral votes make it the third biggest prize in the Presidential election, appear to be having uncommon difficulty making up their minds in 1980, weighing their choices unenthusiastically.

The troubled economy is working against President Carter, who won the state narrowly in 1976. The unemployment rate is 7.7 percent statewide, as compared with a national rate of 7.5 percent, but it is much higher in some Democratic strongholds, like Wilkes-Barre.

Ronald Reagan, with an unusually united Republican Party behind him and his Vice-Presidential running mate, George Bush, shoring him up in the Philadelphia suburbs, appears to have failed thus far to establish many positive reasons for voting for him.

Poll Indicates Close Race

A New York Times/CBS News Poll of the state gave Mr. Reagan 34 percent, Mr. Carter 32 percent, and Representative John B. Anderson, the independent, 10 percent of Pennsylvania's probable electorate. One percent favored minor candidates. In the poll, 1,009 registered voters were interviewed by telephone.

New York Times/CBS News Poll of Pennsylvania voters finds 23% of respondents remain undecided in Presidential choice

But, with less than four weeks to go until Election Day, 23 percent of those interviewed from Oct. 3 to Oct. 8 remained undecided. The poll offered no strong indications that this undecided group was likely to break clearly to either major-party candidate, but voters in this group resembled the Reagan supporters in their conservatism on economic issues and in their perception that they were worse off financially now than a year ago.

Switches From Anderson

About half the Anderson voters in the poll said that they might switch to another candidate, but they divided evenly between Mr. Carter and Mr. Reagan. If all of Mr. Anderson's backers deserted the Illinois Congressman, Mr. Carter would gain a small advantage.

Each major candidate confronts other serious political problems in the state. Door-to-door interviews indicate that the continued captivity of American hostages in Iran is also hurting the President, But his experience, buttressed by a heavy Democratic lead in voter registration, is helping him.

Mailings by labor unions that accuse Mr. Reagan of antilabor views seem to be denting his appeal to blue-collar workers, and the Republicans have fallen short of their fund-raising goals.

Both the poll and the other interviews suggest that this election is in large measure a not very enthusiastic referendum on Mr. Carter. One typical supporter, Leo J. Kaczmarek, a retired Pittsburgh mill worker, said, ''I'll stick, vote for Carter. He learned something, maybe he'll be pretty good in the next four years.''

On the other side, Charles G. Bowers, a Philadelphia printer, said he was for the Californian, ''not that he's going to do a better job; but he can't do a worse job.''

The poll showed that Pennsylvanians were about as concerned as Americans generally about the risk that Mr. Reagan might get the nation into a war if elected, with 30 percent saying they held that fear.

Fears on the Economy

But almost as many, 27 percent, said they feared that the economy would get worse if Mr. Carter was re-elected. That percentage is below the 34 percent who offered that view in the rest of the nation in the most recent national poll conducted by The Times and CBS News. On the other hand, another economic issue, the perception that a respondent's own family financial situation was worse now than 12 months ago, seemed to be costing Mr. Carter heavily among Democrats and independents who felt that way.

Republican leaders feel confident about Pennsylvania, although their own campaign polls do not show a bigger lead than does the Times/CBS News Poll. But they believe that Mr. Reagan, warmly received in a Polish-American neighborhood here this week, is making a breakthrough among blue-collar voters, and they feel that television commercials featuring Mr. Bush, to be shown beginning Monday, will maintain enthusiasm in Republican suburbs where Mr. Bush trounced Mr. Reagan in the primary.

Gov. Dick Thornburgh, interviewed yesterday in Pittsburgh, argued that ''the economic issue is alive and well in Pennsylvania.'' Though conceding a lag in fund-raising for Republican telephone banks that has shaved the budget from $700,000 to $400,000, he said there was ''a sense of unity that hasn't been present since the Battle of Gettysburg.'

Skepticism on Ethnic Vote

But Mayor William J. Green of Philadelphia, who worked against Mr. Carter in the Presidential primary but now supports him, is skeptical about the permanence of the ethnic groups' flirtation with Mr. Reagan. By Nov. 4, he said, ''Most people that work for a living are going to perceive their interests as with the Democratic Party, the party that's friendly to people who work for a living.''

Now, the poll showed, Mr. Carter, with 36 percent, has a slender lead among respondents in union households, to 32 percent for Mr. Reagan, with 8 percent for Mr. Anderson.

And while the Reagan campaign is producing leaflets disavowing some of the candidate's old positions on labor and stressing that he was president of a union, the Screen Actors Guild, the Democrats are pressing the opposite message. Paul Crowley, a lather's union business agent in Pittsburgh, said many of his 197 members were ''scared to death of Reagan'' because of his attacks on ''big labor.''

Optimism on Labor Vote

Dan Horgan, the Carter-Mondale campaign's state coordinator, who ran the Carter campaign in Ohio in 1976 where the Democrats won a narrow victory, said he was optimistic. He contended that ''the labor guys are really working.'' He said the get-out-the-vote machinery looked good enough to him so that ''if this is a 2 percent election, I can win it,'' by getting more of the potential Democratic vote out to overcome a slim Republican lead in polls.

One other factor that Democrats are counting on for help is the Senate candidacy of Peter F. Flaherty, the former Mayor of Pittsburgh. The poll indicated that Mr. Flaherty held a statewide lead of 47 to 36 percent over his Republican rival, Arlen J. Specter and swamped his rival in Pittsburgh and the Monongahela Valley, Mr. Carter trailed narrowly in that region. Moreover, potential ticketsplitters throughout the state were considerably more likely to vote Reagan-Flaherty than Carter-Specter, the poll indicated.

Mr. Carter now appears to be running behind in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton, where unemployment is 10.4 percent and thus seems unlikely to repeat his sizable margin in the northeast section of the state.

Philadelphia Seen as Key

So the key to repeating his victory is Philadelphia. In 1976 he carried the city by 257,579 votes, or more than twice his statewide margin of 123,073, out of 2,205,604 votes cast.

The poll shows him far ahead in the city, with 52 percent to 15 for Mr. Reagan and 10 for Mr. Anderson. But in this apathetic year even that lead may not produce the 200,000-vote city margin that Mr. Green has predicted publicly. William A. Meehan, the Republican county chairman here, said Mr. Carter's lead would be held under 100,000.

The key to that margin is probably the black vote, which makes up two-fifths of the city's total. The poll shows Mr. Reagan getting only 2 percent of that vote now, but Republicans and some Democratic leaders here are doubtful about turnout.

Black politicians in this city insist that even if activity has been slow to start, ministers and unions are getting busy. For blacks, the referendum is on Mr. Reagan, and the verdict is negative.

''It is better to stand still than go backwards,'' said Henry Nicholas, president of the Philadelphia local of the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employes and no particular fan of Mr. Carter's though he is hard at work for him.

Personal Qualities Cited

For voters as a whole, one key statistic is that 40 percent of the Carter voters cited either his personal qualities - like honesty, intelligence or religious beliefs - or incumbency and experience as the main reason for voting for him. But half the Anderson and Reagan supporters cite negative feelings about Mr. Carter and his record as the basis for their choice. The Carter voters rarely offered anti-Reagan views.

One negative reason that did not turn up in the telephone poll but came up repeatedly in door-to-door interviews was the hostage situation in Iran. In one Philadelphia ward where Mr. Carter got 61 percent of the vote in 1976, John Grillakis, a pizza shop operator, complained, ''by their attacking that embassy, that meant Carter should have attacked them.''

In a ***working-class*** Pittsburgh ward, Denise Brown said she would not vote for Mr. Carter because the hostages are still in Iran. A Philadelphia row house resident for 66 years and a 1976 Carter voter, Elvina Townsend, said Mr. Carter should have ''put Iran's diplomats in jail.'' She said she would vote for Mr. Anderson.

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[***Political Oddity's Longest Shot;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33R0-000P-N4TS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Sal Albanese, a Bay Ridge Liberal, Runs for Mayor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33R0-000P-N4TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Sal F. Albanese

By JONATHAN P. HICKS

By JONATHAN P. HICKS

**Series:** OPENING STEPS: Fifth article of a series examining individual candidates' campaign strategies.

**Body**

For the last 15 years, the people of Bay Ridge and Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, have gone to the polls to elect Sal F. Albanese as their City Councilman, thereby creating one of the most enduring political anomalies in New York.

The neighborhoods, situated in the shadow of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, have long been among the most conservative in the city, having been swept by such Republicans as Rudolph W. Giuliani and George Bush and, a generation earlier, by Barry M. Goldwater. Yet the man who, year after year, has been chosen to represent the tradition-bound area on the City Council is one of that body's most vocally liberal members.

Mr. Albanese was an outspoken supporter of David N. Dinkins, championed a gay-rights law and led an effort to gain higher salaries for city workers. His so-called Living Wage Bill, enacted last year over Mayor Giuliani's objection, required some city contractors to pay higher minimum wages to their employees, forcing the city to spend more money on its outside contracts.

Now, as Mr. Albanese gives up his Council seat to pursue a seemingly quixotic bid to become Mayor, he is hoping to build on precisely those incongruities to convince voters around the city that he should replace Mr. Giuliani.

The 47-year-old Councilman, a quiet, low-key former schoolteacher, first maintains that he is not quite the classic liberal he is often made out to be, but is more of an unconventional hybrid. He is a politician who favors the death penalty while passionately supporting a woman's right to have an abortion. He voted against a plan to increase the number of police officers because it did not stipulate that the new officers would walk the beat.

He also points out his record of service to his district, one readily acknowledged by many of his constituents. "Sal is popular because he is involved in the community so deeply, in big things like the education issues and in the little things that people need," said Peter Thristino, who owns three Brooklyn restaurants, two of them in Bay Ridge. "We don't always agree. But people like him because he responds well to people."

Mr. Albanese argues repeatedly that his ability to command such loyalty makes him the most formidable opponent to the Republican incumbent. But it is an argument Mr. Albanese is having trouble selling.

Though he may be the most dogged candidate in the race, he is also the least known. He has raised a small fraction of the money collected by the leading contender, Ruth W. Messinger, the Manhattan Borough President. If anything, his uphill fight is even steeper now than it was before the Bronx Borough President, Fernando Ferrer, dropped out and endorsed Ms. Messinger, helping to establish her as the presumptive Democratic nominee.

Nonetheless, Mr. Albanese is unfazed, predicting that he will do far better than anyone anticipates -- if only the voters get to know him. "Our job is to make sure we get our message out," he said recently, traveling to an appearance in his green campaign van. "If, by Election Day, we can get people to know who Sal Albanese is, we're going to do well all over this city."

To some degree, Mr. Ferrer's withdrawal has energized Mr. Albanese's campaign. He has been endorsed by some of Mr. Ferrer's former supporters, including Councilmen Walter L. McCaffrey of Queens and Jerome X. O'Donovan of Staten Island. And Mr. Albanese's campaign received its biggest public-relations boost last month when the Brooklyn Democratic organization endorsed him, unlike the four other Democratic county committees, which are backing Ms. Messinger.

Mr. Albanese has also been endorsed by the Independence Party, which last year backed Ross Perot's campaign for President. And, with typical independence, Mr. Albanese will not say whether he will keep running if he loses the Democratic primary, or support the winner.

Right now, he is working to attract Mr. Ferrer's supporters, to keep them from embracing Ms. Messinger by portraying her as too liberal. That, of course, is a difficult argument for him, given his reputation as one of the more liberal, willful members of the City Council. Mr. Albanese argues that he is a moderate Democrat, representing his ***working-class***, conservative-leaning district. But he has long been known as the most stubborn maverick in the Council, where some hail him as a progressive provocateur and leaders deride him as a destructive renegade.

Mr. Albanese still faces formidable hurdles, chief among them getting his ideas and himself noticed as much as his two opponents. Ms. Messinger has long enjoyed a boroughwide platform. The other Democrat in the race, the Rev. Al Sharpton, is one of the most widely recognized names -- and faces -- in the city. Neither could be characterized as shy.

Mr. Albanese, on the other hand, is a self-effacing, almost reserved politician who could never be described as having a high profile. He has raised about $600,000, compared with more than $2 million raised by Ms. Messinger and a like amount by Mr. Ferrer, and so finds himself answering questions about whether he intends to stay in the race for Mayor.

Those questions intensified recently when Congresswoman Susan Molinari, a Republican, announced she was resigning from Congress to become a television news anchor. Mr. Albanese, who ran unsuccessfully against her in 1992, was immediately considered a contender for the seat.

"I've been getting calls from labor leaders and other people and I've made it clear that I'm not interested," he said. "I'm focused on being Mayor."

Many of those who know Mr. Albanese describe him as a decent, principled legislator with little tolerance for playing pragmatic political games. He repeatedly votes against budget agreements between Mr. Giuliani and Speaker Peter F. Vallone, complaining that they cut vital services to constituents. That has kept him far from the Council's inner circle, costing his district some of the pork-barrel dollars so prized by his colleagues and disdained by him.

He noted that he had received the endorsements of some unions, including District 1 of the Communications Workers of America, the Machinists' Union and locals of law enforcement unions. Most of the large municipal unions are officially neutral in the primary, and have been unofficially friendly to Mr. Giuliani.

In his campaign speeches, Mr. Albanese portrays New York under Mr. Giuliani as "a tale of two cities." Speaking to a group of Staten Island Democrats recently, Mr. Albanese described the administration as catering to business interests at the expense of neighborhoods. Race relations "have deteriorated," he said at the mayoral forum. "I think we are more divided than ever."

He preaches passionately, albeit with less specificity, about the need to jump-start and diversify the city's manufacturing base, and the need to repair crumbling schools.

Mr. Albanese's campaign has generated some of the most provocative ideas of this election season. For example, he has called for changing the city's voluntary campaign financing so that campaigns are paid largely by public funds. Under a bill he sponsored, candidates who took part in the program would be allowed to spend up to $3.2 million of public money to run for Mayor. They would qualify for those funds by first collecting $10 contributions from 7,500 people. Candidates who took part would not be allowed to raise any additional money.

Now a mayoral candidate can spend up to $4.5 million in a primary and an equal amount in the general election. Contributions are limited to a maximum of $7,700; up to $1,000 of any contribution from a New York City resident can be matched with public funds. "Unless you change the way campaigns are financed," Mr. Albanese told a Democratic club in Queens recently, "everything that flows from that system is polluted. If the present system stays in place, you will continue to have a city run for a few wealthy interests and by big business."

To pay for the public campaign financing he proposed, Mr. Albanese said he would consider eliminating the offices of the borough presidents as well as scrapping the second-highest citywide office, the Public Advocate. Those offices have a combined budget of about $30 million.

"In many ways, he is the freshest breath of air in the campaign," said Richard C. Wade, a retired professor of urban history at the City University's Graduate Center. "He has made an issue of campaign finance reform and he is the only candidate who is not trying to line up the party organization in various counties because he realizes that they don't count for much any more."

But communicating those ideas may prove difficult in a city where it takes $1 million or more for even a modest media campaign.

"Does he have a better chance now? Probably not," said Steven A. Cohen, director of Columbia University's graduate program in public policy and administration. "Messinger has high name recognition, Ferrer's endorsement and Dinkins's endorsement. It's hard to see how he and Sharpton keep her from getting 40 percent," the level she would need to avoid a runoff.

Born Salvatore Albanese in Calabria, Italy, to a seamstress mother and carpenter father, Mr. Albanese came to New York at the age of 8. He said it was access to the City University system than enabled him to become a teacher and ultimately a lawyer. It is that journey, he said, that has made him the moderate Democrat that he has become.

He held part-time jobs while attending York College, and earned a master's degree in health from New York University, and later a law degree from Brooklyn Law School. He has been married 24 years to his wife, Lorraine, a public school secretary, and they have two daughters, ages 14 and 17. They live in an old-fashioned house in Bay Ridge.

After 11 years as a teacher, Mr. Albanese was elected to the Council in 1982 in an upset victory over Angelo J. Arculeo, then the Council's lone Republican. Five years ago he ran for Ms. Molinari's Congressional seat: she won handily, with 56 percent to his 39 percent. But Mr. Albanese won the Brooklyn part of the district by 11 percentage points.

That limited success in Brooklyn has inspired Mr. Albanese. "It showed that I could appeal to voters that tend to vote Republican on a wider level then in a Council race," he said. "This was Giuliani country and an area where the Molinaris are well known. So, to me, the race proved that when the playing field is level, I can compete and do well."

**Graphic**

Photos: The three Democratic contenders for Rudolph W. Giuliani's mayoral job, at a forum last month: the Rev. Al Sharpton; Ruth W. Messinger, the Manhattan Borough President, and Councilman Sal F. Albanese at right. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B2); Councilman Sal F. Albanese, a Democrat-Liberal maverick, has represented a conservative Brooklyn district for 15 years. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

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[***Doubts About Dinkins in Canarsie Keep Area a Citadel for Giuliani***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VN00-0024-J2D1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By IAN FISHER

By IAN FISHER

**Series:** Campaign Stop: A periodic report on neighborhood reaction to the mayoral race. - 2. Canarsie

**Body**

Like many people in Canarsie, Rose and Anthony Gardini feel downtrodden this election year. The other day, the couple stood in front of their home, guarded by two pink flamingos and two big dogs named Muffin and Brandy, and spoke of a New York City where they say white people are increasingly locked out.

Of course, the Gardinis say, they are voting for Rudolph W. Giuliani.

"Dinkins is trying to show that he is good for the blacks and the whites," said Mrs. Gardini, 68. "But he favors his own kind. We gave a black mayor a chance but he did not do enough for us."

Mayor David N. Dinkins lost big here four years ago and has no prayer of winning Canarsie this year. This ***working-class*** neighborhood, built after World War II by whites fleeing other Brooklyn neighborhoods, provides a glimpse into the equation of racial politics this year. White residents of Canarsie are unlikely to vote for a black mayor, whoever it is, anytime soon. They admit this in whispers. But what many complain about openly is a feeling of alienation, the sense that whites are losing on some invisible playing field, especially over the last four years.

"He put his own people first," Frank Benigno, a 41-year-old banker and lifelong Canarsie resident, said of the Mayor.

Heart of Giuliani Country

That feeling is linked deeply to worries about the neighborhood, which has been a pressure point of the city's racial politics for more than two decades, from explosive anti-busing protests to the more recent firebombings of a black couple's house and a real estate agency. Slowly, blacks have begun to move in as the older Jewish and Italian settlers die off or retire out of the city.

And though few white people said they believed Mr. Giuliani alone could restore New York City as a land of safe streets, clean sidewalks and homogenous communities -- if such a place ever existed -- a vote for him seemed to be a grasp for a vague sense of control and belonging.

This is the heart of Giuliani country, even if some people said they knew little about him, wondered about his compassion or called him, inexplicably, "Giuliano." The candidate's get-tough anti-crime campaign plays big here and he can count on the votes of people in census tracts 1008 and 1010, a roughly 15-block area where nearly two dozen in-depth interviews were conducted, from the commercial strip of Avenue L to the neat attached homes and tidy lawns of Avenue N between East 89th and East 93d Streets. The 1990 census showed that the area was 93 percent white, 6 percent Asian, with 9 percent identifying themselves as being of Hispanic origin. There were no black residents.

Cultural Loyalty

In the interviews, nearly half the people said they had voted for Mr. Dinkins in 1989. But the voting record shows otherwise. Mr. Giuliani won big, 612 to 69, even though the area is more than two-thirds Democratic, a reflection of how white Democrats outside Manhattan have failed to support Mr. Dinkins.

"This is the first time I am going to vote for a Republican," Max Solomon, a 78-year-old retired teamster, said grimly as he walked with his daughter and three grandchildren. "I'm strictly a union person."

People like Mr. Gardini argue that it is only natural for people to vote for candidates who are like themselves: If Harlem votes for Mr. Dinkins, he said, why should Canarsie not vote for Mr. Giuliani?

"Let's be fair," said Mr. Gardini, 72, who worked for 43 years as a fur tanner. "We're in a city that's 140 different cultures. The Irish vote for the Irish, the Jews vote for the Jews. I don't like it, but that's the way the system is."

In the four years of the Dinkins administration, three events appear to have made the greatest impression in Canarsie. In hair salons, on street corners, in the playground of Public School 115, people again and again mentioned the disturbances in Crown Heights and Washington Heights and the boycott of a Korean-owned store in Flatbush. In each case, as they saw it, a nonblack group -- Hasidic Jews, the police and the Korean store owners -- was the victim of an injustice that the Mayor failed to correct.

'Favors His Own Kind'

Like many people, Robert Alexander, 67, was especially angry about Crown Heights. "People were being stoned and one guy got killed and what did he do about it?" he said. "Nothing. He just favors his own kind. It definitely bothers me. If you are a minority you should really show you are going to take care of everybody."

Even though race was a major factor, residents found many shortcomings in Mr. Dinkins's record on its own. Steven Rosenfeld, a 34-year-old electronics consultant, said he was concerned about how crime has risen over the last four years, though he acknowledged a recent drop. He said he worried about education, that there were 35 children in his son's first-grade class. And he said he had misgivings about Mr. Dinkins as a leader, from his handling of disturbances like those in Crown Heights to his monotone when reading speeches.

Right now, he said, the city needs Mr. Giuliani. "Almost like Clinton, he represents change," he said. "He'd be a little more hard-nosed. Dinkins is too soft."

Two people said they would vote for Mayor Dinkins. One man, who would identify himself only as Steve C., said he wondered whether Mr. Giuliani had enough compassion to run a city as diverse as New York. And Joseph Dorsey, 33, said that in his job traveling around East New York for Brooklyn Union Gas he has seen more police officers on the streets, as Mr. Dinkins had promised.

"You don't fix what ain't broke," said Mr. Dorsey, expressing an apt if unusually directed sentiment for conservative Canarsie. "So far he has been doing a good job."

Feeling Let Down

But Richard Nathanson, a 49-year-old product manager for a chemical company, said he had high hopes four years ago for Mr. Dinkins as a conciliator among the races and a person who might inspire confidence among businesses. He now feels let down on every front -- "crime, drugs, homelessness, race relations, you can take your pick" -- and plans to vote for Mr. Giuliani. The last straw came when his own employer, a chemical company, closed down in Long Island City, Queens. The Dinkins administration, he said, was not interested in keeping it in the city.

"In the last four years, I don't think anything has changed here," he said. "Well, we got water meters."

In interview after interview, race crept into the conversation -- the sense that the balance of power between white and black has shifted, perhaps forever, away from whites, and that Mr. Dinkins was in part to blame.

"I was a very big liberal years back," said Ron Chenensky, 65, a retired production manager for a large clothing manufacturer, who said he is voting for Mr. Giuliani. "I'm still liberal but it's teetering. You see the riots, everything else, that has a lot to do with it."

Any other reason he is voting for Mr. Giuliani?

"I think the administration right now could be a little lopsided," he said.

How?

"Racist."

Pressure From Blacks

Joann Ryder, 35, said that Mr. Dinkins has been under too much pressure from blacks, and has been paralyzed as he tries to please both blacks and whites. She called Mr. Dinkins a fair, "well-groomed and professional man" but felt that blacks on the whole have been trying to keep whites from getting their fair share.

"I feel I'm not generally prejudiced," she said. "I think they have proven themselves to be a hostile race. They have put us in the position where we really have to watch our P's and Q's with them. I don't think they are any better or worse than we are."

Nothing seems to contribute so much to Canarsians' unease than the shifts in the neighborhood in recent years. In 1980, Canarsie and neighboring areas, including Mill Basin, Flatlands and Bergen Beach, were 88 percent white. Ten years later they were 70 percent white -- and the tension was revealed in the 1990 firebombing and a similar attack the next year of a real-estate company showing houses to blacks.

"If a neighborhood starts to go from all white to all black, it's all going to go to pot again," Mr. Chenensky said. "You will have an exodus of whites again. That's what happened in East New York. That's what happened in Brownsville. And it's starting to happen again."

'Egotistical Maniac'

Even those with the harshest words for Mr. Dinkins expressed worries about Mr. Giuliani. Many voters said they did not know enough about him, either as a leader or a person. Mrs. Ryder called him "an egotistical maniac."

"I think he loves himself too much and that's going to cause problems," she said.

Jerry Kanowitz, the 62-year-old owner of Canarsie Books and Comics on Avenue M, said he wished someone else were running.

"Right now I'm going to vote for the man in the moon," he said. "I'll be honest with you. They both stink. Giuliani to me, I think he is a fascist. Dinkins is a nobody. The whole city is going down the drain."

"When I get to the polls," he said, "I'm going to say eeny-meeny-miney-moe. And that's it."

**Graphic**

Photos: Rudolph W. Giuliani, Republican-Liberal candidate, and Herman Badillo, candidate for city comptroller, left, were surrounded by supporters yesterday as they campaigned on Avenue L in Canarsie, Brooklyn. Mr. Giuliani's anti-crime program has attracted the attention of many voters in this neighborhood. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times); "This is the first time I am going to vote for a Republican," Max Solomon, a 78-year old retired teamster, said as he walked with his daughter, Bonnie Solomon, and his three grandsons. (Jim Estrin/The New York Times) (pg. 32)

Graph: "Census Tracts 1008 and 1010" gives political and demographic profiles of Election Districts 49, 50, 57 (Source: Andrew A. Beveridge, Queens College Sociology Department) (pg. 32)

Map of Canarsie in Brooklyn, N.Y. (pg. 32)

**Load-Date:** October 17, 1993

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[***ART VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V950-0024-J511-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***More Louvre to Love, Ready or Not***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V950-0024-J511-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTIMIDATED by the Louvre. After countless visits, it remains boundless and insurmountable, the Everest of museums. And me without a pickax.

Now the Louvre has gone from vast to vaster. With the opening of the much-anticipated Richelieu wing this month, it has added 230,000 square feet of exhibition space to the 325,000 it already had and put 12,000 works on view in 165 new rooms and three skylighted courtyards. In President Francois Mitterrand's Napoleonic scheme of public projects called the Grands Travaux, the Grand Louvre is the grandest of all, and the Richelieu wing, named by Napoleon III for the 17th-century cardinal, was to be its capstone.

As it happens, renovating the Louvre is a job never finished, like washing the windows of the World Trade Center. After 12 years of renovation, the museum still plans to refurbish, among other things, its most august space, the Grande Galerie, where Italian paintings hang.

Even though it is not quite a culminating event, the opening of the Richelieu wing on the 200th anniversary of the museum has been treated by the French as the biggest deal since -- well, since the opening of the Louvre pyramid in 1989, which concluded the first phase of the Grand Louvre project. It is hard for a visitor to get as worked up as the French seem to be about the new wing. Still, as museum expansions go, it is an unquestionable, if not unmitigated, success.

The Richelieu wing belongs to the northern arm of the Louvre's giant U-shaped structure, a stretch of building lining the Rue de Rivoli the length of six (American) football fields, at the end of which is the Museum of Decorative Arts. It was occupied by the French Finance Ministry until 1989, when the ministry finally moved out, after years of kicking and screaming, to make way for the Louvre's inexorable expansion.

I. M. Pei, the architect who has overseen the entire Grand Louvre project, oversaw the expansion into Richelieu. The exterior of the building looks the same, only cleaner, but the inside has been altered by Mr. Pei, his American partners and their French associates from a rabbit warren of accountants' offices to suites of tall, modern galleries for Northern and French paintings, French sculpture, ancient Near Eastern and Islamic art, and decorative objects. The ornate 19th-century apartments of Napoleon III were preserved.

Richelieu's galleries of decorative arts, the grandest of them lined with tapestries, give a whole new presence to this great collection. Northern European painting had long suffered at the Louvre by comparison with French and Italian painting. Now no fewer than 840 works by Rubens, Bosch, Durer, Vermeer and other Northern masters have been smartly and handsomely hung in 36 of the new galleries, a virtual museum within the museum.

The addition of the Richelieu wing, which is equivalent in size to the Musee d'Orsay, has allowed hundreds of works to come out of the museum's storerooms. In the case of Islamic art, an entire and very beautiful collection that had been shown only rarely has been given permanent display space, albeit in new and somewhat cramped basement rooms.

The Louvre is now organized from end to end according to a plan that is characteristically French in its logic: sculpture on the ground floor, decorative arts on the floor above and paintings on the top floor. Just as Northern painting predominates in the new northern wing and Southern painting, meaning Italian, is in the southern wing (called Denon), North and South are united by a middle wing (Sully) that houses -- what else? -- French painting.

I leave it to others to decide whether political meaning should be gleaned from this arrangement at a time when European statesmen are grappling with unification but some of their own peoples are noisily dividing along nationalist lines. In the museum world, such an arrangement according to national schools is unremarkably traditional and probably the only practical way to display a collection as large as the Louvre's in a building as singular as this former palace.

Richelieu's galleries seem to have benefited from past failures. Mr. Pei was the guru for the overall scheme of the more than $1 billion Grand Louvre project (nearly half of which was spent on the new wing). But the Sully galleries for French paintings, which were renovated over the last few years, were designed by other architects, and they have turned out to be a hodgepodge that at its worst has all the charm of an airport lounge. The museum is already changing some of these rooms.

The new Richelieu galleries, on the other hand, are largely handsome, clean, modernist spaces that should work well for a long time. Reportedly against the wishes of Mr. Pei, who wanted white or beige rooms, the galleries for paintings are done in strong but mostly reasonable colors chosen by the curators. Wandering through these rooms, I kept thinking about the recent renovation of the Metropolitan's galleries for 19th-century European painting and sculpture. I liked those galleries when I first saw them and still believe they are a substantial improvement over the previous ones. Well-proportioned rooms replaced an open plan that seemed illogical and provisional. But the more I return to the Met's galleries, the more I am disturbed by what originally seemed like unfortunate details -- namely, the stagy pastiche of architectural elements and obtrusive colors meant to evoke the 19th century.

The Metropolitan faltered because it tried to create something that looked old in a new building. Richelieu succeeds because it does the reverse: Mr. Pei and his colleagues have understood that aspiring to the logic and elegance of 19th-century Beaux-Arts galleries means emulating their proportions but doesn't require mimicking their decoration.

Not all of Richelieu is successful. The most monumental spaces are the least persuasive. The centerpiece of the paintings galleries is a room for a cycle of canvases Rubens painted for Marie de' Medici. The works had been in a room too small to display them all; the new vaulted gallery has an amplitude appropriate to the scale of the cycle. But Mr. Pei has designed a fussy, dour green framework in which to set the paintings, a modernist interpretation of their original setting in the Luxembourg Palace. An equally distracting skylighting system makes the whole room feel as if it's trying too hard. The architectural egotism of this gallery may make it look dated before the rest of the wing does.

The big courtyards covered by skylights also left me cold. The one for gigantic Assyrian sculpture isn't big enough. The others are clever as places in which to display a variety of large outdoor French sculptures, but they have a stony, corporate grandiosity reminiscent of Mr. Pei's design for the East Building of the National Gallery in Washington.

The paradox of Mr. Pei's legacy at the Louvre is that the arresting pyramid vilified before the fact as radical is the centerpiece of an essentially conformist scheme, a scheme to rationalize, organize and corporatize a museum that was idiosyncratic and full of character -- to link it physically and symbolically to an underground shopping mall, with its own, upended, pyramid, and make the Louvre altogether seem more like a modern American museum.

Judging from the big rises in attendance (from 2.8 million visitors in 1988 to 4.9 million last year) and membership (18,000 to 40,000), not to say the gawking crowds that throng around it every day without ever entering the galleries, the pyramid has weathered the early storms of protest and come to be loved. But it has also made the museum even more intimidating. And I don't mean that the new Louvre is more intimidating simply because it has put so many more works on view.

A visitor entering the museum now must spend a considerable amount of time and energy in the huge pyramid complex before encountering a single work of art. You used to go into the Louvre through entrances that put you almost immediately face to face with art, and that had about them a haphazard and informal spirit.

Practically speaking, it was a ridiculous system. You'd go in at one end of the museum and might walk for half a mile before getting to the galleries you had come to see. The pyramid entrance, especially now with the expansion into the Richelieu and Sully wings, is a logical and perhaps inevitable response to the architectural problems posed by the palace, organizing the layout and shortening the traveling time between various parts of the building. It works.

But there's something formal, officious and even misleading about funneling through an entrance that doesn't clearly invite you into the realm of art. And while the pyramid makes the museum more suited to masses of people, it also has the effect of making it seem all the more like a giant edifice of state.

For the last two centuries the Louvre has assiduously cultivated its status as the ultimate center of culture, the secular temple of Paris. No wonder Zola, in his novel "L'Assommoir," has M. Madinier, the cardboard entrepreneur, parade his supposed sophistication to the members of a ***working-class*** wedding party by guiding them on a tour of the museum. Visiting the Louvre remains the signal rite of passage for tourists with artistic pretensions.

The Grand Louvre only reinforces this status. The art is lucidly displayed in distinguished new galleries. The project is a success. But not without costs.

**Graphic**

Photos:

The new Richelieu wing of the museum -- 165 new rooms, 12,000 works of art on display. (Owen Franken for The New York Times); One room in the new wing is devoted entirely to a cycle of paintings by Rubens--But the space feels as if it's trying too hard. (Owen Franken for The New York Times)

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[***Catholic Schools Reach Out To Serve Poor and to Borrow***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-42C0-0014-507S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Sept. 9

**Body**

Roman Catholic schools in the inner cities, serving an enrollment that is increasingly poor, black and Protestant, are looking beyond the church to secular foundations and private corporations for financial help to keep their doors open.

''This thing is bigger than just the church,'' said Walter H. Hansen, director of a Chicago Archdiocese fund-raising campaign. ''We're serving the larger community. So we're saying to the community, 'Please, pitch in and help us.' ''

Secular groups have responded by donating more than $14 million since last year to the Chicago Catholic schools, the largest parochial system in the nation. The system hopes to raise $25 million from secular sources by the end of this year. Similar drives are planned by Catholic school systems in New York, Boston, Cleveland and other cities.

Emphasizing Academics

In its appeal for funds, the parochial system here emphasizes the academic success it has had in areas where public schools have faltered. But while few would dispute the Catholics' achievement, their fund-raising effort has stirred a mild debate in philanthropic circles over giving to institutions that promote religion and, indeed, are in competition for contributions with the troubled public school system here.

''There is some concern that we're detracting from our commitment to a strong and effective public school system,'' said Craig Kennedy, president of the Joyce Foundation, a philanthropic group based in Chicago, which pledged $300,000 to the Catholic schools. That was its first grant to Catholic schools, but it is still far less than the group gives to public schools.

''But you can go into the toughest neighborhoods in Chicago, step inside a Catholic school,'' he added, ''and you'll see that kids are learning.''

Within the church, the effort to support schools increasingly filled with non-Catholics has raised questions over the mission of the parochial school, and of its very identity.

Serving the Inner City

''There is a group in the church that would feel our responsibility is only to the children of Catholics,'' said Sister Brian Costello, the superintendent of Catholic schools. ''But we feel strongly that the Catholic church historically has, and should, serve the inner city.''

Nationally, the percentage of non-Catholics attending Catholic schools has grown from 2.7 percent in 1969 to 11.2 percent last year. But in Chicago and other large cities, the increase has been much more dramatic, with non-Catholics numbering 40 percent or more of the enrollment.

In some 140 of Chicago's 242 Catholic schools, black and Hispanic students make up more than 80 percent of the enrollment. In most of these schools, Protestants far outnumber Catholics.

Catholic schools in New York have also seen an increase in non-Catholic students, but not nearly as great as in Chicago. From 1981 through 1987, non-Catholic elementary student enrollment in Catholic schools in Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island rose to 17.6 percent, from 14.8 percent. Among high school students, the percentage of non-Catholics grew to 10.1 percent, from 6.5 percent.

The Brooklyn Archdiocese, which runs schools in Brooklyn and Queens, does not keep figures on the ratio of Catholics to non-Catholics. But church officials said that many of their schools, which are now predominantly black, a generation ago served an overwhelmingly Catholic enrollment of students of Irish and Italian extraction.

In many places, inner-city Catholic parishes have shrunk and their schools have struggled as many white, ethnic families have moved to the suburbs, typically sending their children to public schools there. The smaller, poorer parish congregations that remain in the inner cities often cannot support their schools.

On weekdays in Chicago's near West Side, children spill out of the projects, often amid the wail of police sirens, and skip along sidewalks scrawled with graffiti on their way to the elementary school, Our Lady of the West Side on the campus of the Precious Blood parish.

This creaky, old Roman Catholic school, once filled with children of Italian and Polish backgrounds, today serves an enrollment that is almost all black, very poor and mostly Protestant. And like many Catholic schools here, it serves inner-city youths so effectively that parents are willing to sacrifice to the bone to enroll their children.

'I'll Get the Money Somehow'

''I don't care if I can't afford a pair of shoes,'' said Emma Black, a widowed factory worker who scraped for the yearly $700 tuition to send her son, Terrill, to Our Lady. ''I'll get that money for Catholic school somehow.''

Meeting tuition costs is no small feat for many families in the economically depressed neighborhood. The average tuition at Chicago Catholic elementary schools is $1,067; for high school, the average is $1,513. Sometimes, the parish and Archdiocese make financial aid available to poorer families.

The total budget for the Catholic school system here exceeds $150 million.

The Chicago public school system, by virtually all accounts, has fallen into serious disarray, beset by violence, teacher shortages and inadequate budgets. Last year, average student scores at more than half the city's schools were in the lowest 1 percent nationally on college entrance examinations.

The Education Secretary William J. Bennett last year called the Chicago public schools the worst in the nation, and said they were ''close to educational meltdown.''

By contrast, the Archdiocese says that 85 percent of its students go on to college; among inner-city youths attending Catholic schools, the figure is 66 percent.

The success of Catholic schools traditionally has been attributed mostly to strict discipline, committed teachers and motivated students who come from homes where parents care enough about better education to pay tuition.

Religious Values Tied to Success

But in a recent study that documented the academic might of Catholic schools around the country, a University of Chicago sociologist argues that religious values, perhaps more than any other factor, explain the success of parochial schools.

In a nationwide study of 1,015 high schools, across a wide range of socioeconomic backgrounds, the sociologist, James Coleman, found that Catholic schools had a strikingly low dropout rate, not only compared with public schools, but also compared with non-religious private schools.

Among 10th graders in public schools, he found that 14.3 dropped out before graduation. For non-religious private schools, the dropout rate was 11.7 percent. For Catholic schools, the rate was 3.4 percent.

''Motivated parents didn't account for everything,'' Mr. Coleman said. ''The religious community provides much more support and attention for students at risk of dropping out. It's harder for a student to 'get lost' at a Catholic high school.''

Mr. Coleman also found that black non-Catholics were far more likely to send their children to Catholic schools than were white non-Catholics. And he found the dropout rate difference between Catholic and public schools to be widest in inner-city neighborhoods.

''The Catholic schools were designed for an immigrant, ***working class*** population,'' Mr. Coleman said. ''So, in some ways, the schools have always been more capable of dealing with an underclass.''

At Our Lady of the West Side, the behavior code is strict and teachers' authority is unquestioned. The teachers attend police workshops to keep abreast of the latest gang signs and paraphernalia, which are strictly forbidden here, along with gum and candy.

Peace and Order Reign

Inside the classrooms, where pictures of famous black Americans hang on the wall, peace and order reign.

Despite the academic successes in inner-city Catholic schools here, a money crunch threatens their survival. In the last 10 years, the Archdiocese has closed 25 schools. Since 1980, the Catholic school population has dropped by 20 percent, to 161,666 students. Many of the white ethnic families who used the Chicago Catholic schools have moved to the suburbs, typically sending their children to public schools.

The Archdiocese, in its ''Big Shoulders'' campaign for financial help for inner-city schools, contends that without the Catholic school system, the public schools would absorb an extra burden of at least $500 million a year.

The increasingly non-Catholic composition of the schools - among the faculty as well as the student body -has also raised some concern within the church that these schools retain a Catholic ethos.

To make sure that Catholic teaching does not become diluted, Superintendent Costello said, the Archdiocese deploys teams of ''quality control'' inspectors , under the Catholic Identity Program, which monitor the teachings and practices at the schools.

At Our Lady, as with other Catholic schools, each day begins with the Hail Mary prayer.

Religion classes and ''liturgical preparation,'' typically take up 200 to 300 minutes a week in the Catholic schools here. In the last 12 years at Our Lady, for example, only one family has objected to the mandatory religion class. The parents ultimately withdrew the child from school.

But more typical were views of Mrs. Black, the mother of 14-year-old Tirrell, whose performance level soared after transferring to Our Lady from a public school. Tirrell graduated and was accepted at the highly regarded Providence St. Mel High School, where he is now a freshman. Mrs. Black, a Baptist, said she does not feel threatened by her son's attendance at Mass, or in religion class.

She has walked the halls of Chicago public schools, she said, and witnessed the pressures on youths in poor neighborhoods, from drugs to guns. In this environment, she said, the last thing a parent worries about is ''what a child might hear in a church pew.''

**Graphic**

photo of seventh graders at Precious Blood Catholic School (NYT/Steve Kagan) (pg. A25)

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[***Bergen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D810-000B-Y3ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

To the Editor:

In reference to Don Wolfer's article, ''The Nordic Flavor of Bergen'' (Travel Section, June 8), your readers might be interested in knowing that a bit of Norway has made its way to the United States in the form of the stave church (stavkirke) in the Black Hills outside Rapid City, S. D.

Called the Chapel in the Hills, it is a replica of the stave church in Borgund, Norway, which was built in 1150 and is considered to be the most picturesque of Norway's historic churches.

South Dakota's stave church also has a stabbur, or storehouse, complete with sod roof and intricate wood carvings, that was built in Norway, disassembled, and shipped to the United States. The church and stabbur were financed by a Rapid City banker who dedicated the church to the memory of his parents, Anton and Lena Dahl. Mr. Dahl was a Norwegian pastor who came to this country in 1880.

AN-A

Visitors to the church can attend vesper services each evening during the summer. The church is five miles from Rapid City and within striking distance of the parks and campgrounds of the Black Hills' Ponderosa pine country. A. L. BONNICKSEN Charleston, Ill. To the Editor:

To the unexpected pleasures and surprises of Bergen one could add the startling discovery of a Chinese restaurant with Chinese staff, one flight up off the street overlooking the Bryggen, where in August, 1978, the menu offered a small dish of plain fried rice for $6.50.

The beer, however, was Norwegian. MELVIN HERSHKOWITZ Jersey City, N. J. To the Editor:

As an extension of Don Wolfer's article, I would like to point out that one can enjoy a most unusual culinary experience in Bryggen, the open-air market mentioned in the piece. There one can buy fish caught that very morning and kept alive in large vats and have it cooked to order nearby.

You simply take your selection in a plastic bag across the marketplace to the Bergen Tracteursted, a fascinating restaurant in an old wooden building dating to medieval times. You climb the rickety stairs and deliver your ''catch'' to the chef with instructions as to how you want it prepared. Some 20 minutes later, you can enjoy one of the freshest and finest fish meals served anywhere in the world.

I recommend the Norwegian specialty of boiled codfish, served with melted parsley-butter and red wine. Finally, Mr. Wolfer mentioned a Bergen suburb called Paradis. In all fairness, it should perhaps also be pointed out that Norway has a Hell, too. It is a small village of some 300 inhabitants north of Trondheim, situated on the railroad to Sweden. Perhaps there may be some implied significance here? In any event, post cards or canceled train tickets from these places are valued souvenirs. The Norwegian National Tourist Office (75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10019) has a small supply for people who might want a free souvenir from Paradis or Hell. ED CONRADSON Norwegian-Swedish National Tourist Office New York

Factory Tours

To the Editor: The fascination of touring an automobile plant, as outlined in ''Learning How Industry Works'' (Travel Section, June 1), can be expanded into a broader glimpse of Detroit's ***working-class*** heritage, thanks to a 33-page guidebook entitled ''Union Town: A Labor History Guide to Detroit.''

Produced by the Workers Education Local 189 in Detroit, the guidebook suggests three short tours of downtown Detroit, Hamtramck and Dearborn.

The emphasis is on the union-organizing struggles of the 1930's and the historic sites are those places remembered by many who were affected directly or indirectly by the wave of strikes and sit-downs which helped to form today's labor movement.

''Union Town'' can be obtained by sending a check for $2.45 to the Workers Education Local 189, P.O. Box 758, Detroit, Mich. 48231. MARK BOSTWICK Vancouver, British Columbia To the Editor:

My husband and I thought we were ''professional factory tourists'' until we read ''Factory Tours for Families: Learning How U.S. Industry Works'' (Travel Section, June 1). Now we realize we have a few more factories to examine before we can claim that auspicious title.

The tour we enjoyed the most, and one that Michael de Courcy Hinds omitted from his list, was the Miller Brewery. ''If you've got the time, we've got the beer,'' our guide informed us, ushering the group to the Miller Inn to sample several beers and relax in a congenial bar-like atmosphere.

The ''behind-the-scenes'' look gives you an appreciation for a product and a pleasant memory of a factory at work. MERRILL SILVER Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mohonk

To the Editor: Paul Grimes's article on Mohonk, ''A Resort Program Built Around Nature'' (Travel Section, June 15), struck an enthusiastic response in us, but we were surprised that he did not mention an aspect that we, much lazier lovers of nature, found most enticing there.

Within easy walking distance of the hotel, are astonishingly varied panoramas, beautiful rock formations, towering cliffs, far-off mountains, serene fields and, of course, the lake itself in all possible perspectives.

Overlooking each of these, there are many ingeniously perched, charming rustic shelters (which are the hallmark of Mohonk to the many who love it) where one can rest or read or just enjoy the environs. DEBORAH MANDELBAUM New York

Fairbanks

To the Editor: In the article entitled ''What's Doing Around Fairbanks'' (Travel Section, June 8) there is a statement referring to Fairbanks as follows: ''June brings the summer solstice when the sun never sets.''

During the summer solstice on June 21 there is sunlight for the complete 24-hour day from the North Pole down to the Tropic of Cancer. But since Fairbanks is about 110 miles south of the Tropic of Cancer, it is light there at midnight but the sun does set for a short time shortly before midnight and rises shortly after midnight. MAURICE B. ROSALSKY Englewood, N.J.

Larry Brown of the Hayden Planetarium in New York comments: Mr. Rosalsky is correct in his remarks except that during the summer solstice the complete 24-hour day extends from the North Pole down to the Arctic Circle, not to the Tropic of Cancer.

''No Trespassing''

To the Editor: I would like to correct a misstatement made by W. Dorwin Teague in the article, ''Taking the Railroad to Country Rambles'' (Travel Section, June 22). While aptly describing the idyllic nature of the Catskill Aqueduct environment, Mr. Teague wrote, ''The aqueduct right of way entitles us to follow it wherever it goes without fear of being accused of trespass.'' This is incorrect.

In fact, it is illegal to walk the Catskill Aqueduct. ''No Trespassing'' signs are posted at every intersection of the aqueduct and the county roads, and watershed inspectors patrol the aqueduct to keep trespassers off the property. It is entirely possible that Mr. Teague did not see the ''No Trespassing'' signs because they are constantly being vandalized.

Actually, the only recreational activities offered in relation to the watershed properties are fishing, boating in association with fishing, and ice fishing in the winter. Permits are required for these activities. They can be obtained from the New York City Department of Environmental Protection's offices in Valhalla, Ashokan, Carmel, Grahamsville and Downsville or at the Municipal Building in New York City. Although this is a rather limited recreational opportunity, these facilities are primarily for water supply, and must be protected to ensure the quality of the water. For this reason, we purposely restrict access to the watershed land. JOHN CUNNINGHAM Deputy Director of Public Affairs New York City Department of Environmental Protection New York

W. Dorwin Teague comments: I have been hiking on the New York City aqueduct paths for many years and have never been challenged by an inspector, nor have I ever seen a ''No Trespassing'' sign. Up to the present time the New York City Department of Environmental Protection has not enforced this regulation, and I think the reason is that the hikers who use these beautiful trails have been well behaved and have been careful not to litter or trample on adjacent private property.

However, the point of my article is still valid: Even if hikers avoid the aqueduct paths there are still many interesting walks to be taken between the Hudson River towns that are accessible by Hudson Line trains.

A Stormy Fourth of July

To the Editor: The Travel Note by Suzanne Donner, ''Celebrating the Fourth of July'' (Travel Section, June 22) reminded me of an amusing incident my wife and I experienced on a British ship sailing from Southampton to New York several years ago.

While we were having lunch on Independence Day, a storm came up. As was customary, the maitre d', regardless of the rock and roll weather, visited all tables. When he came to our table, my wife said, ''This is a fine way to treat us on the Fourth of July.''

He promptly replies, ''Well, we had to get even with you for the Boston Tea Party.'' A bit of ''Punch'' to his reply, I might say.

S. AUSTIN BREW, Ridgewood, N.J.

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[***At Clinics, Troubled Lives and Turbulent Care***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59VN-K131-DXY4-X1CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

PITTSBURGH -- The patient is an addict. His doctor is an addict, too. Over the last decade, both men hit their own versions of rock bottom. For the patient, it was the concrete floor of a jail where he writhed in withdrawal. For the doctor, it was the food stamp office where, his career as a child psychiatrist in tatters, he ashamedly sought help.

Then they both found buprenorphine, the patient as a user, the doctor as a prescriber. And because of that drug, an opioid used to treat opioid addiction, they both rebounded, even thrived.

The patient, Todd Smith, 27, who had developed a painkiller addiction because of a kidney disorder and -- ''I ain't gonna lie'' -- moved on to mainlining heroin, built a life with solidity: a car, a townhouse, a job as a mine safety inspector, a live-in fiancée and ''knees worn out from praying.''

The doctor, Allan W. Clark, 52, despite losing his Ohio medical license and being on probation in Pennsylvania for eight years, built a buprenorphine business so bustling that five doctors now work under him. His South Hills Recovery Project, tucked behind a 7-Eleven and beneath a hair salon, vibrates with the hubbub of the 600 addicts treated there.

Over the last couple of years, their fates have entwined, with Mr. Smith dependent on ''Doc'' for the treatment that keeps him stable at an out-of-pocket cost of $7,200 a year and Dr. Clark on ''Smitty'' and all the other cash-paying patients whose recovery he champions with an us-against-the-world fervor. They have shared, too, a keen awareness that their stability could be precarious.

''In recovery, you're constantly facing down your demons and dealing with the echoes of your past,'' Dr. Clark said. ''But in the crazy world of buprenorphine, where this medicine that saves lives is harder to get and afford than the drugs that ruin lives, you're battling outside forces, too.''

It is indeed a crazy world, or at least a vibrant, volatile subculture of people who see ''bupe'' as a lifeline, often difficult to reach, in an era when drug deaths outnumber those from car crashes. They scramble to find legitimate, affordable treatment even as buprenorphine is increasingly available on the street, with rising indicators of misuse and abuse tainting its reputation.

Buprenorphine was developed as a safer alternative to methadone for treating heroin and painkiller addiction, a take-home medication that could be prescribed by doctors in offices rather than dispensed daily in clinics. But in some areas a de facto clinic scene, unregulated, has developed, and it has a split personality -- nonprofit treatment programs versus moneymaking enterprises built by individual doctors, some with troubled records.

The clinics serve as a crossroads where the tumultuous lives of recovering addicts converge and collide with a turbulent treatment environment.

Since March, The New York Times has visited and tracked the patients of two of the largest buprenorphine programs in this region, where addiction rates are high, for-profit clinics have proliferated, doctors go in and out of business and the black market is thriving.

Dr. Clark's hectic, cluttered office in suburban Pittsburgh is an entrepreneurial venture with heart where the rumpled doctor dresses in sweatsuits, the boundary between patients and employees is razor thin, the requirements are minimal and the tolerance for missteps is maximal.

''I know on the surface it might look like a pill mill,'' he said. ''We're seeing a fair number of patients, and they're primarily receiving a prescription. But if you look deeper, you'll see that we don't use the medication in a vacuum. We encourage, we support, we don't judge. There's a kind of love.''

Sixty miles away, the more formal, structured treatment center at West Virginia University in Morgantown sits atop a hill, ensconced in a hospital complex and presided over by Dr. Carl R. Sullivan III, a career addictionologist who wears a white lab coat and stands professorially at the front of a classroom when he meets his patients in groups: ''Are you clean? How many meetings have you been to?'' he asks them.

Dr. Sullivan, 61, primarily treated alcoholism until ''a spectacular explosion of prescription opioid drugs'' starting around 2000. He considered opioid addiction ''a hopeless disease,'' with patients leaving rehab and then relapsing and sometimes dying, until he started prescribing Suboxone, the brand-name drug whose main ingredient is buprenorphine, as a maintenance therapy in 2004.

He became a paid treatment advocate for the manufacturer, Reckitt Benckiser, delivering, he estimated, 75 talks at $500 each. But, he said, ''If the company didn't pay me a nickel, I'd still promote Suboxone because in 2013, it's the best thing that's happened for the opioid addict.''

Dr. Sullivan is skeptical of the buprenorphine ''empires'' in Pittsburgh -- though not of Dr. Clark specifically, whom he does not know -- believing that they feed the black market and tar the medication's reputation. Dr. Clark, in turn, is skeptical of ''ivory tower'' addiction programs with rigid rules and of doctors who, in his view, collude with the pharmaceutical industry.

''Big Pharma is in it for the super profits; we should be in it for the patients,'' said Dr. Clark, who nonetheless became a buprenorphine doctor partly because he needed to dig himself out of a financial hole.An Unlikely Savior

Tall and lumbering, his balding head covered by a plaid cap, Mr. Smith strode into Dr. Clark's office last spring with the familiarity of a clinic V.I.P., somebody whose urine is so consistently clean that he does not need to have his ''pee tests'' observed.

''Hey, Smitty, good to see you, my friend,'' Dr. Clark said, propping his sneakered feet on his desk and swigging from his habitual can of Red Bull. By his side, a harness whip, a gift from a patient, sat beneath the framed diplomas hanging crookedly on the wall.

''Hey, Doc,'' Mr. Smith said, settling his 270-pound frame into an armchair. He had hurried back from a job building windmills in Alaska just in time to get his next month's prescription: four 8-milligram tablets a day, the highest dose recommended, that stave off withdrawal, eliminate his cravings for heroin, keep his mood balanced and alleviate his chronic pain.

Growing up in the hilltop town of Meyersdale -- ''Pennsylvania's High Point'' -- Mr. Smith had aspired to follow his grandfather into the family business. ''All I wanted to do was towing, in my Pap's footsteps,'' he said.

A rare kidney condition, treated with surgery and potent painkillers, knocked him off course. After several years, he told his doctor that he wanted to wean himself off the pills.

He said: ''The doctor stopped dead like I had my pants on backward, and said, 'You're admitting you're addicted?' I said, 'Well, it ain't no news flash.' '' The doctor ripped up his prescription and threw it in the air.

Mr. Smith spent the next week ''dope sick,'' shivering, sweating and vomiting. A friend proposed a solution: heroin, cheap and easy to find. ''Things started going south,'' Mr. Smith said. Then his grandfather died, and he learned that the towing business would be sold.

''I went clean off my rocker,'' he said. To finance his habit, he burned through $12,000 in savings and finally drove off to sell the contents of his gun safe, including weapons of disputed ownership. A police officer was waiting when he returned to arrest him for theft. Agonizing on that jailhouse floor, he promised himself he would never use again.

A week later, essentially under house arrest in the custody of his father, a corrections officer, he called Dr. Clark's office, crying.

''He saved my life,'' Mr. Smith said.

That was two years ago. In his session last spring, Mr. Smith told his unlikely savior: ''I'm sort of pissed at you. I hear you've been shooting Airsoft without me.'' (The game involves fake guns and pellets.)

''Yeah, sorry, buddy,'' the doctor said. ''I know you'd be into that. What we all do in getting better is to switch to different ways of getting our ya-yas out, right?''

They talked motorcycles. The doctor drives a Harley-Davidson Fat Boy. Mr. Smith fantasizes about ''barreling down the highway on a Big Dog'' but is in too much debt to buy one. ''You know how it is,'' he said.

Dr. Clark nodded. ''I thought losing my credit was the worst thing in the world, but it was the best thing in the world because now I'm living on a cash basis,'' he said. ''Credit is a big scam, man. It uses our addictive nature against us: 'I want it now. I want it now.' ''

Mr. Smith loves it when Dr. Clark talks to him addict to addict. ''I've heard patients say he ain't no better than we are or he's just in it for the money,'' he said. ''But I think being an addict makes him a better doctor. He's been in our shoes.''Defending the Disparaged

With tattoos commemorating his recovery, Dr. Clark runs the office with his girlfriend, Natalie Tombs, also a recovering addict. Emotive and animated, Ms. Tombs has festooned the walls with inspirational messages on butterflies and hearts and signs warning against sharing, trading or selling medication: ''ANY PATIENT CAN BE SUBJECTED TO RANDOM PILL COUNTS.''

The couple portray themselves as the defenders of a disparaged segment of society with which they commiserate. Their patients see them that way, too.

''As you know, my pharmacist thinks you're pretty much a joke, and he's not filling your prescriptions,'' one patient, James Markeley, said recently. ''I brought one in, handed it to him and said, 'How long will it be?' He said, 'It won't be.' ''

Dr. Clark giggled. ''What'd he say again?'' he said. ''I'm an old hippie? I like that one.''

It was not always so.

A graduate of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, Dr. Clark did a fellowship in child psychiatry at Yale, served as an Air Force doctor in Germany and then took a job at a Pennsylvania hospital.

In the late 1990s, unhappy and overwhelmed by his patient load, he prescribed himself Adderall, a stimulant. His mood improved, and he focused better. But he kept taking more to get the same effect. After two years, he was a wreck.

Dr. Clark checked himself into a rehabilitation program in 1999.

''I had to cold-turkey it,'' he said. ''Withdrawal from amphetamines is different. It's much more tolerable than from opioids. After detox, though, the obsession and craving for the drug are similar. The relapse rates are similar. The triggers are similar. I had to learn to manage stress better, to rest better, to improve my self-esteem.''

Dr. Clark also had to meet the demands of Pennsylvania's physician recovery program: therapy as well as five 12-step meetings and two random urine screens a week.

After a few sober years, he relapsed when his marriage was breaking up. He wrote himself a prescription for painkillers in his son's name. His wife notified his program advocate.

''Just how much pain is your son in?'' the advocate asked.

In 2002, a second residential program gave him a diagnosis of depression and narcissistic personality disorder -- he disagreed -- and discharged him early with a poor prognosis. He agreed to take a reprieve from practicing medicine in Pennsylvania; Ohio suspended his license.

Deeply in debt, Dr. Clark was reduced to collecting food stamps until Pennsylvania let him return to medicine as a prison doctor in 2003.

That same year, after a positive drug test, Dr. Clark entered his third treatment program and promised himself it would be his last. He has been sober since, he said.

His troubles did not end with sobriety, though.

Pennsylvania suspended him for a month in 2010 because he failed to submit to three unannounced drug tests while on vacation. Ohio revoked his license in 2011 because he forged signatures verifying his attendance at 12-step meetings.

In 2008, a Reckitt Benckiser representative approached Dr. Clark at a children's hospital, saying: ''There's this great medicine, Suboxone. Why not get certified? It doesn't take much, and it's a nice thing to add to your practice,'' he said.

Dr. Clark devised a treatment program based on federal guidelines, except he tailored it to what his ***working-class*** patients could afford. He mostly prescribed generic buprenorphine rather than the higher-priced Suboxone, which has an additive meant to deter abuse and is favored, though not mandated, by the guidelines.

And he established monthly, rather than more frequent, office visits unless patients violated the rules. He decided to ''cut out the middleman'' by declining to accept insurance and set his fee at $150 a visit, with a couples' price of $100 a person.

''I made sure my price was the lowest of any of the clinics, and that's why people liked us in the beginning,'' he said. ''Many of my competitors were gouging them.''

With his caseload limited to 100 by law, Dr. Clark quickly found himself turning away patients and searching for doctors who wanted to supplement their income by working part-time for him.

He hired the walk-in clinic doctor who monitored his urine drug screens, and an alternative medicine specialist who sees patients by Skype from Virginia. He also hired a 53-year-old internist shortly after a 25-year-old woman died of ''acute combined drug toxicity'' at the internist's home following an evening together at the Wicked Googly bar in Ligonier, Pa.

''He told me he was feeling some heat in his area and needed to get out of town for a while,'' Dr. Clark said.

After filing for bankruptcy protection with $1.5 million in debt early this year, the internist quit in May to run his own buprenorphine practice, saying he needed to make money fast, Dr. Clark said.

Dr. Clark scrambled to replace him so his patients would not be abandoned. They often are in this volatile field. Many of Dr. Clark's patients showed up on his doorstep after the authorities had put their previous doctors out of business.

That happened with both Angela Scotchel, 25, and Amanda Rogers, 32. They are like before and after pictures. Ms. Scotchel, a former basketball star, is relatively fragile in her recovery, while Ms. Rogers appears firmly entrenched in hers despite a tempestuous personal life.'A Classy User'

In certain lights, Ms. Rogers, with her long blond hair and cornflower blue eyes, looks like the cheerleader she was, before the people closest to her started dying from drugs and she developed a yearslong habit.

''I never shot up; I always snorted,'' she said in March at her home in Toronto, Ohio. ''I called myself a classy user. I always made sure the kids were taken care of and the bills were paid first.''

In Steubenville, where Ms. Rogers grew up, drugs were everywhere, and almost everybody in her life was an addict: her mother and stepfather, who suffered fatal overdoses; her younger sisters; her best friend; and her boyfriend.

''That town is like poison,'' she said. ''I've probably lost close to 25 friends in the past 10 years.''

She was 21 and devastated by her mother's death when she started seeking solace in the ''nerve pills'' her mother left behind. She became so dysfunctional that she lost custody of her first child to relatives, she said, then quit the pills, had a second child and sought help for back pain and fibromyalgia from a local doctor.

''I didn't know he was a pill pusher at the time,'' she said of the doctor, who was forced into retirement by the medical authorities in 2010. ''He'd get people hooked and then kick them out to hunt for drugs on the street. And once you're on the street, heroin is cheaper than pills and lasts longer. I loved it.''

Fearful she would end up killing herself, she found a Suboxone doctor she could afford and placed her first tablet under her tongue on Sept. 21, 2009. She has been clean since, she said proudly, despite traumas that tested her resolve.

In June 2012, her younger sister Tiffany was released from a court-mandated, abstinence-based rehabilitation program. She glowed, Ms. Rogers said. But returning to Steubenville, with temptation all around, proved too much for her. Ms. Rogers said, ''She was crying and crying, bawling, saying, 'Mandy, I'm craving.' ''

Within a week, Tiffany was dead at 26 of ''acute cardiac and respiratory distress due to opioid abuse and dependency,'' her death certificate said.

''When I got that news, it was like with my mom,'' Ms. Rogers said. ''I just wanted to get in bed and stop trying.''

This time, though, she ran a household filled with the grief and need of her sister's traumatized children and of her own. So she coped. Then her Suboxone doctor lost his license for excessive narcotics prescribing, and she had to forage for medication on the street until Dr. Clark's office called in April with an unexpected opening.

Before Ms. Rogers's first appointment with him, her 2-year-old played boisterously as she described feeling achy and nauseous. Her buprenorphine supply had run out and withdrawal had begun.

''If it wasn't for my pain, I might tough it out,'' she said. ''But if I went off the Subs, I'd have to go back on painkillers, and I'm not going back down that road.''

A few hours later, clasping a heart pendant containing a vial of her sister's ashes, she told Dr. Clark with tearful defiance that she would not let her children or her sister's children follow in their parents' and grandparents' footsteps.

''I want to break that cycle,'' she said.A Basketball Star's Fall

Angela Scotchel was a first-generation user, but her family clung to her as she self-destructed. For her mother, Connie, that included lying by her side on the nights she overdosed to make sure she did not stop breathing. ''You couldn't call an ambulance every single time,'' Connie Scotchel said.

Once a week, Mrs. Scotchel, a small-business owner with her husband, drives her daughter to Dr. Clark's office outside Pittsburgh from Morgantown to ensure she gets there and uses their hard-earned cash to pay the doctor and buy the medication. At home, Mrs. Scotchel keeps the buprenorphine in a locked safe and dispenses it dose by dose.

In her daily uniform of basketball shorts, Angela looks more like the point guard who used to squat 300 pounds than the scrawny addict who worked for an escort service to pay for her substantial heroin habit.

''I would never do anything like that sober in a million years,'' Angela said. ''It was always men in their 40s, 50s and 60s, doctors and lawyers. Me being gay, it was especially disgusting. But I didn't care as long as I got high.''

During her senior year of high school, playing a rival team in a packed gym, Angela stole a ball right before halftime, tore down the court, leapt for a layup and was smacked down by an opposing player. A hush blanketed the crowd. She had torn an anterior cruciate ligament. And though she recovered to start on a college team, she soon tore another ligament. After two surgeries, she felt she had lost her game. She also developed a taste for painkillers.

''A lot of people said I could go pro, play overseas,'' she said. ''But I gave it all up for drugs. Every time I used, I hated myself. I felt like I had let everybody down. I wanted to die.''

Over lasagna at their home, her parents talked about how bad things got: the times she disappeared, stole money from them, crashed cars, dangerously mixed heroin and Xanax. ''I can't count the number of times the police and the municipality walked up these steps,'' Mrs. Scotchel said. ''They assisted us with her overdoses time and time again. I'd have to follow her to the hospital. They'd shackle her. I'd be there all night waiting.''

Putting down her fork, Angela Scotchel cried. ''I went from a superstar to this lowdown dirty addict,'' she said.

She first tried Suboxone in Dr. Sullivan's clinic, which is 10 minutes from her home. But it made her ill. She thought she might be allergic to the additive in Suboxone and asked for plain buprenorphine. The clinic said no. She dropped out.

''They lived by the white coat there,'' her mother said, ''while Dr. Clark is like one of the addicts.''

Angela's heroin dealer stocked plain buprenorphine, so she tried it. It made her feel great, not sick, she said, so she found a doctor willing to prescribe it last year. After six months, she and her mother arrived at his office to find federal agents in windbreakers.

''We watched the D.E.A. go in and out, and I said, 'Angela, he's busted,' '' Mrs. Scotchel said. ''Poor Angela was crying, thinking she was going to get sick again.''

They drove to Dr. Clark's office, even though they knew his waiting list was long. Seeing how distraught Angela was, the doctor took her on. Early this year, Angela confessed to Dr. Clark that she was injecting her buprenorphine and mixing it with Xanax. He threatened to discharge her unless she stopped immediately. She did.

Mrs. Scotchel insisted that Dr. Clark see her daughter weekly, even though they are uninsured and it adds $3,000 to the yearly cost. The doctor gives her a $20 discount for each Narcotics Anonymous meeting she writes up in her journal.

During her daughter's appointments, Mrs. Scotchel prefers to wait outside in her Subaru Forester, reading her Bible. ''When I go in there, I gawk,'' she said. ''It should be a reality show.''Policing Prescriptions

On a typical day last spring, Dr. Clark's waiting room was a tangle of mothers and babies, interlocked girlfriends and boyfriends, bikers in leather and miners with their names on their shirts. As conversation snippets made clear, they were wrestling with eviction notices and restraining orders, insurance headaches and custody problems, parole officers and abusive spouses.

''If he comes back and says, 'I've got a gun,' I'll load up my 12-gauge and it will be war! '' said a patient with purple-streaked hair, mascara dripping down her cheeks.

Another woman, juggling two small children, car keys and a lit cigarette, told the office manager she was broke.

''I just gave you guys my last money, and I'm out of diapers and don't got gas,'' she said. The manager returned $25 to her and told her to get home safely.

Employees wandered about in shorts and flip-flops, shouting, ''Can I have a pee cup, please?'' Many are recovering addicts themselves, like Thomas Walleck, who staffs the drug testing station, in front of the Wall of Lost Souls -- a collage of celebrities who died of overdoses.

Mr. Walleck, gentle and raspy-voiced, said he led patients to believe that his tests were all powerful so they would be forthright.

''I'll also tell them Doc has kicked out 180 people for dishonesty; I exaggerate,'' he said. ''But we got to know if they're dirty for their own good. And if they admit it, it's good for the bottom line, too. Because then they have to come back in two weeks, and that's another $100.''

Monitoring patients is a delicate task. Dr. Clark summons them for surprise pill counts; a sign in his office offers ''CASH and FREE VISIT rewards for information leading to the prosecution of those who are engaging in illegal activity regarding their Suboxone/Subutex prescriptions.''

Yet this policing clashes with the doctor's fierce instinct to take his patients' side and to confide in them about, say, his own reliance on antidepressants or his girlfriend's routine of reading recovery books while eating licorice in bed.

Ms. Tombs, the girlfriend, gets frustrated with his penchant for giving his patients second, third and fourth chances. After he wrote a 30-day buprenorphine prescription for a young man who had admitted to dealing cocaine, Ms. Tombs angrily drew 1,000 stick figures to illustrate those on their waiting list.

''I had to sleep in the office for three days,'' Dr. Clark said.

Usually the two are united against outside forces: the police who keep a too-watchful eye on their parking lot, the child protection workers who do not consider buprenorphine users drug free, the pharmacists who hassle their patients.

Dr. Clark has frequently felt under siege. He said a Reckitt Benckiser representative cautioned him that he was courting trouble with the authorities by prescribing generic buprenorphine and not Suboxone. Last year, Dr. Clark wrote the Drug Enforcement Administration to ask whether he was indeed tempting fate.

A senior D.E.A. official responded that ''what drug to prescribe, what formulation, what quantity'' was a doctor's prerogative.

''It is unfortunate to learn that physicians in Western Pennsylvania have received incorrect information,'' the official wrote, ''and that such misinformation may potentially be inhibiting legitimate treatment.''

Feeling vindicated, Dr. Clark circulated the letter to pharmacists. But they were concerned, too, about the amounts he was prescribing. While within federal guidelines, his doses were on average twice those of Dr. Sullivan's.

Many of his patients, having flooded their bodies with potent opioids for years, need high doses, Dr. Clark said. Indeed, he noted, studies have shown higher treatment retention rates for people getting higher doses.

Dr. Sullivan, though, spoke with frustration about ''prescribing wars'' in Pittsburgh between ''entrepreneurial doctors'' who were ''naively or maliciously overprescribing.''

''Which is terrible,'' he said. ''Patients will take what they need and sell the rest. And once the medicine is on the street, for the D.E.A., it looks just like heroin: part of the problem. It blows back on all of us.''A Structured Program

Early this year, Dr. Sullivan invited the United States attorney for the Northern District of West Virginia to visit his clinic, which with its mushroom-colored walls and white-coated professionals inspires a kind of institutional hush.

The federal prosecutor, William J. Ihlenfeld II, said he was eager to be ''enlightened'' given that West Virginia has the country's second highest rate of overdose deaths and that a fifth of its babies have been exposed to drugs or alcohol in the womb.

''We've taken the approach in our office that we can't just arrest our way out of the problems we're facing with prescription drugs and heroin,'' Mr. Ihlenfeld said. Before his visit, he felt ''somewhat close-minded about how effective something like this can be'' given that he had ''heard a lot of people in law enforcement complain'' about buprenorphine.

What he saw inspired him, though, he said: ''People benefiting, from a coal miner to a restaurant owner to somebody who had had ankle surgery and got sucked into addiction.''

Dr. Sullivan's program, a showcase for buprenorphine treatment, is as regimented as Dr. Clark's is free form. New patients must attend one 90-minute session at the hospital plus four 12-step recovery meetings a week until they achieve 90 continuous days of sobriety, which usually takes half a year.

''There's no data to support it, but people who go to meetings get better,'' Dr. Sullivan said. ''You can't just give addicts a pill, pat them on the head and expect them to turn things around for themselves. These people live very complicated and messy lives.''

The new patients often inquire how long they will have to take buprenorphine. Once stable, though, they stop asking, realizing the answer is ''maybe forever,'' Dr. Sullivan said.

''Forever seems like a nice alternative to dead,'' his patient Joellen Trippett, 48, said dryly.

At a staff meeting one day last spring, a case manager asked Dr. Sullivan how he wanted to handle a younger woman who was vigorously denying her pharmacy's report that she had sought to fill a prescription for Oxycodone.

''I guess we'll do an observed on her,'' Dr. Sullivan said, referring to a monitored urine test.

''An observed?'' the case manager said. ''How about a discharge?''

Relapses are plentiful -- 12 of 50 patients that day -- but patients are expelled only if they lie. Confronting the woman in her therapy group, Dr. Sullivan said that ''surreptitious use of opioids is not permitted'' and dismissed her with a prescription for one week of Suboxone.

Unlike Dr. Clark, Dr. Sullivan does not meet with patients individually. It would not be cost-effective; more than half of the clinic's patients are covered by Medicaid. Instead, he relies on therapists like Katie Chiasson, whose ''advanced'' group -- those clean of drugs for at least a year and therefore required to come only monthly -- was full of angst one day last spring.

Betty Jo Cumberledge, 47, announced in a trembling voice that she had just gotten a text from a fellow patient seeking to buy some of her Suboxone.

''Tell them that if they don't stop, you will expose them in group,'' Ms. Trippett said.

Ms. Chiasson asked how they could set boundaries.

''We all need to protect our medicine,'' Ms. Trippett said. ''It gets stolen out of our cars and homes.'' She added that while selling Suboxone would be profitable, she did not want to return to the life she used to lead: ''I don't want to be a cheat. I don't want to be a thief. I don't want to be a liar.''

Chelsea Kennedy, 21, skinny and pregnant with her second child, reported that seven Suboxone dealers had been arrested in her town the previous week, and talked about her friend who gets a Suboxone prescription in Pittsburgh without even seeing the doctor -- ''and she's selling, shooting, buying, running the streets.''

Ms. Cumberledge threw up her hands: ''It's these kind of people who are hurting us.''A Disease's Tentacles

In late spring, Dr. Clark, still on probation, got an anxiety-provoking visit from a state medical investigator. Some pharmacists had complained about his prescribing practices, which led to the discovery that Dr. Clark had violated his 2010 suspension by continuing to write prescriptions for three buprenorphine patients he had not been able to place with other doctors.

When the investigator arrived, Mr. Smith was there. It made him nervous. He was already rattled, dealing with a job change and a custody battle, and did not want to contemplate losing Dr. Clark. ''I'd be tossed right back out onto the street to buy drugs,'' he said.

Addiction is a tenacious disease with tentacles -- family problems, legal problems, financial problems -- that do not disappear with sobriety. Recovery has its zigs and zags, which many of the patients interviewed experienced this summer and fall.

Angela Scotchel, overwhelmed by anxiety about her future, constantly craved and sometimes gave in to her desire for Xanax. She also heard the siren call of opiates even as she set out to engage in life-affirming pursuits like lifting weights, working for her parents, dating.

''This one dealer called me today and said he got some fire in,'' she wrote in an email, referring to high-potency heroin. ''I can't get it out of my head. I'm not gonna act on it, though. Just threw me off. I needed to tell someone about it.''

Ms. Rogers rode a roller coaster of life changes. She broke up with her partner of 21 years and got involved with another man. She found a job as a cashier and lost it because of unreliable babysitters. She placed her late sister's children in a therapeutic foster home. She reluctantly moved back to Steubenville for lower-priced housing. She became pregnant with her fourth child.

Dr. Clark, meanwhile, prepared himself for the possibility that he could lose his license. He aggressively recruited other doctors, figuring he could manage the clinic. He watched the movie ''Lincoln'' twice; it helped him ''deal with 'the negativity.' ''

''I figure if Lincoln could fight for the rights of slaves during a time when many people thought this was practically criminal,'' he wrote in an email, ''the least I can do is continue to fight for the rights of a few people suffering from the disease and stigma of addiction in my little part of the world.''

At summer's end, though, his probation was lifted. He hired two New Jersey doctors, one a recovering addict, to see patients by Skype. His business grew fatter while he grew leaner, shedding 20 pounds and his sense of dread.

''I feel like I got de-stigmatized,'' Dr. Clark said. ''Like now I got nothing to hide, nothing to fear, and there's hope for me and hope for all my patients. But we'll see.''

The Double-Edged Drug: The second of two articles examining the increasing use -- and the successes and failures -- of buprenorphine as an addiction treatment.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/11/18/health/at-clinics-tumultuous-lives-and-turbulent-care.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/11/18/health/at-clinics-tumultuous-lives-and-turbulent-care.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: COMMISERATION: Dr. Allan W. Clark with Angela Scotchel, a recovering heroin addict, at his office near Pittsburgh. Like his patients, Dr. Clark has also struggled with addiction.

A BREAKTHROUGH: Before Suboxone, Dr. Carl R. Sullivan III considered opioid addiction ''a hopeless disease.'' (A18)

BREAKING A CYCLE: Amanda Rogers with her family in Toronto, Ohio. She took in her niece and nephew after her sister died of drug abuse last year.

TAKING STOCK: Staff members at Dr. Clark's clinic encourage patients to list the things they are thankful for as they wait for counseling sessions.

IN TREATMENT: Jack Pierce with his daughter at Dr. Clark's clinic, where he got his Subutex prescription. ''I really do believe it works,'' he said.

'HE SAVED MY LIFE': Todd Smith had been mainlining heroin, but he found Dr. Clark and has rebounded since taking buprenorphine. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLYE DAVIS/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A19)

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[***In New Jersey, Both Parties Find Tumult in Senate Primaries***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YFW-V0T0-00MH-F437-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID KOCIENIEWSKI

By DAVID KOCIENIEWSKI

**Dateline:** TRENTON, Jan. 30

**Body**

One race is a free-for-all: five Republican contenders scrambling to emerge from the long shadow of Gov. Christine Todd Whitman, New Jersey's pre-eminent political figure.

The other is a civil war: a fight between two Democrats that is so fractious and bitter it threatens to split the state party into rival camps divided by geography and social class.

Unlike New York, where voters are facing a clear choice for United States senator -- the Democrat, Hillary Rodham Clinton, or the Republican, Rudolph W. Giuliani -- New Jersey is mired in two intriguing primaries. The battle to succeed Senator Frank R. Lautenberg is being waged in two parties without a dominant figure, and so it promises to redefine each party as they prepare to fight for New Jersey's ultimate prize: the governor's office in 2001.

Republicans, who have been dominated for seven years by Mrs. Whitman, were left reeling in September, when the governor ended her bid to succeed Mr. Lautenberg, a Democrat. Since then, the collection of Senate hopefuls has been raising money and trying to build alliances to fill part of the power vacuum that will open when Mrs. Whitman leaves office in January 2002.

Meanwhile, the state's Democrats, whose field has been narrowed to two main contenders, former Gov. Jim Florio and a political novice, Jon S. Corzine, have been struggling to keep the clash from leaving the party irreparably divided after the June 6 primary.

Mr. Florio, a tireless campaigner, has been rallying the loyalists he has cultivated during his 20 years on the party's political scene. But the powerful party bosses in North Jersey fear that voters will never forgive Mr. Florio for raising income taxes by $2.8 billion in 1990 and have rallied behind Mr. Corzine, a former chairman of Goldman, Sachs & Company.

Their campaigns have exchanged barbs over bedrock Democratic issues like gun control, education, Social Security and even the death penalty. But behind the scenes, the fight has been a struggle for the soul of the party, with battle lines drawn between wealthy voters and the ***working class***, between northern power brokers and their rivals in the south, and between various political bosses and rank-and-file Democrats.

"Democrats have to figure out whether they can trust a new Democrat, a candidate with liberal views, fiscal responsibility and a fat bank account," said David Rebovich, a political science professor at Rider University, referring to Mr. Corzine. "Republicans have to determine whether there's someone who can carry on Governor Whitman's ability to put together a winning coalition and keep the party from fragmenting ideologically."

"Then," Mr. Rebovich said, "they can all set their sights on winning the real patronage trough, the governor's mansion."

Much of the maneuvering is a result of the fact that New Jersey places more power in its governor's office than virtually any other state. Except for the two United States senators, the governor is the only statewide elected official and appoints powerful cabinet members like the treasurer and attorney general, as well as influential judges. With no statewide stepping-stone offices, the political landscape resembles "Gulliver's Travels" -- a gigantic governor surrounded by swarms of Lilliputians.

To Republicans, that means the roster of actual candidates for the Senate seat is less a political "Who's Who" than a "Who's That?"

Two of the state's most powerful Republicans, Donald T. DiFrancesco, president of the State Senate, and Jack Collins, the Assembly speaker, opted out of the Senate race because they are interested in succeeding Mrs. Whitman. The elder statesman of the state party, former Gov. Thomas H. Kean, disappointed many Republicans by not entering the fray. Steve Forbes is still pursuing his long-shot bid for the Republican presidential nomination and, despite the urging of party leaders in Washington, has shown no interest in running for Senate.

Instead, the contestants are five lesser-known figures with limited political bases: State Senator William L. Gormley, United States Representative Bob Franks, and the Essex County executive, James W. Treffinger, who are all moderates. Two conservatives are also running: Murray Sabrin, a former Libertarian Party candidate for governor, and Brian T. Kennedy, a lawyer.

In the months since the governor withdrew from the race, Mr. Gormley, Mr. Franks and Mr. Treffinger have been furiously lobbying members of the party establishment, and endorsements have been doled out largely along geographical lines.

Endorsements by county party chairmen are crucial in New Jersey politics, because in many counties, chairmen can choose which candidate's name runs on the party line in the primary, giving them a sizable advantage with the loyalists who go to the polls in primaries.

Mr. Gormley, an ex-marine and chairman of the powerful State Senate judiciary committee, is the sole moderate from South Jersey. Mr. Franks and Mr. Treffinger both have political bases in North Jersey, which is far more densely populated than the south. And all three men have been battling for support in Monmouth County, along the Jersey Shore.

Mr. Gormley has raised the most money among Republican hopefuls, $1.5 million in donations in just 90 days. He is also believed to have the most potential as a fund-raiser because his district includes the casinos of Atlantic City, and he has won the backing of the governor's chief fund-raiser, Lewis M. Eisenberg, the chairman of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

Mr. Franks, a former state party chairman, raised $750,000 as of the Jan. 1 filing date and has won the support of Republican officials in Union, Warren and Burlington Counties. A congressman since 1992, he has maintained that he has the experience in Washington to be an effective senator.

Mr. Treffinger, a former Democrat who has served as Essex County executive since 1995, has surprised many party officials with the strength of his campaign, raising $650,000 and winning the support of five county chairmen. Mr. Treffinger also has the backing of Mayor Bret D. Schundler of Jersey City, a darling of New Jersey conservatives.

As long as Mr. Treffinger and Mr. Franks continue to split the support of North Jersey Republicans, most observers believe they are locked in a three-way race with Mr. Gormley.

Chuck Haytaian, the state Republican Party chairman, said he expected the organizational maneuvering to overshadow any discussion of issues until April. Then, Mr. Haytaian said, the candidates can focus on addressing Republican voters and laying out their differences, on a relatively narrow set of issues without a stark philosophical rift.

Some Republicans say the party has been in power so long that it needs to be reinvigorated.

"There's been a certain ideological exhaustion," said Steve Salmore, a consultant who has worked with both moderate and conservative Republicans in recent years. Early in the 1990's, "they rolled over the state, took over everything. But now they're looking for an issue to build their agenda around because there's not a clear sense of what they stand for."

Mr. Sabrin, the former Libertarian, hopes the three centrist candidates continue to divide the moderate vote, and allow him to pull together an upset by rallying right-wing voters who have been frustrated by years of Governor Whitman's moderate views on social issues. Mr. Sabrin won 5 percent of the vote during his campaign for governor in 1997, but the candidacy of Mr. Kennedy, who won a third of the Republican primary vote for the 1994 Senate nomination, is likely to provide strong competition for conservative support.

If the primary becomes too divisive, or if conservatives appear poised for a victory, Mrs. Whitman has indicated she might intercede by endorsing either Mr. Gormley or Mr. Franks.

Democrats have little hope for any peacemaker to ease the tension of their Senate race, which has become entwined in a feud so bitter that seven state legislators from South Jersey recently boycotted their own party's caucus to protest actions by the leaders from North Jersey.

Mr. Florio, who has the support of most South Jersey political leaders, has tried to make Mr. Corzine's vast wealth an issue, casting the race as a test of the power of party loyalty versus the power of money. Although neither Democratic candidate will release exact fund-raising figures until this week, Mr. Corzine has pledged to spend as much of his $300 million fortune as necessary.

That spending promise has made some Florio supporters say the Democrats should consider renaming themselves, "The Price is Right Party."

"The Democratic Party has traditionally been the party of families and working people," said Mr. Florio, who charged that Mr. Corzine was wooing party bosses with money. "If we allow someone to step in and buy the election outright, there might never again be a race where anyone but a millionaire can run."

But Mr. Corzine's supporters contend that Mr. Florio sprang from the powerful South Jersey Democratic machine, and even now enjoys the support of the Camden County power broker, George E. Norcross, so it is disingenuous for him to proclaim himself an outsider trying to slay the party's bosses. Mr. Corzine has tried to portray himself as the Democrat of the future, a synthesis of Wall Street credentials and social activism to cure the ills of Main Street America. Any other Democrat who proposed universal health care and universal college education, as Mr. Corzine has done, might be open to criticism as being a liberal spendthrift.

"But Corzine's done so well in the business world, it's hard to write him off as financially irresponsible," said Jim McQueeney, a Democratic consultant. "He's selling himself as a nouveau, nouveau Democrat, a market-driven Democrat, and as long as the stock market is doing well, people may listen." A third candidate, lawyer Lloyd DeVos, has not been a major factor in the race.

Mr. Corzine, whose candidacy has the tacit support of Senator Robert G. Torricelli, the head of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, has given hundreds of thousands of dollars to the state party and local Democratic candidates. In return, he has received the backing of chairmen in seven counties, including the densely populated Democratic strongholds of Essex Hudson, Union and Middlesex, where 62 percent of the state's registered Democrats live.

Mr. Florio says that his years as congressman and governor have produced tangible results on the issues of gun control, environmental cleanup and education reform. But Mr. Corzine's status as a political newcomer offers him the advantage of having no ties to Mr. Florio's 1990 tax increase, which enraged voters and allowed Republicans to capture control of the governor's mansion and both houses of the state Legislature.

For North Jersey power brokers, like Raymond J. Lesniak, the Union County chairman; John A. Lynch, his counterpart in Middlesex; and Robert C. Janiszewski, the Hudson County executive, backing Mr. Corzine is also a low-risk proposition. Even if Mr. Corzine loses, his self-financed candidacy will at least relieve party leaders of the burden of fund-raising for the Senate campaign.

"The party chairmen win no matter what," said one Democratic official from North Jersey, who spoke on the condition of anonymity. "If Corzine wins, great, they helped elect a senator. If he doesn't, it's no big deal. They can still focus on raising money for the governor's race, which is all they really care about anyway."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Above, the Republican Senate candidates include, from left: State Senator William L. Gormley; United States Representative Bob Franks; James W. Treffinger, the Essex County executive; and Murray Sabrin, a former Libertarian. Also running is Brian T. Kennedy, a lawyer. The Democratic candidates, from left, are former Gov. Jim Florio and a political novice, Jon S. Corzine.

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[***THEATER Oedipus;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D080-000B-Y0FG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***STAGING THE CLASSICS IS CONTROVERSIAL EVEN IN GREECE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D080-000B-Y0FG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

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Ianthee Vassiliadis is a freelance writer who lives in Athens.

By IANTHEE VASSILIADIS

ATHENS

An unusually great number of Greek tragedies will be produced by theaters in New York this season. Next Sunday, Circle in the Square begins its season with previews (opening Oct. 2) of Euripides's ''The Bacchae,'' starring Irene Papas, the well-known Greek actress. Next comes the complete Oedipus cycle of Sophocles, which will open the CSC Repertory season on Oct. 16. This cycle will give New Yorkers the opportunity to see ''Oedipus,'' ''Oedipus at Colonus'' and ''Antigone'' all together - in fact, it is the first time all three works have jointly received a professional production in New York. Then in the spring, the Brooklyn Academy of Music will stage Sophocles' ''Oedipus the King.''

The major problem is invariably how to stage this ancient literature. Production styles vary enormously and, doubtless, a number of differing interpretations of the staging problem will be presented by these companies. But an analysis of the New York productions must await their opening. Meanwhile, it is interesting to consider the way in which these classics are being presented in contemporary Greece.

AN-A

Today, despite the competition of television, movies and sports, audiences still fill the ancient theaters of Epidaurus and Herodes Atticus here during the summer months to see the ancient dramas performed in their original settings, and in the colder seasons, theatrical troupes like the Greek National Theater take the plays to people all over the world.

But despite its popularity after 25 centuries, the ancient Attic drama finds itself surrounded by controversy in the country of its origin. Greek directors, actors and teachers argue among themselves as to whether the classics should be presented in something approximating their ancient form or whether the productions should be modernized to make them more relevant to 20th-century audiences. Some even say that the ancient dramas are no longer relevant today. And while the directors and actors are embroiled in this controversy, fewer young Greek actors are willing to undertake the rigors of training for ancient tragedy.

Those who produce the ancient dramas range from the ''renegades'' who believe that the plays must be drastically modernized if they are to be meaningful to modern viewers, to the ''classicists'' who insist that they must remain faithful to the ancient productions. The trouble is, no one knows for certain what the original performances of the Attic drama looked like.

Ioannis Tsarouchis, a noted Greek painter, recently staged a highly political and modernized version of ''The Trojan Women'' by Euripides, in which the actors wore tuxedos and bathrobes and spoke in a Greek dialect borrowed from Asia Minor refugees.

At the opposite extreme, another Greek company led by the actor Linos Karzis mounted tragedies several years ago, in imitation of the ancient productions. The actors wore masks and high wooden shoes, huge gloves and shoulder pads that gave supernatural proportions to the body, while emphasizing stylized gestures and exaggerated delivery.

The most widespread concept of a Greek tragedy includes stark settings, actors in somber colors and keening members of the chorus who deliver cant in unison.

Alexis Minotis, the dean of Greek tragic actors and director of the Greek National Theater which has performed the classics in Greek around the world, sets the plays in a far more orthodox presentation. He tries to keep his productions within the bounds of tradition, but admits he enriches them with contemporary knowledge. ''When I am playing Oedipus,'' he says, ''I cannot overlook Freud.''

But some audiences expect an even more stylized presentation of the tragedies than that of the National Theater, which is hardly revolutionary. Kakia Panagiotou, the actress who starred in the troupe's tour of Japan several years ago, says that the Japanese were very disappointed that the plays were not presented with the masks, cries and very primitive symbolism they considered to be true to the ancient drama.

There are some Greek actors and directors who feel that the classic theater has decreasing appeal and is condemned to extinction. ''It impresses but does not move,'' says Constantine Livadeas, director of the theatrical section of one of the two Greek television channels and an actor himself. ''It depicts a different reality.''

But there are many Greeks who feel that the ancient Greek drama is as pertinent today as it was 2,500 years ago. ''Those Greek plays are timeless. The authors transcended their century and their Greekness,'' says Michael Cacoyiannis, the director who has received critical acclaim for his productions of many of the ancient tragedies on film and on stage in English and French as well as Greek. ''Although the playwrights were summarizing their world, they stretch to cover this world. There is not one human issue that has not been covered by Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles, the three greatest playwrights of all time.''

Nevertheless, he believes that the ancient dramas should be staged so as to appeal to modern audiences. ''Any attempt to reproduce academically the theatrical style of the ancient times is a betrayal,'' he says. ''But the worst disservice one could do the author is to force the play into a superficial modernization which keeps the audience interpreting symbols and inevitably localizing the play.''

Pelos Katselis, who teaches drama at his own private school in an Athenian suburb, believes that in this age of the anti-hero, ancient drama is more than ever a psychological necessity. ''It illustrates the beautiful throughout time. It is a vital necessity,'' he says.

The undying popularity of the ancient drama seems to reinforce the words of the Greek actors, teachers and directors who devote their lives to it. This summer's audiences at the ancient theater of Epidaurus are filled with ***working-class*** Greeks as well as tourists from a dozen countries, many of whom cannot understand a word that is said. Alexis Minotis, who directs each summer's Epidaurus Festival quotes a Chinese saying: ''The best theater should be understood both by the blind and deaf.'' He feels, along with many Greeks, that reviving ancient Attic drama is a ''Greek responsibility.'' ''What the Royal Shakespeare Theater does at Stratford-on-Avon, we do for Attic drama at Epidaurus,'' states Mr. Minotis.

He believes that, because of their linguistic heritage and the physical presence of the ancient amphitheaters, Greeks are more fit to perform these dramas. Others such as Mr. Cacoyiannis, Mr. Livadeas and Mrs. Pappas disagree. ''It diminishes the authors to say that only Greeks can play them,'' says Mr. Cacoyiannis with indignation. ''The plays transcend their national origin and their time.''

But the efforts of directors like Mr. Minotis to find young actors and actresses to fill the shoes of the great Greek interpreters of the ancient dramas are becoming increasingly difficult. The physical demands of the work are exhausting and the rewards are not enough to win aspiring actors away from television and modern theater. The actor playing in the ancient theaters must be heard by 15,000 people, and requires strong lungs, excellent articulation, and a tenor's voice. ''He who plays ancient drama is an athlete, not an actor,'' declares Thanos Kotsopoulos. Kakia Panagiotou, who has starred in the ancient dramas in Greece and abroad, finds it an exhausting but rewarding experience. ''It is a catharsis of the soul, a huge effort, for everything must be grandiose, everyone must be a hero,'' she says.

But the younger thespians no longer are willing to undergo the years of apprenticeship the ancient drama requires. ''Playing in the chorus is necessary training before moving on to leading roles,'' says Antigone Glykofridis, an Oceanide in the National Theater's production of ''Prometheus Bound.'' ''But there are few leading roles, and it is hard to move beyond the chorus.''

''You need everything in the chorus,'' complains Beatrice Deliyianni, another member of the troupe. ''You need to have a good voice, to dance well, to act well. Everyone gives all they've got in the chorus but this is overlooked within the total performance.''

Many young actresses, such as Nora Katselis, whose parents have devoted a lifetime to teaching and performing the ancient dramas, have become disenchanted, finding the work too rigorous, the rhetoric too artificial and the dedication required of them unrewarded by fame.

Miss Katselis' father, Pelos, who teaches the ancient drama at his own school, indicates the degree of training required when he says of his wife, Aleka, one of Greece's most respected classical actresses, ''Aleka had been playing Medea for four years in a row when I finally told her, 'You are at last beginning to feel the role the way you should. Medea's words must come straight from the womb'.''

The contrasting ambitions of Mr. Katselis' wife and daughter suggest that, while the ancient Attic drama is likely to survive any battles over how it should be staged, and to continue moving modern audiences regardless of nationality, the diminishing number of young Greeks willing to dedicate themselves to the rigors of the necessary training may prove a severe blow.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of performance of

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[***CAUSE OF MIDDLE-CLASS EXODUS FROM CITIES IS DEBATED AS RACIAL TENSIONS RISE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D4J0-000B-Y09H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS, Special to the New York Times

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**Body**

The flight of middle-class Americans and jobs from the central cities, leaving large concentrations of blacks behind, has become an established fact, but the cause of the flight is still a subject of controversy.

On one side is the argument that one-third of the black population continues in isolation and poverty because of whites' overt racial prejudice. This is the view of most black political and social leaders.

On the other side is the view, which is gaining adherents even among some blacks, that such blind economic forces as technological and business developments have become more important than race in explaining why so many blacks remain poor after a decade in which many others have found opportunities in business and government.

Chicago Given as Example

This view was propounded two years ago by William J. Wilson, a black sociologist at the University of Chicago, in a book entitled ''The Declining Significance of Race,'' which he updated this summer. It is shared by a number of other sociologists and economists.

AN-A

Chicago provides an example of what is involved. The 1980 census is expected to show that in the 1970's more than 600,000 whites moved out of Chicago to the suburbs and beyond, population experts here announced recently.

At the same time, the black population increased by 100,000, and blacks now make up 40 percent of the city's estimated 2,972,000 residents, the experts added. They also said that Hispanic residents, whose numbers doubled in the last decade, made up an additional 12 percent.

And while these population shifts were occurring, the city lost more than 200,000 jobs, mostly in manufacturing, according to census figures.

Similar Trends Elsewhere

Chicago's experience has not been unusual. Similar trends have been occurring in cities throughout the nation, and the changes, in the opinion of a wide range of authorities, are directly related to the growing unrest that black leaders have been reporting in urban centers this year.

The loss of jobs that the unskilled and poorly educated could fill, the growing concentrations of poor blacks in the central cities and the advancing isolation of the black ''underclass'' from the more productive middle class of both blacks and whites have been under way for so long - since the early 1960's - that they are now being perceived as a permanent condition.

A number of blacks interviewed in various cities over the last few weeks said that this condition, exacerbated by recession, Government budget restraints and the political climate, had brought about more than the usual amount of unrest this summer.

Violence in Four Cities

There have been outbreaks of violence in four cities - Wichita, Miami, Chattanooga and Orlando, Fla. - so far this year. All followed jury or police actions that blacks believed to have been racially motivated, but in all four there were reports that the anger against whites extended to the economic and social conditions described by the black leaders.

Reports of rising tensions elsewhere have been more frequent and more widespread than in recent summers. For example, in Omaha, which has a 13 percent black population and is not usually considered a center of racial strife, a black minister, the Rev. Wilkinson M. Harper, sat in the basement of his church and told a visitor:

''We are facing a very, very dangerous situation here. Omaha could blow at any time. And it would not be in the black section. It would be elsewhere. The people who would do it don't care what happens to them. They just don't care.''

In Omaha, the point of conflict this summer is an unusually abrasive dispute between blacks and the police, who have been accused of long and systematic abuse and of beating and killing citizens without cause. The police have denied the charges, and the Justice Department has been called in to mediate.

Widespread Riots Called Unlikely

Around the country, the authorities cited a number of reasons for believing that a return of riots on the scale of the 1960's was not likely. One was that blacks now control all or part of many city governments.

But the tensions are very real, according to a wide range of people interviewed in a representative city. One reason is the decline in local and Federal public funds that have supported the central cities. Omaha, for example, has been sued by the Justice Department for failure to hire enough black policemen, but the city says that it has no money for extending the size of its force. Police community relations offices were closed as an economy move. And the conservative mood of the country is perceived in the cities as a sign of further restrictions on public funds.

In Newark, Mayor Kennneth A. Gibson has announced a special effort to demolish 2,300 of the city's most dangerous abandoned buildings. The city has not been able to muster enough Federal or local money to keep up with demolition demands.

Conclusion Is Not New

The conclusion that Mr. Wilson reaches in his book, that the persistence of a large black underclass is based more on class than on race, is not new. A number of studies have drawn the same conclusion. But the fact that he is black and brought a considerable amount of documentation to support his thesis has made him a lightning rod in the debate.

He said that two centuries first of slavery and then overt, deliberate exclusion of blacks from participation in most social, political and business activity had left a large black underclass, former rural people who now live almost exclusively in the cities.

The civil rights movement, which brought favorable laws, court rulings and affirmative job action for minorities, has permitted many blacks to escape from that historic condition. Mr. Wilson estimated that one-third of the blacks were now in the middle class, another third in the ***working class*** marginally above poverty and the rest on welfare or underemployed.

So far there is general agreement with Mr. Wilson's conclusions. But he also argued that just as opportunities were opening for blacks a decade ago, jobs that could have been a first step toward economic betterment for the poorly educated disappeared. There was a dispersal of industry from the central cities and also a shift in the economy to the kind of jobs that the poor were not equipped to fill. And this was true for whites as well as blacks, he said, except that their numbers were relatively small and their mobility greater.

''The ultimate basis for current racial tension is the deleterious effect of basic structural changes in the modern American economy on black and white lower income groups,'' he wrote, ''changes that include uneven economic growth, increasing technology and automation, industry relocation and a labor market segmentation.''

Some Leaders Attack Thesis

He said that racial prejudice still existed but had moved away from the economic area to the social and political areas and added that prejudice was no longer the factor that was keeping a third of the black population poor.

Mr. Wilson's thesis was attacked by leaders of the Urban League and other organizations, but he said in a telephone interview that most of his critics had a ''vested interest in black politics.'' However, in the inner cities and among a number of blacks and whites who do not have a vested interest in politics there is a widely held view that many blacks are kept in poverty by design.

Thomas N. Todd, a black lawyer in Chicago who is a former faculty member of Northwestern University Law School, said of the large concentrations of poor blacks living in public housing: ''Somebody has an interest in keeping them there. Somebody is making money out of keeping them there.''

Private Decision by Business

Mr. Harper, the Omaha minister, said that the business establishment in that city dictated policy to the elected officials and that policy included ''keeping blacks in the ghetto.''

Mr. Wilson's study draws the conclusion that one of the most important steps toward denying equal economic opportunity to blacks is the private decision of American business to build plants along the freeways rather than in the cities, a decision made purely out of economic considerations. According to the other viewpoint, the emptying out of cities represented a flight from the poor blacks.

No one expects the disagreement to be bridged soon, but at least, according to some leaders, it is providing a reason for taking a new look at one of the nation's monumental failures, a subject that many Americans have shown they had rather forget.

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[***JAMES WRIGHT: THE GIFT OF FEELING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D6B0-000B-Y4YC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1352 words

**Byline:** By ALFRED KAZIN; Alfred Kazin's ''Starting Out in the Thirties'' is soon to be reissued in paperback. He teaches at the City University Graduate Center and at Hunter College.

**Body**

ANYONE who has so much as looked into James Wright's poetry knows that he did not consider himself a lucky man. Like so many gifted literary children of ***working-class*** parents, he grew up feeling apart from a beloved father - this father toiled 50 years in the Hazel Atlas Glass Company in Ohio. At the same time Wright felt that his father's patient, stoic, laborious life had imparted to that life a virtue and dignity which the son, with the febrile idealism of American scholar-intellectuals, did not associate with the academy or the intense rivalries of poetry.

Wright, who was born in 1927 and died this year, knew guilt at having departed Martin's Ferry and the industrial quagmire of the Ohio River. He was unable to love ''Ohio'' (a central term in his poetry that did not always require further description), yet was unable to remember anything else so vividly. All this fed a sense of uneasiness that made Wright as a poet hearken to the now scorned example of Edwin Arlington Robinson as well as the straightforward personal style of Hardy and the lyrical riddles of Frost. When Wright began his career after World War II the going style was mandarin, heavy with symbolism, decorative, on the model of Robert Lowell's ''Lord Weary's Castle'' and of Lowell's mentor Allen Tate. This was an upper-class poetry, quasi-Catholic though never as serenely devotional in the late Eliot manner as it wanted to be. It was not what Wright set his heart on - a style more like ''sweet Roethke,'' as he called him, fiercely stoic Frost, crabbedly mournful but brightly plain Hardy.

These were poets who felt themselves under a curse - whether of godlessness or of the lovelessness that has less to do with one's personal fortunes in love than with a universe obviously born by accident, riddled with mistakes. Wright was as plain as Hardy and Frost, if not so bold in asserting the accursed time in which he was born to set it right, the obvious disparity between the universe and one's own sacred ME. The total unrelation between them is the anguish of a godless universe. But personal unluckiness, as so many feel it despite a world that enchants us with the ''supreme fiction'' of poetry, stayed with Wright to the end. Poetry made the world habitable but poetry did not lighten or redeem it. (In a time when our immediate environment, the political world, seems so totally out of our control, it is startling to find that ever-busy factory called the American university absorbed in the idealization of poetry, especially of a difficult putatively religious poetry that fascinates students brought up on the junk food of their daily commercial culture.)

Wright's poetry was obstinately plain - not in feeling certainly, where it could be sly, elusive, heartbroken and sardonic in the same flat Ohio voice, but plain in phrase, line, syntax, imagery. His poetry was a subdued cry of homelessness, longing, guilt, of fraternity with migrants, criminals, the murderers Caryl Chessman and George Doty, gnarled old Ohio and West Virginia factory workers - and farmers. One particular feature of Wright's poetry (in this he reminds me of what the miner's son D.H. Lawrence was able to do with the surroundings of Nottingham) is the way in which a poet coming out of the blasted countryside of industrial America was still able to join the glass and tire factories to what is left of rural Ohio. That mad industrial vortex was once the barrier between industrial North and rural South; toxified as it now may be, the Ohio Valley evoked in ''Three Sentences for a Dead Swan'' the American mythology of a lost world:

1. There they are now, The wings, And I heard them beginning to starve Between two cold white shadows, But I dreamed they would rise Together, My black Ohioan swan.

2. Now one after another I let the black scales fall From the beautiful black spine Of this lonesome dragon that is born on the earth at last, My black fire, Ovoid of my darkness, Machine-gunned and shattered hillsides of yellow trees In the autumn of my blood where the apples Purse their wild lips and smirk knowingly That my love is dead.

3. Here, carry his splintered bones Slowly, slowly Back into the Tar and chemical strangled tomb, The strange water, the Ohio river, that is no tomb to Rise from the dead From.

The naked feeling of Wright's poetry! The modesty, the tormented quietness that holds it together as much as the metric frame! The wandering, the ever-present loneliness, a poetry essentially without ''personae'' yet where the poet's own cry is never glibly one of self. There is the last stanza of ''The Minneapolis Poem'':

I want to be lifted up By some great white bird unknown to the police, And soar for a thousand miles and be carefully hidden Modest and golden as one last corn grain, Stored with the secrets of the wheat and the mysterious lives Of the unnamed poor.

So much ever-present feeling is not in everybody and is not for everybody, whatever generous Jim Wright with his natural American feeling for vox populi may have thought. Feeling is a gift. It was distinctively Wright's gift. Even when he added himself to the long long American list of writer-drinkers, it was clear that he drank not, as so many American bores do, to make themselves interesting to themselves, but to lift himself out of the pit. Then he could make fun of the hangover - which neither Hart Crane nor Dylan Thomas could - as not just penitential but a stage of new perceptions. In ''Two Hangovers,'' (from ''The Branch Will Not Break'') he carefully notes:

I still feel half drunk, And all those old women beyond my window Are hunching toward the grave- yard.

Drunk, mumbling Hungarian, The sun staggers in, And his big stupid face pitches Into the stove. For two hours I have been dreaming Of green butterflies searching for diamonds In coal seams; And children chasing each other for a game Through the hills of fresh graves. But the sun has come home from the sea, And a sparrow outside Sings of the Hanna Coal Co. and the dead moon. The filaments of cold light bulbs tremble In music like delicate birds. Ah, turn it off.

To be in one body like that and to dream of another is to have a delicious sense of irony. Wright's most famous pieces, like his ''Two Poems'' about his fellow Buckeye Warren Gamaliel Harding, show what delighted so many of his students at Hunter College, where he taught for many years, and turned them to poetry as a mode of thinking more lasting than the usual subjection to subjective emotion. Only a truly witty poet could have described Harding in the 1920 campaign as having ''the vaguely stunned smile/ Of a lucky man.'' And only a youth saturated in Ohio folklore could have written, 40 years after Harding:

How many honey locusts have fallen, Pitched rootlong into the open graves of strip mines, Since the First World War ended And Wilson the gaunt deacon jogged sullenly Into silence?

Tonight, The cancerous ghosts of old con men Shed their leaves. For a proud man, Lost between the turnpike near Cleveland And the chiropractors' signs looming among dead mul- berry trees, There is no place left to go But home.

''Warren lacks mentality,'' one of his friends said. Yet he was beautiful, he was the snowfall Turned to white stallions stand- ing still Under dark elm trees.

He died in public. He claimed the secret right To be ashamed.

This is poetry that goes straight to my heart and mind, the interweaving of the old mischievous American plainness with poetry's genius for the unexpected, all in the flat Ohio voice that can be heard in adjoining West Virginia as the laconic mountaineer's voice. (Wright's people were Southerners, and fought for the Confederacy.) His obstinate plainness of style served cleverly in translation to bring out the variety of highly charged poets from Goethe to Georg Trakl and Cesar Vallejo.

Wright's life was not an easy one; it had enormous pools of suffering in it, and he was unlucky even in his slow strangulation from throat cancer. But there was a characteristic unwillingness to let go; he was working on a new book up to the moment he lost consciousness.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing

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[***Their Slice of the American Dream***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VTH0-0024-J3PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER MARKS,

By PETER MARKS,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NORTH AMITYVILLE, L.I., Sept. 24

**Body**

Every day for months, Yasmin Saunders took a few minutes out of her frenetic schedule to drive to a building site on a residential street just off the Southern State Parkway and watch the workers frame, hammer and paint the town house she had never dreamed she would own.

It had been such an arduous journey to this juncture in the life of Ms. Saunders, a 37-year-old single mother who had worked at two and sometimes three jobs at a time, that she was drawn to the site each day, not just to savor the achievement of buying a town house, but also to remind herself of how far she had come.

"The feeling is just overwhelming," declared Ms. Saunders, who has two teen-age sons. "I had never entertained the thought of buying a home. That certainly was not for me. A single mother? I'm supposed to struggle."

Next month, the first occupants will be moving into the new town houses on Schleigel Boulevard built by a nonprofit housing group for low- and moderate-income home buyers. In design, size and cost, the development resembles many other affordable-housing projects on Long Island and elsewhere. But the buyers of Amity Villas are different in one important respect: Many, like Ms. Saunders, are single working mothers.

Officials of the Long Island Housing Partnership, which developed Amity Villas, say no other project they have built on Long Island has attracted so many single mothers as first-time buyers. Of the 72 units built on a nine-acre tract in this ***working-class***, racially mixed community, 47 were bought by unmarried women, 28 of them mothers.

The single mothers moving to Amity Villas are mostly women in their 20's and 30's -- secretaries, hospital aides and administrative assistants living as close as a mile from the development and as far as Brooklyn and the Bronx. They are women from a variety of backgrounds and cultures who shared a goal, but, with salaries of $20,000 to $35,000 a year, lacked the wherewithal to achieve it. For many of them, the notion of being tied down by a mortgage was less a burden than a badge of distinction.

"It's to get something better," said Petal Sampson, a 27-year-old native of Guyana who works as a membership secretary at the Harvard Club in Manhattan. She will soon be moving out of the one-bedroom apartment in East Flatbush she shares with her 6-year-old daughter, Nikeda, for a two-bedroom town house 35 miles east. "When I first mention it, people say, 'Why are you going so far?' But I knew I wanted to do it. I wanted to do it even more because I have a child."

An Untapped Market

Sociologists and housing experts say that Amity Villas has inadvertently tapped into a large market of working single women, many with children, who want to own homes but traditionally have been blocked or discouraged from doing so because of limited incomes or their belief that they cannot get a mortgage. They say Amity Villas is a potential model for the type of housing that would give more single mothers the stable environments they seek for their families.

Experts in single parenthood say that the women buying in Amity Villas represent the majority of single mothers in this country: working women often holding more than one low-paying job and struggling to stay off government assistance. Sara McLanahan, a sociology professor at Princeton University who studies the effects of single parenthood on children, said that while the popular perception of a single mother is that of a woman on welfare, fewer than half of all single mothers are on welfare at any time in a given year.

"The typical single mother is not on welfare and is certainly not Murphy Brown," Ms. McLanahan said, referring to the affluent television character whose decision to have a child out of wedlock came under a heated attack by former Vice President Dan Quayle. "The typical single mother is near the poverty line but is working, and I think one of the most important things to help her raise her children is to give her stable housing."

In her statistical analyses, Ms. McLanahan has found that after a lack of money, the biggest problem faced by single-parent families is the failure to find permanent housing. "It's another form of instability, and the research I've done shows the majority of the moves for these families are involuntary. They get evicted, or they can't afford to stay," she said.

James Morgo, the president of the partnership, a five-year-old group that has built hundreds of houses on Long Island, primarily in Suffolk County, said that the development's location in an economically depressed area and its lower-than-average ceiling on household income -- $39,680 for a family of three or more -- contributed to the large numbers of single mothers who applied.

More Willing to Lend

In addition, commercial banks, required by a 1989 Federal law to report on the numbers of mortgages they give to members of minorities and disadvantaged groups, have become more willing to extend loans to single and minority women, Mr. Morgo said.

The 72 identical town houses each cost more than $83,500 to build, but with subsidies of $25,000 per unit from the New York State Affordable Housing Corporation, the cost to the buyers was brought down to $58,500, Mr. Morgo said. Government subsidies through the Federal Home Loan Bank also helped to make the mortgages affordable. The would-be homeowners, selected in a lottery from among more than 300 applicants, were required to be first-time buyers with good credit records and the ability to pay about $6,000 in down payments and closing costs.

When an acquaintance gave Esther Scott a flier announcing the lottery, she jumped at the opportunity. Ms. Scott, a therapy aide for a state institution for the mentally ill who juggled a second job as a newspaper deliverer while caring for her two young children, recognized it as one of the few chances she would get to move out and up. In fact, the mortgage and taxes on the Amity Villas town houses were lower than the $700 a month she pays for a basement apartment off Sunrise Highway in North Amityville.

"I took out a consolidation loan and paid off all my credit cards and my car payments," said Ms. Scott, who lives with her 3-year-old son, Tristan, and 20-month-old daughter, Jaimie. "I knew I would get my mortgage."

She did. Ms. Scott's confidence was not unusual among the women who had applied for the homes. "I think they're all going to want to head the homeowners association," said Dolores Murphy, a project coordinator.

Overcoming Delays

The project itself, however, was beset by delays. Although the lottery was held in 1990, the partnership did not break ground until last winter. Plaguing the startup was a major problem: Dozens of those who had won the lottery, married people as well as single, were being denied mortgages because of poor credit histories or inadequate income. In the end, the partnership offered units to all 300 original applicants, and about two hundred others added later, to find 72 qualified buyers.

Ms. Saunders, an administrative assistant for an export company in Woodbury, had her first mortgage application rejected. But a second bank said yes. "I got the letter. I was jumping up and down in the rain," she recalled with a laugh.

She is thrilled at the prospect of the move, and pleased at the chance the partnership has given her. But even so, Ms. Saunders is angry at the lack of options for a struggling mother like her, who at one point was working days as a secretary, nights as a saleswoman and weekends as a receptionist in a beauty salon.

"It's a degrading process," she said of obtaining a house by lottery. "It's like having to beg for it." Sitting in a diner near her office, she recalled something she had once heard Gov. Mario M. Cuomo say about the lack of housing for lower-income families.

"He said he thought it was a disgrace that your owning a home depends on whether your name is picked out of a hat," she said. "I agree with him, 100 percent."

With the opening of Amity Villas imminent, some of the single mothers wondered whether they could take advantage of their numbers, perhaps by pooling resources for child care. Mr. Morgo said that the partnership might seek community development funds to build a playground.

Protect That Credit

For now, the prospective homeowners are obsessed with the mechanics of the move. To guard against last-minute reversals of mortgage approvals, they have been advised not to make big-ticket purchases until after they take possession of their 980-square-foot domains.

But no one can prevent them from dreaming. The other day, Ms. Scott was permitted a first glimpse inside her town house. As Tristan and Jaimie wrestled on the blue carpet, the 30-year-old mother glanced around, making decorating plans. Among the priorities: an L-shaped banquette in the eat-in kitchen.

"I like it," Ms. Scott said, glancing around the room, almost in a daze. "I can't wait to get in."

**Graphic**

Photos: Esther Scott, who works two jobs while caring for her son, Tristan, and daughter, Jaimie, visiting her new town house in North Amityville, L.I., part of a development built by a nonprofit group for low- and moderate-income buyers. (Lois Raimondo for The New York Times) (pg. 37); "I took out a consolidation loan and paid off all my credit cards and my car payments," said Esther Scott, holding her daughter, Jaimie, as she looked at her new town house. "I knew I would get my mortgage." (Lois Raimondo for The New York Times) (pg. 44)

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[***New York City Celebrates A Century of Uneasy Unity***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7T70-000P-N345-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

The Mayors of Brooklyn and New York vetoed the idea, only to be overridden by the State Legislature. Preachers in Brooklyn railed against it. The State Senate defeated it, then changed its mind.

Clearly, the welding of the modern New York City from more than 40 local governments a century ago was not easy. But as the city begins a yearlong 100th birthday party for itself today, there is a strong view that it was historically inevitable. Ruth Abram, president of the Lower East Side Tenement Museum, sees the creation of the new city as a direct reaction to social, political and economic strife that had torn America since the Civil War.

"This deep-seated yearning for union may explain why the opponents of the consolidation of New York simply could not prevail," she said.

To be sure, there are other views, not the least being that consolidation represented a last-ditch effort by the ruling elite to cement its power in the face of waves of immigrants.

But the importance of Gov. Frank S. Black's signature on what is known as "Chapter 378 of the Laws of 1897," a three-inch thick document dated May 4, 1897, is incontrovertible.

It redefined New York from being just Manhattan and the Bronx, both then part of New York County, to include the other three boroughs -- Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island -- which were already separate counties.

The effect was an unprecedentedly large American city of 359 square miles, one whose population had instantly rocketed to 3.4 million from 2 million.

Only London, of all the world's cities, was larger. Chicago, proudly resurgent after its 1871 fire, no longer threatened to become the nation's first city.

Indeed, the new city suddenly had more people than any of the states abutting the Atlantic Ocean, and more than the rest of New York State.

"Consolidation is a tame word for such a magnificent moment," Robert Caro, the historian, said. "What we're celebrating is the moment the city received critical mass."

"It instantly created the greatest metropolis in the Western Hemisphere at the time," said Kenneth T. Jackson, chairman of Columbia University's history department. "Without this, New York would have been much less of a grand spot."

But from the perspective of some urban planners, the occasion marks nothing so much as a stalled, not to say failed, dream. Mr. Caro noted that Robert Moses, the great builder of this region's infrastructure, was one of the last to think expansively of connecting the city to great reaches in the suburbs and beyond.

Others go so far as to suggest that the lack of a mechanism to enlarge New York -- perhaps by including ever more boroughs -- has made the current city something of a museum piece at a time other American cities are pushing their boundaries farther and farther outward.

"New York was designed as a regional government," said Robert Yaro of the Regional Plan Association. "Within a generation, it was clear this region had gone beyond the five boroughs. There was and is a need for elastic boundaries."

Debates Will Continue Beyond the Events

The debates will continue well beyond the flurry of events that begin today with a small ceremony at 2 P.M. at the Museum of the City of New York, where the Charter is being displayed for what is thought to be the first public exhibition of the document. An event at 11:30 A.M. tomorrow at City Hall will include as many 100-year-old New Yorkers as can be rustled up, as well as a big birthday cake.

More events will follow next year. There will be museum exhibitions, lectures, seminars and an official tourism campaign. A 10-hour documentary on New York history, produced by Ric Burns, will be shown on the Public Broadcasting System. The Board of Education plans special courses on New York City history.

The Convention and Visitors Bureau has created a logo and plans a national ad campaign for "New York History Year."

Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani boasts that the celebration comes at a time when New York has bounced back, citing lower crime and increased tourism. "This is a very wonderful time for the city," he said. "At the time of our hundredth birthday, we are witnessing a great renaissance."

Plans for a performance of the "Jubilee March of the Greater New-York" by W. C. Parker, believed to have been performed only once, have been reluctantly postponed until Jan. 1, 1998, the centennial of the date on which consolidation became effective.

"Put it this way," explained Schuyler G. Chapin, Commissioner of Cultural Affairs. "The piece cannot be learned overnight."

Nor can the many questions still swirling around consolidation be easily answered. The basic arguments of proponents were that greater population would increase business opportunities, lead to lower taxes because of economies of scale and create employment through more extensive public works. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York was the strongest supporter.

"Consolidation was pushed by people who wanted to have a business-led development of the region," said David C. Hammack, a professor at Case Western University and a respected student of the period.

Hard to Exaggerate The State of Disorder

Mr. Hammack said that it was hard to exaggerate the disorder of New York at the end of the 19th century. All of Manhattan south of Canal Street was a smelly traffic jam of horse-drawn carts. Brooklyn and the Bronx lacked paved roads. Queens and Staten Island were agricultural lands desperate for development money.

But to 19th-century reformers, cleaning up politics was as urgent as improving the physical structure of the city. Instead of 40 separate municipalities, it was felt one city would be easier for legislative and journalistic watchdogs to monitor for corruption. Moreover, a specific problem in a single locality might be repeated elsewhere. As a current example, Mr. Hammack cited the way the tragic fire at the Happy Land Social Club, in which 87 people died in March 1990, led to a crackdown on such establishments all over the city.

On the other side, some of the opponents were people content with smaller, more localized government. Some distrusted the repeated arguments that they would pay lower taxes. Brooklynites, in particular, did not want to lose an identity whose roots extended into the 17th century, almost as far back as Manhattan's.

Some of this opposition was rooted in nativist disdain of immigrants. "We don't need the political sewage of Europe," proclaimed Richard Salter Storrs, a prominent Brooklyn Congregationalist minister.

There are questions about what if any difference consolidation made in the lives of ordinary people. "For the average person in New York in 1897, ***working-class*** tenement dwellers, it's not clear to me it made much difference," said Daniel Czitrom, a Mount Holyoke College history professor who is writing a book about the period.

But the issues surrounding consolidation have never vanished. Robert R. Macdonald, director of the Museum of the City of New York, says he intends to use the anniversary as an opportunity "to think about New York -- past, present and future."

He wants to examine why people have always left New York, even as others have come. Why, he asks, do people in Queens and Brooklyn still refer to Manhattan as "the city"? Why does New York City charge tolls on some of the bridges within its city limits, something Mr. Macdonald believes may be unique?

All these questions come down to municipal identity, something people in this city either take for granted or joke about.

Robert A. M. Stern, the architect, noted that the competition with Chicago was important. That city had just staged the Columbian Exposition in 1893, an enormously influential event New York was first supposed to host, then botched because it could not come up with a site.

Chicago's population, already 1.7 million, seemed to be growing faster than New York's, a particular annoyance because the Great Lakes economy had been stoked by the Erie Canal, financed by New York capitalists.

Even more important, Mr. Stern said, was the establishment of "the centrality of New York," which he said was reflected in the new homes of such grand institutions as the New York Public Library, whose founder, Andrew Haswell Green, was also the most prominent mover behind the new city.

But what Mr. Stern called "a grand civicism" was not without its darker side. "The old WASP establishment was recognizing that for the first time it wasn't in the driver's seat," he said. "This was a last-gasp attempt to impose the Anglo culture on the whole city."

Consolidation is also an example of the sort of forward thinking, often not a little grandiose, that has long characterized the city. Mr. Burns, the film maker, points out that in 1811, the city mapped the whole city in grid pattern, even though it was almost entirely farmland. Then in 1857, it created Central Park when the site was the northern point of habitation. From 1924 on, Robert Moses, holding a succession of state and city jobs, remade the parks, roadways and bridges of the metro area.

"This city was created by great extra-territorial thinkers," Mr. Burns said. "It was done on a macro-cosmic scale."

It is the sense of grand design that Brendan Sexton, president of the Municipal Art Society, suggested is lacking today, although he thinks great ideas are urgently needed in areas from new rail tunnels to parks. "It's no longer fashionable or encouraged to have grand visions," he said. "If being so huge is to be worth it to New Yorkers, then massive new visions for the future have to be articulated."

Whether this means an even bigger city, or just better means of regional cooperation, is unclear. Mr. Yaro points out that three of the state's largest cities are now in the process of moving many governmental functions to the county level.

"Buffalo, Utica and Syracuse are saying their cities don't work anymore," Mr. Yaro said. "Their metropolitan regions are much bigger, and they don't have the tax base."

As a collection of counties, New York City is clearly different than cities that are smaller than their counties. But Mr. Yaro noted that cities like Houston, San Diego and Phoenix have become the nation's trend-setters in continually expanding their boundaries so as not to lose their populations.

At the same time, Mr. Yaro said, the fact that one-third of the region's population resides in the city, an effect of consolidation, guarantees the city more political clout. By contrast, he said, the proportion is one-tenth or less in Detroit, Boston and other cities. "This means New York hasn't been marginalized," he said.

The question before New Yorkers is whether they can keep the spirit that prevailed when the city came together as one a century ago.

On Jan. 1, 1898, The New York Tribune proclaimed, "The sun will rise this morning upon the greatest experiment in municipal government that the world has ever known."

**Graphic**

Photo: The Brooklyn Bridge in 1885. Many Brooklynites, proud of roots extending to the 17th century, opposed merging with New York. (J.S. Johnston) (pg. 42)

Drawing: The new metropolis as "Father Knickerbocker," dwarfing Chicago, Boston and other cities. (New-York Historical Society) (pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 4, 1997

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Boerum Hill; Neighborhood With a 19th-Century Feel***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44VP-GDX0-01CN-H31H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 6, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 11; Column 2; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 5

**Length:** 1685 words

**Byline:**  By AARON DONOVAN

**Body**

BLOCK after block, the quiet streets of Boerum Hill, in northwest Brooklyn, are lined with shade trees and three- and four-story brick town houses, retaining the small-scale residential charm of a century ago.

"It's a well-preserved, mid-19th century brownstone community that is in the shadows of Brooklyn Heights and yet remains relatively affordable as to rents and to purchase," said William Harris, owner of Renaissance Properties and a resident of the area for 31 years.

The long blocks of Boerum Hill provide residents with an escape from the bustling city only a few subway stops away -- but an escape that is quintessentially urban.

The neighborhood attracts many who look first in Brooklyn Heights or Cobble Hill but decide they are willing to live in a less famous neighborhood for more space and a lower price. "Houses in the Heights are going for $3 million, $4 million," said Sal Cappi, a real estate broker on Atlantic Avenue for 16 years. "People realize it's adjacent to the Heights and you can get a similar house for less than half the cost."

A little younger, a little more diverse, a little funkier but still a family-oriented place is how Paige Finger, 33, a freelance promotional copywriter who moved to Boerum Hill in August with her husband, Christopher, 32, who works for a risk management software developer, described the neighborhood. "We were looking at co-ops in the Heights," she said, "and we found we could buy a house over here for the same price or less."

Almost all the private houses in Boerum Hill are town houses, and nearly all of them are three or four stories tall. Mr. Harris said town houses in the neighborhood are typically 50 percent less expensive than those in Brooklyn Heights; 25 percent less costly than those in Cobble Hill, immediately to the west; and comparably priced with those in Carroll Gardens, to the south.

Recently, prices have leveled off after climbing steadily for a decade. "Since Sept. 11, everyone is worried that maybe prices would go down," said Nancy McKiernan, owner of Nancy McKiernan Realty on Atlantic Avenue. "We've had a couple of minor revisions in price. Nothing's gone up in price, most things have kind of stayed the same, and some have been adjusted a bit."

The price of a house reflects its size and condition, and location also is important, Mr. Harris said. "People don't like to live across from the projects," he said.

There are two public housing projects in Boerum Hill: the Gowanus Houses, with 2,836 occupants in 14 buildings from 4 to 14 stories in height at Wyckoff, Douglass, Bond and Hoyt Streets, and the Wyckoff Gardens, which house 1,226 people in three 21-story towers at Nevins, Wyckoff and Baltic Streets and Third Avenue.

THERE is not universal agreement on the neighborhood's boundaries. The Boerum Hill Association considers the southern boundary to be a combination of Wyckoff and Warren Streets, but many who live in the area consider the neighborhood to continue as far south as Degraw Street, the northern boundary of Carroll Gardens.

In addition, while many who live on the blocks between Smith and Court Streets consider themselves to be in Cobble Hill, realtors say that area is part of Boerum Hill. The neighborhood's northern border, Schermerhorn Street, which separates it from the Downtown Brooklyn commercial district, and its eastern border, Fourth Avenue, are more widely agreed upon.

House values tend to rise as one travels north and west within the neighborhood, away from the Gowanus Canal. Generally speaking, the most valuable real estate is along Dean Street, followed by Bergen and Pacific Streets, said Mr. Cappi, the Atlantic Avenue real estate broker.

One- and two-family houses usually cost $450,000 to $950,000, though they can reach into the millions, Mr. Harris said. For two-family houses, the owner usually takes the upper floors as a duplex or triplex and rents out the first-floor garden apartment.

Many buildings have attractive external features including ironwork on the stoop and intact original cornices. Interior amenities like working fireplaces and good strucutral condition of the floors are also prized. "Because of wood's tendency to shrink over time, some of these houses have shrunk and sagged," Mr. Harris said.

Scattered among the town houses of the area are a few large apartment buildings, notably the Ex-Lax Building on Atlantic Avenue, a former factory that was converted to a loft-style co-op in 1979. There is another co-op at 422 State Street, a five-story elevator building, and condominiums occupy 88 Wykoff Street, a former furniture store, and 497 Pacific Street at the corner of Third Avenue.

Though it is frequently referred to as a brownstone neighborhood, most of the town houses in Boerum Hill are actually brick, which Mr. Harris said is even better. "The years have taught us that brick is a wonderful building material that requires a lot less maintenance," he said. "Brownstone has the unfortunate habit of spalling -- you need to get yourself a $35,000 or $45,000 facelift."

A 10-minute subway ride away from Lower Manhattan, Boerum Hill serves to a large degree as a bedroom community for Manhattan office workers. But it also has significant commercial districts of its own. Smith Street began about three years ago to receive a wave of new restaurants, boutiques and shops. Atlantic Avenue is known for antique stores and Arab-American restaurants and has recently undergone a transformation, if a less pronounced one, as well.

"Atlantic Avenue is probably in as good a shape as it's been since the 1920's," said Dennis Holt, a past president of the Boerum Hill Association who has lived in the neighborhood for 30 years. "It has a lot of new stores, a lot of diversity, a reputation for antiques and for Middle Eastern foods."

But still there are vacant storefronts and an underdeveloped area around the Brooklyn House of Detention, on Atlantic Avenue between Smith Street and Boerum Place, that planners refer to as "the gap." Some residents hope to reconfigure the avenue, which is now busier with commercial vehicles than with local foot traffic. "Atlantic Avenue is a major transportation corridor of huge regional significance," noted Candace Damon, president of the Atlantic Avenue Local Development Corporation and a partner at Hamilton Rabinovitz & Alschuler, a planning firm in Manhattan.

Ms. Damon said her group was seeking proposals and envisioned projects that combine housing and retail components to create pedestrian-friendly streets in order to enhance the avenue's role as a link between the waterfront to the west and the Brooklyn Academy of Music Cultural District to the east. "We want to make Atlantic Avenue more walkable," Ms. Damon said. "It functions as much as a highway as a walkable boulevard, and our vision is of a boulevard."

BOERUM HILL is home to two public elementary schools: P.S. 38, the Pacific School, at 450 Pacific Street; and P.S. 261, the Philip Livingston School, at 314 Pacific Street. Among P.S. 38's students, 31 percent read at or above grade level, compared with a citywide average of 42 percent. At P.S. 261, a magnet school for the arts, 48 percent of students read at or above grade level.

Many neighborhood parents send their children to four private schools in the area. One is the nonsectarian St. Ann's School at 129 Pierrepont Street in Brooklyn Heights, where tuition ranges from $12,750 for 3-year-olds to $18,600 for 12th graders. Another is Packer Collegiate Institute at 170 Joralemon Street, also in the Heights, where tuition ranges from $8,380 for a half-day 3-year-old program to $17,620 for Grades 5 through 12. The third is the Brooklyn Friends School at 375 Pearl Street in Downtown Brooklyn, a Quaker school where tuition ranges from $6,500 for part-time prekindergarten to $18,300 for high school. The Brooklyn Heights Montessori School on 185 Court Street in Boerum Hill offers preschool through eighth grade.

The neighborhood was built largely between 1860 and 1880, said Mr. Holt, a senior editor at Brooklyn Eagle Publications, which publishes The Brooklyn Daily Eagle and The Brooklyn Heights Press & Cobble Hill News. "This was what one could call a merchant middle class type of neighborhood in the 1880's," he said. "The houses aren't as fancy by any means as some of the houses in Brooklyn Heights and Cobble Hill and Park Slope."

***Working-class*** Irish and Italians dominated the area for decades until they began to move to the suburbs after World War II, said Ms. McKiernan, who has worked in the area for 20 years. Immigrants from Puerto Rico began to move into the buildings that the earlier groups left behind.

Boerum Hill was given its name in the mid-1960's -- previously it was part of the larger area known as South Brooklyn, though it was sometimes called North Gowanus -- as financially well-off people began to move into the neighborhood and renovate the row houses there. "It's an evolution that is very comparable to other neighborhoods," Mr. Holt said. "It really took off along around 1975. I remember making the conclusion that this trend cannot now be turned around. If you want to use the term gentrification, it had gentrified enough that it wasn't going to reverse itself, and that has proven to be quite true."

The neighborhood now frequently draws people from Manhattan. James Crow, 60, was a 20-year Greenwich Village resident until he looked at a row house in Boerum Hill. "I had no intention of living in Brooklyn," he said, "but just fell in love with the house, and then fell in love with the area."

He and his partner, Hector Nieves, moved into a landmarked carriage house in November 2000. Mr. Crow declined to say how much he had paid for the building, but said he has spent $50,000 on gut renovations.

At first, he said: "We had some problems with the locks. We were locked out four times in a row." But he noted that while he waited for a locksmith outside his building, neighbors stopped by to chat and to offer a place to sleep if he needed it. "People are really, really neighborly," he said. "I never experienced that in the Village."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bergen Street, a residential street in Boerum Hill dominated by town houses where prices are among the neighborhood's highest; below, a commercial area on Smith Street, off Atlantic Avenue. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); 4-story, 3-family brick town house at 275A Wyckoff Street, $440,000.; 4-story, 2-family brick town house at 142 Dean Street, $1.6 million.; 3-story, 1-family house with garden at 90 Wyckoff Street, $3.5 million. Chart: "GAZETTEER"POPULATION: 19,666 (2000 census).AREA: 0.38 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $38,370 (2000 census).MIDRANGE PRICE OF TWO-FAMILY TOWN HOUSE: $933,000.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $2,250.MIDRANGE PRICE A YEAR AGO: $858,000.MIDRANGE PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $462,000.MIDRANGE RENT ON 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,900.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 5 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: 20 minutes on the Q train from Atlantic Avenue or the W from Pacific Street; 30 minutes on the A and C trains from Hoyt and Schermerhorn Streets, the F from Bergen Street, the N and R from Pacific Street, the 1 or 2 from Hoyt Street, Nevins Street or Atlantic Avenue or the 4 or 5 from Atlantic or Nevins; $1.50 one way, $63 for a monthly pass.GOVERNMENT: City Councilmen Angel Rodriguez and David Yassky (both Democrats).CODES: Area, 718 and 347; ZIP, 11201 and 11217.MOHAWK INFLUENCE: In the 1940's and 50's, Mohawk Indians from the Akwesasne reservation on the Canadian border in New York state north of the Catskills and the Kahnawake reservation near Montreal came to New York City to work as ironworkers. Most of them settled in Boerum Hill, where the Iron Workers Local 361 had its office. But the construction industry endured lean years in 1985 to 1995, and most of the remaining Mohawks left as the work dried up. An apartment building at 375 State Street was once nearly all Mohawk, but no Indians remain there. An old Nevins Street bar called the Wigwam is gone, but another former center of Mohawk life, the former Cuyler Presbyterian Church at 358 Pacific Street, remains, as a private house. Map of Brooklyn highlighting Boerum Hill and surrounding areas.

**Load-Date:** January 7, 2002

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[***SATURDAY NIGHT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R3W0-0038-D2JT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 6; Page 36, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 3043 words

**Byline:** By Susan Orlean: Susan Orlean is the author of ''Saturday Night in America,'' from which this article is adapted. The book will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in May.

**Body**

SATURDAY NIGHT IS different from any other night. On Saturday night, people get together, go dancing, bowling, drinking, out to dinner, get drunk, get killed, kill other people, go out on dates, visit friends, go to parties, listen to music, sleep, gamble, watch television, go cruising, and sometimes fall in love - just as they do every other night of the week. But on Saturday night they do all these things more often and with more passion and intent. Even having nothing to do on Saturday night is different from having nothing to do on, say, Thursday afternoon, and being alone on Saturday night is different from being alone on any other night of the week.

For most people Saturday is the one night that neither follows nor precedes work, when they expect to have a nice time, when they want to be with their friends and lovers and not with their bosses, employees, teachers, landlords, or relatives - unless those categories happen to include friends or lovers. Saturday night is when you want to do what you want to do and not what you have to do. In the extreme, this leads to what I think of as the Fun Imperative: the sensation that a Saturday night not devoted to having a good time is a major human failure and evidence of a possible character flaw. The particularly acute loneliness you can feel only on Saturday night is the Fun Imperative unrequited. But most of the time Saturday night is a medium of enjoyment.

For the last few years, I have traveled around the country and spent Saturday nights with a variety of people in a variety of situations, with the intention not to define Saturday night but to illustrate it. What I wanted to know about Saturday night was not so much what is fun to do with your spare time as what, given some spare time and no directives or obligations, people do.

DISTINGUISHING SATURDAY NIGHT FROM the rest of the week began around 700 B.C. with the introduction in Assyria of once-a-week ''evil days,'' and it has remained constant throughout human history, including but not ending with ''Saturday Night Fever.'' I don't know of anything else that has social significance spanning ancient Babylonia and Babylon, L.I.

The origin of Saturday night's distinctiveness was religious - one day each week set aside as sacred, to contrast with the six others that were profane - and over time became economic (a day of rest versus a day of labor). Before this century, days of rest were permitted mainly so that laborers could restore - ''recreate,'' in Victorian terms - their strength and then return to another six days of hard work.

Eventually, as affluence and easy credit spread through the American middle class after World War II, weekend ''recreation'' became an end in itself. Fun was viewed as an entitlement of the middle class rather than an exclusive right of the rich and elite. The satisfying life, after the war, included an imperative to have fun, and Saturday night was the center of it.

How is Saturday night different now from the past? There is no doubt that AIDS has quashed some of the abandon that Saturday night both symbolized and contained - not just in gay nightclubs, but in all bars and clubs and parties. There are other ways social behavior and Saturday night have changed in tandem. A sex researcher told me he believed many people used to have sex only on Saturday nights, in some cases because it was their only chance, and in others because an unconscious sense of guilt made them feel it was improper on ''regular'' nights of the week. He also ventured that having sex on Saturday night was titillating for some people because it was only hours before they would go to church. Sexual liberation, that researcher concluded, has probably changed that. Then there's the effect of indoor plumbing on Saturday night: when baths were once-a-week events at the neighborhood bath-house, Saturday had the distinction of being bath night for most people.

Saturday night happens to be when most people take part in whatever is the current entertainment trend. They might watch a break-dance contest one month, and a lip-synching contest the next, and a lambada-dance (Continued on Page 82) demonstration the one after that. I began to think of this aspect of Saturday night culture as the Palace of Social Meteors. Every city I've ever visited seems to have a bar or nightclub called the Palace, the local showcase for whatever the current public diversion happens to be. I made a practice of avoiding the Palaces and all study of Social Meteors. Bar life is certainly a constant of the American Saturday night, but the ancillary activities that take place in them, I'm convinced, are mostly new ways to get people to spend money on drinks, and their evanescence proves only that people get bored with the ways they keep busy in bars.

It's hard to think about Saturday night without realizing that chronological time itself is something of an anachronism these days. Schedules are less rigid now than in the past. When I was a kid, grocery stores closed at 6 and were never open on Sundays. I still remember the first time I went to a 24-hour grocery at 4 in the morning, thinking that something fundamental had changed forever. You used to be out of luck for money on the weekend if you didn't get to the bank by 3 on Friday. Now most people I know don't even know when banks are open because they use 24-hour automatic-teller machines. Most stores are now open every day, since blue laws were repealed.

The way we perceive time changed when the American economy shifted from agriculture to industry. On a farm, the significant unit of time is a season. On an assembly line, though, you're inside all the time and you work all year round and you have no interaction with the natural physical world, so seasons no longer matter. What matters is the week, and you know that if you're annoyed to be back at work, it's probably Monday, and if you just got paid and feel more cheerful, it's Friday, and if you're happy, it's the weekend.

Now, as manufacturing, with its regular hours and rigid schedules, is displaced by a service and high-tech economy that runs incessantly, night and day, the convention of the five-day work week and the two-day weekend is coming apart. Many workers have unusual schedules - swing shifts, night work, three-day weekends. They also have their pay deposited electronically, bank by phone, shop at midnight, and tape ''The Tonight Show'' and watch it at breakfast. The idea of having to get to a bank by 3 on Friday or to watch Johnny Carson at midnight seems, in the 1990's, nostalgic.

Murray Melbin, a sociologist at Boston University, recently wrote that we have run out of land to colonize, so we are now colonizing nighttime, operating businesses 24 hours a day and setting up services to obviate the importance of time. Many people work from their homes via computer work stations and modem hookups and don't have work schedules. Soon, the week as we know it won't mean anything. Some people see this as liberation. Other people - I'm inclined to include myself in this camp - think it sounds awful. Maybe it would eliminate the problems of getting to work on time, but that's only because it means you're at work all the time. And the more the structure of the week disappears, the less extraordinary and special Saturday night will be.

I am not an enthusiast of the seamless week. I think the Assyrians had it right when they decided it was comforting to divide infinity into comprehensible, repeating units of time with distinct qualities. In particular, I would consider losing the singular nature of Saturday night - one night set aside to be off-limits to obligations - kind of a shame.

NOT LONG AGO, I SPENT AN interesting Saturday night in Elkhart, Ind. I had gone there to write about a local imbroglio that pitted the mayor, a young man with conservative tastes, against a group of people who liked to spend their Saturday evenings cruising in fancy cars through downtown. The Mayor saw the issue as a traffic problem; the cruisers saw his efforts as an infringement on their inalienable right to have fun on weekends. I saw it as a chance to see how seriously people take Saturday night.

I arranged to meet the cruisers at 9 o'clock, so I could ride with them on Main Street. At 7, I went to an Italian restaurant someone had recommended. I hoped the restaurant would be a quiet hole-in-the-wall. It was not. It was the sort of place that attracts every birthday celebration, first date, last date, prom date, anniversary party, engagement celebration and stag party within a 200-mile radius. I am not unaccustomed to being alone in a crowd, but this was the first time in my life I had dined alone at a restaurant - let alone a restaurant preferred by big, ostentatiously convivial groups of people - on a Saturday night. It was a largely disagreeable sensation.

I noticed that I was being noticed by the people seated near me. I decided that the best defense was to look busy, but reading the label on the aspirin bottle in my purse took only a minute. Next, I read the menu. Then I turned to the place mat, which had only a photograph of a beach - I never thought I would see the day when I would miss place mats with puzzles on them. I wondered whether I could leave without being too obvious, and if I left, whether I could get a more secluded dinner somewhere else.

My musing was interrupted by my waitress, a tall woman with curly brown hair, a high forehead and a voice that could cut through dry wall. Her nametag said MARIAN. She greeted me and asked if I was meeting someone. I said I wasn't. ''Here on vacation?'' she asked. When I said I was in town doing work, she gave me a long look full of pity. At that point, all I wanted was to get a quick dinner and get out. Marian, however, dawdled. After she took my order, she tidied my place setting and filled my water glass. She checked my salt and pepper shakers. I began to suspect that in her eyes I was a statistical freak - in the area of customers, a Fourth of July snowstorm. Finally, she grabbed a waitress passing by, turned her so she could get a good look at me, and said in a loud, clear voice, ''Just look at her! My God! All by herself and working on Saturday night!''

After that dinner, and after I had gone cruising, I set out to see how Americans spend Saturday night. Is it regional? Is it a matter of age and marital status? Relative wealth? Urban versus suburban versus rural? Is there such a thing as a typical Southern Saturday night, or a middle-aged Saturday night, or a ***working-class*** Saturday night? Is there some place that has sprung up to replace the vanished town squares and bars and bowling alleys where people used to gather when they wanted to get together and had no particular place to go?

This task had a few challenges. For one thing, many people, including me, often spend Saturday night at home. For a reporter, this is a tough world to infiltrate. And judging by many of the Saturday nights I've spent this way, their pleasures are too self-referential to bear description. It is also true that in the era of disaster news, people have come to expect to be written about only when something exceptional takes place in their lives. Quite often, people would ask me to come back when the town was having its jazz festival or mariachi festival or rodeo. That wasn't what I was after. I had this notion that Saturday night itself was a good enough subject. I liked the contrariness of examining leisure in an era that is career-crazy, and average citizens in an era that celebrates celebrity.

There were a few things about Saturday night I wanted to figure out. For instance, even though Saturday night is itself a democratic occasion, I wondered if most people choose to spend it undemocratically - that is, to spend it around people just like themselves. Some Saturday night situations don't appear to have any social parameters. One Saturday night, I hung around the emergency room of a large veterinary hospital in New York City. I'd heard there were certain animal accidents (cats falling out of windows, especially) that seemed to happen mostly on Saturday nights, and I wanted to find out why. I also wondered whether there was any similarity to the people who ended up at such a place on Saturday night when they didn't have an emergency. Some flattened cats did come in (it was a hot night, and a lot of people had probably left their windows open) but there were also a lot of people who just chose that night to have their dogs' teeth cleaned or their sick parakeets put to sleep. Except for sharing a somewhat unconventional notion of pet care, these people apparently had nothing in common. The animal emergency center aside, I saw some white people at a black church social I went to, and some black kids and a few upper-middle class white kids hanging around the white, blue-collar cruising crowd in Elkhart. But generally, it seems that Saturday night acts as a subset intensifier.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A dateless, hourless, calendarless future notwithstanding, I was happy to discover that Saturday night still does have a distinct personality and effect on most people. People still act differently on Saturday night for no reason other than it's Saturday night. For instance, there are fewer long-distance calls made Saturday night than any other night of the week. What is it about Saturday night that inhibits the urge to make calls? Is it that so many people are out, or that those who happen to be at home assume that anyone they want to call is out? Or does it just feel weird?

On Saturday night, there are the fewest airplane flights, the most murders, most taped radio shows, fewest television viewers, most visits to the emergency room, fewest suicides, most scheduled showings of ''The Rocky Horror Picture Show,'' most people breaking their diets, most liquor sold by the glass, the fewest number of calls to businesses offering products on television, and the highest number of reported incidents of cow-toppling in rural Pennsylvania. These might at first seem like weird specifics - informational dead ends, like knowing that 75 percent of all Iowans think Scotch tape is the best modern invention - but they really add up to a picture of what Saturday night in America is like.

It is a time when people listen to prerecorded radio shows, are too busy to watch television, have accidents, don't feel like killing themselves, go out for the evening and forget to close their windows and own curious cats with bad depth perception, feel like seeing campy movies, are in the mood to eat with abandon, drink in bars, aren't in the mood to order the five-volume set of Slim Whitman's greatest hits or aren't home to fall victim to the ad, see cows sleeping in pastures and are inspired to tip them over just for fun. It's in keeping with what the Assyrians had in mind when they first established the seven-day week.

FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS , while considering the nature of Saturday night, I have kept a clipping from The Chicago Tribune wire service over my desk, headlined: ''Leisure Time Shrinks By 32 Percent.'' The article says: ''Since 1973, the median number of hours worked by Americans has increased by 20 percent, while the amount of leisure time available to the average person has dropped by 32 percent. The difference between the rise in working hours and the drop in leisure time has been the time that people spend on work around the house and other responsibilities that do not qualify as work. The trend toward less and less leisure time has been steady and inexorable, according to a Harris Survey.''

If the law of supply and demand is universally true, the shrinking of leisure time could only serve to make Saturday night more valuable. In a world with 32 percent less leisure time, wouldn't a night imbued with pleasure and abandon remain an important and welcome tonic, no matter how irrelevant the conventional notion of time may come to be?

That equation seemed especially evident to me in Elkhart. It is a classic ***working-class*** town - more than half of its residents are employed at building, servicing, selling or outfitting recreational vehicles and customized vans - and the people I met there are probably among those Americans whose leisure time is shrinking the fastest. Accordingly, they considered Saturday night a matter of enormous consequence. ''The week is just something I get through until Saturday night,'' one man told me.

When Mayor James Perron banned cruising on Main Street, it set off three years of furious public debate. The superficial concern was traffic flow. What really got everyone roiled up was the idea that the city was legislating their leisure time. ''I'm a working man and I pay my taxes,'' the same man said, ''but no one's going to tell me how to spend my weekend. That's all mine.''

I also have posted over my desk something I found buried in a survey about leisure-time activity. It says: ''Fifty-four percent of those surveyed have sex at least once a week but ranked it below gardening and visiting relatives as regular activities.''

For a year or so, I didn't really know why I was so taken with this piece of arcane data except for its innate comic value. I went to spend Saturday night in a few dozen different places around the country. Time and time again I saw that Saturday night was indeed something special -a time when people are most at ease with themselves. Surveys and statistics of any sort began to seem less important once I realized that Saturday night is mostly mythic: larger than life, more meaningful the less closely it is examined, romantic in the purest way, more an idea than an event.

At last I figured out why that survey seemed to have a particular connection to my interest in Saturday night. According to the survey, most people have sex less often than they garden or visit their relatives, but I'm positive that they still consider sex the larger, more mystical, more mythic, more important, more noteworthy experience. That is how I finally feel about Saturday night. It is a matter of quality over quantity. If you add them up, there are many more weekdays in our lives than there are Saturday nights, but Saturday night is the one worth living for.

**Graphic**

Photos: TOODLES, A BAR IN WICHITA FALLS, TEX. 1988. (ROBBIE MCCLARAN) (pg. 36); BOTTOM LEFT: CRUISING IN ELKHART, IND. 1989. (JAY WOLKE) (pg. 36); BOTTOM RIGHT: ASIAN-PACIFIC DANCE CONTEST, HONOLULU. 1988.(LAUREN PIPERNO) (pg. 36); TOP: HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL IN DEER HUNTER, ME. 1987 (NUBAR ALEXANIAN) (pg. 37); THE DEL RUBIO TRIPLETS IN LOS ANGELES. 1989 (ALON REININGER/CONTACT) (pg. 37); TOP: SIX FLAGS OVER TEXAS AMUSEMENT PARK, IN ARLINGTON. 1987. (ROBBIE MCCLARAN) (pg. 38); CAJUN DANCE HALL, IN BASILE, LA. 1987. (JEFF JACOBSON) (pg. 38);

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[***New Accents for Old Ritual: Vacationing in the Catskills***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WBM0-0024-J414-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1553 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER,

By JOSEPH BERGER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SWAN LAKE, N.Y.

**Body**

The generations who came here to escape New York City's sultry streets called the Catskills "the Mountains," as if no other mountains existed or mattered. More often than not, their comments were flavored with Yiddish.

The crisp air and cool shade of the area are still ambrosia to vacationers. But now many of the voices are Korean and Russian, people flocking to places like Swan Lake because the landscapes remind them of summer places in the mountains near Seoul or in the Urals. The Yiddish that is spoken comes from the Hasidim who have replaced more secular Jews as the mainstay of the area's bungalow colonies.

As the Catskills grow more diverse, the region is showing signs of stemming the economic slide that over the years forced many of its resorts to close.

In the region's glory days, the 1940's, 50's, and early 60's, Jewish, Italian and Irish city dwellers would flock north for an inexpensive retreat from the summer heat. The area was close, about two and a half hours from Manhattan, and relatively inexpensive and it welcomed immigrant ethnic groups. The vacationers kept returning, as faithful as the Capistrano swallows. But their sons and daughters are more likely to seek out the Berkshires than the Borscht Belt.

Returning, Like Salmon

Although a handful of big-name resort hotels, like the Concord and Kutsher's, still hold their attraction, many smaller hotels and bungalow colonies have closed. Others have been converted into New Age religious retreats, drug-rehabilitation centers and Orthodox yeshivas.

And at others, the bungalows have been converted into condominiums or co-ops and sold to former New Yorkers who raised their children on Catskills summers before they retired. Now these vacationers, known as the Floridians, have returned to share memories and the natural air-conditioning with summertime companions of old.

"It's like salmon," said Willie Weinberg, 79, who winters in Florida and spends summers in nearby Monticello. "They grow up in the river and then they're going to the sea and after five years they're coming back. That's how it happened to me."

But probably the most startling presence is the Koreans, whose arrival was trumpeted in mid-April when Soung Kiy Min, a businessman, purchased Grossinger's. Once the elegant dowager of a legion of Catskills resorts, Grossinger's went bankrupt and closed in 1986. Its once-majestic lawns grew chaotic with weeds.

Mr. Min hopes to use Grossinger's golf course as the nucleus on which to resurrect the hotel, starting with a 42-room building and indoor pool that he plans to open in September.

People of Korean background have bought at least three other hotels here in surrounding Sullivan County. For owners like Hak Men Kim, whose family bought the dilapidated Golden Swan, a motel boasting one of the lake's best vistas, the experience has been a struggle.

Vacation at a Fast Pace

The Kims have found to their chagrin that most Koreans have yet to adopt the American habit of two- and three-week-vacations.

Instead the Korean-Americans, who constitute 10 percent of the Kims's guests, come up for two or three days to plunder this lake's fabled bass and barbecue their catch on the small beach, then return to their fruit stores or coin-operated laundries. Even the weekends they take are not restful.

"There's not enough time to enjoy here so they don't sleep," said Hak Men Kim. "All night they fish and they eat."

Mr. Kim and his wife, Young, left Korea 13 years ago, labored in the South's tobacco farms and mills, then bought a Bronx fish store. They fell in love with the Catskills on a skiing trip in 1985.

"My country is the same as here," said Mr. Kim. "It's mountains. It's up and down. Big trees. Lake. It's beautiful."

Working virtually round the clock, Mr. Kim has spruced up the 28 rooms and cleared the beaches of debris while Mrs. Kim has run a small restaurant and their twin daughters, Karan and Kayeon, 17, have straightened rooms. The daughters attend high school in nearby Liberty with only a handful of other Korean students.

Praise God, Have Some Fun

Besides the hotels, there is also a Korean-American bungalow colony -- the Catskills word for clusters of white cottages with a handball court and a pool that is always advertised as Olympic-sized even when its no bigger than a hot tub.

Ye Shik Choi, a Presbyterian elder in Flushing, Queens, has turned a nine-bungalow colony into a combination guest house and religious retreat called Bethel Mission Village. He fills bungalows with families or groups of teen-agers from congregations in New York City.

Along with enjoying the pool, his guests study the Bible and pray in the chapel, once the colony's "casino."

During the 1950's and 1960's, "casino" was a somewhat inflated Riviera-flavored name for a game room with battered sofas and a tiny stage that was the social center of each colony. The women played mah-jongg, the men played pinochle and smoked cigars, and their teen-age sons and daughters went through their first awkward romantic gropings.

This week, three young men with guitars and drums were using the former casino to rehearse a rock 'n' roll spiritual. Outside, Korean-American boys and girls played volleyball.

"We came here to pray, praise God and have a little fun," said Brian Son, 14, a student at Brooklyn's Midwood High School.

Although Russian-Americans have yet to buy any of the resort hotels, they have established a strong presence. Paula Yeager, a local real-estate agent, said some Russian community groups from New York City rent entire bungalow colonies for the summer and parcel them out to their members.

With their Slavic accents, ***working-class*** origins and Old World habits, the Russian-Americans remind year-round residents of the Jewish war refugees who filled many bungalows in the 1950's and 1960's. But, though most of the new Russian visitors are Jewish, few speak Yiddish or were raised with Jewish traditions.

Reminders of Home

Like the Koreans, many Russians are attracted by the area's resemblance to their homeland.

On the day Leah Borodova, 71, of Brooklyn, arrived at Willow Acres colony here, she made a syrupy juice out of green apples she had picked. She is also eager to hunt for ripe mushrooms in the woods behind the colony, then dry them for winter storage, just as she did in the Urals.

"The air, the weather, the quietness," she said. "I think I'm there at home."

Mrs. Borodova came here for two weeks with two grandchildren, Anna Beylin, 9, and her cousin Alex Beylin, 15, and Alex's mother, all for $400, about the cost of two days in Martha's Vineyard. Anna's parents, computer programmers, were expected for the weekend, squeezing their own cots into the two-room bungalow in the manner of bungalow dwellers of the past.

Once there were more than 400 bungalow colonies, said Al Bard, a longtime owner. Now the Yellow Pages list 175, but residents are skeptical that that many are in operation.

Many of the rest of the colonies have sold off individual bungalows as co-ops or condominiums for about $15,000 each, with Jewish retirees often the purchasers.

Willie Weinberg, a retired food shop owner, helped turn Silbert's Resort Community near Monticello Raceway into co-ops. When he was younger, Mr. Weinberg and his wife, Lola, would take their son, Marty, and daughter, Marilyn, out of Queens to now-defunct colonies like Zager's in Swan Lake. In the mid-1980's, after years of trying other vacation spots, they returned.

One-third of the resort's 57 bungalows are owned by Holocaust survivors who try to rekindle some of the atmosphere of their younger days when Catskills camaraderie had to substitute for the families they lost in Europe. They could breathe air reminiscent of their Polish towns, learn American dances and card games and give their children a respite from the clamorous streets.

"When we came to the mountains, we found our friends," Mr. Weinberg remembered. "Between survivors, it's one, two, three. You go to the casino Saturday night and the next day you're friends."

"And a week later you're enemies," added Mrs. Weinberg.

Fathers Arrive on Weekends

Mrs. Yeager, the real-estate agent, estimates that 75 percent of the remaining bungalow colonies are held by Hasidic groups. Decades ago, when the Weinbergs began coming to the region, the Hasidim were a small presence. But now, with their large families and distinctive garb, they now give the Catskills the look of the European shtetls.

The women at one colony with the business-like name of Nel Education Center cluster in lawn chairs encircled by baby carriages and small children. They replace their customary wigs with cooler turbans and play board games like Othello or dip in a pool enclosed with a high fence to safeguard their modesty.

The men drive up on weekends or brief vacations and spend much of their days inside, in a study hall. "Studying is one thing you never take a vacation from," said David Weiss, a Satmar Hasid from Brooklyn's Williamsburg who learned enough plumbing to manage the colony.

Mr. Weiss, who charges $1,200 for the summer, is not impressed with the arrival of the Korean- and Russian-Americans, predicting that they, too, will one day become upwardly mobile and forsake the Catskills.

"They won't last," he said. "The Hasidim have no choice. You can't take 10 children and go off to Europe."

**Graphic**

Photos: As the Catskills grow more diverse, the region is showing signs of stemming the economic slide that forced many of its resorts to close. At Bethel Mission Village, above, children played at a religious retreat for Koreans in Swan Lake, N.Y. A group of Hasidim, who have replaced less religious Jews as the mainstay of the area's bungalow colonies, studied at the Nel Education Center in Swan Lake. (Photographs by Dan Cronin for The New York Times) (pg. B5)

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[***THEY CAN CURSE AND THEY CAN COOK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4TG0-0014-54JB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

When the audience first meets Pale, the central figure in Lanford Wilson's ''Burn This,'' he is offstage, pounding on a stranger's apartment door, screaming obscenities at an unseen antagonist. It is well past midnight and Anna, the female character in Mr. Wilson's play at the Plymouth, looks confused and bleary-eyed switching on a light and peering through the peephole. Yet she opens the door and in tumbles Pale - a ranting, violent, drunken lunatic. Or so he appeared in John Malkovich's heated and extravagant performance.

Tomorrow, Eric Roberts takes over Mr. Malkovich's role, and it will be his task to capture the essential paradox of this curious character: Pale is not simply the uncaged tiger he at first seems to be. He is, in fact, a smartly dressed, well-paid manager of a two-star restaurant. Mr. Wilson has created a figure whose aggressive exterior masks a domesticated heart: Pale is hunting for love, and he finds it with a fragile choreographer from SoHo.

Terrence McNally, another important playwright of Mr. Wilson's generation, unfolds a similar story in ''Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune,'' a ***working-class*** version of ''Burn This'' now at the Westside Arts Theater. Here it is Johnny, a short-order cook played by Kenneth Welsh, who one night occupies the apartment of Frankie (Kathy Bates), a waitress. Ominously, he refuses to leave, insisting she accept his affectionate entreaties. The image a viewer retains at the end, however, is of Johnny and Frankie brushing their teeth while listening to Debussy.

In the characters of Pale and Johnny, Mr. Wilson and Mr. McNally have presented a new kind of leading man, a strange, distinctly 80's hybrid of Jimmy Stewart and Dennis Hopper, a character at once forthright and threatening, sweet and savvy. He has been cropping up elsewhere lately, in the film roles played by Sam Shepard and the television characters who star on ''Miami Vice.'' Something of him exists in the tough-guy-sweetheart pop stars George Michael and John Cougar Mellencamp. And the opera-loving baker played by Nicolas Cage in ''Moonstruck'' could be a cousin. He is no relation to the previous crop of leading men - the Alan Alda, Robert Redford nice guys whose diminished television ratings and slackened box-office appeal suggest their time may have passed. The new leading man is a likable -but not always a laudable - figure for our time. And his presence on stage signals something about the ambitions of the playwrights who have created him.

There is an androgynous quality to this modern male. It emerged strongly in Mr. Malkovich's eccentric performance -through his hooded lids and his slinky, languid walk, and in the fussy concern he displayed working at the stove and brewing a pot of tea. The actor's major prop was his long brown wig, with which Mr. Malkovich incessantly fussed, primping himself in the mirror and tossing back errant strands of hair.

Mr. Welsh's Johnny conveyed something of this same contradiction, by allowing his gentle command in the kitchen to neutralize much of the blustery, he-man veneer. Johnny makes a splendid Western omelet, the audience learns, and Mr. Welsh takes pains to display his mastery of the chopping knife when he is slicing peppers and ham. He unearths the softness and vulnerability that run just beneath his character's edgy surface.

These are men of the Baby Boom. Past the age of 30, they mask middle-of-the-road liberal values behind a cool, low-rent grammar. They can cook and they can curse. The mystery they exude reflects an ambiguous social status - an odd, indeterminate mixing of classes, a sliding among conventional categories. Pale, in particular, symbolizes a certain ideal for the generation that has claimed to want everything: He is vulnerable, sexy, knows good wines and packs a revolver.

To capture him, Mr. Malkovich seemed to have borrowed from a fitting source: Not only the hurriedly slurred phrases and the athletic way he moved across the stage but also his touch of femininity summoned up memories of Marlon Brando's Stanley Kowalski from the film version of ''A Streetcar Named Desire,'' a play now in revival at the uptown Circle in the Square. It is an appropriate model for Mr. Malkovich to choose because no character seems more the ancestor of Pale and Johnny than Williams's famously brutish lead: Just as Stanley embodied a certain hard-nosed 50's ethos, so these tamer descendants exude a soft, New Age air.

Pale might best be considered Stanley's son. Not literally - for Mr. Wilson makes clear that his character's father listened to Vivaldi, Puccini and Shostakovich - but in spirit: Stanley's strong feelings of alienation, so much a reflection of a distinctly postwar mood, and expressed variously in the writings of Sartre and the paintings of Pollock, have descended in his theatrical offspring to a mere awkwardness with social norms. Stanley flogs Blanche for her sartorial passion while Pale anguishes over a stain on his silk-and-linen slacks. The gulf is wide: Stanley reacted viciously to pretension and upper-class affectations; Pale expresses contempt for the society he rushes headlong to join, cloaking self-hate behind an avalanche of obscenities.

For his part, Johnny seems not so much Stanley's child as Stanley himself, a quarter-century later and recovering from a broken marriage and a stint in jail. The antiromantic protagonist of ''Streetcar'' has been transformed and pacified into the romantic hero of ''Frankie and Johnny.'' He has become a bit like Blanche's suitor, Mitch - a frustrated lover learning the fine arts. What was pathetic in Williams's supporting character has become admirable in Mr. McNally's lead. Johnny quotes Shakespeare and tries not to swear, and he puts great stock in courtly manners. Yet he is capable of crudeness and hate, and it emerges through unsettling flashes that light up the stage.

The gap between Stanley and a character like Johnny or Pale can be well measured by the current revival of ''Streetcar.'' Like Pale, Stanley is supposed to come onstage roaring, a bestial, looming threat. As with ''Burn This,'' Williams's play traces a discomfiting relationship between its leading man and an unlikely mate, in this case Stanley and Blanche. Stella, Stanley's wife - like Burton, Anna's original lover - is ultimately swept aside in the violent squalls of this stormy affair.

Yet unlike Pale, or for that matter Johnny, Stanley commits terrible acts. It is not his soft heart but his brutal exterior that wins out. Stanley tosses raw meat on the kitchen table before he heads off to the bowling alley. Johnny cooks it on a grill, and Pale sautes it in shallot sauce then sells it for $22.95.

Mr. Wilson's character says explicitly: ''I don't hurt people.'' And about his wife, from whom he is separated, Pale adds, ''All we ever do is yell, never touched her once.'' Johnny, too, insists he would not strike a woman.

Portraying Stanley in the original cast of this ''Streetcar'' revival (a role now undertaken by Kim Coates) was Aidan Quinn, who came under critical fire essentially for playing the role as if it were the lead in Mr. Wilson's drama - as if Stanley were an 80's man. A viewer could perceive the intelligence and sweetness in Mr. Quinn's character, and when he argued against Blanche, he seemed to make sense. ''What such a man has to offer is animal force,'' declares Blanche. But Mr. Quinn gave her something else. He was Stella's vision of Stanley - a surly, socially clumsy but lovable, attractive man. It is this character whom Anna uncovers in Pale. Yet to place that figure in the midst of ''Streetcar'' is to undo the play's shattering climax: With Mr. Quinn in the scene, the final confrontation with Blanche lost its sickening punch and Stella's rejection of Stanley became tenuous and odd. We root for Anna and Pale and for Frankie and Johnny. We should fear for Blanche with Stanley.

Perhaps this difference is a measure of our time. The new leading man projects only the thinnest layer of dissent. For a generation that emerged from the 60's looking for conventional jobs and traditional family lives, Pale and Johnny are calming figures. They counsel that domesticity and individuality can be a handsome couple. They suggest that life revolves around romance and manners, around personal satisfaction and good sex - that these are the complex, consuming issues for today. Ultimately, their presence soothes the egos of a well-to-do, young and apolitical audience that believes itself to be hip. Johnny and Pale are men molded in this shallow self-image.

They reflect a bland jumble of social values - values quite different from the ones that preoccupied ''Streetcar'' 's playwright in his churning melodrama - and they express fairly modest theatrical aspirations. It is not suprising that their impact is also less jarring. Williams wrote a metaphor of bitter class conflicts. Mr. Wilson and Mr. McNally have settled for mere snapshots of social nonconformity.

**Graphic**

Photos of Kenneth Welsh and Kathy Bates in ''Frankie and Johnny'' (Gerry Goodstein); Marlon Brando and Vivian Leigh in ''Streetcar''; Joan Allen and John Malkovich in ''Burn This'' (Martha Swope) (pg. 1); Blythe Danner and Aidan Quinn in ''A Streetcar Named Desire'' (Martha Swope) (pg. 39)

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[***Wealth Not Always Fatal Handicap in New Jersey Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W2N0-0024-J3CX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JERRY GRAY,

By JERRY GRAY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TRENTON, Aug. 21

**Body**

From the earthy, pipe-smoking Congresswoman Millicent H. Fenwick to former Gov. Thomas H. Kean, who traced his family wealth and political lineage to Colonial times, politics has long been a popular calling for some of New Jersey's wealthiest citizens.

And while their opponents occasionally took aim at their wealth or patrician backgrounds, the attacks seldom caused any lasting damage.

But against the grain of that tradition, wealth has become a central issue in this year's gubernatorial race between Gov. Jim Florio, a Democrat, and his Republican challenger, Christine Todd Whitman, as Mr. Florio has tried mightily to convince voters that his multimillionaire opponent is out of touch with them.

"It's not a matter of how much money you have," said Mr. Florio. "I suppose whether you are rich or poor you could still be out of touch with the people, and it is clear that she just doesn't get it."

Polls show that Mr. Florio and Mrs. Whitman are in a dead heat in the gubernatorial race, although no public polls have specifically addressed the question of her wealth. Moreover, none have been conducted in the last week as the debate swirled over Mrs. Whitman's rural estate and the agricultural tax breaks she received.

A Smaller Target

A growing chorus of Republican voices has encouraged Mrs. Whitman to go on the attack against Mr. Florio over tax increases, the state's economy and ethical questions about his administration, warning that every day she delays, she runs the risk of having Mr. Florio and his chief political strategist, James Carville, define her as a candidate.

But Mrs. Whitman's strategy has been to ignore the Florio attacks and to continue on the stump, frequently outside the view of the media, to provide as small a political target as possible for Mr. Florio.

"If he were to run on his record, he would be pretty defensive throughout this campaign," said Mrs. Whitman, the first woman candidate for governor in New Jersey under a major party banner.

That Mr. Florio, and Mrs. Whitman's Republican primary rivals before him, would try to turn her wealth into an issue is hardly new to New Jersey politics. Political opponents of both Mrs. Fenwick and Mr. Kean tried to use similar strategies, but to no avail.

Mrs. Whitman has not been as fortunate, experts say, largely because she lacks the political track record and is not as well known as her patrician predecessors.

Experts say the experiences of Mrs. Whitman and politicians like Mr. Kean reflect the conflicting public attitudes about wealthy candidates. "On the one hand there is a sort of envy, and on the other hand there's the idea that the wealthy can't be bought," said Stephen A. Salmore, a Republican consultant and a political science professor at Rutgers University.

Wealthy Representation

Both United States Senators from New Jersey are millionaires: Bill Bradley, a former star in the National Basketball Association, and Frank R. Lautenberg, who made a fortune as head of Automatic Data Processing, a company that processes the paychecks of 1 out of every 14 nongovernment workers in the nation.

But wealth has never been a political issue for either of the Senators, both of whom are Democrats. In fact, Mr. Lautenberg spent $5 million of his own money in his 1988 campaign, without suffering politically, as he defeated Pete Dawkins, a Republican multimillionaire.

Mrs. Fenwick, daughter of Ogden H. Hammond, a financier and state legislator, grew up in a 50-room mansion in Bernardsville, N.J. But by the time she won her first seat in the State Legislature in 1970, at the age of 59, and went on to Congress five years later, she had worked as a fashion model, an author and an editor and spent decades in public service.

With such a background, Mrs. Fenwick, who died last year, was molded into a colorful personality whose character transcended wealth. Her idiosyncrasies made her nearly a cult figure and inspired the Lacey Davenport character in Garry Trudeau's "Doonesbury" cartoons.

Kean's Success

But Mr. Kean had to work a bit harder. In his first run for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1981, an early challenge was to overcome the image of a blue blood, even though he had already served 10 years in the State Assembly.

Mr. Kean's ancestors include the 17th-century Governor of New Amsterdam, Peter Stuyvesant, and New Jersey's first constitutional governor. His father, the late Robert Winthrop Kean, served in the United States House of Representatives from 1939 to 1959, and his family's ownership of vast tracts of real estate and Elizabethtown Water Company, one of the state's largest utilities, made him one of the richest politicians in the state.

During the primary, one of Mr. Kean's three challengers, Joseph A. (Bo) Sullivan, tried to portray him as out of touch with common folk, using a political ad that said, "This isn't the kind of guy who would buy you a beer in Bayonne," a ***working-class*** community in northern New Jersey.

Mr. Kean won a convincing primary victory and then, before his Democratic opponent, Jim Florio, could use the issue against him, he took the political wind out of it by joining Mr. Sullivan at a Bayonne bar for a post-primary beer.

"I didn't think that kind of campaigning worked very well then and I don't think it works well now," said Mr. Kean, who defeated Mr. Florio in 1981 to win the first of two terms in office. "The voters didn't buy it with Jack Kennedy or the Roosevelts or the Rockefellers. The public just wants you to be yourself."

'On the Defensive'

But that assessment is being tested with Mrs. Whitman's candidacy. Like Mr. Kean and Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Whitman was born into wealth and politics, but unlike them, she did not come into political bloom with a wealth of experience. That has exposed her to an unyielding campaign by her opponents to portray her as a political dilettante.

"Millicent Fenwick became the Lacey Davenport of Doonesbury and that image of her as a fighter for the smaller person was clearly identified by the public," said Neil Upmeyer, president of the Princeton-based Center of Analysis of Public Issues. "A guy like Kean can have a drink with the boys at the blue-collar bar, but Christine Whitman can't do that because it would look phony.

"Wealth doesn't necessarily play against her, but it puts her on the defensive and it forces her to explain how she will relate to the people of New Jersey."

Mrs. Whitman's late father, Webster B. Todd, was Republican state chairman for a decade, a prominent figure in national Republican politics and an adviser to President Dwight D. Eisenhower. He amassed a family fortune as a building contractor whose projects included Rockefeller Center, Radio City Music Hall and Colonial Williamsburg, Va.

Her mother, the late Eleanor Schley Todd, was a Republican national committeewoman and led the New Jersey Federation of Republican Women.

Mrs. Whitman, 46, has never held a job in the private sector, but worked for the Federal Office of Economic Opportunity and the Republican National Committee, and was appointed by Mr. Kean in 1988 to head the State's Board of Public Utilities.

She had never held an elected office above a seat on the Somerset County Board of Chosen Freeholders, the governing body for the county, before she quit the public utilities board in 1990 to challenge Mr. Bradley. Focusing her campaign on Mr. Bradley's refusal to comment on the record $2.8 billion tax increase that Mr. Florio, a fellow Democrat, had pushed through the Legislature, Mrs. Whitman came within two percentage points, or fewer than 59,000 votes, of beating the incumbent.

It was her springboard to the gubernatorial race.

Her lack of experience could have been a fatal flaw in a gubernatorial race. But with the current anti-incumbency mood of the public, Mr. Florio has shied away from attacking her as inexperienced.

"I don't think wealth is an issue unless it is an indication that someone is out of touch," said Mr. Salmore, the political science professor. "But it's not something you can just say about someone, you have to show it.

"There were times during the primary when Christie raised that impression."

A String of Blunders

Mrs. Whitman has also been hurt by a string of public-relations blunders during her primary campaign, which Mr. Carville has catalogued and has promised to use in ads against her.

She begin her primary campaign with the admission that she had failed to pay Social Security taxes on two undocumented immigrants working for her. And later, she skipped her local school election in Tewksbury on the day she was touting her education package for the state. She explained that she felt it was out of place for her to vote since her children attend private schools. The local school budget failed after the vote ended in a tie.

Also, asked to comment on a debate over the state's $500 tax rebate to homeowners and to some renters, Mrs. Whitman was quoted as saying, "Funny as it might seem, $500 is a lot of money to some people." She acknowledges making the comment, but said it was taken out of context.

With the Nov. 2 election months away, Mrs. Whitman reasons that Mr. Florio's attempts to convince voters that she is out of touch have had no impact on a public that she believes has yet to start paying serious attention to the race.

"Clearly it is something that he is going to try to do," said Mrs. Whitman. "I'm not trying to pretend that it won't have any kind of effect. But I just have greater faith in the people than that. People in this state have had such a history of seeing through this kind of stuff."

**Graphic**

Photos: Christie Todd Whitman with a calf in her barn in Lamington, N.J. (Dith Pran/The New York Times); In 1981, Millicent Fenwick worked on legislation at her home in Bernardsville, N.J. (The New York Times) (pg. 33); Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey is a millionaire. The Rhodes scholar became financially successful by playing basketball with the New York Knicks. He posed in Manhattan after joining the club in 1967. (The New York Times) (pg. 39)

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**End of Document**



[***Finding a Neighborhood and a School***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F0W-VBT0-TW8F-G28C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DENNIS HEVESI

**Body**

MANY people with children in New York City know about the highly regarded Public School 87 on the Upper West Side, or Public School 6 on the Upper East Side.

In those schools, many students test above the norm in reading and math, and their parents can be assured, in most cases, that they have access to a decent education.

But in those neighborhoods, the average cost of a two-bedroom co-op exceeds $1.1 million, and a condo is more than $1.6 million, according to Jonathan Miller of the appraisal firm Miller Samuel. For a couple in a cramped one-bedroom apartment, or for a family moving here from, say, Omaha, they are likely to be out of reach.

There are suggestions, and maybe solutions, for people who want to stay in the city and send their children to public school without living in studio apartments. Several elementary schools around the city have gained attention for their innovative programs and good teachers, and many of them are in neighborhoods that are far more affordable than the Upper East Side or Upper West Side.

Finding space and a school may require having an open mind about what constitutes a good school and considering neighborhoods that might be unfamiliar.

There is a connection between neighborhood wealth and test scores, but it can be misleading. There is no question that property values are directly correlated with schools' test scores. ''They march in lockstep,'' said Ingrid Gould Ellen, deputy director of the Furman Center for Real Estate and Urban Policy at the New York University School of Law.

A statistical analysis by the Furman Center tracing both English language test scores for elementary and middle school students and median house prices in 26 New York City community school districts (all those outside of Manhattan) drew ascending, virtually parallel lines.

Median sales prices in the 26 school districts ranged from a low of $100,000 per housing unit in the South Bronx, where 22.4 percent of students in Grades 3 to 8 scored at or above grade level on the English tests, Professor Ellen said, to a high of nearly $400,000 per housing unit in the district covering suburbanlike northeast Queens, where 74.7 percent of students scored at grade level or higher.

But that doesn't present a full picture of the talents of the teachers or principals. Teaching ''middle-income kids with highly educated parents to do well on standardized tests is quite different, and arguably easier, than working with kids whose parents didn't graduate from high school, and getting them to do well,'' said Amy Ellen Schwartz, a professor of public policy and economics at the Furman Center.

''Some schools do a fabulous job educating their kids even if they don't perform at the highest level, and they are not in the fanciest neighborhoods,'' Professor Schwartz said. ''There are some schools in Queens, for example, that have immigrant parents, where English as a second language is the norm, and they're doing a great job.''

Clara Hemphill, author of ''New York City's Best Public Elementary Schools: A Parents' Guide'' (Teachers College Press), agreed. Ms. Hemphill is also director of the Web site [*www.insideschools.org*](http://www.insideschools.org), sponsored by Advocates for Children of New York, which offers profiles of all 1,300 schools in the city system; she and her staff have visited about 950 so far. ''We encourage people to look beyond the scores,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''We think qualitative information is very important, but often overlooked.''

To be sure, parents seeking the most comprehensive data on a particular school in the system can go to the Department of Education's Web site -- [*www.nycenet.edu/daa*](http://www.nycenet.edu/daa) -- and find up to 20 pages of information on that school, including: class size, attendance, number of teachers with advanced degrees, spending per pupil, special-education enrollment, percentage of students eligible for free lunch, suspensions and, of course, test scores.

Ms. Hemphill's books and Web site provide much of that data, but also a more impressionistic assessment of each school.

The profiles touch on such aspects as discipline, school uniforms, homework policy, special education services, students' work posted in the hallways, children reading while sitting on beanbag chairs or rugs, parent volunteers. Every two weeks, the Web site is updated with parents' comments.

The Web site also gives a green check to noteworthy schools. ''We've identified schools that have all the ingredients to do well,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''But, really, the key is a good principal. With a good principal, anything is possible. And if you have an ineffectual principal, even with a good staff, you won't have a good school.''

Test scores are measured by a system of five stars: (\*) one star indicating that zero to 19 percent of the students scored at or above grade level; (\*\*) two stars, 20 to 39 percent; (\*\*\*) three stars, 40 to 59 percent, (\*\*\*\*) four stars, 60 to 79 percent and (\*\*\*\*\*) five stars, at least 80 percent.

Ms. Hemphill was asked for snapshot impressions of a sampling of noteworthy schools sprinkled about the five boroughs. And local brokers were asked to assess the home market around those schools.

There is a link between school quality and housing prices in the city, but it is not as strong as it is in most suburbs, in part because of a looser connection in the city between home location and school attendance.

While most elementary and middle schools in the city are zoned, meaning any student residing in the area is eligible to attend that school, zoned schools can grant waivers to children living outside the area.

Then, of course, scattered throughout the five boroughs are dozens of magnet and charter schools that accept students regardless of where they live. Many city high schools are not zoned and accept students based on factors other than where they live. ''So, to the extent that in the city the high school link is loose,'' Professor Schwartz said, ''we can expect less impact on property values.''

What follows is Ms. Hemphill's list of schools -- ''It's a somewhat idiosyncratic list,'' she said, and in no way inclusive -- and information about housing prices.

THE BRONX

P.S. 24, 660 West 236th Street, Riverdale (2004 reading scores \*\*\*\*), borders the parkland of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, with trails by the Hudson. ''The school's principal is well versed in special education,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''One of its strengths is teaching kids from different ethnic groups.'' All around the neighborhood, said Susan E. Goldy, president of the real estate firm Susan E. Goldy Inc., are co-op buildings and private homes. ''There's express buses to Manhattan; the Metro-North station is 18 minutes from Grand Central,'' she said, ''or you can take a bus or walk to the subway.'' A two-bedroom co-op on Palisade Avenue is listed at $449,000. Rents for two-bedrooms are $1,200 to $1,500; three-bedrooms, $1,800 to $2,300.

P.S. 119, 1075 Pugsley Avenue, Soundview (\*\*\*), is surrounded by one-, two- and three-family homes and apartment buildings and is close to the No. 6 subway line. ''The school has a Harvard-educated principal who is knowledgeable about the teaching techniques the mayor is introducing,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''Kids read children's literature rather than textbooks.'' Haniff Baksh of ERA Besmatch Real Estate said a single-family three-bedroom on Patterson Avenue is listed for $330,000; a two-family on Story Avenue, $385,000. Rent for a two-bedroom is about $1,075; three-bedrooms, $1,350.

BROOKLYN

P.S. 58, 330 Smith Street, Carroll Gardens (\*\*\*\*), ''has couches and rocking chairs in the classrooms,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''Children as young as 5 learn violin.'' Angela Vita, owner of Vita Realty, said: ''On Court Street or Smith Street you see all the mothers with strollers. Smith Street has become a restaurant row.'' Brick or Federal-style row houses line the streets. ''A three-story, two-family on Sackett Street is listed for $995,000,'' Ms. Vita said. Rent for a two-bedroom starts about $1,800.

P.S. 154, 1625 11th Avenue, Windsor Terrace (\*\*\*\*), ''has a homey feel and a strong principal,'' Ms. Hemphill said. Dan Shapiro, an agent for Madison Estates & Properties, said Windsor Terrace is ''a small, close-knit community'' with colonnade-style one- and two-family homes. The average home, Mr. Shapiro said, sells in the high $600,000's to low $700,000's. Currently, a two-family house on Vanderbilt Street is listed at $679,000.

P.S. 384, 242 Cooper Street, Bushwick (\*\*\*), ''has a large immigrant population and a really dynamic principal,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''Test scores are going up.'' T.J. Wilson of Coldwell Banker Innovation Real Estate said: ''It's a ***working-class*** neighborhood, lots of wood frames; mostly two- and three-families.'' A two-family house on Cooper Street, near the school, is listed at $440,000. Rents start at about $1,200 for a two-bedroom and $1,500 for a three-bedroom.

QUEENS

P.S. 222, 86-15 37th Avenue, Jackson Heights, is a prekindergarten through second grade (no test scores) ''early-childhood magnet school,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''They have two computers in each classroom even though these are little kids.'' Jim Pappas of ERA Rock Realty said the school is close to the No. 7 line and shopping on Roosevelt Avenue. ''We're at the top tier for diversity in the country,'' Mr. Pappas said, ''100-plus nationalities.'' On 34th Avenue, a two-bedroom co-op is listed for $235,000. On 88th Street, the asking price for a detached five-bedroom is $699,000. Rents for two-bedrooms range from $1,300 to $1,500; three-bedrooms, $1,400 to $1,900.

P.S. 234, 30-15 29th Street, Astoria (\*\*\*\*), ''is a beautiful building, curved hallways,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''It has a strong arts curriculum.'' Kelly Lagoudis of Re/Max Today said, ''Athens Square is across the street; in the summer, they have musicians, dancers; all the people come.'' The N and R lines are a block from the school. A three-family brick house on 21st Street is listed for $799,000; a two-family on 21st Street, for $769,000. On mixed-use streets, Ms. Lagoudis said, there are apartments above and stores on the ground floor -- ''fruit stores, pastry shops with people sitting outside.'' Rents for two-bedrooms start at $1,250; three-bedrooms, $1,600.

STATEN ISLAND

P.S. 19, 780 Post Avenue, Port Richmond (\*\*\*), ''has classical music and jazz playing in the corridors,'' Ms. Hemphill said, ''student work on the walls.'' Dawn M. Carpenter, president of Dawning Real Estate, said Port Richmond has a mix of large colonials, detached ranches and bungalows and newer semiattached homes. ''A one-story, two-bedroom bungalow could start at $229,000,'' she said. ''For three-bedroom colonials, the price would be $325,000 to $359,000, which in today's market is economical for the young family. One of the newer semiattached colonials, three bedrooms, that's $459,000.''

P.S. 6, 555 Page Avenue, Tottenville (\*\*\*\*), is ''a beautiful facility, built in 2000,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''One benefit of a new school is that the principal can hire a cohesive staff; you see that there.'' Tottenville, at the southern end of the island, retains rural vestiges. ''You have new homes blending with homes as much as 150 years old,'' said Robert Kelly of ERA Master Realtors. Open spaces, with stretches of cattails, border the school. The train trip and ferry ride to Lower Manhattan take 90 minutes. A detached one-family ''handyman special'' on Sprague Avenue near the school, Mr. Kelly said, is listed for $399,000; a two-bedroom condominium town house on Sprague Avenue, $289,900. ''A large two-family colonial on Amboy Road is priced at $775,000,'' he said.

MANHATTAN

Hamilton Heights Academy, 475 West 155th Street, is a small, new school (no test scores) housed in a neighborhood school. ''It's progressive, racially mixed,'' Ms. Hemphill said. ''Parents are welcome in the classroom.'' Four-story row houses line the side streets, with co-op and condominium buildings on the avenues. ''Until 1984,'' said Willie Kathryn Suggs, principal of Willie Kathryn Suggs Licensed Real Estate Brokers, ''you could buy the most beautiful house on Hamilton Terrace or Strivers' Row for $200,000. These days, it's $2.5 million.'' A two-bedroom co-op on Convent Avenue at 149th Street is listed for $425,000. In a five-story walk-up at 152nd Street, a three-bedroom co-op is priced at $295,000.

P.S. 126, 80 Catherine Street, Lower East Side (\*\*\*\*), ''is a cheery building with student work all over the walls,'' Ms. Hemphill said.

''Parents stay with their children during breakfast.'' There are low-income housing and brownstones with storefronts in the neighborhood, said Kristine Benson of Century 21 William B. May, and pockets of new construction. ''On Clinton, there are co-op high-rises where two-bedrooms go for $675,000,'' she said. Rent for a two-bedroom at 10 Rutgers Street is $2,800. ''That's not bad; studios rent for $2,800 in other parts of the city,'' she said. ''I think people are just trying to get a piece of Manhattan, and the Lower East Side is the epitome of what's changing.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bronx -- P.S. 119 (above) in the borough's Soundview section is surrounded by single and multifamily houses and apartments, including this one (left) on Story Avenue. Rent for a three-bedroom is around $1,350. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)

Staten Island -- Built in 2000, P.S. 6 in the Tottenville section (above) is another highly rated school. Home prices in the area are considered affordable. The interior of a typical home on Sprague Avenue (right). (Photographs by Mary DiBiase Blaich for The New York Times)

Queens -- This home at 25-10 21st Street in Astoria (left) is on the market for $799,000. Children in the neighborhood attend P.S. 234, which has a strong arts curriculum. (Photographs by Justin Lane for The New York Times)

Lower East Side -- Students of P.S. 126 (above) cross Catherine Street. Low-income housing and brownstones are in the area. Rent for a two-bedroom at 10 Rutgers Street (left) is $2,800. (Photographs by Jonathan Fickies for The New York Times)

Brooklyn -- P.S. 384 (above) in the Bushwick neighborhood has a large immigrant population and improving test scores. This two-family house at 81 Cooper Avenue right) is on the market for $440,000. (Photographs by Jonathan Fickies for The New York Times)(pg. 9)Drawing (Illustration by Ross MacDonald)(pg. 1)

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**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

JENNIFER JONES RETROSPECTIVE Among the celluloid dream girls manufactured by Hollywood in the 1940s, Jennifer Jones occupies a celestial niche. Beginning with her first major feature, ''The Song of Bernadette,'' in which she played a saintly French peasant who has a vision of the Virgin Mary, the character she represented on the screen was a spiritually exalted being who kept part of herself in reserve. Even when Ms. Jones went notoriously down and dirty to play Pearl Chavez, a sex-crazed half-Indian woman in ''Duel in the Sun,'' right, you had the titillating sense of a lady playing a tramp. (The opposite could be said of Lana Turner in dignified upscale roles.)

These polarities are suggested by the title of the Film Society of Lincoln Center's retrospective of Ms. Jones's movies, ''Saint and Sinner: The Tempestuous Career of Jennifer Jones,'' at the Walter Reade Theater. Even as she crawled through the dirt, you still had a sense of her as the abstract embodiment of ideal femininity, 1940s style: a beautiful, empathetic trophy who was fundamentally untouchable.

Her aura of exaltation is largely thanks to David O. Selznick, the producer who discovered her, fell in love with her and eventually married her; for most of her career he micromanaged every detail of her presentation. He liked to cast her as women from great literature: the title character of Flaubert's ''Madame Bovary''; Carrie Meeber in ''Sister Carrie''; Catherine Barkley in the disastrous 1957 remake of ''A Farewell to Arms'' (not shown in the series); and Nicole Diver in F. Scott Fitzgerald's ''Tender Is the Night.''

The retrospective begins on Friday afternoon with the 1952 melodrama ''Ruby Gentry,'' set in Southern bayou country, followed by the 1946 Ernst Lubitsch comedy, ''Cluny Brown,'' in which she played opposite Charles Boyer, and ''Duel in the Sun,'' Selznick's pulpy attempt in 1946 to duplicate the success of ''Gone With the Wind.''

But the most blatant attempt to present Ms. Jones as the essence of female perfection is ''Portrait of Jennie,'' a romantic 1948 ghost story in which her dead character, Jennie Appleton, materializes from the past to inspire a starving artist (Joseph Cotten) who feels compelled to paint her. Jennie is the face in the misty light. (Through May 24, Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, 212-975-5600, filmlinc.org; $11; $8 for 62+.) STEPHEN HOLDEN

'BABY MAMA' (PG-13, 1:36) Tina Fey plays a 37-year-old single career woman who, desperate for a baby, hires a womb of her own in the dizzy, slap-happy form of Amy Poehler. The director Michael McCullers's visual style is sitcom functional, but the women pull you in. (Manohla Dargis)

'THE BABYSITTERS' (R, 1:30) Until it crosses a shadowy line dividing serious comedy from distasteful exploitation, the story of a prostitution ring of high school baby sitters has the makings of an incisive satire of greed and lust in suburbia. (Stephen Holden)

'BATTLE FOR HADITHA' (No rating, 1:33, in English and Arabic) In this measured, intelligent dramatization, the British filmmaker Nick Broomfield, best known for pugnaciously personal documentaries like ''Biggie and Tupac,'' revisits the killing of 24 Iraqi civilians, including women and children, by marines stationed in Haditha. (Dargis)

'BEFORE THE RAINS' (PG-13, 1:38, in English and Malayalam) Fatal culture clash, imperialist entitlement, forbidden passion between master and servant: the ingredients of the director Santosh Sivan's period film set in 1937 India may be awfully familiar, but the film lends them the force of tragedy. (Holden)

'BLOODLINE' (No rating, 1:48, in English and French) Bruce Burgess's sensationalistic documentary ''Bloodline'' further explores the theory brought to the masses in Dan Brown's best-selling novel ''The Da Vinci Code'' that there exists a lineage traceable back to Jesus and Mary Magdalene. The film, which tackles a supposition that is gospel to some and totally ludicrous to others, is only moderately suspenseful, partly because there is, of course, no resolution. (Laura Kern)

'COLLEGE ROAD TRIP' (G, 1:23) Eyes popping and mouths agape, Martin Lawrence and Raven-Symone mug their way through ''College Road Trip'' as a disturbingly doting father and his fed-up daughter en route to her college interview. As Dad crashes a wedding and storms a sorority house, you'll be thankful that the movie's target audience is too young to have heard of Freud. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'CONSTANTINE'S SWORD' (No rating, 1:35) At the heart of Oren Jacoby's screen adaptation of ''Constantine's Sword: The Church and the Jews: A History,'' James Carroll's historical study of the relationship between religious militancy and violence, lies a question to which each person of faith must find his own answer: When your core beliefs conflict with church doctrine, how far should your loyalty to the church extend? (Holden)

'THE COUNTERFEITERS' (R, 1:38, in German) Stefan Rudowitsky's film, winner of this year's Oscar for best foreign-language film, is based on the true story of concentration camp inmates involved in a Nazi scheme to counterfeit Allied currencies. Karl Markovics gives a ferociously concentrated performance as Salomon Sorowisch, a man who brings his underworld code of ethics and his professional pride from Berlin to the Sachsenhausen camp. (A. O. Scott)

'88 MINUTES' (R, 1:45) Actually it's 105 minutes, and they're all bad. (Manohla Dargis)

'THE FALL' (R, 1:56) Wide-eyed and empty-headed, this globetrotting fantasy epic from the commercial director Tarsem Singh is a genuine labor of love. And a real bore. (Nathan Lee)

'FLIGHT OF THE RED BALLOON' (No rating, 1:53, in French) A wonderment from the Taiwanese master Hou Hsiao-hsien that is, to quote the film itself, ''a bit happy and a bit sad,'' about a lonely Parisian boy, his distracted if loving mother (Juliette Binoche) and the red balloon that hovers at the edge of their lives like a prowler (or an angel). (Dargis)

'FORBIDDEN KINGDOM' (PG-13, 1:53) Jet Li and Jackie Chan kick each other around for the first time in this earnest English-language tribute to Chinese martial arts action movies. Nothing spectacular, but entertaining enough to satisfy kung-fu newcomers and deep-dyed aficionados. (Scott)

'FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL' (R, 1:45) Jason Segel wrote the script and stars in this raunchy, hit-and-miss tale of a guy trying to rebound from a bad breakup. Most of the laughs are supplied by the usual Judd Apatow cast of supporting players (from whose ranks Mr. Segel was recently promoted). (Scott)

'FUGITIVE PIECES' (R, 1:44) This dreamy adaptation of Ann Michaels's acclaimed novel (by the Canadian director Jeremy Podeswa) transforms a wrenching Holocaust-survival drama into the cinematic equivalent of warm milk and honey. As a Polish Jew haunted by the past, Stephen Dillane gives a gentle, understated performance that never devolves into self-pity. (Catsoulis)

'HAROLD AND KUMAR ESCAPE FROM GUANTANAMO BAY' (R, 1:42) A stoner sex farce for the end of the Bush administration. Less social satire than hit-and-miss goofing, the latest adventures of America's favorite (or perhaps only) weed-crazed, multicultural odd couple take them from Cuba to Texas to Amsterdam in search of love, a good buzz and a respite from the stupidities of politics. (Scott)

'IRON MAN' (PG-13, 2:06) Not a great superhero movie, but a good one in some refreshing and unusual ways. Robert Downey Jr. is a delight to watch as Tony Stark, an arms dealer with an uneasy conscience and a high-tech metal suit. The supporting cast, including Jeff Bridges, Gwyneth Paltrow and Terrence Howard, help to make this an unlikely achievement: an action movie for connoisseurs of acting. (Scott)

'JELLYFISH' (No rating, 1:18, in Hebrew) A charming oddity from Israel, directed by Etgar Keret and Shira Geffen, in which lonely lives crisscross and zigzag, revealing serendipitous patterns of meaning and emotion. (Scott)

'MADE OF HONOR' (PG-13, 1:41) This taming-of-the-rogue romantic comedy adds tart, satirical flavors to a cotton-candy formula without sabotaging the inevitable sugar rush. Think of it as ''My Best Friend's Wedding'' with the ceremony unfolding in a Scottish castle. (Holden)

'MISTER LONELY' (No rating, 1:52) Harmony Korine's first feature in nearly a decade is haunting and sad, but also charming. Diego Luna is a Michael Jackson impersonator who finds himself in a Scottish retreat for other misfits who take on the identities of celebrities. Werner Herzog shows up playing a priest, and he blesses this odd, lovely movie with his visionary enthusiasm. (Scott)

'NIM'S ISLAND' (PG, 1:36) In this sweet but ho-hum adaptation of Wendy Orr's novel, an agoraphobic writer rushes to the aid of a motherless, island-bound girl (Abigail Breslin) whose father has been trapped by a storm at sea. The message that lifelong connections can be forged through books is lovely, but the casting genius who suggested Jodie Foster as a potential love interest for Gerard Butler should be looking for a new occupation. (Catsoulis)

'OSS 117: CAIRO, NEST OF SPIES' (No rating, 1:39, in French) From France, an amusing if obvious spoof of a cold-war-era secret agent, more Maxwell Smart than James Bond, mixing it up in Egypt around the time of the Suez Crisis. (Scott)

'THE OTHER BOLEYN GIRL' (PG-13, 1:55) Natalie Portman and Scarlett Johansson star in a salacious slog about two hot blue bloods who ran amok and partly unclothed in the court of Henry VIII. (Dargis)

'POULTRYGEIST: NIGHT OF THE CHICKEN DEAD' (No rating, 1:43) Within the context of its genre -- the satirical sexploitation zombie chicken gross-out musical extravaganza -- ''Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead'' is just about as perfect as any film predicated on the joys of projectile vomiting and explosive diarrhea can be. (Lee)

'PRICELESS' (PG-13, 1:43, in French) Set in the luxurious resorts of southern France, this fizzy Gallic comedy of mistaken identities and erotic shenanigans observes a gold-digging gamine (Audrey Tautou) and a bartender-turned-gigolo (Gad Elmaleh) playing games of tainted love with wealthy sybarites on the far side of 60. (Holden)

'PROM NIGHT' (PG-13, 1:28) Brittany Snow plays the sole survivor of a stalker who killed her family three years earlier and who has chosen the night of her senior prom to finish the job. For a film about erotomania, this reimagining of the 28-year-old original is a curiously flaccid affair, dampened by a risible villain, a bloodless script and fewer scares than the elimination episodes of ''Dancing With the Stars.'' (Catsoulis)

'ROMAN DE GARE' (R, 1:43, in French) A Euro-luxe thriller from Claude Lelouch, who has come to specialize in such things. Mildly engaging at the start and finish, with a burst of clever, comic invention in the middle, and fine performances by Audrey Dana and Dominique Pinon. (Scott)

'SHINE A LIGHT' (PG-13, 2:02) As you scrutinize the aging bodies of the Rolling Stones in Martin Scorsese's rip-roaring concert documentary filmed in 2006, there is ample evidence that making rock 'n' roll may hold the secret of eternal vitality, if not of eternal beauty. Lean and haggard, the band (especially Mick Jagger) has the juice. (Holden)

'SMART PEOPLE' (R, 1:34) A chaotic but nonetheless insightful comedy about a grumpy professor (Dennis Quaid) who stumbles into an affair with a former student (Sarah Jessica Parker). Ellen Page and Thomas Haden Church steal quite a few scenes as the professor's daughter and his adoptive brother, and Mr. Quaid, with stooped shoulders, wayward facial hair and a closet full of corduroy jackets, is remarkably convincing. (Scott)

'SPEED RACER' (PG, 2:15) In every way the opposite of its title. Like watching paint dry through the passenger window of a car. (Scott)

'STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE' (R, 1:53) Errol Morris's documentary inquiry into the prisoner abuse scandal at Abu Ghraib is predictably bleak and depressing. Less predictable is that Mr. Morris finally has little meaningful to say about the subject. (Dargis)

'STREET KINGS' (R, 1:47) An absurd, accidentally entertaining potboiler, based on a story by James Ellroy and directed by David Ayer, about an ultraviolent gang of cops operating inside the modern Los Angeles Police Department and wholly outside the law. Keanu Reeves plays the pit bull, and Forest Whitaker plays his master. (Dargis)

'SURFWISE' (R, 1:33) Doug Pray's wonderfully engaging nonfiction look at the first family of surfing, the Paskowitzes, is a meditation on love, family and the relentless pursuit both of happiness and of the perfect wave. (Dargis)

'THE TRACEY FRAGMENTS' (No rating, 1:17) Ellen Page (''Juno'') plays a 15-year-old girl at loose ends with her usual intelligence. The story has many familiar elements of adolescent melodrama, but the director, Bruce MacDonald, uses split screens and chronological displacement to turn a somewhat overwrought story into a powerful psychological portrait. (Scott)

'TURN THE RIVER' (R, 1:32) Famke Janssen gives a gripping performance as a pool hustler in this finely observed portrait of ***working-class*** desperation that refuses to play by ordinary rules until the movie falls apart at the end. (Holden)

'21' (PG-21, 2:03) A feature-length bore about some smarty-pants who take Vegas for a ride. Directed by Robert Luketic and loosely based on Ben Mezrich's book ''Bringing Down the House.'' (Dargis)

'UNDER THE SAME MOON' (PG-13, 1:49, in Spanish and English) An ''Incredible Journey'' for the socially conscience-stricken, Patricia Riggen's shamelessly manipulative film places all its marketing eggs in the cute-kid basket. Following a 9-year-old Mexican boy as he journeys to Los Angeles to reunite with his mother, the movie is too busy sanctifying its protagonists and prodding our tear ducts to say anything remotely novel about immigration policies or their helpless victims. (Catsoulis)

'UP THE YANGTZE' (No rating, 1:34, in English, Mandarin and Sichuan) Set mostly on a cruise ship making a farewell tour of the Yangtze River, this astonishing film explores the incalculable human impact of the giant Three Gorges Dam project on the river, as history is erased in the turmoil of China's economic miracle. (Holden)

'VANTAGE POINT' (PG-13, 1:24) A gimmick (repeat the assassination of an American president over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over) in search of a point. (Dargis)

'THE VISITOR' (PG-13, 1:43) Tom McCarthy's second film as writer and director (following ''The Station Agent'') is the quiet, subtle story of a self-effacing man's unexpected awakening. Richard Jenkins gives a faultless performance as a middle-aged, widowed professor jolted out of his malaise by his encounter with two unexpected houseguests. (Scott)

'WATER LILIES' (No rating, 1:25, in French) The flowers that bloom in this first feature from the writer and director Celine Sciamma belong to a familiar cinematic species, the newly sexualized teenage girl. A nice, minor work that lacks a commitment not just to its characters but also to its own reason for being. (Dargis)

'WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS' (PG-13, 1:39) A junky time waster with Cameron Diaz and Ashton Kutcher about strangers who wed during a Vegas bender and spend the rest of the movie bickering toward the inevitable. Hangovers guaranteed. (Dargis)

'YOUNG@HEART' (PG, 1:48) This upbeat documentary about an elderly people's chorus in Northampton, Mass., offers an encouraging vision of old age in which the depression commonly associated with decrepitude is held at bay by music making, camaraderie and a sense of humor. (Holden)

Film Series

'AN AMERICAN DREAM' (Thursday) A rare screening of Robert Gist's 1966 adaptation of Norman Mailer's novel about a talk show host (Stuart Whitman) who has killed his wife (Eleanor Parker) in a drunken brawl and is on the run from both the police and the mob. With Janet Leigh, Barry Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan. The programmer Michael Chaiken will introduce the film and screen some home movies from the Mailer family archive. BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

'NAUSICAA OF THE VALLEY OF THE WIND' (Saturday) The Film Society of Lincoln Center offers a children's matinee screening of this early film by the reigning master of Japanese anime, Hayao Miyazaki (''Spirited Away''). Released in 1984, it's a post-apocalyptic adventure in which one of Mr. Miyazaki's patented, plucky young women, Princess Nausicaa, struggles to save the planet from war-mongering governments. The print to be screened is the original Japanese, 116-minute version, not the 84-minute American release. At 11 a.m., Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

ALANIS OBOMSAWIN (Friday through Sunday, Wednesday and Thursday) Born in New Hampshire and raised on the Odanak reservation in southeastern Quebec, Ms. Obomsawin has been in the forefront of Canadian documentary making since her first film, ''Christmas at Moose Factory,'' in 1971 -- which screens on Sunday with her 2006 film, ''Waban-Aki: People From Where the Sun Rises.'' Among the other films in the series, which continues through May 26, are ''Rocks at Whiskey Trench'' (Friday at 6 p.m., with Ms. Obomsawin in person); ''Richard Cardinal: Cry From a Diary of a Metis Child'' (Friday and Thursday); and ''Is the Crown at War With Us?'', about a conflict between federal officials and the Micmac fishermen of Esgenoopetitj, New Brunswick (Saturday). Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

STANLEY TUCCI AND FRIENDS (Wednesday) This greatly gifted character actor (''The Devil Wears Prada'') and occasional director (''The Big Night,'' the new ''Blind Date'') will be interviewed onstage by the writer Gay Talese. They'll be joined by the actor and director Steve Buscemi, who is Mr. Tucci's partner in a new venture, Olive Productions. Sponsored by the Museum of the Moving Image. At 7 p.m., TheTimesCenter, 242 West 41st Street, Manhattan, (718) 784-4520, movingimage.us; $25. (Kehr)

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**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 2897 words

**Body**

THEATER

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current shows, additional listings, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/theater.

Previews and Openings

'BLINK' Previews start on Wednesday. Opens on May 25. Based on a true story about systemic abuse of children at a Welsh-language school in the 1980s, this drama by Ian Rowlands is part of the Brits Off Broadway festival. 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200.

'EDWARD ALBEE'S OCCUPANT' In previews; opens on June 5. The accomplished performers Larry Bryggman and Mercedes Ruehl star in Edward Albee's dramatic portrait of the artist Louise Nevelson. Peter Norton Space, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 244-7529.

'GOOD BOYS AND TRUE' In previews; opens on Monday. A play about a scandal at an all-boys prep school (1:35). Second Stage, 307 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 246-4422.

'PORT AUTHORITY' In previews; opens on Wednesday. Fans of ''The Seafarer'' and ''Shining City'' have another Conor McPherson drama to look forward to with this typically bittersweet play about three generations of Dubliners (1:45). Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200.

'PRISONER OF THE CROWN' In previews; opens on Thursday. Irish Rep presents this courtroom drama about Sir Roger Casemant's role in the Easter Uprising (2:15). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737.

'REASONS TO BE PRETTY' In previews; opens on June 2. What happens when you tell your friend that his girlfriend doesn't have a pretty face? Neil LaBute investigates. Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 279-4200.

'SAVED' In previews; opens on June 3. Set in a Christian high school, this new musical by Michael Friedman, John Dempsey and Rinnie Groff explores faith, homosexuality and the angst of the teenage years (2:15). Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

Broadway

- 'ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE 39 STEPS' An absurdly enjoyable, gleefully theatrical riff on the 1935 Hitchcock movie, directed by Maria Aitken and featuring a cast of four that feels like a cast of thousands. This fast, frothy exercise in legerdemain is throwaway theater at its finest (1:45). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Ben Brantley)

- 'AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY' Tracy Letts's turbocharged tragicomedy about an Oklahoma clan in a state of near-apocalyptic meltdown is the most exciting new American play Broadway has seen in years. Fiercely funny and bitingly sad, it somehow finds fresh sources of insight in that classic staple of the stage, the disintegrating American family. And the cast, from the Steppenwolf Theater Company, is beyond sublime (3:20). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Charles Isherwood)

- 'BOEING-BOEING' Marco Camoletti's smirky French farce from the 1960s about a triple-timing roue has been given the makeover of the season by the director Matthew Marchus. This high-spirited production soars into an unpolluted stratosphere of classical physical comedy. With Christine Baranski, Bradley Whitford and, in a priceless deadpan performance, Mark Rylance (2:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'A CATERED AFFAIR' John Buccino and Harvey Fierstein's short, slow and somber depiction of a blue-collar family planning an expensive wedding, inspired by the 1956 movie, is so low-key that it often seems to sink below stage level. John Doyle directs a scrupulously subdued cast led by Faith Prince, Tom Wopat and Mr. Fierstein (1:30). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF' Anika Noni Rose and Terrence Howard deliciously embody those eternal adversaries, irresistible force and immovable object, as the battling husband and wife in the first act of this otherwise flabby revival of Tennessee Williams's melodrama. Debbie Allen directs, none too certainly, a cast that also includes James Earl Jones and Phylicia Rashad (2:45). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, Manhattan; (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'THE COUNTRY GIRL' The sole source of suspense in this inert revival -- directed by Mike Nichols and starring Morgan Freeman, Frances McDormand and Peter Gallagher -- is whether three of the finest actors around can ever make you care about what their characters are going through (2:10). Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CRY-BABY' Tasteless, though not in the way you would expect from a show adapted from a movie by John Waters, the king of cinematic vulgarity. This bad-boy-meets-good-girl 1950s spoof has all the flavor of week-old, prechewed gum. Mark Brokaw directs a forgettable cast. (2:20). Marquis Theater, 1535 Broadway, at 45th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Brantley)

- 'GYPSY' As the dangerously obsessed Momma Rose, Patti LuPone has found her focus. And when Ms. LuPone is truly focused, she's a laser, she incinerates. Directed by Arthur Laurents, this wallop-packing incarnation of the great musical showbiz fable, also starring the superb Boyd Gaines and Laura Benanti, shines with a magnified, soul-revealing transparency (2:30). St. James, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

- 'IN THE HEIGHTS' Lin-Manuel Miranda, who wrote the bubbly Latin pop score for this musical about barrio life, also gives a captivating performance as the owner of a bodega who dispenses good cheer along with cafe con leche. Zesty choreography and a host of lively performers are among its other assets; its fundamental flaw is a vivid streak of sentimentality (2:20). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES' The British actor Ben Daniels makes a sensational Broadway debut as the 18th-century libertine Valmont in Rufus Norris's eye-filling, imbalanced revival of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the Pierre Choderlos de Laclos novel. Also starring Laura Linney, a wonderful actress cast out of her range as Valmont's former lover (2:40). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

- 'MACBETH'Patrick Stewart brings fearsome insight to the title role in Rupert Goold's good and nasty production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Though the show has enough flash, blood and mutilation to satisfy Wes Craven fans, it's Mr. Stewart's brilliance that makes it a must-see. With Kate Fleetwood (excellent and original) as his stained trophy wife (2:45). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

- 'PASSING STRANGE' The rock 'n' roll autobiography of Stew, a singer-songwriter who grew up in bourgeois black Los Angeles and trekked to Europe to find himself as an artist. The portrait of an artist in search of himself is an old story; Stew's unique perspective, exuberant music and witty lyrics -- and the show's uniformly delightful cast -- give it a vivid new sheen (2:10). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

- 'SOUTH PACIFIC' Bartlett Sher's rapturous revival of this Rodgers and Hammerstein classic recreates the unabashed, unquestioning romance American theatergoers once had with the American book musical. Kelli O'Hara and Paulo Szot are the revelatory stars of a pitch-perfect cast (2:50). Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

- 'SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE' A glorious revival of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1984 musical about art according to Seurat. Making enchanting use of 21st-century technology to convey a 19th-century Pointillist's point of view, this production also shimmers with a new humanity and clarity Daniel Buntrock directs a revelatory cast, led by Daniel Evans and Jenna Russell. (2:15). Studio 54, 254 West 54th Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

- 'TOP GIRLS' James Macdonald's smart and sensitive revival of Caryl Churchill's imperfect but important play from 1982, about the roads taken and not taken by women throughout history. Nothing matches the exhilarating, time-scrambling first act, but the cast throughout is extraordinary. The starry ensemble includes Elizabeth Marvel, Marisa Tomei and Martha Plimpton (2:30) . Biltmore Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

- 'XANADU' An improbably entertaining spoof of the majestically awful movie from 1980 about a Greek muse (Olivia Newton-John, roller-skating into oblivion) who inspires a young artist in Venice Beach, Calif., to chase his disco dream. Kerry Butler mimics Ms. Newton-John's Aussie accent and sports her signature skates-and-leg-warmers look, but also puts her own affectionate stamp on a seriously silly role. Blissfully idiotic, practically sublime (1:30). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

'THE CASTLE' Four ex-convicts tell how they returned to society in this simple and fascinating, if at times overearnest, production. In this nation of overcrowded prisons, its message that we reconsider our treatment of ex-felons is well worth considering (1:00). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Andy Webster)

'DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS' Repertorio Espanol's Spanish-language adaptation of Jorge Amado's novel set in Bahia, Brazil, is bawdy and raucous, a sex farce with the clarity and logic of a folk tale (1:40). Repertorio Espanol, 138 East 27th Street, (212) 225-9920.

(Rachel Saltz)

- 'ECCENTRICITIES OF A NIGHTINGALE' This excellent Actors Company Theater production of Tennessee Williams's play, directed by Jenn Thompson, gives us a complicated Alma Winemiller, who is as much artist as freak. Alma (the resourceful Mary Bacon) is honest, courageous and, not incidentally, heart-breaking (2:10). Actors Company Theater, at the Clurman Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200 (Saltz)

'ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATER MARATHON: SERIES A' David Auburn's short portrait of a splenetic tennis pro at the end of his career is the highlight of this annual collection of one-acts (1:39). Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Manhattan, (212) 352-3101.

(Jason Zinoman)

'FROM UP HERE' Liz Flahive's quirky-family comedy about a troubled high school student approaches a provocative subject from a fresh perspective. The delightful Julie White (''The Little Dog Laughed'') extends her range with her affecting performance as the mother of a boy just pulled back from the brink of violence (1:40). Manhattan Theater Club at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212. (Isherwood)

- 'HOW THEATER FAILED AMERICA' Mike Daisey is a remarkable performer. His new monologue, supposedly about the failure of regional theater, is actually the touching and at times hilarious story of how he fell in love with theater, and of his professional misadventures (1:00).Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street at Seventh Avenue South, (212) 239-6200. (Caryn James)

'THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST' A faithful, thoroughly entertaining version of Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, performed with great joy in the depth of his silliness. (2:35).Pearl Theater Company, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 598-9802. (James)

'JOHN LITHGOW: STORIES BY HEART' In this funny, poignant tribute to his parents and grandmother and the pleasures of storytelling, Mr. Lithgow, invisibly directed by Jack O'Brien, offers a tour de force primer on acting (1:30). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200.

(Andrea Stevens)

'THE NEW CENTURY' The one-liners fly like rockets in this rollicking bill of short plays by Paul Rudnick about gay men and the women who love them. (1:45). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200.

(Brantley)

'OLD COMEDY AFTER ARISTOPHANES' FROGS' Target Margin Theater offers an updated take on ''The Frogs,'' by David Greenspan, that is jammed with topical references, most related to Iraq and the Bush administration. For awhile it's zany fun, but it soon grows oppressive. Enough, already, with the Cheney and waterboarding jokes(2:15). Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111.

(Neil Genzlinger)

'PAST HALF REMEMBERED' With more charm than substance, this drama by an international troupe tells the bittersweet story of a 100-year-old Russian woman (1:05). Duke Theater, 229 West 42nd Street, (646) 223-3010. (Zinoman)

- 'RAFTA, RAFTA ...' Ayub Khan-Din's play, adapted from a Bill Naughton comedy, gently considers the problems of a newly married couple unable to consummate their marriage. What might have been a sniggery sitcom is transformed, by seamless and compassionate ensemble work under Scott Elliot's direction, into a gentle and compassionate look at an Indian family adjusting to ***working-class*** England (2:20). Acorn Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'UNCONQUERED' Helped by his game cast and a witty set, the British playwright Torben Betts savages the perceived benevolence of Big Brother government, marriage and other bourgeois fantasies. Part of the Brits Off Broadway festival (1:30). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200 (Stevens)

Off Off Broadway

- 'ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED' This satirical, nightmarish rock musical articulates the views of Dennis Woychuk (who wrote its book and lyrics), a former lawyer for mental patients, toward the New York criminal justice system. It spares no one, and its songs -- bleak, profane and often witty -- carry the conviction of experience. The exuberant cast members, well, rock it (1:30). Kraine Theater, 85 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 868-4444. (Webster)

'STRETCH (A FANTASIA)' This inventive play by Susan Bernfield about the final days of Rose Mary Woods, President Richard M. Nixon's secretary, features a bravura performance by Kristin Griffith as Woods. The three supporting actors are pretty good too, and the onstage band, featuring strings, brass and typewriter, is a wry touch (1:30). The Living Theater, 21 Clinton Street, near Stanton Street, Lower East Side, (212) 868-4444. (Genzlinger)

Last Chance

'ALL EYES AND EARS' Rogelio Martinez's new play -- about a former seamstress in Cuba, in 1961, who works for Castro's government -- is overstuffed with themes, most of them interesting, but none fully worked through. As Stepan, a comrade from Russia, Ed Vassallo gives a commanding performance (2:10).The Lion Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200; closes on Thursday. (Saltz)

- 'END GAME'John Turturro is the blind, imperious Hamm; Max Casella his miserable, loyal helpmeet in this Samuel Beckett classic, staged effectively by Andrei Belgrader and featuring the wonderful Alvin Epstein and -- yowza! -- Elaine Stritch in the garbage cans (1:15). BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton Street, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'THE FIFTH COLUMN' A romanticized (and long) saga about love and espionage among the press corps covering the Spanish Civil War. This original version of Hemingway's 1937 play remains more a literary curiosity than the rediscovery of a neglected masterpiece (2:45). Mint Theater, 311 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 315-0231; closes on Sunday.

(Wilborn Hampton)

'THE FOUR OF US' Itamar Moses' drama explores the tensions arising in a friendship between two young writers when one hits it big, while the other continues to struggle. Clever and elegantly structured, and given a sleek production by the director, Pam MacKinnon (1:40). Manhattan Theater Club at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'GOD'S EAR' In Jenny Schwartz's venturesome play an emotionally distraught woman and her estranged husband lose themselves in a linguistic hall of mirrors, deconstructing speech as they hope to dissociate themselves from the pain of experience. Directed with style by Anne Kaufmann (1:30). Vineyard Theater, 108 East 15th Street, (212) 353-0303; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'MOBY DICK REHEARSED' A gung-ho production of Orson Welles's adaptation. Seth Duerr rants and raves admirably as Ahab, but the real joy is in the eclectic characters created by the rest of the Acting Company cast (2:16). Baruch Performing Arts Center, 55 Lexington Avenue, at 25th Street, (212) 352-3101; closes on Saturday. (Genzlinger)

'THE SOUND AND THE FURY (APRIL SEVENTH, 1928)' Elevator Repair Service's hypnotic, line-by-line re-creation of the first section of William Faulkner's great novel stretches, compresses and suspends time. An admirable achievement, shaped by theatrical energy and precision. But those who don't know the novel may well be at sea (2:40). New York Theater Workshop, 79 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 239-6200; closes on Sunday. (Brantley)

'SUBSTITUTION' Powerful performances by Jan Maxwell as a grieving mother and Kieran Campion as her son's substitute teacher bring depth and passion to Anton Dudley's all-too-blunt play (1:30). The SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam Street, South Village, (212) 691-1555; closes on Saturday. (James) 'YELLOW MOON: : THE BALLAD OF LEILA AND LEE' David Greig's breathless tale of two teenagers on the lam in Scotland. Acted with fierce commitment by a cast of four in an intimate space, the drama makes up in visceral punch what it lacks in originality (1:15). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: THEATER: Below left, Kathryn Hahn and Mark Rylance in the French comedy ''Boeing-Boeing'' at the Longacre Theater. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

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[***Behind Bars... Sort Of***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VXP-6NC0-Y8TC-S2XM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 48

**Length:** 3025 words

**Byline:** By JIM LEWIS

Jim Lewis is the author, most recently, of the novel ''The King Is Dead.'' His most recent article for the magazine was about the design of refugee camps.

**Body**

Go ahead and say it; everyone does. Certainly I did. Here's a striking building, perched on a slope outside the small Austrian town of Leoben -- a sleek structure made of glass, wood and concrete, stately but agile, sure in its rhythms and proportions: each part bears an obvious relationship to the whole. In the daytime, the corridors and rooms are flooded with sunshine. At night, the whole structure glows from within. A markedly well-made building, and what is it? A prison.

Everybody says this, or something like it: I guess crime does pay, after all. Or, That's bigger than my apartment. (New Yorkers, in particular, tend to take this route.) Or, Maybe I should move to Austria and rob a couple of banks. It's a reflex, and perfectly understandable, though it's also foolish and untrue -- about as sensible as looking at a new hospital wing and saying, Gee, I wish I had cancer.

To be more accurate, free people say these things. Prisoners don't. Nor, for the most part, do the guards, the wardens or the administrators; nor do legal scholars or experts on corrections; nor does Josef Hohensinn, who designed the Leoben prison. They all say something else: No one, however down-and-out or cynical, wants to go to prison, however comfortable it may be.

Still, the argument goes, the place must be a country club for white-collar criminals. (No, it holds everyone from prisoners awaiting trial to the standard run of felons.) Then it must cost a fortune. (A little more than other prisons, maybe, but not by much -- as a rule, the more a corrections center bristles with overt security, with cameras, and squads of guards, and isolation cells, the more expensive it's going to be.) And that's glass? (Yes, though it's shatterproof. And yes, those are the cells and that is a little balcony, albeit caged in with heavy bars, and below it is a courtyard.) The whole thing seems impossible, oxymoronic, like a luxury D.M.V., and yet there it is.

One gray day in February, Hohensinn drove me from his office in Graz down to Leoben, an hourlong trip through a region isolated by mountains and still transitioning out of an industrial economy. He is a compact man in his early 50s, with bushy eyebrows, a gappy smile and an air about him of cheerful confidence, mixed with a kind of Alpine soulfulness. Before the prison opened, late in 2004, he had a solid career building public housing. Now he is the Man Who Built That Prison, a distinction that dismays him slightly, if only because, as he says, ''One always has mixed feelings about having one work singled out for attention.''

Leoben has received quite a lot of attention. In America, its public profile has been limited to a series of get-a-load-of-this e-mail messages and mocking blog posts (where the prison is often misidentified as a corrections center outside Chicago), but in Europe, Hohensinn's design has become more of a model -- not universally accepted, but not easily ignored either. It is the opening statement in a debate about what it means to construct a better prison. Already there are plans to build something like it outside of Berlin.

The day Hohensinn and I visited, Leoben was dreary, and there were traces of sleet in the air; as we approached, the building looked both idle and inviting, like a college library during winter break -- or it would have, anyway, were it not for the razor wire coiled along the concrete wall of the yard and the sentence carved below it, a line from the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (which the United States signed and ratified) that reads: ''All persons deprived of their liberty shall be treated with humanity and with respect for the inherent dignity of the human person.''

Inside the prison it felt like Sunday afternoon, though in fact it was a Tuesday. There was a glassy brightness over everything, and most surprising, an unbreakable silence. Prisons are usually clamorous places, filled with the sound of metal doors opening and closing, and the general racket that comes with holding large numbers of men in a confined space. Noise is part of the chaos of prison life; Leoben was serene. I mentioned as much to Hohensinn, and he smiled and pointed to the whitewashed ceilings. He had taken great care to install soundproofing.

An assistant warden accompanied us on our tour, one of three guards on duty tasked with watching more than 200 inmates. On one side of the prison there was a block of prisoners on remand; on the other side were the convicts, living in units called pods -- groups of 15 one-person cells with floor-to-ceiling windows, private lavatories and a common space that includes a small kitchen. We came upon one prisoner cooking a late lunch for a few of his podmates; we stood there for a bit, chatting. They were wearing their own clothes. The utensils on the table were metal. ''They are criminals,'' Hohensinn said to me, ''but they are also human beings. The more normal a life you give them here, the less necessary it is to resocialize them when they leave.'' His principle, he said, was simple: ''Maximum security outside; maximum freedom inside.'' (The bars over the balconies are there to ensure the inmates' safety, Hohensinn said; the surrounding wall outside is more than enough to make sure no one gets free.)

We walked around some more. There was a gymnasium, a prayer room, a room for conjugal visits. I asked Hohensinn what he would do if, contrary to fact, it were conclusively proved that prisons like his encouraged crime rather than diminished it. Would he renounce the design? He shook his head. ''The prisoners' dignity is all I really care about,'' he told me.

Suppose we can't bring ourselves to be quite so magnanimous. Suppose all we're interested in is reducing crime. If you trust a criminal with a better environment, will he prove trustworthy? As far as Leoben is concerned, it's too soon to tell. The place has been open for only four years. But I noticed something as we were leaving, and in the absence of any other data it seemed significant. In the three or four hours we spent roaming all through the place, I hadn't seen a single example of vandalism.

It sounds odd to say, but it's nonetheless true: we punish people with architecture. The building is the method. We put criminals in a locked room, inside a locked structure, and we leave them there for a specified period of time.

It wasn't always so. Prison is an invention, and a fairly recent one at that: it wasn't until the 18th century that incarceration became our primary form of punishment. True, there have been dungeons and the like for quite some time, but they were generally for traitors and political enemies and, later, debtors. More common criminals could expect other forms of penalty: execution, for example, and various kinds of corporal punishment; forced labor and conscription; public humiliation; the levying of fines; exile; loss of privileges and offices; and so on. We've come to consider most of these barbaric, unjust or wildly impractical, but their very existence should tend against the idea that settling with criminals by putting them in a building is a natural thing to do.

To be sure, there's something about prisons that engages man's imagination. Alberti discussed them, Piranesi drew them, Jeremy Bentham proposed them. But the imagination of incarceration rarely translates directly into design. Bentham's Panopticon, a circular structure with an all-seeing guardhouse in the middle, was meant to show that surveillance was as powerful a method of control as shackles and door locks -- an idea that has proved enticing to many an academic, though it was never built.

In fact, for a long time many prisons, including some of the most well known -- the Tower of London, for example -- were repurposed castles, fortresses and gates; and even in the U.S., where such legacy buildings didn't exist, prison construction was an ad hoc affair. Among the first people to try to blend ideology, morality and design principles into a carefully planned building were the Quakers of Pennsylvania, whose late-18th-century model was characteristically spare, consisting primarily of cells where convicts were to be kept in strict isolation, that they might better explore their own souls and find a way to God. A competing system, known as the Auburn model, arose a few years later. It focused more on the potential rehabilitative powers of labor, so it included larger spaces where prisoners could work together; but it, too, called for them to spend the rest of their time alone.

And there, for the most part, the thinking simply stops. Surveillance techniques come and go, materials change, levels of security are introduced and refined. The language changes, from ''penitence'' to ''incarceration'' to ''corrections,'' but very little is fundamentally different than it was. You can get it in a rectangle or a circle, in a radiant or a telephone-pole style, in brick or concrete or shipping containers; you can get guardhouses conducting surveillance via closed-circuit TV, electronic doors, an isolation room. But it's pretty much the same building: a large institution, holding many convicts in small cells for years at a time.

Does imprisonment work? It seems like a bottom-line question, but the answer depends on what you want prisons to do, and that's not an easy thing to decide. Even if we assume that there are good and sensible reasons to incarcerate people, there remains some debate about what purpose is served. Deterrence is often proposed as a goal, but no one really knows whether the prospect of incarceration gives would-be criminals pause, and in any case we quickly reach the realm of diminishing returns. ''It's absurd to think that the worse you make these places, the less recidivism you'll have,'' said Michael Jacobson, who was commissioner of the New York City Department of Corrections under Mayor Rudy Giuliani and is now the director of the Vera Institute of Justice, a research group that focuses on criminal justice. ''For one thing, it's hard to make a lot of these places worse. Besides, people commit crimes after serving sentences in the third ring of hell. You're not going to stop them by demoting them to the fourth ring.'' Moreover, most crimes are committed either in the heat of the moment or by career criminals who consider themselves invincible. Few people in either group think about where they might wind up. When I asked one of the prisoners at Leoben if he was surprised by how nice it was, he said no; what surprised him was that he'd been caught in the first place.

In fact, though most of us are reluctant to admit it, we mainly use prisons as storage containers, putting people there with the hope that, if nothing else, five years behind bars means five years during which they can't commit more crimes. It's called warehousing, and we do a lot of it. The United States has the highest incarceration rate in the world, by far -- it is more than five times as high as in the U.K. About 1 in every 100 American adults is in federal or state prisons or local jails -- 1 in 30 men between 20 and 34, 1 in 9 black men of the same age. All told, we keep about 2.3 million adults behind bars: if the entire prison population were treated as a single city, it would be the fourth-largest in the United States, just behind Chicago and just ahead of Houston. Moreover, our incarceration rate has climbed, or rather rocketed, for the past 30 years: adjusted for population growth, there are about four times as many people in prison this year as there were in 1980. In response, we've hastily thrown up hundreds of prisons. But not nearly enough: facilities are strained, units are grotesquely overcrowded and space for medical and psychological services has become profoundly inadequate. We pay lip-service to the idea of rehabilitation, but we do little to make it happen. About 67 percent of the prisoners who are released are arrested again within three years. The result, to borrow a phrase from a Conservative British home secretary, has been ''an expensive way of making bad people worse.''

To be fair, prominent architects aren't lining up to take on the task of making prisons better. Most of Hohensinn's colleagues would be happy to design a courthouse, but few are quite as eager to build a penitentiary, though the two are merely opposite ends of a single system. New prison construction is generally parceled out to a handful of large and more-or-less anonymous firms -- a process that discourages innovation. Whoever gets the commission is told how many beds are needed, what kinds of security, how much room for the clinic, the recreation area, the guardhouses. They're big-box prisons, as anonymous and uninflected as so many Wal-Marts.

Jeff Goodale, the director of correctional design at HDR, a large architectural firm based in Omaha, was disarmingly frank about what he faced. ''When I got into the business in the '70s,'' he told me, ''there was a very progressive approach to prison design. There was an emphasis on creating an environment that would lend itself to rehabilitation -- low-rise buildings, more human scale. In the '80s and '90s, the trend became very much about throwing people in jail, locking them up, taking amenities away from them. We spent a fortune on security, and it did little for recidivism.'' He went on to describe what he'd like to see happen instead, and it was much like Leoben. ''That works great,'' he said. ''It doesn't cost significantly more to build, and you save on maintenance, vandalism, lawsuits, assaults, medical care.'' But, he added sharply, ''at the end of the day, my clients are my clients. We've been told we can't make it look too good, because the public won't accept it.''

Perhaps that's because most people never see prisons. The facilities at Leoben are part of a complex designed by the same architect, which houses both courtrooms and a variety of more mundane offices -- the local property registrar and the like. You commit a crime, you go to jail, you go to court and, if you're convicted, you go to prison, and the fact that all three are contiguous is meant to remind you, and everyone around you, that the process relies on a set of institutions that flow from one to the next.

By contrast, new American prisons are usually built out in the countryside, where land and labor are cheaper, and security is easier to establish. And since site selection is the first step in design, everything stems from that. A rural prison needs no public face. It needn't articulate any sense of civic pride or communal justice, because there's no one around to see it, beyond the prisoners themselves, the guards and the occasional visitor.

There are other social costs. As Jonathan Simon, a law professor at Berkeley, pointed out to me, convicts tend to come from cities; guards do not. Culture clashes inevitably arise. Skilled labor -- doctors, psychologists and the like -- is harder to find in rural areas, and so are the volunteers who work in the many rehabilitation programs. The families of ***working-class*** and poor convicts often can't afford to travel a few hundred miles to visit their relatives. As a result, prisoners have a harder time maintaining ties with the lives they left behind.

And it isn't only inmates and their loved ones who suffer. Almost everyone I spoke to was quick to point out that guards and inmates are essentially imprisoned together. As Michael Jacobson, the head of the Vera Institute, put it, ''Officers serve life sentences eight hours at a time.'' To a surprising degree, then, both groups want the same thing: They want prisons to be safer and more humane, and they believe that can best be achieved by building in more face time between convicts and their keepers. They want smaller, less anonymous units. They want more natural light. The debate over prison design shouldn't begin and end with our asking what it's like to live in one. We should also be asking what it's like to work in one.

Let's admit at once that the Leoben facility isn't the Jesus Prison: It's not going to single-handedly heal us and carry us up to Paradise. Even if you endorse its goals, it may not be the best implementation of them. Its windows might create an unnerving lack of privacy in a dense city. Allowances would have to be made for the breadth of our landscapes and the nature of our crimes -- a prison in California, with California's gang presence, would most likely be built differently from a prison in Vermont. What's more, no institutional architecture can be expected to consistently manifest the clarity and elegance of Hohensinn's design.

More to the point, it's unlikely that anything even remotely like it will be built in this country anytime soon. John Baldwin, the director of the Iowa Department of Corrections, looked at pictures of the Leoben design and, like many people, found it both intriguing and a bit much. ''We're more focused on putting our money into mental-health and re-entry treatment units,'' he told me. ''I didn't see a great deal of treatment space, or the kind of classroom space where you can teach job skills. Nice views, great basketball court, but I didn't think Iowans want to put their money into that sort of thing.

''Still,'' he said with atypical enthusiasm, ''architecture is huge.'' Iowa is in the process of building new facilities for both men and women. To that end, the state held a design competition and received 17 entries. While the winning submissions are not as luxurious as the Leoben prison, they do share certain principles: a smaller number of cells in each unit, more sunlight, security made deliberately unobtrusive. Other states may soon be joining Iowa, if not because they want to then because they have to. Earlier this year, federal judges in California tentatively ruled that the state release almost a third of its prisoners because the conditions in which they're kept amount to cruel and unusual punishment. If the ruling holds up on appeal, it's quite likely that other states will face similar sanctions. And then what?

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Soft Time: The courtyard at the Leoben prison.(pg. MM48)

A single-occupancy cell (and its occupant). In the foreground, a private kitchenette.(pg. MM50)

The visitors' area at Leoben prison. (pg. MM52)(PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED SEILAND FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) CHART: APPROXIMATELY 1 IN: 100: OF ALL AMERICAN ADULTS ARE IN PRISON.

2.3: TOTAL NUMBER OF ADULTS IN AMERICAN PRISONS IN 2008: (IN MILLIONS)(DATA SOURCE: BUREAU OF JUSTICE STATISTICS. PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED SEI LAND FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES.)(pg. MM52)

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[***Top Jump-Shooter Who Also Leads In Making Assists***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XWX-8W70-00RP-K4RS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By SELENA ROBERTS

**Body**

EACH morning Bernard McClendon coaxes himself out of the bottom bunk of his dorm room at Michigan State University, pries open eyelids that can feel like garage doors, collects his chemistry and calculus books and heads for his 8 a.m. class. No rest for mathematics majors. At night, to soothe the brain strain, he flips on the CD player in his room and finds inspiration and comfort in gospel music.

That's what helps Mr. McClendon, an 18-year-old from the frayed pocket of Detroit's east side, make it through another college day. He has gospel music -- and then there's Steve Smith.

Bernard McClendon is a beneficiary of the $2.5 million gift Mr. Smith, the Portland Blazers' star shooting guard, gave to Michigan State, his alma mater, in 1997.

While the bulk of Mr. Smith's donation, the largest known gift to one school by a professional athlete, helped build a $6 million student-athlete academic center at the heart of the East Lansing campus, a slice of it went to a scholarship fund for nonathletes at Pershing High School in Detroit. Pershing was Mr. Smith's school, in his old neighborhood.

The extent of Steve Smith's charity goes beyond this gift. Last year, as an Atlanta Hawk, he donated $50 to the Make-a-Wish Foundation for every 3-point shot he made (he connected on 47 of 139 attempts) and spent thousands on blocks of tickets for youth groups.

Where did the money come from? In 1996, he signed a $50.4 million multiyear deal and went on a community spending spree. One of about 50 players in the National Basketball Association who will make more than $5 million in salary this year, Mr. Smith has resources unimaginable to most.

Mad money carries a different definition when cash supplies are seemingly endless. Before the new season began two weeks ago, Larry Johnson of the New York Knicks was discussing an impulse purchase. "I walked onto a lot and bought a Hummer," said Mr. Johnson, who is in the middle of a 12-year, $84 million contract. "Spent about $92,000 for it."

This might have been an act of self-indulgence, but Mr. Johnson also gave $1 million to build a community center in his Dallas neighborhood, planting it on a site where drugs once were sold.

Among the more significant donations by N.B.A. players is the $3 million Houston's Charles Barkley divided among three educational institutions; the $2.1 million check the Nets' Jayson Williams wrote for a scholarship fund at St. John's; and the $5 million the Spurs center David Robinson gave for the expansion of the Carver Community Cultural Center in San Antonio.

Gifts also come in different packages. After Portland's Brian Grant met a 16-year old leukemia patient named Luther Ellett during a hospital visit this past year, he put all of his effort and influence behind a bone-marrow drive to help save the teenager's life.

"That's the thing most of us players have to realize, and some of us do and some don't, that with the position you're in, it's easy to get a bone-marrow drive going," Mr. Grant said. "It's easy to reach out."

For some players, it is no trouble at all. Despite the generosity of a Steve Smith or a Brian Grant, however, the stereotype of the N.B.A. player is spoiled, self-centered and overpaid. (The average salary is $2.9 million, making it the highest-paying sports league.) That stereotype was perpetuated during last year's lockout, when a charity basketball game was announced by star players to benefit their fellow millionaires who were strapped for cash.

In some cases, the image is real. At times, the efforts of the players in their communities can be misleading. Under the league's collective bargaining agreement, players are required to make 10 appearances on behalf of the N.B.A. or their team each year.

"It's a struggle to get some players to fulfill their basic responsibilities," said one team official, who spoke on condition of anonymity. "Some guys would rather take a fine than do an appearance at a school or community center," the official said. "They have an edge to them, like, 'I don't owe anyone anything.' What they don't realize is how little effort it takes."

One team recently sent two players to participate in a renovation project in an impoverished city neighborhood. After putting a hammer to nails for 45 minutes in front of television cameras, one player signed a few autographs and then slipped away from the decayed block in a Mercedes driven by a chauffeur.

That was it; the warm-and-fuzzy scene had been shot, obligation over. But at least it was something. Some players resist even a cameo.

"It's hard for me to understand why some guys turn their backs on where they came from," said Atlanta Hawks center Dikembe Mutombo. "I don't understand it at all."

Mr. Mutombo learned just how difficult it can be to find financial support from other players when he decided to build a hospital in his native country, Congo. "I was tired of seeing my people get sick and dying at such an early age because they had no access to health care," he said. "My thought was, I have money, and I have a way to do something about it."

At first, he had plans drawn for a $44 million high-rise hospital. Now the project has been scaled back to just over $20 million. Instead of finding support from players, Mr. Mutombo has turned to corporate America for help and hopes to break ground on the hospital next year. "I had to take a different path," he said. "I've moved past the disappointment I had with players. It doesn't concern me no more."

THE lack of civic involvement by players does, though. "I don't understand the notion some players have of 'I'm too busy,' " Mr. Mutombo said. "A guy can say he doesn't want to be bothered. But you mean to say that when you were a kid, you never needed help? You never looked up to someone you admired a lot in your life?"

Steve Smith looked up to his mother. The scholarship and the student-athlete academic center at his alma mater do not bear his name. In a tribute to a mother who did not want a mansion to replace her brick home with the basketball hoop in the backyard, who did not want a fancy car to replace her Buick, Mr. Smith decided to make his donation to Michigan State in her name, Clara Bell Smith.

"I remember we'd talk about the money I was about to make in the N.B.A.," said Mr. Smith, who was selected by the Miami Heat as the fifth overall pick in the 1991 draft. "Right after I had my first contract, I said, 'Mom, do you want anything?' 'Nope.' Really, I felt kind of guilty. I was, like, well, I'll wait until the summer and then do something for her. But that summer never happened. Before the summer came, she died."

Mrs. Smith died of cancer in January 1992, her son's rookie year. Mr. Smith sank into depression.

"It's tough being without her, even now," Mr. Smith, 30, said. "My mom was the person that, whenever I had a problem, I would call her. Me and my dad didn't have that kind of relationship. I was always kind of scared of my dad. He'd come in grumpy after a long day. I mean, he worked so hard, he was just so tired all the time."

Donald Smith, now retired, worked a split shift driving a city bus for 37 years. Typically, his son recalled, he would not get home until 8 p.m., was in bed by 10, and out the door again by 6 a.m.

"I give him credit; he worked that hard so my mother could be home with us," said Mr. Smith, one of three siblings. "She drove me to practice and everything. But the thing about my mom, she always knew when report card day came. And when I walked into the house after school, she'd look at me and say, 'I don't see books in your hand.' "

EDUCATION meant more to her than any points her son ever scored as an All-American guard with a feathery shooting touch. She would often make the 90-minute drive from Detroit to East Lansing, park her car outside of the arena and wait behind the steering wheel. After the game, Mr. Smith and his friends would fold their long, lanky bodies into her car and take a whiff of the chocolate chip cookies she had baked for them that afternoon.

"One thing I remember Steve telling us," said Terry Braverman, the director of major gifts for intercollegiate athletics at Michigan State. "Instead of asking about the game, the first thing she'd say was, 'So how is school?' "

So when Kirk Gibson, a Michigan State alumnus and former professional baseball player, approached Mr. Smith about donating to the academic center, it was easy for him to say yes -- this was how he would honor his mother. But to the extent of $2.5 million? Even Mr. Smith's wife, Millie, was taken aback.

"I wasn't thinking $2.5 million at first," he said. "Not being egotistical or anything, but I had to think to myself: do I want a little room or the whole computer room? Then I thought, there was an auditorium. Then I was like, 'Wow, if I'm going to go auditorium, let me just ask how much it would be to have the name of the whole building.' It was $2.5 million. I thought there were a lot of things I still wanted to do in my community of Detroit. I was, like, let's see how we can make both of them tie in. A four-year scholarship every year for a kid from my high school to Michigan State won me over."

So upon his graduation as third in his class from Pershing last spring, Bernard McClendon became the recipient of the Clara Bell Smith scholarship. His mother is a computer operator, and his father works at the K-Mart resource center in Detroit. Like the Smiths, the McClendons are a ***working-class*** family with modest means and an exceptional son.

On a Wednesday afternoon this fall, several thousand miles from the Motor City, Mr. Smith was sitting amid a half-dozen teenagers at the Blazers Boys and Girls Club of Portland, Ore., helping them to organize community service projects.

"I don't want to say anything negative, but I really don't see that many professional athletes trying to help kids," Marcus Broussard, 14, and a member of the youth group, said to a visitor. "When you have someone like Steve come out, especially when you see him spending time with kids, you feel like you're somebody."

Once the meeting adjourned, Mr. Smith surveyed the table of gabby teenagers.

"I could get attached to these kids," he said. "They've got a lot going for them."

Just before he left, he looked back over his shoulder, and with a smile blurted out something his mother might have said: "Hey, I know you guys have homework to do."

By his generosity, Mr. Smith has kept the spirit of Clara Bell Smith alive. "If you ever talk to him," Bernard McClendon told a reporter, "tell him I said thanks for doing such a wonderful thing."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Steve Smith at the Blazers Boys and Girls Club of Portland, Ore. Mr. Smith, a Trail Blazers star, gives time and money to youth groups, and donated $2.5 million to Michigan State University, to help build an academic center for student-athletes. (Julie Keefe for The New York Times); Bernard McClendon, a mathematics major, won the Clara Bell Smith scholarship. (Allan Barnes for The New York Times); (Otto Greule Jr./Allsport)

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[***'Outer Borough' Finally Attracts The 'In' Crowd***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DSX-CR30-TW8F-G29T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By GAY JERVEY

**Body**

IN the final year of the HBO hit series ''Sex and the City,'' the character Carrie Bradshaw and her Prada-touting friends experienced a number of firsts: Charlotte converted to Judaism and settled into a happy marriage with Harry; Samantha let a man into her heart; and Carrie finally saw the Eiffel Tower and, it appears, snagged Mr. Big -- maybe for good. And as for Miranda, she not only married Steve but also did something that at the time seemed even more shocking. Lured by a house with a backyard, high ceilings and a working fireplace, she moved (gasp) to Brooklyn.

When she broke the news, a wide-eyed Carrie nearly tripped over her Manolo Blahniks. Her response: ''That is information that I can't handle.''

The self-defined hipsters who have always considered Manhattan the center of the universe have gradually incorporated Brooklyn into their map of the world. But Queens?

Now, that would be going too far.

What is it about Queens, a borough that has been home for millions, that brings out the real estate snob in so many upwardly mobile New Yorkers? First of all, there is the very resilient ''All In The Family'' factor.

''Everybody thinks of Queens as the home of Archie Bunker and not much else,'' said Michael Carfagna, an independent real estate broker who lives and works in Queens. ''For years we have had that stigma. We really have.''

Molly Sheridan, a publishing consultant who has lived in Forest Hills for more than 30 years, agreed. ''People think of it as being all ***working class***, blue collar -- far away and foreign -- kind of a no-man's land,'' she said.

Yet with real estate in Brooklyn and Manhattan so breathtakingly expensive, that image may crumble among the Manhattanites who couldn't find their way to Astoria or Kew Gardens without Mapquest.com.

Like the character Miranda of ''Sex in the City,'' Deborah Knudsen, 44, an advertising executive, made a move in October that would have once been inconceivable to her. With her husband, Eric, 35, a copy manager at Macy's, she exchanged a charming but relatively small -- approximately 550 square feet -- West Village apartment for a 1,150-square-foot, six-room apartment, complete with a dining room and garden view, in the heart of the historic district in Jackson Heights, Queens.

''People were saying, 'I can't believe that you are moving to Queens,''' Ms. Knudsen said. '''I simply can't believe it!' They were very surprised.''

James Hill, 33, an architect who moved to Jackson Heights from Brooklyn in 2002 with his wife, Sarah, a designer, knows exactly what Ms. Knudsen is talking about. ''When we first moved from Williamsburg to Queens, our friends were saying: 'What! What are you doing?!''' Mr. Hill said. ''They really couldn't believe it. They were saying, 'Queens?!'''

Pamela Liebman, the president and chief executive of the Corcoran Group, thinks many Manhattanites have an outdated image of Queens. ''In the old days people thought of Queens as the place where your grandmother, but not you, might live,'' she said. ''But no more.''

''It seems to be the next big thing,'' she added. ''Queens has this gritty feel to it in parts, which makes it feel cool. When I go to speaking engagements and people ask what is the next big thing, a lot of speakers are starting to say, 'Queens, Queens, Queens.'''

There are several reasons. For one thing, many renters and buyers alike are finding Manhattan and Brooklyn far too rich for their blood. Consider the following data collected by Mr. Carfagna: the average price per square foot for a co-op in Queens is $250 to $400, versus $500 to $700 in Brooklyn. In Manhattan, according the most recent figures from the Douglas Elliman overview prepared by Miller Samuel Inc., the average price per square foot of a Manhattan apartment is $820, with condos and luxury apartments costing more.

And then there is the sheer convenience, particularly to Midtown Manhattan. ''Queens is a tremendous solution for many people,'' said Jeffrey Silverbush, the owner and president of Century 21 Best in Elmhurst, Queens. ''They can have affordable space in a nice, safe neighborhood, with good amenities. And you can be in Manhattan so quickly.''

Popular Queens neighborhoods like Astoria, Jackson Heights, Forest Hills and Kew Gardens are easily accessible by several subway lines. ''I have gotten from my house in Forest Hills to Midtown in less than a half hour,'' Ms. Sheridan said.

Ms. Knudsen, whose office is at 42nd Street and Avenue of the Americas, said: ''I leave the house at 8:15 to 8:20 a.m. and am in the office at about five minutes to 9. Recently, I had an evening function to go to in the city. I left it at about 10:30 p.m., jumped on the train and was home in no time at all. There were lots of people on the street near my apartment, and I felt completely safe.''

For residents of Manhattan and Brooklyn who can't afford to buy in those boroughs anymore, Queens offers a number of neighborhoods that have the restaurants and night life that might appeal to them -- Astoria, Jackson Heights, Forest Hills and increasingly, Long Island City.

''The up-and-coming neighborhood clearly is Long Island City,'' said Andrew Heiberger, the founder and president of Citi Habitats. ''There is definitely a major housing shortage in the New York City area, and anything with close proximity to Manhattan via train or car is going to be very desirable. Long Island City is literally a stone's throw away.''

For years, people have been talking about Long Island City as the next big thing, but its time may have finally come. According to Jon McMillan, the director of planning for the Rockrose Development Corporation, recent rezoning laws that allow for development of the Long Island City waterfront -- as well as the conversion of Hunters Point warehouses and factories into residential space -- have intensified interest in those areas.

Next spring, Rockrose will break ground on seven buildings that will eventually house 3,200 units. ''The city has finally gone in there and fixed the zoning in a very, very careful, block-by-block way, so that this neighborhood can start to blossom as a residential neighborhood, and buildings can be converted,'' Mr. McMillan explained. ''Residential housing will gradually replace taxi repair shops.''

The changes in neighborhoods outside of Manhattan, he said, have happened in a geographically logical way, and it makes sense for Long Island City to be next.

''There is an evolution of the gentrification of the waterfront areas, moving up from Brooklyn,'' Mr. McMillan continued. ''If you imagine that things started in Brooklyn Heights, moved to Dumbo and then up the river to Williamsburg and Greenpoint, the next stop heading north is Long Island City, which is one stop away from Grand Central on the No. 7 train.''

Long Island City has also benefited from the fact that the Museum of Modern Art temporarily relocated there while its Manhattan headquarters were being renovated. ''That brought a lot of people out to Queens,'' said Ms. Liebman of the Corcoran Group. ''It drew a lot of attention to the area, and a lot of that buzz has stayed.''

In addition, thanks to the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center in Long Island City, and the nearby Socrates Sculpture Park, ''there is sort of constellation, almost a critical mass, of visual art in Long Island City,'' Mr. McMillan said.

''You get the artists and sculptors hanging around, opening up studios and living in that area,'' he said. ''That is exactly the kind of thing you want for the development and creation of a new neighborhood.''

Furthermore, Mr. McMillan said, Long Island City ''offers spectacular views of Midtown Manhattan -- the United Nations, the Chrysler Building.''

''When you are in Long Island City, you can almost feel as if you can reach out and touch the buildings,'' he said. ''You have this psychological connection to Manhattan, and that is important.''

Ms. Liebman predicted that ''two years from now people are going to say, 'Wow, I wish I had bought in Long Island City.'''

''And I don't know that they are going to call it Queens any more,'' she added. ''I think they will probably end up breaking up the neighborhoods. They will say 'Oh, I'm in Astoria,' or 'I'm in Jackson Heights,' or 'I'm in Long Island City.' Just like people started to talk about Brooklyn. The idea of 'Hey, I went to Dumbo' or 'Hey, I went to Williamsburg.' And each of those Queens neighborhoods will develop their own personality and persona, much like what has happened in Brooklyn. There is no doubt about it, Queens has become hip.''

Finally.

''Rodney Dangerfield grew up in Queens,'' noted Herb De Cordova, a broker with Prudential Douglas Elliman. ''Since he recently passed away, I think it would be appropriate to say that Queens is finally getting the respect that it deserves.''

Brokers are getting a wider range of inquiries about apartments for sale. Recently, Megan Hoffman, a broker with the Corcoran Group, listed a 1,200-square-foot, three-bedroom apartment in a prewar building in the Jackson Heights garden district for $400,000.

''I was inundated with calls, many from Manhattan,'' Ms. Hoffman said. ''People are starting to be drawn to Queens and, in this instance, to Jackson Heights because of not only the affordable space, but also the fact that it is such a thriving, diverse community. If you are walking down the street, you can hear four different languages all at once. You will see somebody carrying a Hermes bag, and somebody who is an average Joe. And I think that is great. That is one reason why people live in New York -- so that they can be surrounded by all different kinds of people.''

The neighborhood's diversity was a plus to the Hills, who landed in Jackson Heights after exhaustive searches elsewhere. Several years ago, after they both graduated from the Parsons School of Design, they moved to Williamsburg. They hoped eventually to buy a loft in a factory that was being renovated. But by the time the building was ready for occupancy in 2001, the loft's price had doubled, and they could no longer afford it.

So the Hills began to hunt in other parts of Brooklyn. ''We started out looking in the better areas, like Park Slope,'' Mr. Hill said. Because those neighborhoods were too expensive, they searched in Prospect Heights, Crown Heights and Bedford Stuyvesant. ''After six or seven months, we still couldn't find a place that we could afford that suited our needs,'' he said.

On a Sunday morning in the late summer of 2001, Ms. Hill noticed an advertisement for a two-bedroom apartment in the Jackson Heights historic district. ''It had a working fireplace, a dining room and eat-in kitchen, and I thought something must be wrong with it,'' she said. ''It must not have a roof! We walked into this apartment and I said: 'You mean we can afford this! Oh, my God. I can't believe it.''' Several months later, the couple bought the apartment for $173,000.

They have never looked back. And now the same friends who were so shocked that they would leave the hip confines of Brooklyn love to visit them. ''They come out here and say, 'Wow!''' Ms. Hill said. ''They want to go to restaurants out here. This is a very vibrant neighborhood that you wouldn't necessarily know about.''

For their part, the Knudsens were all set to leave Greenwich Village and buy an 1,100-square-foot apartment in Inwood in Upper Manhattan for $444,000. ''We had put a bid in, and then my husband said, 'Why don't we check the neighborhood out at night?''' Ms. Knudsen said. ''So we went up there for dinner on a Friday night, and it was pretty desolate. We realized that we would not be particularly comfortable walking home from the subway late at night. Inwood is beautiful, right on the Hudson. But there is just not that much going on up there, and that is not why you live in Manhattan.''

Several of their colleagues had suggested that they check out Jackson Heights. What they found, Ms. Knudsen said, ''was just this great neighborhood, a little-known jewel. We walked into this apartment, and it was just gorgeous -- completely renovated, two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, great kitchen, and it overlooks a garden. We fell in love with it.''

Earlier this fall, the Knudsens bought the apartment for $333,000. ''We are happy as clams here,'' Ms. Knudsen said. ''My husband is a real foodie, and he was so psyched about all of the different restaurants: Indian, Thai, Colombian.''

Still, Queens is far from having the cachet that Brooklyn has gained.

''When I do my open houses in Jackson Heights, the people who are calling me are the people who have vision,'' said Ms. Hoffman of the Corcoran Group. ''You just need some trailblazers to go out there, and that is exactly what we are starting to get.''

Trailblazers notwithstanding, some people suggest that, at least in the interest of its image, there is one thing that Jackson Heights could use. ''We need a Starbucks,'' Mr. Carfagna said, smiling. ''We will know that we have arrived when we have a Starbucks.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: LAND OF DIVERSITY -- Priced out of many parts of Manhattan and Brooklyn, more buyers and renters are finding that Queens offers the housing and nightlife they want. Forest Hills is one of the more desirable neighborhoods in the borough, while Jackson Heights, with its parks and historic district, and Long Island City, with its developing waterfront, are becoming increasingly popular.

Forest Hills Gardens

Jackson Heights Park

Long Island City Waterfront (Photographs by Robert Stolarik for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

AFFORDABLE HOMES -- A view of Long Island City, top. Deborah and Eric Knudsen, middle, moved to Jackson Heights from the West Village a month ago. They considered buying in Inwood in Upper Manhattan, but found the night life lacking. Sarah and James Hill, bottom, moved to Jackson Heights two years ago and like it, but say their friends were shocked when they left Williamsburg for Queens.

Long Island City

Jackson Heights

Jackson Heights (Photographs by Robert Stolarik for The New York Times)(pg. 11)Drawing (Drawing by Bob Scott)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2004

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[***An Artist a Lot More at Home Away From Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TN00-0024-J4WD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Richard Serra

By JOHN ROCKWELL,

By JOHN ROCKWELL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, June 11

**Body**

Richard Serra was in his element. Partly, that meant he was in Europe, which he believes has always supported his work more loyally and intelligently than the United States. Unfortunately, it also meant Reykjavik, Iceland, and a rain driven nearly horizontal to the grass-tufted volcanic rock and mixed with pinpricks of hail. "I love this light," he said, squinting up at the implacable, slate-gray sky. "And I love the look of the piece when it's wet."

He had a point. "Afangar" -- the name was taken from an Icelandic epic and means something like "wandering about in a contemplative mood" -- consists of nine pairs of hexagonal stone pillars, natural crystalline formations hacked from a quarry in the middle of Iceland and transported to the site. The pairs outline the small island on which the piece stands, like Viking totems. When the weather is dry, the stones look light gray and are flecked with bird droppings. Wet, they're shiny and black, Nordic cousins of the Jupiterian sentinels in the film "2001."

A couple of days later, on a lovely spring afternoon on the grounds of an elegant Baroque chateau an hour's drive from Paris, Mr. Serra was in a very different element. "It's always like this," he chuckled, strolling across an expanse of manicured lawn after a sumptuous luncheon in the chateau dining room.

The occasion was the mocking-up of a sculptural project commissioned by the chateau's owner, Francois Pinault. The grounds are dotted with giant sculptures by the likes of Picasso, Moore and Mondrian. Assuming final contractual details are ironed out soon, Mr. Pinault by this fall will also possess a Richard Serra sculpture: 10 rectangular pieces of Cor-ten steel deployed in asymmetrical formality in an allee defined by rows of ancient trees. Intense and a little nervous, Mr. Serra supervised the positioning of the wooden boxes, painted a deep red rust color, on the lawn. "The models are good," he muttered to himself. "Let's hope the piece is good."

The 'Tilted Arc' Matter

These very different works give an idea of the contrasting reception Mr. Serra has received in his native United States and in Europe. In America, several of his public installations have provoked angry controversy, the most notorious incident occurring in 1989 when his "Tilted Arc," was removed from its site in lower Manhattan and "destroyed," as he still puts it bitterly. His sensuous curving abstractions, charged with industrial might, strike some as inherently hostile, as does the artist's confrontational, aggressively self-righteous style. Mr. Serra is convinced that Europeans simply have more taste than Americans. Be that as it may, a closer look suggests other reasons for his European success as well.

"In Europe," he said, "there is a longstanding commitment to art for its social function, not predicated on a secondary sale." Overall, he estimated, 75 percent of his work over the last 20 years has been commissioned and built in Europe.

Mr. Serra believes he has been stigmatized in the United States. "You're given a characterization that becomes an imprint in people's minds," he worried. "I would come back to America and there was such a level of rejection; for years I was glad to get back to Europe."

Certainly the Europeans have generally accorded him a reception worthy of a modern master. "Afangar" is on an island called Videy in the Reykjavik harbor. To the south lies the capital itself, home to three-fifths of the country's 250,000 inhabitants. To the north are spectacular, snow-streaked mountains and the blue-black Atlantic Ocean. The island is sacred to the Icelanders as the site of the first Viking landing 1,100 years ago.

Festive Opening

The piece, a joint commission by the municipal and national governments, was installed three years ago, with an opening ceremony featuring recitations of epic poetry, a huge beach bonfire, trumpets from the surrounding rocks and much Champagne. Since then it has occasioned little or no public opposition. Partly that is because for most of the year its public consists of a couple of caretakers and a great many birds, several of which can be found perching on the pillars at any given time. But during the summer, when ferries bring visitors over from Reykjavik, it has proved a popular attraction, so much so that a stone path has been laid to link the pillars on the south side of the island. Mr. Serra himself revisits it every so often, just to see Iceland again and to sketch.

In Paris, a similar interest in Mr. Serra's work can be found, combined with a willingness to preserve it for posterity. Mr. Pinault seems ready to sign a contract that will insure the eventual donation of Mr. Serra's new piece and the land on which it will stand to the French state. The city of Paris already boasts four Serra sculptures.

Aside from his sometimes abrasive personality, part of Mr. Serra's problems in the United States come from his outspoken leftism, which didn't sit well in the Reagan-Bush years. His "he-man Minimalism," as his art was once called, seemed incongruously moralistic amid the 1980's rage for Pop and graffiti art. And the 90's climate of hypersensitivity and political correctness finds him again at odds with prevailing mores. Two accidents in the installation of his multi-ton steel sculptures -- one worker lost his life in 1971, and another a leg in 1988 -- further fueled an image of callousness.

Even now, complaining that the public has been denied access to a walk-through sculpture in Paris, he can sound insensitive even if one understands what he means. "They closed off my piece because someone got raped in there," he groused. "People get raped in parking lots, and they don't close them."

The Europeans Shrug

In Europe, the accidents were long ago across an ocean. Europeans have prized American artists of the last 50 years as just the kind of quasi-primitive natural savages or "cowboys" that Mr. Serra so forcefully represents. More sophisticated about art and artists, European patrons have a tradition of dealing with difficult individuals. "The Europeans could care less about my personality," Mr. Serra said.

There are specific, personal reasons for Mr. Serra's European success, too, however. In 1977, he established a relationship with a gallery owner in Bochum, Germany, named Alexander von Berswordt-Wallrabe, that has been of enormous importance to both sides. Mr. von Berswordt-Wallrabe also had a young assistant, Clara Weyergraf. She moved to New York in 1979 and is now married to Mr. Serra. The three have remained close, cementing Mr. Serra's German connection.

Ms. Weyergraf handles practical aspects of Mr. Serra's life and career. Mr. von Berswordt-Wallrabe devotes 50 percent of his time to Mr. Serra's European projects, at every level. Aristocratic and cosmopolitan, he moves easily in the upper circles of European patrons, soliciting interest and arranging commissions and seeking private sponsorship to supplement public financing. He is also close to both the ownership and the workers of various Ruhr foundries and steel mills. Finally, Mr. von Berswordt-Wallrabe oversees a regular German crew of five or six men who install the pieces throughout Europe.

A good working relationship with those who forge and roll his pieces is of vital importance to the artist, who "uses mills and shipyards as extended studios." In America, he has to convince skeptical workers that an artist belongs among them. In Europe, with Mr. von Berswordt-Wallrabe's help, he has had fewer such problems.

Educating the Masses

For an American observer, though, there can be an element of authoritarian elitism to European arts patronage, an eagerness to elevate the masses by imposing art upon them.

"I have come to realize that democracy doesn't work all that well when it comes to integrating art and the public," Ms. Weyergraf said on the lawn of Mr. Pinault's chateau. "I don't think you can include a community in that kind of decision-making process. But a government can educate a community. That's almost nonexistent in America, but they have been very good at it in France."

Even so, the fate of Mr. Serra's public pieces in Europe has not been ideal. There have been political controversies about some of them, most notably in the late 1970's in Bochum, although none have been "destroyed." Mr. Serra has also overseen the moving of some of his "site-specific" works. A piece called "Clara-Clara," on view in the Tuilleries garden in Paris in 1983 and now removed to the ***working-class*** 13th arrondissement, serves as a sometime shelter for homeless people and is covered with flamboyant graffiti.

While Europe is likely to remain Mr. Serra's principal source of patronage, his prospects back home may now be picking up. Visibly buoyed by the critical and popular response to "Intersection II," his recent installation in the Gagosian Gallery in SoHo in Manhattan, Mr. Serra wondered if American interest in his work might be building again.

"It was one of my biggest successes," he said, peering across the sea to the Icelandic mainland. "People really liked it. A woman in a store across the street from the gallery who's never given me the time of day said, 'Nice piece, Richard.' Do the Europeans like my work more than Americans? I felt that way until last week!"

**Graphic**

Photos: The nine pairs of hexagonal stone pillars of Richard Serra's sculpture "Afangar" outline the small Icelandic island where they stand. (Dirk Reinartz); On the grounds of Francois Pinault's Baroque chateau near Paris, Richard Serra is doing the mock-up for an installation of 10 rectangular pieces of Cor-ten steel in an allee defined by rows of ancient trees. (Alex von Berswordt Wallrabe) (pg. C14)

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[***Secular Turks Alarmed by Resurgence of Religion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-97F0-000P-N4JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEPHEN KINZER

By STEPHEN KINZER

**Dateline:** SINCAN, Turkey Feb. 12

**Body**

Scenes that unfolded in this ***working-class*** suburb of Ankara over the last few days have stunned millions of Turks who want to believe that their country, even though it is now governed by an Islamist Prime Minister, will remain a secular democracy.

On one recent evening, several hundred people jammed a hall in Sincan to celebrate "Jerusalem Day," a holiday proclaimed 17 years ago by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini of Iran. Their host was the local Mayor, and the evening's guest of honor was the Iranian Ambassador, Muhammed Reza Bagheri.

When Mr. Bagheri arrived, the crowd erupted with chants of "Down with Israel! Down with Arafat!" He then stepped to the podium and delivered a fiery speech demanding that Muslims obey the Sharia, the law of the Koran.

"On behalf of Muslims all over the world, I say that we can wait no longer," the Ambassador declared. "Do not be afraid to call yourselves fundamentalists. Fundamentalists are those who follow the words and actions of the Prophet. God has promised them the final victory."

Tensions between religious and secular Turks have been rising in recent months, and the Sincan episode convinced senior military officers, who view themselves as defenders of the secularist ideology that has guided Turkey since 1923, that it was time to respond. They ordered tanks to roll through Sincan's streets, a clear warning that their patience is wearing thin.

The Mayor went into hiding, but he was detained a few days later and is under investigation for violating laws that ban attacks on the secular state.

After hurried consultations between officials in Ankara and Teheran, Turkish officials said Ambassador Bagheri would soon give up his post and return home.

Turkey is on edge these days. After eight months in power, the Muslim-oriented Welfare Party has begun to take steps that many Turks fear are aimed at undermining the secular state.

Prime Minister Necmettin Erbakan has backed away from his most militant campaign promises. He no longer talks of expelling American troops or cutting ties to Israel. But he evidently now feels strong enough to press ahead with other plans that, taken together, strike secularist Turks as little short of terrifying:

\*He is urging the construction of a large mosque in Istanbul -- in Taksim Square, the cosmopolitan heart of modern Turkey -- and another in the Cankaya quarter of Ankara, where the presidential palace, a commanding symbol of secularism, is now the most important building.

\*He wants to repeal laws that forbid female civil servants and students at public universities to wear veils or head scarves.

\*He has built a corps of uniformed Welfare Party bodyguards and has begun to rely on them rather than on Government security agents.

\*He is encouraging young people to study at religious academies, and says graduates of such academies should be eligible for appointment as military officers.

\*He recently invited the heads of several militant sects to a dinner at his official residence.

\*He is quietly moving Islamists into positions in many Government agencies, slowly changing the character of some and meeting bitter resistance in others.

These steps, coupled with outbreaks of fundamentalism like the one in Sincan, have led many Turks to fear that the secular identity of their country is under threat. Many others -- it is impossible to know how many -- welcome the moves.

At the heart of the fears expressed by secularists is the realization that their ideology has not yet taken full hold in the hearts of Turks. It has been just 74 years since Mustafa Kemal Ataturk proclaimed the doctrine, now known as Kemalism, that Turkey should be a Western-oriented republic in which religion plays no public role. That is a short time compared with the centuries during which Turks were subjects of a theocratic empire.

As a result, secularists fear that giving Turks full freedom of choice in determining the role of religion in public life might open the way to the Islamization of society.

"This country has a past, and it's a bit naive not to understand what that means," said Sermet Atacanli, a spokesman for the Foreign Ministry, which is one of the strongest bastions of Turkish secularism.

"Christians had a period of brutal fanaticism, but you also had your Renaissance," he said. "You have had hundreds of years to distance yourself from religious extremism, so now when your President puts his hand on the Bible to take the oath of office you don't see anything wrong. But in Turkey, our Renaissance began with Ataturk. We need time to let these ideas take hold."

Debate over these issues has come to dominate public discourse in Turkey, raising sensitive issues that many people here have never before confronted.

"A veil is lifting in Turkey," said a foreign resident of Ankara who is a specialist in Islamic ideology. "As it lifts, we're seeing that this country is more religious than people think, and a million times more than secularists would like. The idea of a greater role for religion in public life has widespread support in Turkey. So as the country becomes more democratic, you see more Islamic influence."

Many Turks are asking whether their secular system can withstand Prime Minister Erbakan's rule. Some believe that he is at heart a conciliator who will never try to push the country too far toward fundamentalism. Others consider him a radical determined to chip away at the foundations of secularism until the system collapses.

Whatever the truth, Mr. Erbakan has shown himself to be a shrewd politician who knows when it is time to retreat. Apparently alarmed by the reaction to his recent moves, he issued a statement over the weekend pledging his support for "pluralist political democracy."

But even if his Government now pulls back from some of its proposals, it has fundamentally and perhaps permanently reshaped the terms of political and social debate. Military leaders, who have staged three coups since 1960, are watching the Government's every move, and secular forces are girding themselves for a long confrontation.

Mr. Erbakan won only 21.4 percent of the vote in last year's election, and his Government is a coalition with the secular True Path Party headed by Foreign Minister Tansu Ciller. But Mrs. Ciller relies on the support of Islamist members of Parliament to shield her from investigations into her alleged corruption, so she is in no position to block his proposals.

After a recent dinner with Mr. Erbakan, she predicted that their coalition would last until the next scheduled election in 2000, and said they might even form an electoral alliance.

Leaders of the Welfare Party complain that the press is whipping up public sentiment against them, and insist that the steps they are taking are aimed only at giving Turks freedom of religious choice.

"Something happens that may have happened many times before, but when it happens now, the press shouts that Turkey is on the way to becoming Iran or Algeria," Justice Minister Sevket Kazan said in an interview. "In liberal systems, people are supposed to be free to act as they please. If a woman wants to cover her hair with a scarf, she should be able to do that without being discriminated against. If that isn't possible, then her human rights are being violated."

Secularists reject such arguments as disingenuous. They say women who wear head scarves are not only expressing a religious belief but also serving as symbols of Islamist political power, and worry that as soon as scarves are allowed in the civil service or on public university campuses, pressure will grow for all women to wear them. They fear that the Government is trying to surround Turks with religious symbols in the hope of undermining secularism.

"Symbols shape the way people think," said Nilufer Narli, a political scientist at Marmara University in Istanbul. "The danger is that the symbols Erbakan is using could point us toward the establishment of a strict Islamic state.

"A synthesis between democratic secular ideas and Islamic ideas does not in itself endanger human rights in Turkey. But if the Welfare Party tries to change fundamental parts of the Constitution, which guarantee secular life, I can see civil war."

Secularists are doing more than lamenting the Government's plans. Last Oct. 29, to celebrate the 73d anniversary of the founding of the republic, they urged Turks to fly the national flag to show their rejection of fundamentalism, and on that day the country was a sea of red banners.

Two weeks later, on the anniversary of Ataturk's death, hundreds of thousands converged on the mausoleum where he is buried, pledging fidelity to his ideals and chanting anti-Government slogans.

In several Government agencies, including the Higher Education Council and the state-sponsored think tank known as Tubitak, secularist officials have successfully fended off Prime Minister Erbakan's efforts to replace them. The army regularly cashiers officers who show fundamentalist tedencies, pointedly ignoring demands from Welfare Party leaders that the officers be given hearings or allowed appeals.

Religious leaders who embrace Kemalism also speak out regularly. Among them is Mehmet Nuri Yilmaz, head of the Government's Directorate of Religious Affairs, who was appointed several years ago and cannot be removed by Mr. Erbakan.

"Politicians and parties do not and cannot interpret Islam," Mr. Yilmaz said in an interview, sitting behind a desk where a copy of the Koran was prominently visible. "Only religious teachers and learned people can do that. We must not confuse political leaders with religious leaders. Neither Islam nor any other religion may be used as a tool to take advantage of people's beliefs for personal or political advantage."

The intensity with which Turks are now debating these issues suggests that Turkey has entered a new phase, one in which adherence to Kemalism is no longer automatic. Secular ideals are deeply rooted, but they no longer enjoy a monopoly in public discourse.

"Turkey has gone so far in the Kemalist direction that many people think it's time for some balance in the other direction," said Busra Ersanli Behar, a sociologist. "There is a widespread feeling that this country needs a synthesis of secularism and Islam. A real cultural debate has begun in Turkey. It is exciting and frightening, because nobody can say how it will come out."

**Graphic**

Photos: President Hashemi Rafsanjani of Iran, left, embraced Prime Minister Necmettin Erbakan of Turkey when he visited Teheran last August. (Associated Press)(pg. A1); The Government in Ankara is fighting foreign influences in the Turkish language, like the Western name of this store in the capital. (Associated Press); Many Turks fear Prime Minister Necmettin Erbakan's Government is aimed at undermining the secular state by promoting Islamic schools like this one in Konya, a provincial capital south of Ankara. (Mehmet Ali Kislali for The New York Times)(pg. A12)

Map of Turkey highlighting Sincan: Sincan cheered a Muslim fundamentalist diplomat from Iran. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** February 13, 1997

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/High Bridge, N.J.; Steel Town Reborn as Family Community***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44RF-TBG0-0109-T1P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JULIA LAWLOR

**Body**

OLD-TIMERS in High Bridge like to call their tiny Hunterdon County borough Mayberry. Dating back to the 1700's, this old steel town has managed to retain much of its old-fashioned character. There are bandstand concerts under a gazebo on September weekends, an annual Halloween parade and sports fields that are constantly in use for football, soccer and softball games.

"We even have a borough administrator named Barney," said Mayor Al Schweikert, a relative newcomer who arrived in 1992, alluding both to Barney Wahl and to the character played by Don Knotts on the "The Andy Griffith Show," which was set in the iconic Mayberry.

After years of decline following the closing of the town's main industry, the Taylor-Wharton steel mill, in the 70's, High Bridge has undergone a rebirth. In the last decade or so young families have flocked here, attracted by its affordable housing, low crime rate and small-town feel.

The last stop on New Jersey Transit's Raritan Valley line, High Bridge offers a fairly convenient, though lengthy (more than an hour and a half) commute to Manhattan, 50 miles to the east. (Commuters must change trains at Newark's Penn Station to reach Manhattan.) High Bridge is an easy commute by car for those who work for the many large technology and pharmaceutical companies along Interstate 78, like AT&T, Merck and Johnson & Johnson.

Ten years ago, Christina Lynn Whited, a single mother, moved here from SoHo with her three young children. She had grown up in a small town in upstate New York and wanted the same for her children. Recalling life in Manhattan, she said, "Yes, it's missing the all-night delis and newsstands, but you learn to adapt." Ms. Whited owns CoCo:Chenille, a shop on Main Street that sells clothing, pillows, bedspreads and other items made out of vintage chenille. "High Bridge is such a classic, all-American town," she said.

In 1742, two Philadelphia businessmen, William Allen and Joseph Turner, leased a 3,000-acre tract from the King of England in what is now High Bridge. They began operating an iron forge, mining iron from the surrounding hills and cutting down the forests to fuel the forge. The business was eventually purchased by Robert Taylor, who supplied cannonballs for the Revolutionary Army.

In later years, the foundry made cannonballs for the Civil War, track and railroad car wheels for the burgeoning railroad industry, steel dredge-bucket teeth for digging the Panama Canal and ammunition for World Wars I and II. When it closed, the Taylor-Wharton Iron and Steel Company claimed to be the second-oldest business in North America, after the Hudson Bay Company. The site is now occupied by several small businesses, including Custom Alloy, which makes fittings for piping systems.

"Everything in town centered around Taylor-Wharton," said Barbara Repka, a 30-year High Bridge resident, assistant town librarian and president of the historical society. The company built a library and a school, donated land for churches and built housing for workers.

The row of modest two-story Victorian homes on East Main Street came to be known as Bridal Row, and a group of tiny stone houses along Mine Road -- Irishtown -- housed the Irish workers who helped build the high bridge over the Raritan River for which the town is named.

While some remember the company as overshadowing the town, others recall the company's consideration of workers' families. "They used to not run the forge on Mondays so the housewives could hang out the laundry and not have it turn black from the soot," Mrs. Repka said.

A ***working-class*** town for much of its life, High Bridge in recent years has attracted professionals commuting to New York as well as those working for corporations located near Route 78. "It's right off of Routes 78 and 31, so you can hop on the highway and go north, south, east or west," said Joyce Lindabery, a saleswoman for Weichert Real Estate in nearby Clinton.

Although prices have risen about 25 percent in the last five years, according to Coldwell Banker broker, Bob Manning, housing remains relatively inexpensive compared with such nearby towns as Clinton and Tewksbury. For the single- and double-wide trailers on permanent foundations in a mountainous section called Solitude Village, prices range from $90,000 to $120,000. Victorian homes near the center of town go for $175,000 to $250,000; 70's colonials in several developments surrounding the town center start about $250,000, with the newest going for as much as $320,000.

ONLY four properties were sold for more than $300,000 in the last 12 months, Mr. Manning said. One historic property, however, went on the market this month for $448,000 -- a 3,700-square-foot renovated stone farmhouse with four fireplaces on two acres with three outbuildings.

High Bridge schools are known for their small class sizes and the individual attention given to the students. At High Bridge Elementary School, the average class size in kindergarten through fifth grade is 15, and total enrollment is less than 300. "If there's a child in crisis, so many people know what's happening and care; the support system is phenomenal," said Patricia Sutton, principal of the elementary school.

There is a computer lab, and at least one computer and a closed-circuit television in each classroom. Each morning, a student appears on camera to announce the day's activities.

This year, 100 percent of fourth-graders passed the state's Elementary School Proficiency Assessment test in language arts literacy and science and 84.8 percent passed the math portion of the test. The statewide averages ESPA scores were 85.2 percent in language arts literacy, 90.4 percent in science and 71.3 percent in math.

Typically, High Bridge students score above the state average on ESPA and above the national average on the Iowa Basic Skills Test, Ms. Sutton said.

There are 182 children enrolled in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades in High Bridge Middle School, with an average class size of 18 to 20. This year, 89 percent of students passed the state Grade 8 Proficiency Assessment in language arts literacy, down from 97 percent a year earlier; 98 percent passed in science, up from 97 percent; 85 percent passed the math portion, down from 92 percent.

When High Bridge students reach high school age, they attend Voorhees Regional High School (Grades 9 through 12) in Glen Gardner. The school is socioeconomically diverse, said the principal, David Steffan, and has an average class size of 21.5. "We serve kids who live in million-dollar homes in Tewksbury and kids who live in trailers," he said. The school also houses the county vocational school, an on-site day-care program and a restaurant where student chefs cook for faculty and members of the public and cater the school football games.

Last year, students from the school averaged 538 on the verbal portion of the College Board tests and 549 in math, compared with the state averages of 499 in verbal and 513 in math.

Residents cherish their small schools and some fear that attempts to build housing developments on what is now farmland around High Bridge will cause overcrowding. A single-family housing development proposed on farmland outside of the center of town would add 135 homes and an estimated 230 children, but it has run into community opposition.

Since Mr. Schweikert became mayor in 1994, the town has preserved 400 acres of land for public use. This includes a golf course built on 150 acres that had been earmarked for development.

The municipal golf course, opened in 1999, was rated one of the best public courses in the United States by Golf Digest magazine in 2000. It is also profitable, which helps to offset taxes in a town that has the second-highest property taxes in Hunterdon County. "This was clean, green," Mr. Schweikert, and the money coming in from the golf course this year is greater than the amount of all the borough's commercial property taxes, he added.

Recreation in High Bridge is plentiful. Besides the golf course, the state's largest astronomy telescope is at Voorhees State Park near High Bridge, and hunting is popular in the state and county parklands surrounding town. A bicycle race, the Tour of High Bridge, takes place every Flag Day.

Off Main Street is an entrance to a section of the Columbia Trail -- the state's longest jogging and biking trail. Alongside the trail is Lake Solitude and Ken Lockwood Gorge on the south branch of the Raritan River -- a well-known fly-fishing spot featured on the cover of an L. L. Bean catalog a few years ago. "Everyone who sees it says it's so beautiful, they can't believe it's in New Jersey," Mr. Schweikert said.

High Bridge's volunteer recreation commission runs soccer, basketball and softball leagues, and for children there are an after-school program at Union Forge park run by the Y.M.C.A. and a three-week summer recreation program, which costs $45 per child.

The look of Main Street, which at one time had four bars frequented by motorcyclists, has changed for the better over the years. Planet Highbridge is the only real bar left, and it has more of a family atmosphere, with walls covered by High Bridge memorabilia and a moose head with a cigarette in its mouth hanging over the bar.

H IGH BRIDGE was a rough town," said the police chief, Richard Lacey, who started with the force in 1974. "In the 70's, we had juveniles running around with guns, and a vigilante group trying to control them. We don't have that anymore." In fact, he said, High Bridge now has one of the lowest crime rates in the state.

Norma Melendez-Galinsky likes High Bridge so much she has moved there twice. Looking for a good school district for her daughter, she and her husband first arrived from Brooklyn in 1995. "It was farm-y, beautiful and open, and the street where we lived was just wonderful," said Ms. Melendez-Galinsky, a lawyer. But by 1998, her husband had tired of the commute to his teaching job in SoHo, and the family moved to a suburb closer to Manhattan.

But after three months, unhappy with the schools in their new town and missing the friendly neighbors she had had on Thomas Street in High Bridge, she wrote to all of the residents on the street letting them know she wanted to return and was looking to buy a house in the neighborhood. The next year, she was back living on Thomas Street.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: One family missed Thomas Street, above, so much after leaving that they moved back; Solitude House, below left, was a place of confinement for two prominent Tories during the Revolution; Main Street, below right.; 3-bedroom, 1-bath Victorian at 54 East Main Street, $165,000.; 4-bedroom, 2-bath renovated bungalow at 41 Highland Avenue, $259,000.; 4- or 5-bedroom, 3 1/2-bath renovated stone farmhouse at 118 Cregar Road, $448,000. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times) Chart: "GAZETTEER"POPULATION: 3,776 (2000 census).AREA: 2.3 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $66,648 (1997 estimate).MEDIAN PRICE OF ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $180,000.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $5,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $175,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $155,000.MIDRANGE RENT OF 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $800.MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $130,000.PUBLIC SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: $9,696 in kindergarten through eighth grade; $12,900 in high school.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 50 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: One hour 40 minutes by New Jersey Transit train with a change required at Newark Penn Station, $9.15 one way, $256 monthly.GOVERNMENT: Mayor (Al Schweikert), elected for four-year term; six council members, elected to staggered three-year terms.CODES: Area, 908. ZIP, 08829.LONELY DAYS: During the Revolutionary War, a house in High Bridge became a temporary prison for two Tories: the royal governor of Pennsylvania, John Penn, and his chief justice, Benjamin Chew. George Washington had them seized as enemies of the state. Because they were so popular among some residents of Philadelphia, instead of imprisoning them in harsh conditions, he sent them to live in a house occupied by Robert Taylor, at the time manager of the iron foundry in High Bridge and a trusted patriot. The two were treated like gentlemen, allowed to roam within six miles of the house, which borders a lake, and to have their cook and other servants with them, including an Italian fiddler. The hills there were so quiet, though, that Penn named the place "Solitude." The two were eventually handed over to the British, and Solitude House, built in 1725, later fell into disrepair. Tenants now occupy the house, but Mayor Schweikert of High Bridge hopes to make it into a museum one day. Map of New Jersey highlighting High Bridge.

**Load-Date:** December 23, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Gay Daughter, Political Asset;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9190-000P-N3JC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Messinger, in Trend, Puts the Spotlight on a Relative***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9190-000P-N3JC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1688 words

**Byline:** By FRANK BRUNI

By FRANK BRUNI

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Feb. 26

**Body**

Miriam Messinger is, in many ways, a typical working mom. Her office is strewn with snapshots of her 16-month-old daughter, Amani, at play, at rest, standing up, sitting down, looking concerned, looking content.

At the end of the day, Ms. Messinger, 31, rushes to a day care center to be reunited with the toddler, immediately wrapping her in a hug while whispering such odd parental endearments as: "I smell poopy diapers. Do you have poopy diapers?"

But recently, a spotlight shone suddenly, and without specific warning, on the ways in which Ms. Messinger is not so typical. It happened a week ago during the first full-fledged debate between New York City's Democratic mayoral candidates, when her mother, Ruth W. Messinger, spoke of her support for gay marriages in terms of "my daughter, who is a lesbian, who has given me a great granddaughter."

That daughter is Miriam; that granddaughter, Amani. And by invoking them in a public forum, at least implicitly, as evidence of her sensitivities, Ruth Messinger transformed them into something more than blood relatives. They became political currency.

For the most part, Miriam Messinger was unruffled. She said her mother had her tacit permission. Still, Ms. Messinger said, "There's a piece of me that feels like it's my life, and I don't want in any way to feel like I'm being used as a political icon."

Her debut as precisely such a figure is a fascinating reflection of time and place. In most earlier decades, and in most cities other than New York, only a politician bent on self-destruction would draw attention to a homosexual daughter with a black life partner and a biracial biological daughter whose paternity can be traced to a sperm bank.

But it is also a new wrinkle on an old political tradition that has yielded interesting permutations and combinations in recent years. While candidates have long summoned the figures of ***working-class*** immigrant parents or philanthropic spouses as proof of their own virtue, they have recently summoned a wider array of relatives for a wider variety of reasons.

For Ruth Messinger, having and embracing a lesbian daughter could actually help her solidify favor with homosexuals in New York City, a potentially influential constituency, particularly in the Democratic primary. Ms. Messinger said that she did not make such a calculation before mentioning her daughter during the recent debate. She said that she had publicly referred to Miriam Messinger's sexual orientation previously, albeit never in a forum as prominent as the debate, and that her only intention in bringing it up was to round out the portrait of herself that she was sharing with voters.

And part of who she is, she said, is the mother of two married heterosexual sons and one essentially married homosexual daughter.

"I'm very proud of my kids and my daughters-in-law," Ms. Messinger said, "and I go out of my way to talk about them, when it's relevant, partly because I'm proud of them, partly because I think people like to know that their elected officials are not plastic stick figures but real people with real families."

Other politicians clearly share her belief. They also make personal aspects of family members' lives -- misfortune, struggle and now, sexual orientation -- part of their political personas. President Clinton has repeatedly defended his concern about widespread drug abuse by mentioning the battle of his brother, Roger, to overcome cocaine addiction.

Vice President Al Gore, burdened by a reputation as a wooden man and staking out ground as a crusader against teen-age smoking, spoke tearfully in his speech at the 1996 Democratic convention about his sister's lung cancer. Four years earlier, he had offered an equally poignant account of the way his 9-year-old son, Al 3d, had nearly been killed at age 6 when a car struck him.

By telling intimate stories about relatives, politicians claim a common ground with voters, showing that they, like everyone else, have been buffeted by hardship and come from complicated families.

But the strategy can be perilous. Candidates risk coming across as taking advantage of loved ones -- reducing them to anecdotes or bows and ribbons on a political package.

"I think candidates have to be very careful when they use these personal experiences that they not appear exploitative," said Charles E. Cook Jr., editor of The Cook Political Report, a nonpartisan political newsletter.

"The Gore thing rumbled around a little bit," Mr. Cook said, referring to the 1996 convention speech. "He took a couple of shots on that one."

Although Miriam Messinger was not given advance notice that her mother would mention her in the recent mayoral debate, both she and her mother have made a conscious decision for her to play a more prominent role in this campaign than she did in previous ones, when her help was mostly behind the scenes, training field volunteers.

Miriam Messinger said that she would start coming to New York City once a month to help her mother. She expects to do a fair amount of public speaking, she said, which is not something she did in her mother's 1989 or 1993 campaigns for Manhattan Borough President. Some of that speaking will be to gay and lesbian audiences, Ms. Messinger said.

She said she felt more comfortable about that than before. Her mother said that in a mayoral campaign, there is a greater need for "surrogate speakers" than there is in a race for borough president. By virtue of geography, Miriam Messinger is in a better position to help than her older brother, Daniel, 32, who lives in Miami, and her younger brother, Adam, 28, who lives in San Diego.

But Miriam Messinger said that there were lines and boundaries she was still trying to figure out how to draw. Although she let a reporter interview her in her office at the Medical Foundation in Boston, a nonprofit public health organization for which she works as a program developer, she declined to invite the reporter into the house that she and her partner recently bought in the Roxbury section of the city.

"Home is a fairly private place for us," Miriam Messinger said. In addition, she added, her partner, Felicia, a public-school teacher, asked that her last name not be used in this article. "She didn't buy into a politician's life," Ms. Messinger explained.

Then again, neither did Miriam Messinger. She was born into it. Her childhood was an unconventional one. She, Daniel and Adam were raised in what she called a "collective household" inside a brownstone on West 87th Street near Columbus Avenue.

That meant there were many other adults beside her mother and her father, Eli Messinger, a pyschiatrist, who separated in the mid-1970's and divorced in the early 1980's. (Ruth Messinger was remarried in 1989 to Andrew Lachman, a public-school administrator, and they live on Central Park West.)

"Friends would come over," Miriam Messinger recalled, "and say, 'Is that your Mom?' No. 'Is that your Mom?' No. My Mom was probably the person who was home least."

Miriam Messinger said that she did not fully realize she was a lesbian until she fell in love with another woman during her last year at Harvard University, from which she graduated in 1988.

She said she was confident it would not upset her mother, who, as a member of the New York City Council, began pressing for a citywide gay rights bill years before it was adopted in 1986. "My Mom used to drag me to gay pride, before I was out, because it was a good family thing to do," Ms. Messinger said.

Miriam Messinger has been involved with her life partner for nine years. They always wanted children, and decided that Ms. Messinger would bear the first one, Felicia the second. Since Felicia is black, Ms. Messinger said she specifically decided to use sperm from an anonymous black donor, so the child would be biracial. The name Amani is Swahili for "peace."

Before Ruth Messinger's first campaign for Manhattan Borough President in 1989, Miriam Messinger told her mother that if she were asked a direct question about her daughter's sexual orientation, she should tell the truth. Otherwise, Miriam Messinger said, it was not something that she wanted to see become an issue.

She wanted her life to remain her life, not to be measured and weighed in terms of its political implications for somebody else. "A person's identity is so complex," Miriam Messinger said. "To have it boiled down to an asset or liability is bizarre."

Bizarre, but not uncommon. Darrell M. West, a professor of political science at Brown University, says he first noticed a newfangled use of relatives as something akin to political props when Jimmy Carter, campaigning for the Presidency as a folksy alternative to the usual pol, introduced his brother, Billy, as a beer-drinking gas station owner.

"In fact," Professor West said, "the gas station in Plains, Georgia, became an icon of the campaign."

Professor West said the example of Billy Carter, however, also served warning to politicians that there was a downside to this manner of family business: A relative on a soapbox may not follow the approved script.

Miriam Messinger hardly seems like a potential wild card. She is articulate, almost painfully earnest and in apparent agreement with her mother's progressive ideals.

But when she was asked why she agreed to cooperate with this article, not one of her answers involved helping her mother win the election. All had to do with her own agenda of making people more sensitive to issues concerning sexual orientation and race.

"Any time you can show people another picture of family life, maybe you can educate them," Ms. Messinger said. "Because my Mom is well known and people want to write about her, I figure, hey, I'll use this venue."

In a political family, it seems, the lines between personal devotion and pragmatic benefit can be blurry. Miriam Messinger recalled a big family get-together several months ago in Manhattan during which her mother announced that she wanted to take some pictures.

Miriam Messinger said she turned to her mother and asked, "Are we just taking the pictures for us, or is this for the campaign?"

The answer, Miriam Messinger said, was both.

**Graphic**

Photo: Miriam Messinger with her daughter, Amani: "I don't want in any way to feel like I'm being used as a political icon." (Ed Quinn for The New York Times)

Chart/Photos: "The Politics of Family" provides photos and excerpts of statements made by President Clinton concerning his brother, Gov. Mario M. Cuomo referring to his parents, and Vice President Al Gore evoking the memory of his sister.

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Officer Guarding Drug Witness Is Slain***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-56P0-0014-5416-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1529 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH P. FRIED

**Body**

A rookie New York City police officer was shot to death early yesterday as he guarded the home of a Queens man who had complained to the police about crack dealers bedeviling his South Jamaica neighborhood.

In what Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward later called a ''deliberate assassination,'' a gunman fired up to five bullets from a powerful handgun through the closed window of the radio car in which the officer sat alone. Three shots went into the head of 22-year-old Officer Edward Byrne, killing him instantly, the police said.

Officer Byrne was guarding the house because it had been twice firebombed last November and its had been owner threatened, according to the authorities.

Other law-enforcement authorities said the house belonged to a Guyanese man of Asian descent who uses the single name Arjune.

The Commissioner termed the slaying an ''attempt to intimidate not just that witness but all'' who cooperate with the authorities against drug dealers. It was not, he held, simply an attack on the police.

If Mr. Ward is right, the cold-blooded slaying, shortly before 3:30 A.M. in a poor and ***working-class*** area, brought into sharp focus the brazen reach of the crack traders plaguing New York City neighborhoods and how far they are willing to go to avoid prison.

And if the officer was slain specifically because he was protecting a drug-case witness, it would be a blunt message that a police guard does not necessarily insure the safety of a witness.

The neighborhood where the slaying occurred, South Jamaica in southeastern Queens, is made up mostly of black families. It has been terrorized in recent months by the spread from nearby areas of dealing in crack, the cocaine derivative.

Last October, a 61-year-old livery-service dispatcher, Mildred Greene, was shot to death at her South Jamaica car service after testifying before a grand jury about a gun battle that she had witnessed outside her office and that included people reportedly involved in drug dealing.

In another development involving the notorious southeast Queens drug trade, a man described by prosecutors as a drug kingpin in the area was sentenced Thursday to 25 years to life in prison for drug trafficking. The man, 29-year-old Lorenzo Nichols, who the authorities say is known as ''Fat Cat,'' is also awaiting trial on murder charges. He has been accused of masterminding the 1985 slaying of his parole officer for revenge.

Mr. Ward told reporters he did not believe the slaying of Officer Byrne was connected to the sentencing of Mr. Nichols. Mr. Nichols's lawyer, David Cohen, said any speculation that Mr. Nichols might have ordered the killing of a police officer as revenge for his conviction and long sentence was ''absolutely untrue.''

Early in Inquiry

Although Mr. Ward said the killing of the officer was ''clearly an attempt to intimidate'' the man whose house had been firebombed - the man's complaint had led to the arrest of a suspected crack dealer in November - a police spokesman later declined to say whether those accused of the firebombing and of other threats against the man were considered suspects in Officer Byrne's murder.

''At this time the investigation is getting off the ground, and we're looking into all aspects,'' said the spokesman, Sgt. Peter Sweeney.

Among those who have been arrested and charged with verbally threatening the homeowner is Thomas Godbolt, known as Mustafa. He is said by law-enforcement authorities to be linked to Mr. Nichols. Mr. Godbolt is in jail for a parole violation while awaiting trial on charges of coercion and menacing, stemming from the threat against the homeowner. He has pleaded not guilty. His attorney, C. Vernon Mason, was not in his office when called yesterday.

Another police spokesman, Sgt. Maurice Howard, said last night - as the hunt for the killer or killers of Officer Byrne was pressed - that the police had made no arrests.

Sergeant Howard said he did not know if any shell casings had been found at the murder scene that would help identify the large-caliber handgun used. The police declined to say whether Mr. Arjune was still in his house last night. The home itself, he said, was still under guard - now by ''more than one'' officer.

Mayor Koch, vowing a maximum effort to capture the killer, said that ''an attack on a cop is an attack on society.'' He, too, saw the officer's killing as stemming from a message to the man being guarded. ''One must draw the inference that he was shot down, cold-blooded, by someone of warning on that witness,'' Mr. Koch said.

He added that the city was offering a $10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the officer's killer or killers. And the police established a number to receive information about the case - (718) 520-0444 -saying all information provided would be kept confidential.

Police officials declined to say how many witnesses there were to the killing or who they were, but it was clear from the details they provided that one or more people had seen at least parts of the killing.

Arrests in November

Sergeant Sweeney and a police spokeswoman, Officer Janice Swinney, said Officer Byrne was sitting in the driver's seat of his marked patrol car at 107th Avenue and Inwood Street in South Jamaica, watching the three-story frame house across the street at 107-05 Inwood. The officer joined the force last July and had been assigned to the 103d Precinct station house in Jamaica for a month.

The authorities said Mr. Arjune's complaint to the police had led to the arrest in November of a young neighborhood man suspected of being a crack dealer. That arrest was soon followed by the flinging of Molotov cocktails through Mr. Arjune's window.

Two other young men from the neighborhood were arrested as suspects in the two firebombings. According to court records, threats were made against Mr. Arjune later in November, followed by the arrests of two other men on charges stemming from the threats.

As Officer Byrne, an unmarried resident of Massapequa, L.I., sat in uniform in his marked radio car, according to Officer Swinney, a light brown or tan Oldsmobile Cutlass containing at least two black men pulled alongside.

''One of the males exited the Oldsmobile, went to the radio car and fired up to five shots,'' she said. ''The officer was struck three times in the side of the head.''

Windows Shot Out

Mr. Ward said the police had been told that the approaching car had its engine off as it glided up to the patrol car.

The police received their first call about the shooting on the 911 emergency number at 3:28 A.M., Sergeant Sweeney said. Fellow officers who rushed to the scene found the young officer dead and the front-door windows on either side of the car shot out.

The Commissioner indicated to reporters early yesterday that he thought the killing might well have been ordered by some prisoner on Rikers Island. ''They have access to the phones and can give their orders right from jail,'' he said.

Later yesterday, however, he said, ''we have not been able to confirm'' that the murder had been directed from Rikers. ''We know what's going on in southeast Queens and we know we have some of the principals of the drug groups on Rikers Island,'' he said.

Violent Organizations

South Jamaica and other areas of southeast Queens are among the neighborhoods that have seen a sharp growth in crack trafficking, according to the police. In the Queens areas, as in other affected parts of the city, officials say, the crack trade has been characterized by violent and increasingly sophisticated drug organizations.

The police have sought to respond. The killing of Officer Byrne occurred on the southern fringe of an area, around 150th Street and Sutphin Boulevard, where the police began a major anti-drug operation in September 1985. The operation, in the 103d Precinct, where the slain officer was assigned, was known as Operation Cleanup. In its first two years, it resulted in 400 felony drug arrests and 225 misdemeanor arrests, along with the seizure of 85 firearms and 30 pounds of cocaine.

Last October, Operation Cleanup was expanded to six neighboring precincts and was renamed Operation Queens. In its first four months, ending Jan. 31, the police made 2,350 drug-related arrests and issued 12,871 summonses, police spokesmen said.

In the murder of Ms. Greene, the car-service dispatcher, four men, three of them identified as involved in drug dealing, have been charged with the slaying, which led the police to modify their guidelines for protecting witnesses who have reportedly received threats. The home of Mr. Arjune was not being guarded under those guidelines because his case involved an actual attack - the firebombing - and not merely a report of threats, said the police spokesman, Sergeant Sweeny.

Mr. Nichols's parole officer, Brian Rooney, was found shot to death in his car on a South Jamaica street two months after he had been innstrumental in having Mr. Nichols returned to prison as a parole violator. This happened after Mr. Nichols's arrest on the drug charges, for which he was recently convicted. Mr. Nichols has pleaded not guilty to charges that he masterminded the parole officer's killing for revenge.

**Graphic**

Photo of Detectives searching the area near the police car in which Police Officer Edward Byrne was killed early yesterday morning at Inwood Street and 107th Avenue in South Jamaica, Queens; Edward Byrne; map of area of Jamaica Queens

**End of Document**



[***Film; A New Wave Auteur Without the Rough Edges - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44DH-7S30-0109-T1C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By TERRENCE RAFFERTY; Terrence Rafferty is critic at large for GQ magazine.

**Body**

YOU have charm, you have grace, you have beauty," says an awestruck American sailor to the title character (played by Anouk Aimee) of Jacques Demy's 1961 film "Lola," and those words are as true of the movie itself as they are of its heroine. If Demy's first feature isn't as well known as the debuts of others in what we call the French New Wave -- as say, Francois Truffaut's "400 Blows" or Alain Resnais's "Hiroshima Mon Amour" or Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless" (all 1959) -- it's perhaps because "Lola" is too charming, graceful and beautiful for its own good. This auteur's sensibility obviously lacks the invigorating rough edges we associate with the New Wave.

"Lola" follows a half-dozen ordinary folks in the south of France as they pursue their amorous fantasies, and Demy's style is lighter than air, brazenly artificial. He makes no intellectual demands on the viewer: he aims to seduce, not to challenge. And if you give in to his sweet nothings, you may even feel slightly embarrassed. That's the power of "Lola." Alone among the early products of the New Wave, it gives the audience the exquisite sense of surrendering to a guilty pleasure.

Although Demy had a huge international hit in his third film, "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964), both "Lola" and his equally remarkable second feature, "Bay of Angels" (1963), have remained relatively obscure, at least in the United States. Neither has been available on video for many years, and the theatrical prints were mediocre. Now, however, the movies have been restored under the supervision of Demy's widow, the filmmaker Agnes Varda ("Vagabond"), and audiences will have the opportunity to see them on the big screen, in the radiant black and white that was the first, and maybe the best, medium for Demy's rueful romanticism. "Lola" begins a two-week run at Film Forum in Manhattan on Friday; "Bay of Angels" follows, also for two weeks, beginning Nov. 30.

Jean-Luc Godard, trying to distinguish his own exploratory approach to filmmaking from the less flexible aesthetics of other cineastes, said in 1965, "When someone like Demy shoots a film, he has an idea of the world he is trying to apply to the cinema or else -- which comes to the same thing -- an idea of cinema which he applies to the world." And while that might sound a bit harsh (to say nothing of glib), there's an element of truth in it. Watching "Lola," you're often struck by the dogged unity of Demy's "idea of the world" and his "idea of cinema"; they're totally congruent.

The heroine is a provincial dreamer who seems to have spun her very identity from cast-off strips of celluloid. She has become, in her 20's, a transcendent movie cliche: a dance-hall girl with a heart of gold. Lola sleeps with the occasional sailor without ever being unfaithful to the memory of her first and only true love, who disappeared eight years earlier; the torch she carries burns with a pure and steady flame. Lola is not the name she got at birth but one she has adopted to suit her stage persona: when she performs, in shabby cabarets, she decks herself out in a skimpy costume, complete with black stockings and top hat, evoking Marlene Dietrich's character in "The Blue Angel" (1930) -- whose name, of course, was Lola-Lola. She's related, too, to the heroine (also a performer) of Max Ophuls's ornate romantic tragedy, "Lola Montes" (1955).

But Demy's Lola is more than the sum of her allusions. She resembles her silver-screen models only superficially. It's as if she were merely playing at being a femme fatale or even a "bad girl"; she isn't nearly worldly enough to be convincing in the role. In fact, Lola's most notable characteristic is her impossible innocence: a wholehearted responsiveness to experience that both enables her to identify un-self-consciously with images of movie glamour and prevents her from developing the coolness and impenetrability of an authentic siren. She's a cheerful, guileless vamp, more Clara Bow than Louise Brooks.

This self-invented Lola is a perfect vehicle for Jacques Demy's ideas about love, illusion and the fragile joy of movies, because she's a seamless combination of the real and the ideal: her belief in the ideal is her reality. "Lola" places her in the lovely Mediterranean port city of Nantes -- the filmmaker's own hometown -- and surrounds her with other dreamers, all of whose fates depend to some extent on hers. (She's the still point of this turning world and doesn't even know it.) Chief among her admirers is an earnest, bookish young fellow named Roland Cassard (Marc Michel), who has loved her since their school days and who runs into her on the day he decides to leave Nantes for good; after seeing her, he has to reconsider his plan.

Then there's her sailor, genial Frankie (Alan Scott), who clearly adores her but is, like Roland, on his way elsewhere, in his case home to Chicago. (An excellent idea, since he speaks French with the most hilarious American accent this side of Jean Seberg in "Breathless.") On the periphery are a widowed former dancer, Madame Desnover (Elina Labourdette), who has taken a shine to Roland, and her 14-year-old daughter, Cecile (Annie Duperoux), who wants to be a dancer herself and who has, it turns out, a serious crush on Frankie. Cecile, it's worth mentioning, is Lola's real name.

All these people are to some degree reflections of Lola or her vanished lover, and part of the pleasure of the movie lies in watching Demy choreograph this intricate play of mirror images as the characters flicker past one another -- sometimes recognizing themselves, fleetingly, but more often not. For these enchanted dreamers, though, self-awareness isn't really necessary, since their destiny is pretty much out of their control, and, as it happens, a benign hand -- Demy's -- is shaping it. Deliverance arrives in a gleaming white Cadillac convertible, an outrageous but inevitable resolution. In the poetic, wholly self-contained world Jacques Demy creates in "Lola," anything can happen, for no better reason than he wants it to. Miracles aren't out of place here; they're practically required.

For all the warmth and fluidity of Demy's style, "Lola" and "Bay of Angels" are by far the most highly wrought -- and arguably the most technically accomplished -- of the early New Wave films. By temperament, Demy was, to a greater extent than Truffaut or Mr. Godard, an old-fashioned control freak. In Ms. Varda's affectionate, moving re-creation of her husband's childhood, "Jacquot" -- released in 1991, a year after his death -- we learn that young Jacques's first artistic experiments were in puppet theater and stop-motion animation. In her later documentary on his work, "The World of Jacques Demy" (1995), several talking heads testify to his abhorrence of improvisation, his insistence that the dialogue be spoken exactly as he had written it.

His attentiveness to the nuts and bolts of his craft might derive in part from the example of his father, an auto mechanic. With "Bay of Angels," though, it becomes evident that Mr. Demy's mania for formal control is a consequence of a kind of deep romantic fatalism. Everything in his films is determined -- sometimes overdetermined -- but their constant theme is the mysterious workings of chance.

The main characters of "Bay of Angels," Jackie (Jeanne Moreau, in her richest performance) and Jean (Claude Mann), are lovers and compulsive gamblers, traveling together from casino to casino in the south of France. The film has no more plot than that. Audaciously, Demy confines himself to charting the ups and downs of the lovers' romantic and financial fortunes, and trusts that we'll get hooked, too. (He doesn't push his luck, though: the movie clocks in at a brisk 79 minutes.) With just two characters and a story that moves to the repetitive rhythms of their obsession, "Bay of Angels" is a film that depends, even more than "Lola," on a rigorously controlled style to keep us inside its illusion.

Demy, who was the most skillful mover of the camera between Max Ophuls (to whom he dedicated "Lola") and Bernardo Bertolucci, generates so much lively motion within the tight frame of the story that the viewer is never tempted to think about the world outside it. While the roulette wheel is turning, nothing else seems to matter.

"Bay of Angels" is a dazzling essay on the sensuality of submission to the enigmatic logic of mathematical probability -- a logic that, in Jacques Demy's movies, also governs the course of love. What makes the romanticism of "Lola," "Bay of Angels" and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" so persuasive is those pictures' omnipresent sense of the possibility of loss: a true romantic, after all, is one whose world view is based on transience, not permanence. The beauty of the abrupt, out-of-the-blue happy ending in "Bay of Angels" is its sheer arbitrariness. It's another spin of the wheel, and we understand -- because Demy's lyrical fatalism has by now seeped into our consciousness -- that the next spin for Jackie and Jean might not be so lucky. In this filmmaker's vision, every successful romance is as chancy, and as mysterious, as that.

And every good movie is, too. After "Bay of Angels," Demy managed to pull off one more cinematic conjuring trick -- the luminous, daringly stylized ***working-class*** opera "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (in which several of Michel Legrand's musical themes from "Lola" are reprised, this time enhanced by Demy's superbly colloquial lyrics). But the magic of those first three films finally proved too delicate to sustain. They're hermetic, timeless-seeming, and that's a difficult standard to live up to; not even the most ardent lovers, or the most dedicated filmmakers, can make time stand still forever. Jacques Demy was the sort of artist who ventured outside the Neverland of his private, idiosyncratic imaginative landscape at his peril. (The critic Gary Carey once described him, perceptively, as "the Joseph Cornell of French cinema.")

When he tried to get a little more contemporary, to be with it, in the Hollywood-style musical "The Young Girls of Rochefort" (1967), the impeccable grace, charm and beauty of "Lola," "Bay of Angels" and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" suddenly and completely deserted him, as if they'd fled to parts unknown. And then, perhaps in acknowledgment of that failure, he transplanted Lola, alone again, to a very seedy Los Angeles. The movie, "The Model Shop" (1969), was a flop. The miracle didn't last, either for the hopeful good-time girl of Nantes or her creator.

In the final two decades of his too-short life -- suffering from leukemia, he was 59 when he died -- Jacques Demy waged a largely unsuccessful battle to recover the elusive balance of innocence and experience that had characterized his first three movies. He tried his hand at children's films, at whimsical commercial comedies and, toward the end, at more musicals, but he never recaptured the improbable poise, the rightness of his early work. (The 1970 fairy tale "Donkey Skin" comes closest.) Thanks to his diligent widow, though, the evidence of Jacques Demy's brilliant beginnings survives, rescued from obscurity and decay. It's wonderful, in this grim time, to know that "Lola" and "Bay of Angels" are back to stay, and miraculous that they look so bright and clear and young. We're seeing them now as they should be seen, in the full glory of their transience.

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

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 11 about the director Jacques Demy misstated the location of Nantes, France, the setting of his film "Lola." It is on the Atlantic, not the Mediterranean.

**Correction-Date:** November 25, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Anouk Aimee as the title character in "Lola," Jacques Demy's 1961 feature film debut. Little-seen in the United States, the movie has been restored with help from Demy's widow, Agnes Varda. It opens Friday. (Raymond Cauchetier/Cine-Tamaris) (pg. 15); Claude Mann and Jeanne Moreau play a pair of gamblers traveling in the South of France in Jacques Demy's "Bay of Angels" (1963). (Raymond Cauchetier/Cine-Tamaris) (pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** November 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***HOLIDAY FILMS: HISTORY LESSONS; Unfriendly Witnesses In Togas And Boots***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44C1-PYT0-0109-T3J5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 34

**Length:** 2109 words

**Byline:**  By STUART KLAWANS; Stuart Klawans is the film critic of The Nation. His book "Left in the Dark" will be published in January by Nation Books.

**Body**

THE committee feeds its witness the usual threat, wrapped in an un-nourishing promise: Cooperate and we'll be lenient. Just confirm what we already know. Name your friend as a traitor.

No one knows how many times this scene has been enacted over the centuries, before the public and in closed-door sessions alike. But I can tell you that from 1947, when Congressional hearings into Communist influence in Hollywood prompted the movie studios to impose a blacklist, through the Dec. 21 release of "The Majestic," this little drama has seldom appeared on the screen.

By my count only four movies, "The Majestic" included, have said anything explicit about the blacklist and its enormous impact on filmmakers. These pictures were all released at a safe distance, coming out in the 1970's and later. An equally small handful of films, released in the latter half of the 1950's, avoided Hollywood as a subject but spoke up about the smearing and hounding of librarians, schoolteachers and musicians.

The third group of films we might associate with these events was released in the early 1950's, in the very midst of the blacklist era. But it's hard to say whether the victims in these pictures are filmmakers, since the characters tend to wear cowboy boots or togas.

Imagine, for example, that the investigating committee is chaired by Herod and the unfriendly witness is a street-corner orator known as John the Baptist. Such are the disguises worn by the House Un-American Activities Committee and its prey in the 1953 movie "Salome." On its surface, the picture is a mere Technicolor come-on, featuring Rita Hayworth in translucent veils. Below the surface -- though covered scarcely better than the star -- lies the political message, which suggests that a first-century HUAC would have pursued even Jesus.

"He is not a traitor!" bellows a character at the "Salome" hearing -- a Hebrew elder played by Maurice Schwartz, no less, the prince of the Yiddish theater. Speaking straight to the camera, so the point won't be lost, Schwartz declaims, "He is a man of peace!"

Great cinema? Hardly. But still, who worked this protest into a sword-and-sandal picture? Was it the director, William Dieterle? The credited screenwriters, Jesse Lasky Jr. and Harry Kleiner? Or do we hear a blacklisted author crying out from the shadows? Whatever the answer, someone longed to speak to a topic that could not be mentioned out loud. The solution: spell the message in code, and turn "Salome" into a kind of rebus.

A more celebrated example of such picture puzzles is "Johnny Guitar" (1953), directed by Nicholas Ray from a script written in large part by the blacklisted Ben Maddow. (The credit went to his front, Philip Yordan.) Indelibly vivid and eccentric, "Johnny Guitar" transforms the government investigator into a Western sheriff, the redbaiting citizenry into a ranchers' posse. They demand incriminating testimony, no matter how false, against the defiant Joan Crawford, because her saloon occupies a coveted piece of land. But sexual jealousy as much as greed roils Crawford's chief antagonist, the raging, sputtering Mercedes McCambridge. A seething kettle of repressed desire, she makes almost no sense in the story unless you read her as a political cartoon. Most likely, she is meant as a nasty caricature of Elizabeth Bentley, the era's most prominent woman among the anti-Communists.

Thanks in part to the enthusiasm of the French, "Johnny Guitar" became a cult film. But it was another western of the blacklist years, "High Noon" (1952), that won acclaim as a classic -- perhaps because the meanings of its rebus are double, and so appeal to the widest audience.

The release of "High Noon" coincided roughly with the blacklisting of its screenwriter, Carl Foreman. That turn of events -- coupled with the political reputations of the producer and director, Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinnemann -- has led viewers to assume that the movie carries a protest against the blacklist. In this interpretation, the killer outlaws are Red-hunters, and the town's citizens (either passive before the gang or complicit with them) are the Hollywood community, supine before HUAC. Gary Cooper, playing the sheriff, is the man of conscience, willing to stand alone against the blacklist; his Quaker wife (Grace Kelly) is the liberal who sees, almost too late, that you sometimes have to fight.

Then again, Pravda may have been right -- it hated "High Noon." The outlaws might just as easily be read as Communists, and Gary Cooper (who in fact was a friendly witness for HUAC) might be the valiant informer, willing to testify and take the consequences. The only clear-cut message is one Richard Nixon might have endorsed: convicted murderers should not be paroled.

In "High Noon" and many other ambiguous pictures of the 1950's, the political content is not a decipherable message but an atmosphere, which seems to condense on the characters in clammy beads. What exactly are we to fear in the 1956 "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"? Should the pod people from outer space be understood to be Communists, spreading covertly through America? (That was the none-too-subtle allegory of the source novel, by Jack Finney.) Or should we see the pods as "conformists" -- the era's term for people who had learned to stop worrying and love the bomb? All we know is that something out there is scary, and it can't be named.

Even the most acclaimed of the era's political allegories, the 1954 "On the Waterfront," wasn't really about the blacklist -- or wasn't precisely about it, if you asked the director, Elia Kazan. He insisted, quite credibly, that the movie was always meant to dramatize corruption in the longshoremen's union. "On the Waterfront" sprang from this subject, he said, and not from his experience as an informer, answering HUAC's demand for names. Then again, he added, there were "parallels" between the two situations, which he "could not and would not deny."

So the studios established a blacklist, and the filmmakers created a cinema of parallels and puzzles. Out of all the films of the 1950's, I can think of only three that acknowledged the blacklist in clear terms and modern dress.

In "Storm Center" (1956), directed by Daniel Taradash, Bette Davis plays a small-town librarian who refuses to remove from her shelves a book titled "The Communist Dream." She believes that people have a right to learn about a viewpoint that she herself thinks "preposterous"; and so the neighbors ostracize her, the town council fires her, and an overwrought child burns down the library. In "Running Time," her book about cold war cinema, Nora Sayre characterized "Storm Center" as a "modest, simple-minded film." She noted, though, that for all its artlessness, the picture had to be planned clandestinely and took five years to make.

By contrast, Charles Chaplin had the freedom to crank out "A King in New York" (1957) in just 12 weeks -- and it shows. The tempo is woozy, the sets look like leftovers from the Mack Sennett era, and the butts of the satire -- advertising, Cinema-scope, rock 'n' roll -- seem random, as if they'd been ticked off a list Chaplin made on his way out of the country. But then, he'd had to leave; he'd been labeled a political undesirable and banished from the United States. This experience turns out to be the real and compelling subject of "A King in New York," even though two-thirds of the film unspools before it emerges. As King Shahdov of Estrovia, a deposed monarch living by his none-too-sharp wits, Chaplin blunders into an appearance before HUAC. Wisely, he does not portray himself as the committee's victim. That role goes to a boy, played by Chaplin's son Michael: a bright but hilariously pompous schoolkid, full of secondhand soap-box speeches, who ends up as a tearful stool pigeon.

The antagonists who drove Chaplin from America included not only the F.B.I. but also a roster of gossip columnists, who helped enforce the blacklist by redbaiting some people and offering public rehabilitation to others. The moral shabbiness of these writers is the theme of the third and best of the pictures that acknowledged the blacklist, "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957). Written by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman and directed by Alexander Mackendrick, the film is extraordinary for its depiction of a now-vanished New York night life (shot on location in lustrous black-and-white), for the spiraling viciousness of Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis (as the king of the gossip columnists and his press-agent toady), and for the plot, which hinges on a smear campaign. To advance himself, the press agent plants a career-smashing gossip item about a young musician, accusing him of being a dope-smoking Commie.

It does not diminish the boldness of "Sweet Smell of Success" to note that by 1957, employers were starting to abandon the blacklist. The Senate had already censured Joseph McCarthy, who would die that year, and Hollywood had just embarrassed itself by giving the Oscar to a phantom. (The Academy Award for best screenplay of 1956, for "The Brave One," went to a pen name of the blacklisted Dalton Trumbo.) Under the circumstances, you might have thought that films about the blacklist would begin to crop up in greater numbers.

Yet it wasn't until 1973, and "The Way We Were," that a movie would dramatize the effects of the blacklist on filmmakers. Written for the screen by Arthur Laurents, based on his novel and directed by Sydney Pollack, "The Way We Were" stars Barbra Streisand as a heretofore unimaginable character: a decent, sympathetic American Communist. The trick is to assimilate her politics into an "Abie's Irish Rose" romance, played in reverse. Ms. Streisand's character comes across less as a Red than as an outgoing, forceful ***working-class*** Jew, hopelessly stuck on the inward, vacillating, upper-class Robert Redford. Although the blacklist intrudes on their marriage, the plot somehow loses track of this threat. It's the husband who falls victim to an informer -- fingered not for politics but for cheating on his wife.

The 1991 "Guilty by Suspicion" makes no such diversionary maneuvers. Written and directed by Irwin Winkler, the film gets straight to the point: the travails of a genius movie director played by Robert De Niro. But if anything, the film is too straightforward. You yearn for a rebus to solve, a parallel to calculate, as Mr. De Niro shleps through one carefully instructive scene after another. "Will this movie help educate the masses?" a staffer at The Nation once asked me. (He actually talked like that.) The answer is no. Us masses go to the movies for fun.

So I give pride of place among these few postblacklist movies to "The Front" (1976), which delivers fun and a dose of reality. Written by the blacklisted Walter Bernstein, directed by the blacklisted Martin Ritt and featuring a cast of blacklistees including Zero Mostel and Herschel Bernardi, "The Front" was made as a comedy to satisfy one-half of the production requirements of Columbia Pictures. The other half of the requirements was a star.

What about that kid? Martin Ritt asked Walter Bernstein. What kid? came the answer. That funny kid, Ritt said. So Woody Allen got his first straight acting job, and the prolific Walter Bernstein wrote his first comedy.

Those who want the facts behind the picture may turn to Mr. Bernstein's book "Inside Out: A Memoir of the Blacklist." Those who feel content with what they already know might nevertheless ask themselves why an experience that has been so crucial to the movie business has figured in so few films.

And those who don't care, believing the blacklist to have been an excusable excess, might consider the following:

Whereas Soviet spies were indeed active in American government and had to be exposed, Congressional "investigators" uncovered nothing in Hollywood, since every Communist there was already known. For years, the party official responsible for membership records was an agent of the Los Angeles police. So when HUAC hounded people it knew to have been party members, along with many party dropouts and non-Communists who adhered to "left-leaning causes," it did nothing to advance national security -- unless, of course, you believe the United States was in danger of a takeover by the Screen Writers Guild. Nor did the studios serve any public purpose by throwing people out of their jobs. In reality, quite a few of the filmmakers went on working. They just did so for less money and no credit.

I think the best that can be said for the blacklisters is that they were right about Communism and wrong about the Constitution. There's got to be a movie in that.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A cold war subtext: Tony Curtis, above left, and Burt Lancaster in "Sweet Smell of Success"; right, Gary Cooper in "High Noon." (Everett Collection)(pg. 34); The Hollywood blacklist was covert in "Johnny Guitar," top (Republic Pictures), with Sterling Hayden and Joan Crawford; by 1973, it was out in the open in "The Way We Were," bottom, with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. (Everett Collection)(pg. 35)

**Load-Date:** November 4, 2001

**End of Document**



[***The New Ingredient in Astoria's Kitchen? Style***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DPJ-B5T0-TW8F-G27M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section F; Column 3; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2031 words

**Byline:** By MATT LEE and TED LEE

**Body**

TWO young women tucked into a working lunch of short-rib chili at Cup Diner and Bar recently, a laptop open to the screenplay at hand. The hearty fare and classic white-tile surroundings at this cavernous new diner had attracted a crowd of grips, actors and writers who work in the studios nearby.

The setting might have been West Hollywood, or Miami Beach, but this place is in Astoria, Queens: a giveaway on the menu is the rich Greek yogurt from Kesso Foods in East Elmhurst. And Cup is one of a recent wave of restaurant openings in the neighborhood that indicate the pace of change is quickening under the Hell Gate Bridge.

For years dining out in Astoria meant choosing between stalwart Greek and Italian places. In the 1990's restaurants emerged that reflected the area's more recent immigrants, like Ubol's Kitchen, serving authentic Thai, and the taquerias that seemed to pop up on virtually every commercial block. They added new layers to the neighborhood's Mediterranean flavor.

In several weeks of immersing ourselves in Astoria, we found the dining scene to be diversifying further. There's the retro-hip Cup, but also among the new restaurants are traditional French, Asian fusion, American steakhouse, nuevo Latino and even a place or two that puts a fresh spin on Greek cuisine. Restaurateurs say they're adapting to the latest wave of new arrivals: Ex-Manhattanites and Brooklynites priced out of those boroughs. And though there are signs of gentrification that might be familiar to residents of Fort Greene or Smith Street, the aroma of grilled lamb still drifts down side streets, and night owls still duck into Uncle George's for after-hours spanakopita. For now, the new restaurants are making the pattern of Astoria's culinary quilt crazier than ever.

Take Le Sans Souci, which opened nine weeks ago on a mostly residential block of Broadway, not far from Cup. While nearly every French restaurant to open in America in the last decade aims to recreate the cosmopolitan chic of a Left Bank brasserie, Le Sans Souci pays homage to a bistro you might find in a ***working-class*** hamlet in northern France, with stone walls, wide-plank wood floors, and shaded sconces. Its kitchen turns out simple cuisine grand-mere, like moist slices of pork loin braised in Calvados, or scallops in a rich lobster and saffron stock thickened with pureed tomato, and it serves hard cider from Normandy the French way, in broad porcelain cups.

The place comes by it honestly. Jean-Pierre Le Pape, who opened Le Sans Souci with his wife, Stephanie, an Astoria native, moved to Queens in 1982 from Lorient, a town on the south coast of Brittany. A decorative painter by trade, Mr. Le Pape designed the interior, and painted the trompe-l'oeil pastoral scenes set into faux arched windows in the walls.

''I wanted to have a place where you could feel with all five senses like you're in France,'' he told us. Diversity, he said, is Astoria's greatest asset, and though there are few Bretons in the neighborhood, he noted that the residents of his block include Irish, Italians, Thais, Japanese, Greeks and Croats. ''I want all my customers to feel at home,'' he added. ''Nothing stuck-up.''

One recent night at Le Sans Souci we heard the cadences of French, Korean, and Farsi emanating from the three tables nearest to ours. A relaxed charm prevailed that teetered toward carelessness later in the evening, as waiters and owners alike sat down to chat with regulars. We wished the woman who came in from the street hawking counterfeit DVD's had taught our waiter the gift of hustle.

Le Sans Souci is the second French restaurant to open in Astoria in the last year. The first, 718, has a contemporary urban spirit that might be expected from a place whose name is taken from the area code of Queens, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Staten Island.

Opened by three Frenchmen last November, 718 occupies the corner space of a bustling commercial stretch of Ditmars Avenue, just a few blocks from the elevated terminus of the N and W lines. The main dining room and bar is sleek and plush, warmed up by saturated reds and yellows, the flicker of votives and circular banquette tables in the bar area. Where Le Sans Souci attracts more couples and pensioners, the crowd at 718 is uniformly younger (if similarly multicultural), and it moves to a soundtrack that owes more to the French electronica outfit Air than to Yves Montand.

The menu, too, has a global French perspective, tripping to Latin America in a tasty shrimp ceviche that played the shrimp's sweetness off bits of mango, lime juice and fresh chilies; there are influences from the Spanish new wave, too, in a crab cake with a silky avocado foam. An owner, Rafael Sutter, credits the Latin influences to his wife, Mina, who is Mexican, and to the chef Alain Allaire's experience at the burners of Suba, a Spanish restaurant on the Lower East Side. Neither seemed to explain a delectable tarte flambee with tiles of seared tuna drizzled with a wasabi mustard.

That dish might have seemed more at home on the menu at J. J.'s Fusion Kitchen and Sushi Bar on 31st Avenue. A little more than a year ago J. J. and Richard Lin transformed J. J.'s Grand Tofu, the take-out noodle shop they had run for six years, into J. J.'s Fusion Kitchen and Sushi Bar. The new room is cozy, with mustard-yellow walls and bamboo scrims between tables, and the only evidence of its previous incarnation is a phone that rings often and loudly.

On a recent night a table of older Japanese customers shared an enormous tureen of noodle soup and the whole red snapper steamed with ginger and scallions. Younger tables ordered from the extensive menu of maki, or designed their own, which the Lins encourage. We gravitated toward their more electric house combinations, like the terrific, buttery hamachi with a fiery, yuzu kosho-spiked oil and sliced fresh jalapeno chilies, and a plate of raw tuna slices, interleaved with paper-thin half-moons of tart green apple, drizzled with a light wasabi-scented cream.

Ms. Lin, 34, grew up in Shanghai, and moved to New York City in 1987. Her father-in-law owned a Shanghainese restaurant in Manhattan in the early 80's, and later taught himself to cook Japanese food. Ms. Lin attended the French Culinary Institute in Manhattan and confessed that her ambition is to be nothing less than the Nobu of Astoria. And although her sauce-heavy dishes lack some of the subtlety of Nobu Matsuhisa's, her prices -- about $40 for a carafe of sake and four dishes -- are the epitome of restraint.

Ms. Lin wasn't the only one to compare her establishment to a bold-face name. At Butcher Bros. Steakhouse, which was opened this summer by the owners of the Italian trattoria Amici Amore in space that had been the restaurant's wine bar, our waiter divulged that the kitchen uses the same beef purveyor as Peter Luger, the Brooklyn institution. The aged porterhouse was delicious but expensive, and we were relieved to find that Butcher Bros. accepts major credit cards, unlike Peter Luger.

Perhaps such comparisons are inevitable, since many of the new Astoria restaurant chefs have clocked time in prominent Manhattan kitchens. The three original owners of 718 met when they were cooking at the Upper East Side bistro L'Absinthe, and Ms. Lin's stints in the kitchens of Lutece and AZ, both of which closed this year, inform her cuisine at J. J.'s. Eric Miller, who worked at the defunct Manhattan restaurant Chianti, is now executive chef of Cup Diner and Bar. He holds the same title at Cavo, an indoor-outdoor triplex the size of an airplane hangar that opened in Astoria in 2002 and proved there was an audience for Greek classics served in a Manhattan-nightclub atmosphere.

For diners who have eaten around Manhattan, Astoria offers plenty of deja vu moments. When we walked into Cafe Bar, a pioneer that opened in 1997, we were reminded of the original Pink Pony on the Lower East Side, with mismatched yard-sale furniture and students buried in textbooks drinking fresh carrot juice. We wished the Pink Pony had served Cafe Bar's pork and halloumi cheese sandwich.

The spotless, modern interiors of Go Wasabi, two Japanese-Korean restaurants that opened in Astoria this year, evoked the sushi chainlets of the West Side and the East Village. Like those restaurants, Go Wasabi serves workaday maki and excellent innovations like the Red Hot, an ''inside-out'' roll made with spicy tuna tartare, avocado and cucumber strips, with a sprinkling of crunchy tempura flakes on top.

But one restaurant we experienced had no counterpart. On a lonely residential corner overlooking Astoria Park is Agnanti, a spare room with stills from Greek films hanging on yellow stucco walls. It manages to attract hip young things and Greek Orthodox priests alike, and English is spoken only if you don't speak Greek.

We ordered a raft of meze that included a Santorinian dish of pleasantly sweet yellow split-pea puree slicked with olive oil and flecked with red onion, olive oil and garlic. There was a Constantinople-style dish, pastroumali, a buttery pie of house-made phyllo stuffed with fresh tomato, thin shards of spiced, dried beef, and aged kasseri cheese, that was alluringly tart, smoky and salty all at the same time. Maria Lambrianidis, who owns Agnanti with Spiro Sidorakis, held court over the timber-framed terrace, drinking dark coffee and greeting regulars. She moved to Astoria from Athens 26 years ago, she said, when she was 17.

''When I first arrived in this neighborhood,'' she said, ''I was like, 'This food is a joke.' '' During the 80's she owned a kosher deli on Steinway Street and in the 90's worked in cafes in Astoria and sold insurance. She opened Agnanti (which means ''gazing from afar''), she said, to serve the kind of regional Greek dishes her mother made when she was growing up.

A waitress brought over a plate of Spartan kayianas: scrambled eggs studded with diced tomato, pieces of orange peel and cubes of smoked ham cured in orange juice.

''I'll give you a million dollars if you find another restaurant in America serving that dish,'' Ms. Lambrianidis said, and it seemed refreshing that no familiar comparison worked: not Manhattan, not Brooklyn, not even Astoria, really. Nothing but the Pelopponesus.

After dinner we walked up Ditmars Boulevard to Fatty's Cafe for a nightcap. Fatty's has the intimate, husband-wife owner-operator charm of A on Amsterdam Avenue in Manhattan, but four times the space. On the terrace a young crowd ate empanadas and skirt steak under umbrellas bearing the logo of Peroni or Pernod.

Kate Maggi, 23, an associate buyer at Avon, and Nicole D'Angelo, 23, an analyst at a hedge fund, waited outside the restaurant for a friend. They said they had recently moved to Astoria and were willing to discuss how their new neighborhood is changing.

''Astoria's getting younger -- a lot younger,'' Ms. D'Angelo said, ''It's really diverse here, too, which is nice.'' Ms. D'Angelo grew up on Long Island, she said, but her grandmother has lived in Astoria for a long time.

''I liked the Upper East Side,'' Ms. Maggi said, ''But it's nice to get out of the city. The food's great here. The bars are great.''

Their friend Tito Murichi, 29, a graphic designer born and raised in Astoria, arrived. ''Students are moving here from Manhattan because they realize for the price of a studio you can get a three-story house,'' he said. ''But don't tell anybody. We'd prefer to keep it a secret.''

Sampling A Neighborhood

HERE are some of the new restaurants in Astoria and a few older favorites.

AGNANTI

19-06 Ditmars Blvd.

(718) 545-4554

BUTCHER BROS. STEAKHOUSE

29-33 Newtown Ave.

(718) 267-2771

CAFE BAR

32-90 36th St.

(718) 204-5273

CAVO

42-18 31st Ave.

(718) 721-1001

CUP DINER AND BAR

35-01 36th St.

(718) 937-2322

FATTY'S CAFE

25-01 Ditmars Blvd.

(718) 267-7071

GO WASABI NO. 1

34-02 30th Ave.

(718) 204-7354

GO WASABI NO. 2

29-11 Ditmars Blvd.

(718) 204-6724

J. J.'S FUSION KITCHEN AND SUSHI BAR

37-05 31st Ave.

(718) 626-8888

LE SANS SOUCI

44-09 Broadway

(718) 728-2733

718 RESTAURANT

35-01 Ditmars Blvd.

(718) 204-5553

UBOL'S KITCHEN

24-42 Steinway St.

(718) 545-2874

UNCLE GEORGE'S GREEK TAVERN

33-19 Broadway

(718) 626-0593

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

**Graphic**

Photos: SOME BELLIES DANCE, SOME DON'T -- The Sunday night entertainment at Cavo. (Photo by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)

MAKI MENU -- Jimmy Ong is a sushi chef at J. J.'s Fusion Kitchen and Sushi Bar. (Photo by Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)

BAMBOO ON 31ST AVENUE -- J. J.'s Fusion Kitchen and Sushi Bar in Astoria. (Photo by Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)

SOMETIMES, EVERYONE'S FRENCH -- The garden at Le Sans Souci, on Broadway.

TO EAT IS TO LIVE -- Go Wasabi, a Japanese-Korean spot on Ditmars Boulevard. (Above, photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. F6)

RETRO-HIP -- The short-rib chili at Cup Diner and Bar, one of several restaurants that have opened recently in Astoria. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)

AT ITS CORE, GREEK -- Zucchini, cheese and tomato croquettes start the meal at Agnanti, which overlooks Astoria Park. (Photo by Kike Arnal for The New York Times)

SATURDAY NIGHT -- Cavo, a Greek restaurant and club in Astoria, Queens, draws young newcomers to the neighborhood. (Photo by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)(pg. F1)Map of Astoria shows points of interest. (pg. F6)

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2004

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[***SOUTH KOREA VOTE BACKS CANDIDATE OF RULING PARTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MPM0-0017-54P3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 17, 1987, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1572 words

**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SEOUL, South Korea, Thursday, Dec. 17

**Body**

Roh Tae Woo, the candidate of the Government party, registered a surprisingly sturdy victory today over a divided opposition in South Korea's first genuine presidential election in 16 years.

But Mr. Roh's triumph was tarnished, and perhaps seriously tainted, by opposition charges of across-the-board cheating and ballot-rigging in the election Wednesday.

The accusations, most of them difficult to confirm independently and some exaggerated, were nonetheless accepted as articles of faith in dissident circles.

Fear of Street Protests

That belief raised a great risk that South Korea's streets would once again become battle grounds between the police and anti-Government militants who say they will not accept Mr. Roh's victory as fairly earned.

Unofficial tallies carried on the state-run Korean Broadcasting System showed Mr. Roh with 36.5 percent of the votes after more than 85 percent of them had been counted through early afternoon.

Far behind were the rival opposition leaders, Kim Young Sam, with about 27 percent, and Kim Dae Jung, with about 26 percent. Another candidate, Kim Jong Pil, had about 8 percent, and a minor party figure, Shin Jeong Yil, had about 3 percent.

Hard Words on Both Sides

People in the opposition camp warned that they would mount sustained protests, and some spoke of revolution to bring down a Government that they call a military dictatorhip.

For its part, the ruling Democratic Justice Party implied that the Government was prepared to take a hard line. A spokesman, Kim Chung Wi, said in a statement that street demonstrations planned for Friday would be considered ''an act that can hardly escape the people's censure and the just judgment of law.''

It appeared that immediate stability depended a good deal on public perceptions of whether the election was by and large fair. That might take a little while to emerge as South Koreans debate whether to accept the fraud charges or to blame opposition politicians for splitting the vote and letting Mr. Roh slip past.

The answers are likely to determine whether large numbers of ordinary citizens join hard-core anti-Government activists in the streets, and then whether the disorders grow severe enough to prompt military intervention.

The election returns so far show a surprisingly large spread in Mr. Roh's favor, considering the fact that many political analysts had considered the race to be close. In fact, one analyst said in the days before the balloting that he saw a ''40 percent probability'' that the real contest was between Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung. Mr. Roh showed unexpected strength across the country. In Seoul, which has 25 percent of the electorate and where he had been expected to finish third, he was instead running a narrow second to Kim Dae Jung.

His plurality of 2 million votes, as of this morning, may bolster charges that the election was rigged, especially from the two Kims and their ardent followers, who had believed that there was no honest way for them to lose.

On the other hand, the Kims combined had a lead of 3.3 million votes over Mr. Roh, lending credence to complaints -from supporters as well as critics -that it was their inability to set aside personal ambitions that had led to electoral disaster.

Together, they had about 53 percent of the vote, surpassing the 46 percent that Kim Dae Jung had captured in the last true election, in 1971, when he ran against President Park Chung Hee in a two-man race.

Final figures from Wednesday's balloting are expected this afternoon.

Roh Was Named as Successor

Mr. Roh (pronounced no), a former general who joined in the 1980 coup that created the present Government of President Chun Doo Hwan, had hoped to inherit the country's highest office by appointment. Mr. Chun, a longtime ally, had designated him as his successor last June.

But that touched off angry street protests, which spread across South Korea and forced the Government to yield to opposition demands for a direct presidential election and other democratic changes.

As it turns out, South Koreans have acquired through elections the same leader they would have inherited had there been no demonstrations or changes in the Constitution.

But Mr. Roh's advisers insist that he will be different from Mr. Chun, despite their similar backgrounds. He will be less authoritarian and more willing to listen, they say, arguing that the events of June made him realize that a more conciliatory leadership style was required for a country of growing prosperity and pluralism.

No Statements by Major Rivals

Mr. Roh, who is to take office Feb. 25, said in a statement this morning that he would strive for ''stability and reconciliation'' and he extended an olive branch to the opposition, saying, ''I will be most willing to listen to their advice.''

But he nonetheless took an indirect swipe at his opponents, whom he had denounced during the campaign as bent on bringing chaos to South Korea. He alluded to that theme by calling his triumph ''a victory of the great ordinary people who chose democratic reform with stability and national development without chaos.''

At a news conference today, Mr. Roh reiterated a pledge late in the campaign to hold a vote of confidence on his record after the 1988 Seoul Olympics.

A spokesman for Kim Young Sam said this morning that the Roh victory had been achieved through ''long-planned election rigging,'' which he said led to at least three million votes being ''stolen.'' The spokesman, Kim Jae Kwang, said the ruling camp had campaigned in an ''atmosphere of terror,'' and announced that Kim Young Sam's forces would ''cooperate with dissident organizations'' in resisting the new Roh government.

Kim Dae Jung had not issued a statement or held a news conference as of this morning.

A major federation of dissident church and human-rights groups, the National Coalition for Democracy, lost little time in announcing Wednesday that the balloting had been rigged.

''What took place today was a fraudulent election that was so obvious and of an extent that we have never seen before,'' the group said. It seemed likely that similar statements would come soon from the opposition politicians.

A rallying point for anti-Government activists could be the Kuro ward office in a ***working-class*** section of Seoul south of the Han River, which snakes through the capital.

Ballot Box Is Moved

In one of the more suspicious incidents Wednesday, a woman discovered that election officials were trying to move a ballot box from the ward office, more than six hours before the polls closed. The officials explained that they were simply taking 4,200 absentee ballots to a central counting place.

But it was not clear why they decided to move the box so early, putting it on the back of an open truck, covering it with packages of dehydrated noodles and pretzels and leaving without any election monitors on hand to guarantee that nothing untoward happened.

Four young men from Kim Dae Jung's party hurried to the large courtyard outside the ward office and seized control of the box. For hours they sat on it, arms locked, to prevent anyone from taking it.

In the meantime, other opposition figures rushed to scene and demanded explanations from district leaders. They forced a senior election official, Kang Shil Won, to stand before them in a mock trial, grabbing him by the scruff of his neck and demanding, ''Confess your sins.''

Through the day, the Kuro ballot box became an opposition symbol of electoral rigging, and about 2,000 people maintained a vigil in the courtyard through the night.

Dozens of Episodes Listed

The National Coalition for Democracy printed lists outlining dozens of episodes in which they accused the Government or ruling party of fraud. These included switching ballot boxes, using ink that smudged easily to invalidate ballots, and relying on a variety of other techniques such as registering people who were dead, had moved or were under age.

Other charges were that volunteer observers at polling places had been beaten in some precincts by thugs said to have been hired by the Democratic Justice Party. In turn, the ruling party asserted that more than a dozen of its members had been kidnapped, beaten and kicked by pro-opposition forces.

Early today nine people were seized by dissidents for purported election fraud and were taken to Kim Dae Jung's headquarters. There, they were forced to kneel and to keep their heads down as they ''confessed'' to their crimes.

Most of the charges, however, were difficult to verify. For example, allegations of ''relay voting'' repeatedly arose. This is a payoff system in which people are bribed to keep a flow of unmarked ballots in constant circulation for potential use by the ruling party.

Many anti-Government activists said they had heard of incidents of relay voting, but relatively few actually saw it.

Doubts About Some Charges

Doubts about the many accusations were raised by the leader of an international observer team, one of several foreign groups that had come to watch the election.

''There does not appear to be, based on what we've seen, widespread election day fraud,'' said Steven Schneebaum of the International Human Rights Law Group.

Mr. Schneebaum stressed, however, that the observation was confined to election day itself. It did not include the many charges of earlier corruption, including rampant spending by the ruling camp and television coverage on the state-run network that was often biased.

**Graphic**

Photo of Roh Tae Woo, and his wife, Kim Ok Sok (Reuters) (Pg. 1); policeman delivering ballot boxes to vote-counting station (NYT/Fred R. Conrad) (Pg. 16); map of South Korea highlighting Seoul (NYT)

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[***HOLIDAY FILMS: WORKING ACTORS; A New Yorker From Adelaide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44C1-PYS0-0109-T3H1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1864 words

**Byline:**  By PETER KOBEL; Peter Kobel's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about the British director Stephen Frears and his film "Liam."

**Body**

AFTER watching an advance videotape of "Lantana," an Australian mystery due out on Dec. 14, my companion said of Anthony LaPaglia, who plays the movie's central character, "He had a good Australian accent."

Well, he should have; he is Australian. But after living in the United States for nearly two decades and performing in American films like "So I Married an Ax Murderer," "The Client" and "Summer of Sam," Mr. LaPaglia also has a pretty convincing American accent. In an interview after a lunch last month at the Australian Consulate General's apartment in Manhattan to celebrate the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Down Under festival, he really sounded more like a New Yorker than an Aussie. Still, given his upbringing, it's appropriate that Mr. LaPaglia gives one of his most accomplished performances in an Australian film.

"Lantana" centers on a murder investigation that embroils four couples. Its carefully constructed script, by Andrew Bovell, who adapted it from his play "Speaking in Tongues," investigates its characters' psyches as assiduously as the troubled detective Leon Zat played by Mr. LaPaglia, pursues clues to the case. On the losing side of a middle-age crisis, Leon finds his marriage to the sweet, rueful Sonja (Kerry Armstrong) crumbling as he pursues an affair with Jane (Rachael Blake), a woman he meets in a salsa dance class. Sonja, in despair over her marriage and suspecting Leon of infidelity, is seeing a therapist, Valerie Somers (Barbara Hershey), whose own marriage to an academic, John Knox (Geoffrey Rush), has desiccated since the murder of their 11-year-old daughter two years earlier. The film effectively creates a sense of dread as a female body is glimpsed amid the tangled branches of lantana bushes at the beginning of the film, making the viewer wonder for the movie's first half whose body it is.

"Lantana," nominated for 13 Australian Film Institute awards, was directed by Ray Lawrence, an Australian who is best known for his commercials (among them an episodic series for MCI set in a publishing house) whose only previous feature was the surreal 1985 comedy "Bliss." Aside from the accents, there is little about "Lantana" that marks it as distinctively Australian. While it was wholly produced in Australia and set in a suburb of Sydney, it could just as easily take place on Long Island or in Orange County, Calif. Its contemporary psychological realism lends "Lantana" a universality that so many Australian films lack as they flaunt instead their regional character. "We're much more interested in seeing our fellow Australians pitched back at us as exotics," Sandra Hall wrote in her review of "Lantana" in The Sydney Morning Herald, citing the drag queens of "The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert." "But it's invigorating to come across something that grapples with life as it's really lived by those holding the middle ground; that is, most of us."

In a telephone interview from Melbourne, Mr. Lawrence modestly called it "a little story about a little man." But "Lantana's" themes resonate deeply. "It's about trust," Ms. Hershey said of the film, "and what happens when you lose it. It's about trust between couples and between people and the world. Because of the death of her daughter, my character has lost trust in the world, and without trust the world is a hostile, strange place."

At the center of this strong ensemble film is the character Leon, and critics at film festivals have singled out Mr. LaPaglia's performance as one of the best of his career. "The character struck a chord -- I understood what he was going through," Mr. LaPaglia said. "He's reached a point in his life where he's lost, searching for something that'll reconnect him. He carries around all this rage, and he suddenly finds himself in a spiral of guilt and self-hatred. I was not interested so much in his fall from grace as his struggle to come back."

During his investigation, Leon steals a tape of one of his wife's sessions from her therapist's office, and while listening to it in his car, in a scene of extraordinary intensity, he breaks down and cries. "We shot the scene twice," Mr. Lawrence said. "There was a technical problem and I wanted to shoot it again. He told me: 'I can cry but I can't do that again. I've been carrying that around for six weeks.' Anthony's performance is a deep admission of our own dark side."

The producer of "Lantana," Jan Chapman, who also produced Jane Campion's 1993 film, "The Piano," says "Lantana" deals with "the quality of maleness that's more complex than the aggressive side -- the vulnerable and sensitive side of being a man. It's a brave performance."

Mr. LaPaglia, 42, has demonstrated pluck and boldness throughout his life. He grew up in Adelaide, in South Australia, the son of ***working-class*** immigrant parents. (His father is Italian and his mother Dutch.) After graduating from teachers college and realizing he didn't want to teach, he worked for a while as a shoe salesman. At another store in the mall where he worked, he kept pestering a young woman for a date. When she finally relented, it was on the condition that they go to the theater. They did, and there, in his early 20's, he had an epiphany.

"I had never seen a play before," Mr. LaPaglia recalled. "It was a Restoration comedy -- William Congreve's 'Way of the World.' I came out of that theater saying that's what I want to do. It wasn't the content of the play, which was very funny. I sat in the audience, which became this collective organism. They all laughed in the same spots, and they were all quiet in the same spots. I realized what the people on the stage were doing was affecting this large group, and people were getting such joy out of it. I just wanted to be part of that."

After auditioning at the National Institute of Dramatic Art, Sydney's prestigious acting academy, and being told to try again the next year, Mr. LaPaglia packed his bags and headed to New York, where he arrived in the middle of winter wearing sneakers and no socks. He moved into a dungeonlike basement apartment on Bedford Street in Greenwich Village, but after six months with little luck getting acting jobs, he boarded a bus for Los Angeles. There, he "crashed" auditions, getting small roles in television series, including the reincarnated "Twilight Zone" and "Magnum, P.I."

Mr. LaPaglia had his first big film break in Alan Alda's 1990 comedy, "Betsy's Wedding," playing a lovelorn mobster-in-training who speaks with absurd formality. Since then he has divided his time among television, film and the stage. But as an Australian character actor with an Italian heritage, he often found himself cast as hoods or mobsters. He struggled to carve out a wider range, and opportunity knocked when he landed the role of the lawyer James Wyler in the critically acclaimed series "Murder One" in 1996.

"If stereotyping can ensure that you don't have to wait on tables," Mr. LaPaglia said, "I don't think you should complain about it. People want you to be what they saw you as the last time. Diversification in your career is your job. You have to make conscious choices. You have to put yourself out there. There's not a lot of bravery in the movie business. In theater, there's a lot more latitude, by the nature of what it is. To get on stage and act every night without a net is a skill, and part of that skill is to transform into different characters. Movie stars can rarely be anything other than what they are."

Mr. LaPaglia has been highly productive in establishing his versatility, having acted in 11 films in the last two years -- from the calculating nouveau riche Sim Rosedale in the period adaptation of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth" to Fidel Castro in the farcical "Company Man." He has made a reputation on the New York stage as well. He won a Tony in 1998 for his performance as the Brooklyn longshoreman Eddie Carbone in Arthur Miller's "View From the Bridge." In a telephone interview, Mr. Miller said that Mr. LaPaglia "was able to bring an authenticity to the character's rough nature and poetic search."

Mr. LaPaglia wants to reprise his performance in a film version and has asked Mr. Bovell, the "Lantana" screenwriter, to adapt "A View From the Bridge," giving final approval of the script to Mr. Miller, who didn't want to adapt it himself, and told Mr. LaPaglia so. "He said: 'I did that already. I don't want to waste whatever time I've got left doing this again. I've got more new things I want to say and to write,' " Mr. LaPaglia recalled. Mr. Miller was closely involved in the 1998 stage version.

"He gave me the best notes I've ever had as an actor," Mr. LaPaglia said. "It was one of the great experiences of my life to spend time with him."

Mr. LaPaglia has come a long way from Adelaide to Red Hook, Brooklyn, where "A View From the Bridge" is set, and he has come to love his adopted city, New York. He and his wife, the actress Gia Carides, live in the West Village, but also have a home in Brentwood, Calif. But when it comes to New York, he sounds downright boosterish. "Somebody once said to me: Whatever you want to be in New York, that's what you can be. You want to be the biggest drug dealer in the world, you can be the biggest drug dealer. You want to be an actor, you can be an actor. You want to be a policeman, you can be a policeman. It's all here. Everything is here. That's the draw of the city, the energy. The possibilities are infinite.

"One of the great things about being an actor is that you have the keys to the city," he continued. "When you're an actor, people just kind of accept you. The advantage of that is that you can walk into worlds that you couldn't enter. You can walk into a very affluent world, even though that's not where I'm from. I can see it, observe, hang out. Or I can visit the poorest family in Harlem and hang out there and talk to them. If you like that kind of thing, and I do, there isn't another place on the planet that's better than New York for it."

Not for nothing did Mr. Bovell call Mr. LaPaglia "the quintessential New Yorker."

Still, the actor still has something of "the Adelaide boy" about him, as Mr. Rush, his co-star in "Lantana," put it. "Anthony auditioned for the National Institute and didn't get in. He says: 'I want to act. I don't want to sit around and mope.' So he went to New York. That's the valiant Aussie quality."

Ms. Chapman, the producer of "Lantana," sees the roots of Mr. LaPaglia's drive for success in his South Australia upbringing in Adelaide. "Everything about him suggests that he was set on getting away from that confinement," she said. "It's an Australian trait to fight to achieve something that seems unachievable. And his achievement is enormous -- great career, great marriage."

Mr. LaPaglia, who has recently appeared in two other Australian films, "The Bank" and "Looking for Alibrandi," had his own take on the Down Under influence: "Australians have a great ability to be self-reliant, and they object to authority. I think that helped me survive as an actor. I never take rejection personally. If someone can't see how I could contribute to a project, that's their problem."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Anthony LaPaglia in Manhattan: "Lantana" (Dec. 14) is his 11th film in 2 years. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 4, 2001

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[***INTERNATIONAL REPORT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5D50-0014-51G1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Dollar's Plunge Expected to Make Unemployment Worse for Europe***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5D50-0014-51G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1614 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, Jan. 24

**Body**

Western Europe's unemployment picture, which has been exceedingly grim for several years, is expected to grow even grimmer over the next few months as a result of the dollar's plunge, which has made American goods more competitive with European products.

The statistics are staggering. Europe's jobless rate is 11 percent and no net new jobs have been created in Europe since 1980. In certain countries, the picture is worse: Spain's unemployment rate is more than 20 percent, Ireland's is close to 19 percent and Italy's is more than 14 percent.

There is already evidence that the falling dollar is making things worse. In West Germany, which has Europe's strongest economy, the jobless rate surged in December to 9.2 percent from 8.5 percent, for example.

'A Terrible Waste' Is Seen

''It's a very serious problem,'' said Richard Portes, director of the Center for Economic Policy Research, a nonpartisan research institute in London. Calling the high unemployment ''a terrible waste of people and resources,'' he accused European governments of not doing enough about it.

The governments are well aware, though, that unemployment is a major political issue in Europe.

In France, with presidential elections three months away, the Socialists are attacking the conservative Prime Minister, Jacques Chirac, for not having done more to reduce the nation's 11 percent jobless rate. Mr. Chirac's party used the same argument two years ago when it ousted the Socialists from power.

Pressure From Washington

In Germany, high unemployment promises to be a key issue in this spring's regional elections.

President Reagan has chided Europe for its high unemployment. The United States, he noted in a recent speech, has created 14.5 million jobs since 1980, while Germany has lost 500,000 jobs.

Many economists say Europe's high jobless rate proves that several European nations need to stimulate their economies, as the Reagan Administration has urged, to help fuel their own -and the world's - economic growth. Such stimulus would help lower Europe's jobless rate.

''We are stuck with an unemployment rate of around 11-12 percent, which is historically unprecedented,'' said Stefan Lehner, an economist and unemployment expert with the European Community in Brussels. ''The rate has doubled since 1979 and quadrupled since 1973.'' European officials were able to boast in the early 1970's that Europe's unemployment rate was half the American rate, but today it is almost double the American rate of 5.7 percent. The army of 19.2 million unemployed Europeans - equal to the combined population of Denmark, Ireland, Norway and Switzerland -compares with seven million unemployed Americans.

One of the Europeans thrown out of work is Jacques Marzin, a short, muscular, 42-year-old machinist who lives in a ***working-class*** Paris suburb. Like many other Europeans in his predicament, he has no college degree.

For 11 years, this father of two made lightweight metal parts for aircraft. But he got a pink slip last May when his employer was squeezed by the weakening dollar. ''I don't know anything other than metallurgy,'' Mr. Marzin said, ''and if I can't find something there I don't know what I'll do.''

Fortunately for him, France - like many other European countries -provides liberal jobless benefits. Most French unemployed workers receive benefits amounting to 70 percent of their salary for 11 months. West Germany is even more generous. By comparison, most unemployed American workers receive benefits equal to 50 percent of their salary for six months.

Too Generous, Some Insist

Some economists argue that Europe's unemployment benefits are so generous that they discourage recipients from seeking work.

Many of the idled workers who look for jobs lack the modern skills that are now in demand, and they are reluctant to start over in a new field.

Mr. Marzin, for instance, spends his days reading want ads, cleaning the house and making dinner while his wife works in a nearby town hall. He has answered several ads placed by companies needing machinists to run computer-controlled metal-working machines. ''But I'm not qualified for them, and it's very hard to get into a training program,'' he said.

If necessary, he added, he will reluctantly look for some other line of work. ''After spending over a decade in one field, I'm not eager to start back at zero in another,'' he said.

He may have to start over, however, because the weaker dollar and the stellar rise of such low-cost manufacturing countries as South Korea are making life tough for Europe's heavy industries, including coal, steel and shipbuilding.

These industries have long paid their employees well by international standards - a practice that helped undermine their competitiveness and, according to many economists, aggravated the unemployment rate.

Reaction to 1973 Oil Shock

After oil prices shot up in 1973, Europe's powerful unions won hefty wage increases intended to protect them from inflation. Industry responded by investing heavily in machinery and automation that would increase productivity while reducing the need for workers.

Another key reason why European industry sought to increase output with fewer workers was the stiff restrictions on layoffs in several nations. These rules discourage companies from expanding the payroll out of fear that they may be stuck with an excess work force in a downturn.

As a result of the capital outlays, worker productivity rose 2 percent a year as employment stagnated. This helped Europeans who had jobs (they got steady wage increases) but not those looking for work.

In the United States, capital investment followed a different path: After the 1973 oil shock, funds flowed into expanding capacity rather than replacing highly paid workers.

Productivity in American industry remained flat in the decade after 1973, but employment kept growing, especially in the low-wage service sector. In contrast to the European situation, unemployment has been held down but the stagnant productivity has helped make American wages (adjusted for inflation) slip.

Comparison of Systems

''A lot of Americans will say: 'Our system is better. Our economic growth has been better. Look at all the jobs we created,' '' said John Llewellyn, a senior labor economist at the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. ''Europeans will say: 'Look at all our growth in productivity and real wages. We don't want all that growth in low-wage jobs.' ''

Europe's unemployment rate surged again following the 1979 oil shock. Many countries found themselves with growing budget deficits amid galloping inflation. Their response was to curb government spending. This treatment relieved the ailment, but it had a painful side effect: sharply higher unemployment.

Europe's jobless rate soared from 5.9 percent in 1979 to 11 percent in 1985 and has hovered there since. And this jump came at a time when Europe was expelling hundreds of thousands of immigrants.

''Through their fiscal consolidation, the European countries have reduced overall demand for goods and services by something like 4 percent,'' said Richard Layard, director of the Center for Labor Economics at the London School of Economics.

Long-Term Unemployment

''When you take 4 percent of the demand out of your economy, you're likely to create an extra 4 percent unemployment,'' he said. ''The U.S. avoided that self-inflicted wound because it expanded on the budget side.''

All this helped cause an explosion in the number of people unemployed for more than a year. The long-term jobless now represent more than 40 percent of the unemployed in France, Belgium and the Netherlands - all nations with jobless rates of more than 10 percent.

''The long-term unemployed have a harder time finding jobs than other unemployed people,'' said Wolfgang Franz, an economics professor at the University of Stuttgart. ''Employers fear that the long-term unemployed have lost the discipline of working.''

High long-term unemployment also helps keep down the overall demand for goods and services and thus discourages businesses from expanding capacity and creating jobs.

To counter long-term unemployment, many economists look to Sweden as a model. That nation guarantees workers a spot in a training program within a year of becoming unemployed. With their new skills, many of the trainees are soon hired. This has helped keep Sweden's jobless rate at about 2 percent.

Preparing for Job Market

''In a lot of European nations, the education system doesn't work well enough in preparing people for the job market,'' said Anton Brender, senior economist at the Center for the Study of International Economic Prospects, based in Paris.

There are many recommendations on how to reduce Europe's unemployment, and some have gone into effect. France has an apprenticeship program for younger people, and Britain has a counseling program for the long-term unemployed. Both programs have had modest success.

Most economists agree, however, that it will be hard to reduce Europe's joblessness significantly unless West Germany stimulates its economy.

Germany dominates the European Monetary System, whose eight member nations have pledged to stabilize their currency rates. Germany's emphasis on low inflation has forced other European nations to pursue restrictive policies for inflation and economic growth. Many European nations, as well as Washington, are pressing Germany to grow faster.

''It is not possible for one European nation alone to reduce its joblessness by increasing demand,'' said Professor Franz of Stuttgart, noting that bigger trade deficits often result. ''All European countries should come together to embrace more expansionary policies.''

**Graphic**

Graph comparing U.S. and European unemployment rates since 1971 (Source: Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development) (Pg. D8)

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[***Wild Ride and a Wild Card In a Busy Campaign Week***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XJH-8B30-00RP-K27M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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October 4, 1999, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 22; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1801 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 3

**Body**

There was no better display of the capricious, and certainly rollicking, nature of the 2000 Presidential competition than the extraordinary turns of the last seven days.

In the opening move, former Vice President Dan Quayle shuttered his campaign, saying Gov. George W. Bush of Texas had essentially wrapped up the Republican nomination. Patrick J. Buchanan, also overwhelmed by Mr. Bush, inched closer to bolting to the Reform Party. That hardly discouraged another Republican, Senator John McCain of Arizona, who officially plunged into the contest, insisting that nothing was wrapped up at all.

But the biggest surprise came on the Democratic side. Vice President Al Gore sought to reinvent his campaign by proclaiming himself the underdog, moving his headquarters from inside the Washington Beltway to Nashville, firing his pollster and challenging his lone rival, former Senator Bill Bradley, to debates.

And all of those politicians found themselves competing for attention with someone who is not a politician at all: Warren Beatty. He hinted in a speech (more aptly, a tease) in Beverly Hills, Calif., that he was toying with joining the Democratic fray, prompting Mr. Bush to remark, "I'm just the warm-up act for Warren Beatty."

By week's end, the political dust had settled, leaving two realities: First, for all the commotion from his rivals, Mr. Bush's dominance in the Republican contest is undiminished. He continues to smother his rivals in money -- he announced this week that he had amassed a record-shattering $56 million -- polls and virtually every other early measure of political strength.

A second, more unexpected, reality is that even the phenomenon of Mr. Bush's steamroller candidacy took a back seat to Mr. Bradley's surge. Mr. Gore is still viewed as the leading candidate; he has spent years lining up the White House infrastructure behind his campaign, from the President on down. Yet he was forced to acknowledge that Mr. Bradley, his former Senate colleague, was coming on strong in polls and in fund-raising -- and that the Democratic nomination was up for grabs.

"It's a brand new campaign," Mr. Gore declared, adding: "There are only two candidates. You've got Pepsi and Coke."

For all of Mr. Gore's efforts to make light of his predicament, no front-runner in modern times has ever seen his campaign fade so rapidly and so early. Mr. Gore has lost the biggest single advantage he had over Mr. Bradley: a massive war chest. Financial reports last week showed that Mr. Bradley had slightly more cash in the bank than the Vice President.

Another major difficulty for Mr. Gore is that the Democratic establishment is more comfortable with Mr. Bradley than the parties have been with others who have tried to take down front-runners, like Senator Gary Hart in 1984 and Mr. Buchanan in 1992 and 1996. As a result, the threat of Mr. Bradley's candidacy has not spurred Democrats to rally behind Mr. Gore.

That left Mr. Bradley to behave, happily, like a high-minded front-runner, announcing a health care plan that would require parents to insure all children at birth.

"This is a complete jump-ball nomination," said Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr., a Delaware Democrat who has not endorsed either candidate but in his metaphor betrayed his closeness to Mr. Bradley, the one-time basketball star. Mr. Gore telephoned Mr. Biden recently to gently complain about his public remarks about the race. "He's been calling to say, 'You've been saying nice things about Bradley,' " Mr. Biden recalled. "He said, 'Joe, I thought we were friends.' "

These turns underscore how the preseason warm-up in Presidential politics is becoming more like the central plot. Polls show that most people are paying attention to these early Presidential sweepstakes. But by the time people begin to vote in January, the fields will probably have been shuffled and reshuffled -- four contenders (Mr. Quayle, Lamar Alexander, Senator Robert C. Smith and John R. Kasich) have dropped out of the Republican competition -- so often that primaries may be only a short denouement to the dramas that play out in 1999. And with many states leapfrogging over one another to move up their primaries so they can gain more influence, the nominees may be settled by early March.

That said, the dynamics could change breathtakingly fast. The only safe prediction that can be made about the 2000 contest is that there will be plenty more turns and tumbles. Although early polls show that Mr. Bradley has pulled even with Mr. Gore in important states like New York and New Hampshire, surveys also show that Mr. Gore is well ahead in Iowa, which holds important early caucuses.

Mr. Gore's advisers are still hoping he will win the all-important (and once inevitable) endorsement of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in two weeks, even though Mr. Bradley has maneuvered behind the scenes to delay the process.

Mr. Bradley also faces obstacles in the South, where he is less popular than Mr. Gore, as well as among black voters who are loyal to the Clinton Administration.

And his early surge has already cost Mr. Bradley his biggest advantage: He will not be able to sneak up on Mr. Gore to defeat him in early contests. The expectations for Mr. Bradley are growing by the day.

On the Republican side, several candidates are toiling nonstop to thwart what they say would be the coronation of Mr. Bush.

Thus far, Mr. Bush, Mr. McCain and Elizabeth Dole have stuck to their vows not to attack their opponents. But that could change once Steve Forbes dips into his fortune and unleashes a multimillion-dollar advertising blitz that his advisers said might not be all upbeat.

"Just because George Bush has raised all this money doesn't mean that he's got the nomination all locked up," said Senator John H. Chafee, a Rhode Island Republican who backs Mr. Bush. "I think John McCain's going to make a formidable effort in New Hampshire."

Gov. Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania, who is also a Bush supporter, put it this way: "John McCain isn't going anywhere. Liddy Dole isn't going anywhere. Steve Forbes isn't going anywhere. We have to be prepared for a vigorous, tough primary season."

In fact, rival campaigns were heartened last week when House Republicans, in their first public break with Mr. Bush, said they felt betrayed when he assailed their proposal to finance the party's spending plans by delaying Federal tax breaks for ***working-class*** families. Mr. Bush also stood his middle ground in an appearance at the Christian Coalition, glossing over issues crucial to religious conservatives, like school prayer and gay rights.

But if anything, the episodes showed Mr. Bush's strength: they were calculated moves by a candidate who is so comfortably ahead that he decided that it would help to put some distance between himself and hard-edged conservative Republicans on Capitol Hill.

Mr. Bush is viewed as so formidable that Mr. Quayle's departure from the race set off little speculation about which religious conservatives would win the bulk of his support. That truth is, Mr. Quayle was so behind Mr. Bush that his departure did not significantly alter any candidates' calculations.

Yet, already veteran politicians are marveling at how the contest has unfolded in ways they never dreamed of.

For months, if not years, the assumption among Democrats was that Mr. Gore would glide easily to his party's nomination and that a free-for-all among Republicans would be the most contested in decades.

"Who knows?" Robert Strauss, a former Democratic Party chairman and respected figure in Democratic politics, replied when asked who would win the Democratic nomination. "It would not surprise me at all to see Gore carry Iowa, Bradley carry New Hampshire, Gore carry California, Bradley carry New York," he said. "And then we've got one heck of a long-running primary on our hands in the Democratic Party."

But more and more Republicans said Mr. Bush might be unbeatable.

"The Bush campaign is like Normandy," said William J. Bennett, the former Education Secretary who is informally advising Mr. Bush, Mr. McCain and Mrs. Dole. "These guys are organized."

Ed Gillespie, a Republican strategist whose candidate, Mr. Kasich, was the first to withdraw, said: "The campaigns are still premised on the theory that they'll be in a position to capitalize if Bush stumbles. But when you've got less than six months before the whole shooting match is over, you've got to wonder if any of these campaigns are going to calibrate their strategies."

Beyond the horse race, the competition for the White House is already testing long-held assumptions about how this country elects its Presidents. The fact that Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bush are perceived to have the most momentum, at least for now, is highly unusual in Presidential politics. Often, parties have turned to candidates who have been battle-tested and who have the most national experience.

"The new rules are that there are no rules," said Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, who was the Quayle campaign's pollster. "The only job left on the market in today's culture that has no criteria is running for President. It's how popular do you seem to be? How much are people buzzing about you?"

But a more charitable explanation for the interest in Mr. Bush and Mr. Bradley is that in the aftermath of impeachment they are both perceived as relatively fresh Washington outsiders -- even though Mr. Bradley served three terms in the Senate from New Jersey.

Douglas Sosnik, a senior adviser to Mr. Clinton who was the White House political director in the 1996 campaign, agreed that "the old rules no longer apply" in the 2000 campaign. But he argued that thus far the changes have not been bad because there has been little negative campaigning and less of the formal -- often mind-numbing -- oratory on the stump.

"People are going to look back on the 2000 campaign as the beginning of a new era in Presidential politics," Mr. Sosnik said. "There's much more pressure on the candidates to have direct, one-on-one contract with the voters. The voters are looking for people they can relate to. There's much more informality in how the campaigns are going to be conducted. What they want is authentic -- that's more important than anything else."

That may help explain why Mr. Gore appeared this morning on the CBS News program "Face the Nation" without his usual blue suit and tie. "There are not many people in suits and ties here at the Public Market in Portland, Me.," Mr. Gore explained.

Anything, of course, could still happen in a campaign season that has been unpredictable, if not bizarre. Asked if he had advice for his former colleagues seeking the Democratic nomination, former Senator Alan Cranston of California, standing at his table at the Beatty dinner, said: "Listen to Warren Beatty. He's the wild card." Mr. Cranston was not smiling.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Not intimidated by the lead amassed by Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, Senator John McCain of Arizona, left, officially entered the Republican race last Monday at a rally in Nashua, N.H. (Reuters); The race for the Democratic nomination has grown closer. Former Senator Bill Bradley, above left, the sole rival of Vice President Al Gore, above right, has some positive poll results and more campaign cash. (Photographs by Associated Press)

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[***Woody Allen on George S. Kaufman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DMD-TG50-TW8F-G3C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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

**Length:** 2188 words

**Byline:** By Woody Allen

**Body**

KAUFMAN & CO.

Broadway Comedies.

By George S. Kaufman

with Edna Ferber,

Moss Hart,

Ring Lardner and

Morrie Ryskind.

911 pp.

Library of America. $35.

A collection of comic writing by S. J. Perelman boasted on its jacket an introduction by Al Hirschfeld, followed by an appreciation by George S. Kaufman. Hirschfeld began with a few charming, laudatory paragraphs about his close pal, the great humorist Sid Perelman. Then came the heading titled: ''An Appreciation of S. J. Perelman by George S. Kaufman.'' The page was blank save for one sentence that read: ''I appreciate S. J. Perelman. Signed, George S. Kaufman.''

That is pretty much the substance of what I feel about Kaufman. My appreciation (which was actually idolization) first blinked at the light when I was about 8 years old. There was something in our public school called a ''library period,'' in which we were taught exactly how to use a library, and then we were expected to take out a book, read it and report on the chosen volume. Less than stimulated by the romance of the Dewey Decimal System and born lazy, I made for the smallest book I could find in the stacks, which by sheer chance was something called ''Six Plays by Kaufman and Hart.'' I had never heard of either Kaufman or Hart, never heard of their plays or any plays for that matter, except for the leaden treacle we were forced to sit through at holiday time, extolling Pilgrims or Maccabees. (In today's Hollywood the blockbuster would be ''The Pilgrims Versus the Maccabees.'') Still, the school was run like a penal colony, and wanting to stave off punishment I thumbed the text of the collection when my eyes eventually hit on something called ''You Can't Take It With You.'' The title drew my attention simply because that was a phrase used by my father to defend the inevitable results of his numbers habit. The first scene began with a stage direction that read: ''The home of Martin Vanderhof -- just around the corner from Columbia University, but don't go looking for it.''

As a boy of 8, force-fed the above-mentioned one-acters about George Washington's cherry tree or how Christopher Columbus outfoxed the flat-earth mavens, I found this stage direction refreshing, and so I delved deeper. I soon discovered myself immersed in what could be called (however trivial the life) a life-changing experience. Not only was the play truly funny and imaginative, but the agglomeration of hilarious oddballs cohabiting in surreal chaos was enormously warming and magical. My own household, while not populated by quite as colorful eccentrics as crammed the Vanderhof home, still sported a fairly combustible farrago of aunts, uncles, parents, grandparents, cousins, all hunkered down in the same flat, pooling ingenuity against the Depression. The play captured our bedlam deliriously.

Hooked by the jokes, I read and reread ''You Can't Take It With You,'' and its delightful cartoon lunacy never left my system. Its influence is painfully obvious in my first hapless attempt at theater, ''Don't Drink the Water,'' which I labored over endlessly. Kaufman and Hart, on the other hand, took just a few weeks in 1936 to write their Pulitzer Prize-winning bauble, and one can see why, given the comic richness of the idea (and Kaufman's grasp of technique, which was formidable). I was relieved as a young writer to learn that ''The Man Who Came to Dinner'' (1939), another splendid comedy of theirs, in which the basic premise is delightful but less plot- and more character-driven, took months of hard labor before the two playwrights could contrive a sustaining story line.

Enchanted, as I got older I resolved that I would one day try to write comedies for the theater, and George S. Kaufman became an immediate role model. In retrospect it would seem it could as readily have been Moss Hart, who actually receives top billing on ''You Can't Take It With You.'' (Kaufman made it a rule that whoever came up with the original idea would be first billed.) That it was Kaufman I glommed onto was probably because he was a more visible presence. It was his name that invariably appeared not just on Hart's work but on many another gifted comic playwright's sparkling hit. As sampled in the Library of America's ''Kaufman & Co.,'' a collection of nine plays written with Morrie Ryskind, Edna Ferber, Ring Lardner or Hart, it seemed every important comedy involved Kaufman in some capacity, either as writer, director or play doctor (in which he sometimes quietly worked behind the scenes out of town to save someone's crumbling second or third act).

It was also that his wonderful sour puss began showing up on television, and as I morphed lugubriously into puberty I cherished his sardonic wit. He, more than anyone, seemed to grasp how phony the world and its pompous inhabitants were, and what could be more appealing to the adolescent mind, especially one who put a big premium on the attitudes of Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields. Kaufman (1889-1961) was homely but sharp as a matzo -- a combination I could identify with because I was homely and longed to be sharp. Also Kaufman was unsentimental in a culture submerged in the gooey ichor of societal piety.

In reality that intimidating facade was just that, a facade. From examining his written love scenes and hearing many anecdotes about him over the years (most notably in ''Act One,'' Moss Hart's great autobiography), it appears this coruscating verbal shark was actually quite sentimental and very softhearted, very generous to employees, a maker of chocolate fudge. But this side of George S. Kaufman was unknown to me when he scandalized the prissy multitudes by daring to say on TV during the Christmas season, ''Let's make this one program on which no one sings 'Silent Night.' '' You just had to love a guy like that.

By my late teens I had read and studied all his plays and revue sketches, which not only crackled with sophisticated Broadway wiseguy dialogue but, more important, played. The plots were beautifully structured and were very performable. For those who have never tried fabricating a two- or three-act comic play, I can tell you it takes more than just the ability to write funny, it takes real discipline and mechanical know-how. Not only did Kaufman's one-liners explode like firecrackers, but the wit was truly authentic and full of wonderful vitriol. The puns were sometimes actually amazing. (Kaufman is credited with: ''One man's Mede is another man's Persian.'')

And the basic ideas were inspired. Example: A cantankerous urban egomaniac -- modeled after the cruelly biting Alexander Woollcott, who was the quintessence of cosmopolitan intolerance -- finds himself trapped, because of a broken leg, in a middle-class, mid-American household in Ohio. He is surrounded by small-town philistines, whose home he turns into chaos and who in turn drive him mad. Is there any better opening line to delineate a character and foreshadow a promisingly delectable situation than the one delivered by Sheridan Whiteside, The Man Who Came to Dinner? The worthy small-town folk fuss nervously, hoping to please the great public figure forced to convalesce in their honored midst. Whiteside, entering in a wheelchair, surveys his adulating hosts and says, ''I may vomit.'' Years later Blanche DuBois, upon seeing how her sister is living, says, ''I think I'm going to be sick'' and the scene ends. One can only imagine how Sheridan Whiteside would have made caustic comic history if he had been confined to the Kowalski household.

Over the years, the more I learned about comedy writing (not that there's much one can actually learn, but I suppose a little experience can sometimes help quell the panic) the more I appreciated George S. Kaufman. Appreciated and continued to identify with him -- our glasses, our tweed jackets, our glum mugs. And didn't he begin his career sending jokes to a Broadway columnist? (Franklin P. Adams.) Exactly how I began mine. And didn't he write, direct and even act? That was just what I wanted to do. And wasn't he an around-the-clock worker, someone who collaborated, sitting home with Edna Ferber to write even on New Year's Eve, while the square haircuts partied? How like me, I thought. To boot he came from ***working-class*** Jewish parents -- his mother, born Henrietta, was always called Nettie. My mother was Nettie too! Superficial similarities, I admit, but intoxicating in my youth.

Hunched over my typewriter, I struggled to write a Broadway show. Each day I'd work for hours and then take a break and stroll past Kaufman's former town house on East 62nd Street for inspiration, remembering how it was glamorously described in accounts I'd read. The master, in his bedroom, meticulously fashioning some new theatrical dazzler; then, at the termination of the day's work, he'd go downstairs where all the iconic deities of Broadway would be admitted by his wife for cocktails and the exchange of perfectly formed aphorisms. Perhaps George Gershwin would sit at the piano and play. Perhaps Noel Coward would be there. Or is that Max Gordon next to Ethel Merman? I'd pause outside the town house in a reverie, convinced I could almost hear the latest tunes of Cole Porter being tried out, and brilliant curtain lines by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. Feeling invigorated, I'd scoot back to my single room and, with a burst of renewed creativity, turn out five brilliant pages for my play. Imagine how chagrined I was one day when my young wife explained to me that the Kaufmans had lived on 63rd Street, not 62nd, and I was drawing inspiration from the wrong house on the wrong block. Fortunately for the theater, the play I wrote went unproduced.

If Kaufman held sway over a young Manhattan wannabe, he also was a dominant figure among the face cards who ruled what is now called the Golden Era of Broadway. While Hollywood at that time ground out awful and foolish films for the most part, Broadway was a more cultivated venue. Despite the occasional wonderful movie that the studio system couldn't kill, overwhelmingly the Hollywood product was mindless junk supervised by the men properly eviscerated in ''Once in a Lifetime'' (1930), Kaufman and Hart's first collaboration. During the 1920's, 30's, 40's and early 50's, Kaufman's influence could be felt all over the Great White Way. In addition to his own plays, which he staged, he directed ''The Front Page,'' a real high point of theater comedy, in 1928, and ''Guys and Dolls'' in 1950. The characters of Kitty and Packard from ''Dinner at Eight'' (1932), written by Kaufman and Ferber, inspired Billie Dawn and Harry Brock in Broadway's finest comedy, ''Born Yesterday.'' He wrote, with John P. Marquand, and staged ''The Late George Apley'' (1944), directed ''Stage Door'' (1936), written with Ferber and later made into a film with Katharine Hepburn. In drama, he staged the classic ''Of Mice and Men'' in 1937. As if all this were not impressive enough, he wrote, with Morrie Ryskind and George and Ira Gershwin, ''Of Thee I Sing'' (1931), a political satire and the first musical to win a Pulitzer Prize. He and Ryskind also wrote ''Animal Crackers'' (1928) for the Marx Brothers, which was so hilariously successful that Irving Thalberg asked Kaufman to stage the comedy scenes for ''A Night at the Opera.''

Groucho Marx, who was not impressed by much in this world -- he told me he found it hard to keep awake at dinner at T. S. Eliot's and held a kind of reserved view of Perelman, whom I believe to be the single funniest human of my lifetime -- was in genuine awe of Kaufman. I think that was because in addition to Kaufman's comic talent, he had such a thoroughly rigorous command of stagecraft. Kaufman could work at home or late in hotel rooms under pressure and do the hard labor, the tedious, glamourless structuring and rewriting and merciless cutting that is crucial to making comedy breathe. Hart has written about Kaufman's ability to edit and pare to the bone, to throw out jokes should they dare to impede the plot -- to kill his children. Kaufman felt that while a drama could survive with a bit of slack, a comedy had to be airtight. The story is told of a playwright suffering with his opus in Philadelphia who asked Kaufman how he could improve it. Without seeing the failing play, Kaufman replied, ''Make it shorter.''

Did Kaufman have his flops and are the plays dated? To work in the theater is to strike out as often as not. A much-quoted line of his is ''Satire is what closes on Saturday night.'' Alas, too, comedy dates, and there is plenty dated about his plays, which were fabulous in their time, although a few still hold up quite well, when blessed with a good production. Given the state of the theater -- strangled by economics, mortally devastated by the maw of television and by the financial and artistic seductiveness of film -- it is hard to imagine a comedy-writing titan like George S. Kaufman coming along to dominate the Broadway season. On the other hand, there may be a figure equal or even greater just around the corner from Columbia University -- but don't go looking for him.

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**Graphic**

Photos: George S. Kaufman (left) and Moss Hart in 1937, the year of the Pulitzer Prize for ''You Can't Take It With You.'' Below, Kaufman and his first wife, Beatrice, in Atlantic City, about 1922. (Photographs by Associated Press

collection of Anne Kaufman Schneider)Drawings (Drawings by Andre Carrilho

Gail Anderson)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. The ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on

Page 8.

Now Playing

"BANDITS," starring Bruce Willis, Billy Bob Thornton and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Barry Levinson (PG-13, 123 minutes). This shaggy-dog romantic heist comedy feels like a modern Classics Illustrated version of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "Bonnie and Clyde." It stars Mr. Willis and Mr. Thornton as charming bank robbers who don't resort to violence. They get involved in a semi-menage a trois with Kate (Ms. Blanchett), a depressed housewife who ends up joining the boys on their legendary crime spree. But "Bandits" is guilty of behaving like a petty thievery corporation; it steals from so many other sources that we're forced to realize that it has little of its own to offer. As such, it can't help but fail to meet expectations, given the talents involved (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "THE CLOSET," starring Daniel Auteuil and Gerard Depardieu. Directed by Francis Veber (R, 86 minutes; in French with English subtitles). A classic French farce with a contemporary twist, this very funny comedy spoofs political correctness, homophobia and corporate hypocrisy in its story of a mousy divorced accountant (Mr. Auteuil) who pretends to be gay to save his job in a condom factory. He can't be fired, he reasons correctly, because of corporate fear of a lawsuit for discrimination. Mr. Depardieu is hilariously galumphing as an obsequious homophobe (Stephen Holden).

"DON'T SAY A WORD," starring Michael Douglas, Sean Bean, Oliver Platt, Famke Janssen, Brittany Murphy and Jennifer Esposito. Directed by Gary Fleder (R, 110 minutes). In this exhausting, incoherent thriller, Mr. Douglas plays Nathan Conrad, a Manhattan psychiatrist whose young daughter is kidnapped by a sadistic band of jewel thieves. The ransom they demand is the intensive treatment of a mentally ill young woman who has a piece of information they need to recover a ruby they stole 10 years earlier, which the young woman's father, one of their accomplices, snatched away from them. Adding to the confusion is a tough, sexy homicide detective (Ms. Esposito) whose investigation of a series of murders leads her to Conrad. The movie is as overelaborate as the criminals' scheme, and similarly doomed from the outset to fail (A. O. Scott).

"FOCUS," starring William H. Macy and Laura Dern. Directed by Neal Slavin (PG-13, 104 minutes). Although the screen adaptation of Arthur Miller's 1945 novel about anti-Semitism, paranoia and demagoguery in America at the end of World War II is pretty much a one-note sermon about intolerance, it still casts a creepy spell. Mr. Macy is a mild-mannered personnel director suspected of being Jewish in a Brooklyn neighborhood riled up by an anti-Semitic radio preacher, and Ms. Dern is his wife who also doesn't fit in. The film's expressionistic film-noir ambience finds dread on every street corner (Holden).

\* "FROM HELL," starring Johnny Depp, Heather Graham, Ian Holm and Robbie Coltrane. Directed by the Hughes Brothers (R, 120 minutes). This heady snort of paranoia about the trail of terror left by Jack the Ripper is extraordinarily violent, in addition to being one of the most breathtaking leaps of directing skills seen in years. It follows the dogged investigation of Abberline (Mr. Depp) and his partner, Sergeant Godley (Mr. Coltrane), in trying to stop the bloody carnage by the East End's most famous criminal. The movie succeeds, but it does have its faults -- the attempt to weld social melodrama and suspense creaks at some of the joints. But the Hughes Brothers' goal here is to make an epic of savagery, and they are brilliant at ambience and details (Mitchell).

"HARDBALL," starring Keanu Reeves, Diane Lane and John Hawkes. Directed by Brian Robbins (PG-13, 110 minutes). Daniel Coyle's nonfiction book about a children's baseball team in Chicago has been adapted into a mawkish, cutesy tearjerker. Mr. Reeves, as self-conscious as ever, is its reluctant coach, a down-and-out gambler who redeems himself (and pays off his debts) by leading these latter-day Bad News Bears to victory. The star is forced to deliver inspirational sound bites like the movie's meaningless tag line, "The most important thing in life is showing up" (Holden).

"HEARTS IN ATLANTIS," starring Anthony Hopkins, Anton Yelchin and Hope Davis. Directed by Scott Hicks (PG-13, 101 minutes). One of Stephen King's sappier novels has been pummeled into mush by Mr. Hicks's shallow magazine-glossy depiction of late-1950's America. He is aided by William Goldman's screenplay, which fills the mouth of its persecuted hero with kitschy inanities. That hero, a mysterious Christlike mind reader who becomes a young boy's surrogate dad, is played by the painfully miscast Mr. Hopkins. Compared to this bunk, even the movie of Mr. King's "Green Mile" seems austere (Holden).

"JOY RIDE," starring Steve Zahn, Paul Walker, Leelee Sobieski, Jessica Bowman and Stuart Stone. Directed by John Dahl (R, 105 minutes). Though not quite up to "Red Rock West" or "The Last Seduction," Mr. Dahl's earlier noir exercises, this suspenseful and surprisingly funny confection is head and shoulders above the usual dumbed-down, overplotted studio thriller. Mr. Zahn and Mr. Walker play brothers whose CB radio prank on an interstate trucker provokes psychopathic vengeance. Ms. Sobieski, a friend along for the ride, is the inevitable girl in distress. Not everything makes sense, but Mr. Dahl's clever direction and Mr. Zahn's hyperactive charm play off each other in tight, smart syncopation (Scott).

"THE LAST CASTLE," starring Robert Redford, James Gandolfini and Mark Ruffalo. Directed by Rod Lurie (R, 120 minutes). Mr. Redford plays the three-star General Irwin, who is sent off to the Castle, a maximum-security military prison, after a court-martial. His nemesis is Colonel Winter (Mr. Gandolfini), the martinet warden who runs the Castle. Eventually Irwin is roused to action by his fellow inmates who have suffered brutalities and leads a ragtag army against Winter. Mr. Redford couldn't have picked a better time to star in a flag-waving paean to patriotism, in a movie whose last act is constructed around a battle sequence actually involving Old Glory. The movie is exuberant, strapping and obvious -- a problem play suffering from a steroid overdose (Mitchell).

\* "MULHOLLAND DRIVE," starring Justin Theroux, Naomi Watts and Laura Harring. Written and directed by David Lynch (R, 146 minutes). Mr. Lynch's epic nightmare of Hollywood, which began life as an open-ended television series (like his "Twin Peaks") and evolved into a movie, may be his masterpiece. A leisurely film noir that turns into a surreal montage, it is a portrait of Hollywood filtered through the director's personal iconography, which in many ways is more early 1960's than contemporary in mood. The story traces the loss of innocence of a dewy Hollywood hopeful (Ms. Watts) who befriends a mysterious amnesia victim (Ms. Harring) searching for her identity. Their journey figuratively plunges them through the looking glass into a phantasmagoric dream world (Holden).

"THE OTHERS," starring Nicole Kidman, Alakina Mann and James Bentley. Written and directed by Alejandro Amenabar (PG-13, 104 minutes). At 29, Mr. Amenabar, a Spanish filmmaker directing his first English-language movie, shows an impressive mastery of the ghost-story form. He sends his camera down shadowy corridors and into cavernous rooms to create a mood of elegant dread. Though a bit too long and too cluttered in the middle, "The Others" is persuasively spooky and even manages to be poignant, thanks to a fierce performance by Ms. Kidman. She plays a woman living with her two children and three peculiar servants in a fog-shrouded house on the island of Jersey in the English Channel (Scott).

\* "RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS," starring Drew Barrymore and Steve Zahn. Directed by Penny Marshall (PG-13, 122 minutes). Ms. Barrymore carries this uneven but ultimately rewarding screen adaptation of Beverly Donofrio's memoir with the sheer force of her plucky charm. The comedy-drama, which covers two decades (1965-85), follows the travails of a young ***working-class*** Connecticut woman with literary ambitions who at 15 is forced into a dead-end marriage by an accidental pregnancy. Mr. Zahn is wonderful as her dimwitted but devoted husband who becomes a heroin addict (Holden).

"SERENDIPITY," starring John Cusack, Kate Beckinsale, Jeremy Piven and Eugene Levy. Directed by Peter Chelsom (PG-13, 87 minutes). Jon and Sara (Mr. Cusack and Ms. Beckinsale) meet at Bloomingdale's while Christmas shopping and then end up on a dream date. Because they're both involved with other people, Sara has qualms about exchanging information with him. Instead she writes her phone number in a book, which she hands off to a used-book seller, and makes Jon put his number on a $5 bill, which she spends. If these objects come back into their lives, she contends, then they're destined to be together. Cut to a few years later, and the two are setting off individually to find the clues that will lead them to each other. This movie is the cinematic equivalent of a plate made of spun sugar. Mr. Chelsom's touch shines with a kind of craftsmanship, but it's sticky to the touch; if you look hard enough, you can see the sugar granules gleaming just beneath the surface (Mitchell).

\* "SOBIBOR, OCTOBER 14, 1943, 4 P.M.," with Yehuda Lerner. Written and directed by Claude Lanzmann (not rated, 95 minutes; in Hebrew and French, with English subtitles). This powerful documentary, a follow-up to Mr. Lanzmann's monumental "Shoah," is a self-contained story of individual heroism and organized resistance to the Nazis. The film is built around an interview with Mr. Lerner, who participated in a successful uprising at the Sobibor death camp in Poland. Mr. Lanzmann's methods are simple, unintrusive and precise, and they yield emotions as powerful as they are complex (Scott).

"TRAINING DAY," starring Denzel Washington, Ethan Hawke and Scott Glenn. Directed by Antoine Fuqua (R, 120 minutes). Mr. Washington plays Detective Alonzo Harris, the Machiavellian figure in this intermittently successful police drama. Alonzo is the worst example a young officer could ever have. He is the teacher to Jake Hoyt (Mr. Hawke), who has just been assigned to undercover duties. When the picture dwells on dueling ambitions -- Jake's striving for permanent assignment to undercover work and Alonzo's constant conning of his rookie partner -- you lean in to listen. But eventually "Training Day," despite Mr. Washington's virtuoso performance, becomes a glib potboiler torn from today's screaming headlines (Mitchell).

\* "VA SAVOIR," starring Jeanne Balibar, Sergio Castellitto, Marianne Basler, Jacques Bonnaffe and Helene De Fougerolles. Directed by Jacques Rivette (PG-13, 150 minutes; in French, with English subtitles). Mr. Rivette's gracious -- and graceful -- character comedy is droll and lovable, a piece that has earned all of the wrinkles on its brow and around its mouth. What's surprising is that on close examination those crinkles turn out to be smile lines. "Savoir" is a luminous, humid roundelay, as three men and three women tumble in and out of one another's minds, hearts and arms. Everyone is looking for something other than what he or she has. That lusty self-interest is the motor of all great farces. The film's title has been translated as "Who Knows?," and it is a wistful, rueful shrug: an unforgettable gesture as sexy and controlled as Tony Bennett chugging his way through "I Wish I Were in Love Again" (Mitchell).

\* "WAKING LIFE," starring Wiley Wiggins. Written and directed by Richard Linklater (R, 99 minutes). Free will versus determinism, dreams versus reality are among the topics addressed by Mr. Linklater's witty, "trippy" voyage into the Twilight Zone in which an assortment of characters spout contradictory theories of human consciousness. The technically innovative movie finds the perfect metaphor for the philosophic paradoxes in its visual style: live action transformed into a cartoon by digital animation. The spiels are funny and humane. Mr. Wiggins is the zonked-out everyman who absorbs them on a dreamlike journey from which he finds himself unable to awaken (Holden).

\* "ZOOLANDER," starring Ben Stiller, Owen Wilson and Will Ferrell. Directed by Mr. Stiller (PG-13, 89 minutes). An evil band of international fashion designers want to end the tenure of a new prime minister of Malaysia, who plans to stop the exploitation of child labor. They force their subaltern Mugatu (Mr. Ferrell) to find a supermodel pawn to assassinate the beloved ruler. There's only one blunt instrument suited to this job: the dumb and monumentally earnest Derek Zoolander (Mr. Stiller), the unfortunate potential hero of this often unspeakably funny new comedy. "Zoolander" is a gleaming fashion-world tour. It makes sense that the film would have the stylish, high-resolution glaze of a fashion shoot. Mr. Stiller has also crammed the movie with energy; it still seems to be bouncing on the screen long after it has run its 89-minute course (Mitchell).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In "From Hell," Johnny Depp is Inspector Abberline, investigating murders by Jack the Ripper. (20th Century Fox); Robert Redford, foreground, and James Gandolfini in "The Last Castle," directed by Rod Lurie. (DreamWorks)

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**End of Document**



[***IN THE CHUTE WITH: Charles Sampson;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNM0-0024-J04W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***8-Second Workweek Has Its Ups and Downs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNM0-0024-J04W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1532 words

**Byline:** Charles Sampson

By NICK RAVO

By NICK RAVO

**Dateline:** HOUSTON

**Body**

CHARLES SAMPSON winced at the lump on his leg. Maybe it was a bruise. Maybe it was scar tissue. Maybe it was one of the screws that, along with 17 pins and two metal plates, keep his left calf wired together.

"It's just a little sore," he said.

Despite the discomfort, Mr. Sampson hopped off the trainer's table, moseyed out to a makeshift stable, hoisted himself onto a highly annoyed bull and sat on the bucking beast for eight seconds as it stormed around the Astrodome in front of 60,000 people.

The ride, part of the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo in February, marked a comeback for Mr. Sampson, a former world champion bull rider and one of the world's best-known (and few black) professional rodeo performers. Except for a brief appearance in Las Vegas in December, he had been sidelined since fracturing his left leg in five places last September.

The injury was just the latest on a long medical chart that includes countless bumps and broken bones, not to mention being gored, butted unconscious and having a hoof slice off an ear. (The left one is a prosthesis.)

"Never broke my nose," said Mr. Sampson, who at 35 is relatively old for a bull rider. "That's the only bone."

Rodeo, like country and western music, has become increasing popular, almost chic, of late. And bull riding, much more than steer wrestling or calf roping, is the macho event. "You have no idea what the bull is going to do -- twist, buck, turn, jump, horn you, stomp you," said Patrick (O.D.) O'Donnell, Mr. Sampson's manager. "And they are mean!"

Bull riding has become such a popular event that Mr. Sampson is negotiating with ESPN to produce a show devoted just to the sport. He is also running the second year of a barnstorming bull-riders-only tour that will pay winners up to four times as much prize money as the $5,000 to $10,000 they earn at most events on the professional rodeo circuit.

Rodeo stars do not starve, though. Mr. Sampson, who won the world championship in 1982, has earned about $900,000 in his 15-year career, including $60,000 last year. And that does not include fees from endorsements for products like Wrangler jeans and Timex watches. "We figured since their slogan was 'Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin',' I'd be good for one of their ads," he said.

Mr. Sampson also runs a bull-riding clinic at his ranch in Casa Grande, Ariz., for amateur cowboys. Before riding real bulls, beginners start on a barrel attached to a large spring, not unlike a playground horsey. "That's what I train on," Mr. Sampson said.

All the money he earns, however, has to cover expenses. Besides the ranch, Mr. Sampson keeps an apartment in Seattle, where his wife, Marilyn, and children, Laurence, 8, and Daniel, 4, live. He also spends a lonely nine months a year on the road and pays his own travel and medical costs. "It's not an easy life," he said.

Mr. Sampson's opponent in Houston was a 1,800-pound, big-horned bull named Blue Bonnet Palace. Even though, at five-feet-three-inches tall, Mr. Sampson is a head shorter than the bull and a fraction of the weight (a hard-muscled 130 pounds), he has ridden -- and beaten him -- before.

Blue Bonnet Palace is no Elsie the cow, though. In fact, he has a downright dastardly history, having killed a student in a high school championship rodeo in Oklahoma last October.

"These animals are like race horses now," Mr. Sampson said. "They get taken care of. Once they buck, they are done, just eight seconds a week. Tell me them suckers ain't fresh."

He could have drawn a more dangerous bull. Bodacious, for example, is smaller (1,650 pounds) but feistier. "If Charlie had drawn that one, he would probably cancel," O.D. said.

O.D. has known Mr. Sampson since the two attended Central Arizona College in Phoenix. That is one reason he can call him Charlie. Mr. Sampson asks new acquaintances to call him Charles. Rodeo announcers call him Charlie or, sometimes, "Mighty Mite" and "Pee Wee." Asked his middle name, he snarled: "Mister."

The curtness seems almost comical coming from someone built more like Willie Shoemaker than Clint Eastwood. Perhaps he just likes to revel in the surly, bowlegged, tough-guy image of a cowboy. Then again, according to the program guide, his middle initial is "O." Maybe he's just embarrassed.

In front of his fans, though, he is pleasant. That is also his reputation among his cowboy colleagues.

"He's a gentleman, a father, an athlete -- he's everything we want a man to be," said Bob Tollman, a rodeo announcer. "He's also unique because he is one of the few blacks involved."

Mr. Sampson does not talk much about being a black rodeo star. He notes that there are now several black bull riders on the rodeo circuit, as well as several more who perform in other events. Blacks have also organized the National Black Invitational Rodeo, the National Black Rodeo circuit and the Bill Pickett Invitational Rodeo, which salutes black cowboys of the past, particularly Mr. Pickett, who is credited with inventing steer wresting or, as it is more often called, bulldogging.

Black cowboys may be more common in rodeo today, but that wasn't the case when Mr. Sampson was growing up in the Watts section of Los Angeles and later in the suburbs of Gardena, Calif. He was the 11th of 13 children. His was a ***working-class*** family. His father was a paint contractor, his mother a housewife.

He picked up his love of rodeo by working as a stable boy at the El Fig stables in Gardenia. He also hung around some cowboys who taught him how to ride steers and later, when he was 13, took him to Oklahoma, where he could ride bulls in rodeos. He won his first prize money, $164, in a rodeo in El Cajon, Calif., when he was 15. He has been riding on the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association circuit since 1977.

"I haven't encountered discrimination as much as ignorance," Mr. Sampson said. "Some people still don't realize that something like a quarter of all the cowboys back in the old West were black."

Sitting on top of a bull, eight seconds isn't a lot of time. "Relaxing is the key," Mr. Sampson said, as he waited to mount Blue Bonnet Palace. "And you have to make sure you're not afraid. You may be afraid, but the bull can't know you're afraid."

As he spoke, the rodeo had already begun. The crowd cheered at replays on the giant video screen. Clowns chased down errant steers. Cowboys milled about, stuffing chewing tobacco between their cheeks and gums.

"Charlie rides out over the bull a lot," said Tuff Hedeman, the 1991 bull-riding champion. "Lots of times, the bull will hit Charlie in the face. Charlie has probably been hit in the head more times than any bull rider."

When it was time for the bull-riding event, cowhands herded the bulls from the pens into the chutes. Minutes before his turn, Mr. Sampson hopped up and straddled over Blue Bonnet Palace. With some help, he wrapped the flankstrap around the bull. "It fits sort of like a jockstrap," O.D. said. Then, Mr. Sampson lowered himself onto the bull. "It's sort of like being on the hood of a real wide Cadillac," he said.

Sitting there, he could hear Bodacious banging in the next chute. Then, after a minute or so, came the words he had been waiting to hear: "Ladies and gentlemen, the all-time bull-riding winner -- Charlie Sampson."

The crowd roared.

His face, obscured by the brim of his black cowboy hat, looked straight down into the bull's back. He flexed the gloved hand tucked into the rope. The back of the bull began heaving. Everyone seemed to be waiting for a signal.

Suddenly it came.

"Let's go, man!" Mr. Sampson yelled.

The long wooden gate swung open, and in a flash, the bull seemed to explode, shooting sideways out of the chute.

One second . . . Two seconds . . . The crowd screamed "Ride! Ride!" And Mr. Sampson flew up and down like a cowboy doll.

Three seconds . . . Four seconds . . . Cowbells clanged. The bull twisted around. Mr. Sampson leaned back, his eyes bulged, his right arm waved in the air.

Five seconds . . . Six seconds . . . The bull bucked up its rear. Mr. Sampson looked as if he was about to fall off.

Seven seconds . . . Eight seconds . . . Then a whistle blew, and, almost instantly, Mr. Sampson threw himself backward and, as happens more often than one would expect, landed on his feet. Not as gracefully as, say, a gymnast flying off the parallel bars. But on his feet, nonetheless.

"I didn't want to have to take a shower," he said later.

After a few minutes, Mr. Sampson arrived back behind the stables.

He was smiling, sweating, breathing rapidly. "Hoo-hee!" he said. "Some ride. Tough bull. Tough bull."

Mr. Sampson scored a 75 -- based on style and the meanness of the bull -- good enough to win this round. "You just never know what kind of bull will fight you, and what kind will give you the ride of your life," he said.

The ride also means his working day -- his week, for that matter -- is over. He will spend the rest of the day, shooting the breeze and trading gossip with some rodeo buddies. "Eight seconds," he said. "That's my time clock."

Then, he'll head back to Arizona, work out on the playground horsey, ride real horses and, next week, do it all over again in some other town.

"Couldn't imagine doing anything else," he said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Charles Sampson, 1982 champion bull rider, making a comeback. (pg. C1); Bill Ziegler, a trainer, taping up Charles Sampson's leg. (pg.C8) (F. Carter Smith for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***Haute Cuisine in the Burbs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44DH-7S40-0109-T1G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By CLAUDIA ROWE

**Body**

ANYONE living outside Manhattan knows how difficult it can be to tempt city dwellers north for a visit. Double that when the invitation is for dinner out -- the assumption being that no restaurant past the city limits is worth it.

But there are hidden gems in these hills, top chefs who could cook in any of New York's haute kitchens but choose, for a variety of reasons, to remain in the suburbs. Peter X. Kelly, the 41-year-old entrepreneur who owns Xaviar's at Garrison and three other restaurants, has won national fame. Christophe Philoreau's creations attract certain guests back to La Panetiere in Rye every week; and Gregory Gilbert has won rave reviews for his transformation of the kitchen at Crabtree's Kittle House.

Lovers of fine food often complain that restaurants in Westchester are competent but dull. Complacent was the word used most often. But the three chefs profiled here are another breed. Ambition is their watch word, creative cuisine their hallmark and not surprisingly, their food is drawing diners from near and far.

Peter X. Kelly

If you didn't know his story, meeting Peter X. Kelly would be a fairly low-key experience. He speaks quietly, looks like an average guy and drives a beige car. Yet this is the man whose food has been called brilliant by reviewers, whose attention to service has been hailed as masterful.

For a self-taught chef whose restaurants set the bar for suburban haute cuisine, Mr. Kelly's background is also surprisingly blue-collar. Born in Yonkers, he grew up in ***working-class*** Dutchess County and went to college as a business major. So where does the refined palate come from? At whose knee was he taught? What were the signature Kelly family meals?

"Spam Parmigiana," he said with a smile.

Nothing resembling that appears on Mr. Kelly's menus. When we spoke recently his staff was preparing butternut squash risotto, braised short ribs with mascarpone polenta and apple tarte tatin for the evening's specials. It is fine food, but not intimidating. Mr. Kelly believes many diners are cowed by fancy restaurants and he is determined to erase their fears with flavors that are clear and familiar.

Walking into his latest venture, Restaurant X in Congers, I passed a pond draped with willow trees straight out of a Monet painting. Five fat ducks sat outside the front door, quacking gently. The scene was so picture perfect some would call it corny -- those ducks practically appeared to be smiling -- but it embodies Mr. Kelly's approach to the restaurant business: easy graciousness that eschews the trendy.

"I call it classic American with a contemporary edge," he said. "And I am happy to say we've never had a Cajun or blackened item in any of the restaurants."

There are four now. Xaviar's in Garrison, which opened in 1983 and was christened with Mr. Kelly's middle name, followed by at Xaviar's at Piermont, the Freelance Cafe and Restaurant X, home of the aforementioned ducks.

In his younger days, Mr. Kelly pined to open in New York City and came close many times. For lifestyle reasons (and difficulties with certain unions) he finally gave up and says he is a confirmed suburbanite now, committed to the Hudson Valley.

"I don't mind being a little fish in a little pond," he told me.

A little fish who owns four restaurants, makes television appearances and has piles of awards?

Perhaps that modesty is a result of Mr. Kelly's growing up the 10th of 12 children. Or perhaps it is connected to his early infatuation with the trappings of service -- the waiter's tuxedoes, bow ties and tableside flambes that saw him through college.

Front-of-the-house ceremony so entranced Mr. Kelly that he says he never even considered becoming a cook. His unfortunate first hire at Xaviar's, an old-school Swiss chef who did not understand new American style, forced Mr. Kelly, then 23, to take to the stove himself.

"I thought if he had figured out how to cook, I could too," he said. "We started with a very small menu."

Eighteen years later that restaurant has become his flagship, built on the premise that no matter what happens the customers must be satisfied.

"A reviewer once told me I shouldn't ask the guests how they want their meat done, I should cook it the way I conceived the dish," Mr. Kelly said. "But who am I to say someone can't have their steak well done with the sauce on the side and the mashed potatoes on top?"

Christophe Philoreau

Between cooking shifts in Paris one day in 1999, Christophe Philoreau, a 29-year-old chef, noticed a magazine article about all the Frenchmen who had become culinary celebrities in New York City.

Within a month, he had forwarded his resume to La Panetiere in Rye. It was not Manhattan but close enough. Mr. Philoreau wanted to cook star-quality food in the big leagues and this would give him his start.

Two years later, the chef spends nearly every waking hour at the cozy French restaurant. He had several huge pots bubbling on the stove when I visited -- tender pouches of squid stuffed with poultry mousse were simmering in chicken stock. Veal shanks cooked with carrots and leeks were waiting to be sliced and a tureen of duck fat was at the ready.

Unlike many chefs who are more kitchen managers than cooks, Mr. Philoreau's hand attends to every meal. Under his direction, La Panetiere is leaning more toward nouvelle cuisine and shifting (slightly) away from its former classical style.

Mr. Philoreau likes fresh ingredients that demand precision and creativity. And his favorites -- game and wild mushrooms -- require a level of care and attention that only a perfectionist could tolerate.

That dedication to detail was obvious as soon as I saw Mr. Philoreau's interpretation of ratatouille: a delicate, fan-shaped tartlet of roasted onion, tomato, eggplant and zucchini -- as far a cry from the messy vegetable stew I had too often encountered as sauteed sole is from fish sticks.

"Christophe is very precise, a purist even," said Didier Berlioz, the restaurant's pastry chef, who has seen a number of cooks come and go. "With other chefs, recipes could fluctuate day by day."

Mr. Berlioz might have moved on himself after 10 years at La Panetiere but was so impressed with Mr. Philoreau he decided to stay.

At the consistently popular (and expensive) restaurant, nearly all the kitchen staff are French and they constantly walk a line between creating the wild inventions of their dreams and the more conservative tastes of their guests, who favor classics like filet mignon with foie gras and truffles. (Mr. Philoreau's current fantasy is a warm egg yolk poached in its shell, topped with cool whipped cream, raspberry vinegar and raspberry caramel.)

The day I visited, Mr. Philoreau was preparing crisp morsels of grouper with artichoke hearts, and a sirloin steak ("'Boeuf de Kansas") with bordelaise sauce, potato croquettes and beef marrow cumin-scented fondant. The restaurant had also just added an ambitious new dessert from Mr. Berlioz: one-quarter of a pineapple caramelized in a brown sugar-Szechwan pepper rub and served with sherbet, streusel and pineapple chips.

Working in an American kitchen has given both men opportunities they said they would never have found in France.

"You can have your chance to shine here," explained Mr. Berlioz, translating for Mr. Philoreau, whose English is still shaky. "In France, it takes forever to be head chef. Here, if you have some talent and some confidence in yourself, you get your chance."

The most significant thing Mr. Berlioz has learned under the new chef is restraint. If it were up to him, the patissiere would make heaping chocolate desserts topped with clown faces. In fact, he has. But Mr. Philoreau reins him in now, critiquing each offering with a mind toward the subtleties in every spoonful.

Someday surely, the chef will want to test his wings in the kitchens of his culinary icons, but for now starting out in Rye is just fine.

Gregory Gilbert

There are few moments when Gregory Gilbert isn't hovering about the kitchen at Crabtree's Kittle House in Chappaqua. Even on his days off he has difficulty leaving the premises. Asked about his ultimate ambition, the 29-year-old chef wasted not a beat before answering, "To own my own restaurant."

After his the Kittle House experience, it should be an easy leap. Since he signed on in 1999, the kitchen staff of 17 has grown into a choreographed team. New dining rooms have been built and menus refined. Next: the chef wants to plant an organic vegetable garden.

But it was Mr. Gilbert's food, apart from his talents as a high-energy organizer, that sold the Kittle House's owner, John Crabtree. At his audition dinner, Mr. Gilbert prepared a beet carpaccio salad followed by a wild striped bass with potato ragout. Both dishes soon became mainstays at the restaurant.

The culinary gusto comes through in Mr. Gilbert's personal style, as well. Steering a visitor around the Kittle House wine cellar, he pulled out bottle after bottle of rare stock -- including a 1900 Chateau Margaux that goes for about $9,000 -- then pointed toward a new dining room built just for wine tastings. (Mr. Crabtree said he considers wine more of a food in its own right than a beverage.) After peeking into walk-in refrigerators to inspect the day's fruit and fish selections, it was off to the downstairs banquet room that has its own satellite kitchen.

"We can serve a party of 150 here in less than 20 minutes," he said, practically breathless. "If it's one entree, we can do it in 12."

A solid culinary team is essential to support this kind of drive and Mr. Gilbert knows it. He has made a point of involving everyone from the dishwashers to the waiters in the success of the Kittle House kitchen. His boss said it has paid off.

"Before Greg, wine really came first and the kitchen was a sort of seat-of-the-pants operation, a little haphazard," Mr. Crabtree said. "He has brought much more professionalism."

His resume is a classic. A New Jersey native who said he always dreamed of becoming a chef, Mr. Gilbert enrolled at the Culinary Institute of America in Hyde Park as soon as he got out of high school and by age 21 was a sous chef at the Water Club in New York. Mr. Crabtree particularly values the city experience, sometimes sending his staff there to eat and get new ideas. Mr. Gilbert, meanwhile, often sneaks into the Kittle House dining room on his days off and orders like a regular customer, telling the waiters to keep the cooks in the dark so he can make sure his kitchen staff stays on its toes.

With menu items like pan-roasted squab with foie gras and shittake mushrooms in an aged sherry gastrique or rosemary crusted leg of lamb in Merlot sauce with whole grain mustard, Mr. Gilbert calls his cooking style "progressive American."

But during his early days at the Kittle House a reviewer chided him for preparing food that was too simple, too basic, and suggested that Westchester palates could handle a lot more challenge.

"They told me I should let loose more, but I cook food that I want to eat," he said. "I like to read a menu and find three appetizers that are too good to choose between. That's my idea of a menu. My rule of thumb is: Would you serve this to your mother?"

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Christophe Philoreau, left, the French-born chef at La Panetiere in Rye, where he keeps the pots bubbling. Gregory Gilbert, below, has won rave reviews for his transformation of the kitchen at Crabtree's Kittle House in Chappaqua. Sometimes Mr. Gilbert sneaks into the Kittle House dining room and orders like a regular customer just to make sure his kitchen staff is up to his standards even when he takes days off.; Peter X. Kelly, chef and owner of four acclaimed restaurants. (Photographs by Justin Lane for The New York Times)(pg. 2); Christophe Philoreau, the chef at La Panetiere in Rye, whose favorite ingredients, game and wild mushrooms, demand a perfectionist's touch. (Justin Lane for The New York Times)(pg. 21)

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**End of Document**



[***SUMMER FILMS: THE LINEUP;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4054-1TX0-00MH-F0NT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Summer of Little Action, Lots of Love and Laughs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4054-1TX0-00MH-F0NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ANITA GATES

**Body**

LOVE is in the air. So is laughter. And nostalgia for the wild and crazy young people we used to be. But where are the action movies of yesteryear? This summer season brings us only one gladiator, one war hero, a "Mission: Impossible" sequel, two westerns and a storm at sea. The filmmakers must be hoping all the horror and science fiction productions (the "Blair Witch" reaction?) and comedies of all sorts will make up for the absence of action spectacle. As always, opening dates are certain to change.

Romantic Comedy

SMALL TIME CROOKS -- In Woody Allen's latest, a dishwasher (Mr. Allen) and a manicurist (Tracey Ullman) decide to improve the family finances by robbing a bank. With Hugh Grant and Elaine May. May 19.

LUMINARIAS -- Four middle-aged Latinas with successful careers and rotten love lives. May 26.

PRAISE -- Chain-smoking man overindulges in sex and drugs with eczematous woman. They liked it at the Toronto Film Festival. May.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST -- Kenneth Branagh, of course, directing and starring in Shakespeare's tale of four male friends who decide to give up women for a while. Then a princess and her three beautiful attendants come to town. The look is 1930's Hollywood; the music is by Porter and Berlin. June 2.

BOYS AND GIRLS -- Opposites, in college, may finally attract. With Freddie Prinze Jr. and Claire Forlani. June 16.

ME, MYSELF AND IRENE -- Jim Carrey as a state trooper with multiple personalities. Renee Zellweger as the woman both of him love. From Bobby and Peter Farrelly, whose last comedy was "There's Something About Mary." June 23.

30 DAYS -- A young New Yorker reacts to sudden change in his life by panicking and proposing. June 23.

SPENT -- A few days in the life of a young actor with a great girlfriend, a nice dog and a gambling problem. June 30.

BUT I'M A CHEERLEADER -- A 17-year-old (Natasha Lyonne) at "gay rehab" camp. With Cathy Moriarty and RuPaul. July 7.

UNTITLED NORA EPHRON PROJECT -- John Travolta and Lisa Kudrow in the story of a television weatherman and a state lottery. Directed by Ms. Ephron. July 14.

LOSER -- From Amy Heckerling, who gave us "Clueless," a college nerd whose bad luck changes. Mena Suvari ("American Beauty") plays the woman he adores. Gregg Kinnear is the professor she's sleeping with. July 21.

MAD ABOUT MAMBO -- In Belfast, rich girl meets poor boy at dance classes. With Keri Russell, the star of WB's "Felicity." July 21.

WOMAN ON TOP -- Penelope Cruz as a Brazilian who becomes a famous television chef in San Francisco. Her biggest problems are her macho ex-husband and motion sickness. July 21.

I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER -- Chris Rock in a variation on "Heaven Can Wait." A stand-up comic dies too soon and returns to earth in a rich industrialist's body. Directed by Chris Weitz and Paul Weitz ("American Pie"). July 28.

COYOTE UGLY -- Sexy barmaids at a hot New York nightspot. Aug. 4.

THE TAO OF STEVE -- A supercool, sexually indulgent kindergarten teacher (Donal Logue, who won an acting prize at Sundance) and the woman (Greer Goodman) who may change his ways. Aug. 4.

LOVE AND SEX -- A single journalist recalls her lifetime of bad relationships with men. With Famke Janssen and Jon Favreau. Aug. 18.

WHIPPED -- Three single men whose bond is bragging about their sexual conquests all fall in love with the same woman (Amanda Peet). August.

BUYING THE COW -- Couple break up, live on opposite coasts and worry about their romantic futures. With Jerry O'Connell and Bridgette Wilson. Summer.

Romantic Drama

SPIN THE BOTTLE -- Like "The Big Chill," but all the old friends are Generation X types meeting at a lakeside cabin. Thursday.

I DREAMED OF AFRICA -- And she had a ranch. Kim Basinger in a love story about a pampered woman who starts a new, not-so-easy life in Kenya. Vincent Perez plays her husband. Directed by Hugh Hudson ("Chariots of Fire"). Friday.

INTO MY HEART -- A New Yorker (Rob Morrow) who gives in to his attraction to his best friend's wife (Claire Forlani). Friday.

UP AT THE VILLA -- Anglo expatriates in 1938 Tuscany, from a W. Somerset Maugham novella. A beautiful young widow (Kristin Scott Thomas) gets involved with three new men while thinking over a marriage proposal. With Sean Penn. Friday.

CENTER STAGE -- From Nicholas Hytner, New York's magical but brutally competitive ballet world. A young ballerina (Amanda Schull) from Indiana comes to town determined to be a star. With Ethan Stiefel. Choreographed by Susan Stroman and Christopher Wheeldon. May 12.

A PASSION OF MIND -- Alain Berliner ("Ma Vie en Rose") directs his first English-language film. Demi Moore plays a single New York literary agent who turns into a widowed French mom. And back again. Which life is real? May 26.

WATER DROPS ON BURNING ROCKS -- Older man, younger man and their former girlfriends. From an unstaged play by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In French with English subtitles. July 12.

THE BROKEN HEARTS LEAGUE -- Like "The Big Chill" but all the men in this group of old friends are gay. July.

THE WISDOM OF CROCODILES -- Jude Law as a man who literally can't live without women. And they can't live long around him. Elina Lowensohn is the new woman he can't quite win. July.

AIMEE ET JAGUAR -- A World War II lesbian love story, about a Nazi wife and mother and a Jewish woman involved in the underground, based on a true story. It opened the Berlin Film Festival, and its stars (Maria Schrader and Juliana Kohler) received best actress awards there. Aug. 11.

SAVE THE LAST DANCE -- A ballet versus hip-hop musical. A small-town white girl (Julia Stiles) transfers to a mostly black big-city high school and falls in love (with Sean Patrick Thomas). Aug. 11.

LOVING JEZEBEL -- An eternally romantic man (Hill Harper) reminisces about the women in his life as the husband of his latest love is about to shoot him. Aug. 18.

SOLOMON AND GAENOR -- Ioan Gruffudd (the BBC heartthrob) and Nia Roberts in an Oscar-nominated story of forbidden love. A Jewish boy and a Christian girl in Welsh coal-mining country in 1911. Aug. 25.

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE -- Nathalie Baye and Sergi Lopez as a couple who meet through an anonymous sex ad, then fall in love. Directed by Frederic Fonteyne. Opened the New Directors/New Films festival this year under the title "A Pornographic Affair." August.

RESTLESS -- Cross-cultural romance. A young American translator (Catherine Kellner) loves a Chinese-American surfer (David Wu). Summer.

THE WOLVES OF KROMER -- Gay werewolves in the English countryside. A fable and a love story. Summer.

Unromantic Comedy

SCREWED -- From the writers of "Man on the Moon" and "The People vs. Larry Flynt." Chauffeur (Norm MacDonald) hates employer (Elaine Stritch) and kidnaps her dog. May 12.

BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE -- An F.B.I. agent disguises himself as a crass Georgia grandmother. Starring Martin Lawrence. June 2.

CHUCK AND BUCK -- The men behind "American Pie" and "Freaks and Geeks" turn to acting. A dark comedy about an infantile 27-year-old who wants his best friend from high school back. July 14.

IT'S THE RAGE -- Dark humor about gun control. With Joan Allen and Gary Sinise. July 14.

THE NUTTY PROFESSOR 2: THE KLUMPS -- Eddie Murphy in the sequel to his huge comedy hit. Buddy Love, Sherman Klump's slim, obnoxious alter ego, steals Sherman's youth serum. July 28.

SCARY MOVIE -- A Keenen Ivory Wayans comedy, so probably no more frightening than its leading lady, Carmen Electra. July.

I'M THE ONE THAT I WANT -- Margaret Cho's stand-up comedy act about substance abuse, crash dieting and the woes of having been the first Asian-American sitcom star. Aug. 4.

SAVING GRACE -- What can a Cornwall widow (Brenda Blethyn) with financial problems and a green thumb do? Grow marijuana, comically. Aug. 4.

CECIL B. DeMENTED -- From the contentedly bizarre John Waters. A terrorist filmmaker kidnaps a visiting Hollywood star and forces her to make an underground movie. Melanie Griffith and Stephen Dorff star. Aug. 11.

BLOW DRY -- Set at a hairstyling competition in a ***working-class*** English town. Written by Simon Beaufoy ("The Full Monty"). With Alan Rickman, Natasha Richardson and Rachel Griffiths. Aug. 18.

THE CREW -- The elderly in trendy South Beach. Richard Dreyfuss, Burt Reynolds and Dan Hedaya fight to keep their retirement home open. Aug. 25.

THE REPLACEMENTS -- A comedy about a professional football players' strike. With Keanu Reeves and Gene Hackman. Aug. 25.

Reckless Youth, Now

COMING SOON -- Manhattan teenage girl discovers sex while awaiting acceptance letter from Harvard. With Bonnie Root, Mia Farrow and Gaby Hoffmann. Friday.

HUMAN TRAFFIC -- The comic ups and downs (some drug-related) of five friends living for the weekend. Friday.

ROAD TRIP -- The MTV celebrity Tom Green in a comedy about college boys driving from New York to Texas. May 19.

GROOVE -- An overworked young computer-manual writer goes to a rave and takes Ecstasy. With Lola Glaudini and Hamish Linklater. June 9.

BORICUA'S BOND -- Young men in the South Bronx are arrested for a crime they didn't commit. With Frankie Negron and Val Lik. June 23.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN SUBURBIA -- Dostoyevsky lite. A teenage girl takes revenge on her abusive stepfather, lets her mother take the blame, then has to deal with the guilt and fear. With Monica Keena, Vincent Kartheiser and Ellen Barkin. June.

NEW WATERFORD GIRL -- A Canadian teenager (Liane Balaban) really wants out of her bleak coal-mining hometown. Directed by Allan Moyle ("Pump Up the Volume"). July 26.

CHEER FEVER -- Kirsten Dunst has a comic cheerleading crisis. Will the hip-hop inner city squad beat her "all American" team in the national championships? Aug. 18.

SKIPPED PARTS -- Two early-60's teenagers explore sex while the boy's irresponsible mother is away. With Jennifer Jason Leigh and Bug Hall. August.

Reckless Youth, Then

YOUNG DR. FREUD -- The father of psychiatry (Karlheinz Hackl): the early years. He's a neurotic, depressive workaholic with a cocaine habit. May 17.

JESUS' SON -- One young man's train wreck of a life in the early 70's. Billy Crudup stars in this comic drama, celebrating youthful irresponsibility and the joys of self-destructiveness. Based on Denis Johnson's fiction. June 16.

STEAL THIS MOVIE! -- The story of Abbie Hoffman, the 60's counterculture hero and original Yippie. With Vincent D'Onofrio, Janeane Garofalo and Troy Garrity (as his real-life father, Tom Hayden). Directed by Robert Greenwald. Aug. 25.

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY -- Chicklet rides again. Charles Busch's Off Broadway spoof of beach party, slasher and overpsychological films stars Lauren Ambrose as sweet-16-year-old Chicklet and Thomas Gibson as the great Kanaka. August. A related article is on page 30.

For or About Children

DINOSAUR -- Disney's first shot at in-house computer animation. The story of Aladar, an Iguanodon raised by lemurs. There will be rock slides, jokes and celebrity voices (including Alfre Woodard, Ossie Davis and Joan Plowright). May 19.

CHICKEN RUN -- From Aardman Animators, which gave the world "Wallace and Gromit," a group of clay-animated chickens trying to escape their fate as groceries. With the voices of Mel Gibson, Julia Sawalha and Miranda Richardson. June 23. A related article is on page 27.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY AND BULLWINKLE -- Moose and squirrel are computer-animated. Boris, Natasha and Fearless Leader are live. In fact, they're Jason Alexander, Rene Russo and Robert De Niro. Jay Ward's off-center cartoon from the 60's is back, directed by Des McAnuff. June 30. A related article is on page 27.

DISNEY'S THE KID -- If you, as a child, could have seen your 40-year-old self, would he or she have been impressed? Bruce Willis finds out in this comedy directed by Jon Turteltaub ("Phenomenon"). The cutely pudgy Spencer Breslin plays Mr. Willis as an 8-year-old. July 7.

X-MEN -- The comic book outcast superheroes in a live-action adaptation. With Ian McKellen, Halle Berry, Anna Paquin, Bruce Davison and Patrick Stewart. July 14.

POKEMON THE MOVIE 2000 -- More cute but violent animated monsters with complicated back stories. July 21.

THOMAS AND THE MAGIC RAILROAD -- Thomas the Tank Engine's first movie, a mix of live action and animation. With Alec Baldwin as Mr. Conductor. July 26.

Sci-Fi and Other Horrors

BATTLEFIELD EARTH -- John Travolta, as an evil alien, takes over earth in the year 3000. Based on the Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard's novel. May 12.

TITAN A.E. -- Evil aliens pursue Matt Damon, who is just trying to save the human race. With Bill Pullman and Drew Barrymore. June 16.

WHAT LIES BENEATH -- Harrison Ford and Michelle Pfeiffer in a supernatural thriller. Directed by Robert Zemeckis ("Forrest Gump"). July 21.

HOLLOW MAN -- The invisible man, actually, and carried away with his power. Kevin Bacon stars. Paul Verhoeven ("Basic Instinct") directed. Aug. 4. A related article is on page 4.

SPACE COWBOYS -- Clint Eastwood , Tommy Lee Jones, Donald Sutherland and James Garner play aging Air Force pilots determined to go into space -- finally. Mr. Eastwood directed. Aug. 4.

BEDAZZLED -- A nerd (Brendan Fraser) meets the Devil, who looks exactly like Elizabeth Hurley. Directed by Harold Ramis ("Ghostbusters"). Aug. 11.

GODZILLA 2000 -- Showdown in Shinjuku. From Takao Okawara (who has directed the monster's encounters with Mothra, Mechagodzilla and Destroyer), Godzilla's battle with a U.F.O. In Japanese with English subtitles Aug. 11.

IMPOSTER -- Gary Sinise in a futuristic thriller about a scientist and family man who wakes up one morning to find he's Public Enemy No. 1. Aug. 11.

THE CELL -- Child therapist gets inside serial killer's head. With Jennifer Lopez and Vince Vaughn. Aug. 18

THE ST. FRANCISVILLE EXPERIMENT -- "Blair Witch Project"-inspired. Four believers in the paranormal investigate a haunted house in Louisiana. Summer.

Subtitles

ADRENALINE DRIVE -- A Japanese road comedy about young lovers, a car crash and a suitcase full of money. They loved it at the New Directors/ New Films series. Written and directed by Shinobu Yaguchi. Friday.

THE NEW EVE -- Hedonistic Parisienne (Karin Vaird) torn between two men. Friday.

KIKUJIRO -- A child-hating gangster (Takeshi Kitano, a k a Beat Takeshi) helps a 9-year-old boy (Yusuke Sekiguchi) search for his mother. A comic road movie written and directed by Mr. Kitano. May 26.

HUMANITE -- From Bruno Dumont ("La Vie de Jesus"), a crime drama about suffering and compassion. A young cop (Emmanuel Schotte) who still lives with his mother grapples with a rape-murder and his crush on a pretty neighbor. It won three prizes at Cannes. June 14.

THE BUTTERFLY -- Shy young boy idolizes his teacher, then the Spanish Civil War breaks out. June 16.

CRIMINAL LOVERS -- A teenage girl and her boyfriend murder an arrogant classmate. With Natacha Regnier and Jeremie Renier. June 23.

ALICE ET MARTIN -- Juliette Binoche, directed by Andre Techine (their first teaming since "Rendez-Vous" in 1985), in a drama about a Parisian with a hidden hometown past. June 30.

ORFEU -- A Brazilian version of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, with a samba school, a drug lord and scenes of Carnival in Rio. June 30.

TWO WOMEN -- From Iran, a drama about two college friends, one of whom ends up the victim of a stalker. July 21.

GIRL ON THE BRIDGE -- From Patrice Leconte. A knife thrower turns a suicidal girl into a human target and puts her in the circus. With Daniel Auteuil, who won the Cesar as best actor, and Vanessa Paradis, the French pop star. July 28.

THE WIND WILL CARRY US -- From Iran's award-winning Abbas Kiarostami, a drama about a man who goes to Kurdistan claiming to be doing a survey. He isn't. July 28.

MADADAYO -- Akira Kurosawa's final film. Students keep learning from their favorite retired professor. July.

SOLAS -- Three outcasts (elderly country woman, her pregnant and abandoned daughter, a lonely neighbor) try to make the best of tenement life. August.

THE PERSONALS -- A young Chinese woman tries to meet Mr. Right through an ad. Summer.

Everything Is Relatives

HAMLET -- Shakespeare's depressed prince (Ethan Hawke) in a big-city world of laptops and limousines. He considers suicide at Blockbuster Video. With Kyle MacLachlan, Diane Venora, Julia Stiles and Sam Shepard. Adapted and directed by Michael Almereyda. May 12.

LUMINOUS MOTION -- Mother and son on the road, happily until she hears the siren call of domesticity. A drama with Deborah Kara Unger and Eric Lloyd. May 19.

8 1/2 WOMEN -- Peter Greenaway's ("The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover") Fellini homage. A father and son create a bordello on their estate in Geneva. With Polly Walker, Toni Collette and Amanda Plummer. May 26.

SUNSHINE -- Ralph Fiennes as three different Hungarian patriarchs in the century-spanning romantic saga of one Jewish family. With Jennifer Ehle and her real-life mother, Rosemary Harris. June 9.

SHOWER -- A young Beijing businessman has to face the rural ***working-class*** culture he left behind, symbolized by his father's bathhouse. In Mandarin with English subtitles. July 7.

WONDERLAND -- During a boisterous London weekend, one family deals with loveless marriage, loneliness, the hard-partying single life and imminent childbirth. July 28.

GOAT ON FIRE AND SMILING FISH -- Brothers with distinctive American Indian nicknames have trouble in love and life. Derick and Steven Martini, real-life brothers, star. August.

THE TIC CODE -- Polly Draper in a drama about a single mother, her musically gifted son and the saxophonist he idolizes. Summer.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME -- An overprotective single mother goes through changes when her self-destructive brother comes back to town. A drama with Laura Linney, Mark Ruffalo and Matthew Broderick. Summer.

Good Sports

THE BASKET -- Small town can't decide which it hates more: this new-fangled game, basketball (it's 1918), or the new German family in town. Peter Coyote lends moral guidance. Friday.

THE LEGEND OF BAGGER VANCE -- Robert Redford directs Will Smith, Matt Damon and Charlize Theron in a drama about golf and a caddy who knows and sees all. Aug. 4.

GIRLFIGHT -- A winner at Sundance, headed for Cannes. A drama about a young woman (Michelle Rodriguez) who takes up boxing to solve all her problems. Aug. 11.

Action Guys

GLADIATOR -- Ridley Scott brings back the chariot epic. With Russell Crowe as a powerful general turned slave turned gladiator and Joaquin Phoenix as the emperor who killed his family. Showdown time at the Colosseum. Friday. A related article is on page 1.

M: I-2 -- The sequel to "Mission: Impossible." Tom Cruise is back, trying to destroy a dangerous manufactured German virus. There's a new director (John Woo). And this time Robert Towne wrote the screenplay alone. May 24. A related article is on Page 10.

SHANGHAI NOON -- Jackie Chan does a western. An imperial guard (Mr. Chan) in America looking for a kidnapped Chinese princess (Lucy Liu). Dey. May 26.

THE PATRIOT -- Mel Gibson versus the Redcoats. An adventure drama about an 18th-century South Carolina widowed dad who helps build an underground militia. Directed by Roland Emmerich ("Independence Day"). June 30. A related article is on Page 4.

THE PERFECT STORM -- George Clooney versus Mother Nature. A drama about Massachusetts fishermen caught in the worst weather of all time. Directed by Wolfgang Petersen (qualified by way of "Das Boot"). June 30. A related article is on Page 4.

TEXAS RANGERS -- Dylan McDermott does a western. His good-guy gunfighters include James Van Der Beek ("Dawson's Creek") and Usher Raymond. Aug. 25.

Lives of Crime

ON THE RUN -- An escaped convict makes a friend's life miserable. June 2.

GONE IN 60 SECONDS -- Nicolas Cage and Angelina Jolie in an action film about a retired car thief forced to steal again. June 9.

SHAFT -- John Singleton brings that iconic 70's detective into millennial New York. With Samuel L. Jackson and Vanessa Williams. June 16. A related article is on Page 28.

TRIXIE -- Alan Rudolph ("Afterglow") combines film noir and screwball comedy. Emily Watson is a malapropish security guard dealing with a political murder mystery. With Nick Nolte as a double-talking senator. June 30.

BAIT -- Jamie Foxx in an action comedy about police officers using an ex-con to capture a criminal. From Antoine Fuqua, who directed "The Replacement Killers." Aug. 11.

THE WAY OF THE GUN -- A pregnant surrogate mother (Juliette Lewis) is kidnapped by criminal partners who differ on how to handle things. With Ryan Phillippe and Benicio Del Toro. Aug. 25.

THE OPPORTUNISTS -- Christopher Walken as a mechanic who reverts to his criminal ways. With Cyndi Lauper. August.

Rereleases

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE -- Luis Bunuel's 1972 Oscar winner for best foreign language film. An elegant dinner party keeps being interrupted for the strangest reasons. May 12.

THE SORROW AND THE PITY -- A new 35-millimeter print of Marcel Ophuls's brilliant 1971 documentary on wartime France. Still 4 hours 20 minutes long. May 12.

L'ATALANTE -- A new 35-millimeter print of Jean Vigo's 1934 romantic masterpiece about a couple sailing down the Seine on a barge. June 16.

BLOOD SIMPLE -- This is how the Coen brothers started, in 1984, with this homage to noir about a cuckolded Texas husband who hires a hit man. Frances McDormand's film debut. Director's cut. July 7.

THE BIG BLUE -- Luc Besson's 1988 drama about a diver and the woman who loves him. Rosanna Arquette stars, but it's all about the underwater photography. Summer.

Documentaries

DREAM OF LIGHT -- Antonio Lopez Garcia, the Spanish painter, and his work habits. Wednesday.

MICHAEL JORDAN TO THE MAX -- The basketball star on and off the court on a giant Imax screen. Friday.

WATTSTAX -- A new 35-millimeter print of Mel Stuart's 1973 film about the Watts section of Los Angeles after the riots. Musical performances by Isaac Hayes and others, with Richard Pryor as emcee. Friday.

SHADOW BOXERS -- Lucia Rijker, a world champion boxer. May 12.

BETTER LIVING THROUGH CIRCUITRY: A DIGITAL ODYSSEY INTO ELECTRONIC DANCE CULTURE -- Ravers, D.J.'s and musicians speak. May 26.

GRASS -- "Reefer Madness" 2000, presumably. The United States government's crusade against marijuana. Narrated by Woody Harrelson, hemp advocate. May 31.

CIRQUE DU SOLEIL: JOURNEY OF MAN -- The renowned French circus troupe in large-format 3-D. May.

GALAPAGOS -- Giant tortoises, marine iguanas, sea lions, booby birds and luminescent underwater creatures as far down as 3,000 feet, all on a 3-D Imax screen. Kenneth Branagh narrates. May.

CHILDREN OF CHABANNES -- A French village that saved 400 Jewish children during World War II. Directed by Lisa Gossels, whose father and uncle were two of those children. June 2.

AMERICAN PIMP -- From the Hughes brothers, Allen and Albert, who gave us "Menace II Society," the parallel universe that is the world of black urban pimps. Rosebudd, C-Note, Fillmore Slim and others tell war stories. June 9.

BOOKWARS -- Harrassed New York sidewalk book vendors. June 9.

THE EYES OF TAMMY FAYE -- Tammy Faye Bakker, televangelist, wife, scandal survivor and mascara user. RuPaul narrates. Handpuppets introduce new subjects. July 28.

THE BALLAD OF RAMBLIN' JACK -- Ramblin' Jack Elliott, folk music legend and absentee father. Directed by Aiyana Elliott, his daughter. A Sundance prize winner. Aug. 16.

DARK DAYS -- Homeless people living in midtown Manhattan train tunnels. It won two prizes at Sundance. Aug. 30.

BENJAMIN SMOKE -- To be young, gay, addicted, H.I.V. positive and musical in Atlanta. Summer.

LIGHT KEEPS ME COMPANY -- The Oscar-winning cinematographer Sven Nykvist, as seen by his son. Summer.

LIVE NUDE GIRLS UNITE -- American strippers form a union. Summer.

This and That

HELD UP -- Jamie Foxx in a road-movie hostage comedy. The setting: a very out-of-the-way Sip and Zip. May 12.

THE WELL -- Money changes everything. Two Australian women obsess over an inheritance and a once-in-a-lifetime world trip, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" style. With Miranda Otto and Pamela Rabe. May 19.

RUNNING FREE -- The dramatic adventures of one brave horse in Africa's Namib desert who learns to survive after abandonment. June 2.

THE INTERVIEW -- From Australia, a psychological drama about guilt, innocence and truth. June 16.

WENT TO CONEY ISLAND ON A MISSION FROM GOD . . . BACK BY 5 --Jon Cryer and Rick Stear in a drama about two men searching for an old friend last seen at the amusement park. June 16.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU -- Bebe Neuwirth and Heather Matarazzo in a drama based on stories by Joyce Carol Oates. June 28.

THE FIVE SENSES -- An eye doctor, a cake decorator and a group of interlocking characters experience emotional crises. A drama, with Mary-Louise Parker. It was well received at the Toronto Film Festival. July 14.

SHADOW HOURS -- A mysterious man (Peter Weller) draws a recovering addict (Balthazar Getty) into a seedy L.A. club world. July 14.

IN CROWD -- A thriller about a poor young woman taken in by a country-club clique. But when the tennis pro shows interest in her, the rich girls retaliate. July 28.

ALL THE PRETTY HORSES -- Matt Damon and Henry Thomas as Texas teenagers who head for Mexico to be cowboys. Directed by Billy Bob Thornton. Based on Cormac McCarthy's National Book Award-winning novel. Summer.

THE DAY SILENCE DIED -- A village in Bolivia is changed drastically because of a public loudspeaker. And not for the good. Summer.

THINGS YOU CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT HER -- Entangled lives in the San Fernando Valley. With a women's-picture cast, including Glenn Close, Cameron Diaz, Calista Flockhart and Holly Hunter. Summer. A related article is on Page 10.

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**Graphic**

Photos: Renee Zellweger and Jim Carrey in "Me, Myself and Irene." He's a state trooper with a split personality -- both in love with her. (Glenn Watson/20th Century Fox); Ian Hart in "Wonderland," a dark drama directed by Michael Winterbottom. (Marcus Robinson/Universal Pictures International)(pg. 10); Herds of dinosaurs roam the earth once again in the computer-animated Disney film "Dinosaur," which opens May 19. (Disney Enterprises); Vanessa Paradis works for a knife-thrower in "Girl on the Bridge," opening July 28. (Paramount Classics); Martin Lawrence goes undercover in "Big Momma's House," starting June 2. (Nicola Goode/20th Century Fox)(pg. 13)

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**Byline:**  By DEBRA NUSSBAUM

**Dateline:** PENNSAUKEN

**Body**

TWENTY-SIX students rustled in their seats at the Roosevelt School until Denise Monaghan burst through the door of the fourth-grade classroom, landing with a loud thud on the wood floor.

That got their attention. And that was the point that Mrs. Monaghan, a special education instructor, and Kim Rosa-Lima, their teacher, were trying to make.

Getting pupils' attention with "a hook," they explained, is the first step in creating solid writing, and creating top-notch writing is what this language arts class is about.

"You are going to become better writers," Mrs. Rosa-Lima told her class. "You are going to learn to use the same strategies Judy Blume and the authors you read use in their writing."

Not only are these students learning about using drama, details and description, they are also getting getting experience with picture prompts, open-ended questions and writing within time limits, much like what they will face next spring when they take the New Jersey state assessments.

Today, it is hard to find a school district in New Jersey that is not revamping its writing program -- or at least putting a special focus on that area.

New Jersey's assessments, which began being administered to 4th, 8th and 11th graders three years ago, to determine if schools had aligned their curriculums with the state's five-year-old revised standards, had been criticized for being too long and for providing unclear instructions. Educators had also criticized the scoring because the tests were graded by companies contracted through the Department of Education rather than by teachers. But regardless of how districts felt, teachers feel the pressure to teach children how to respond to the types of questions they would face in the spring.

While the training seems to be serving them well in terms of higher scores, questions have been raised as to whether that is the best way to teach.

In Pennsauken, scores in language arts and literacy among fourth-grade students have soared since the curriculum was altered to reflect what was on the state assessment. Teachers have also been trained to teach writing more effectively.

In 1999, only about 46 percent of this district's 399 fourth-graders scored proficient or advanced. But in the tests taken last spring, 82 percent of the 383 fourth graders scored proficient or above.

"We have been working very hard," said Dr. Jean Costello, assistant superintendent of elementary education. "We began realigning our curriculum when the new standards came out. You had to build curriculum to align with what the state was asking us to do, and you had to get teachers to buy into the fact that we needed changes."

In the past five years, the district here has instituted free after-school tutoring, a summer reading program, a six-week summer preparedness course for students who may need help in reading and writing before entering the next grade, teacher training and a revamped writing curriculum.

This largely ***working-class*** district, which has 3,000 pupils in kindergarten through fifth grade, has also started giving preplacement tests to new students and has instituted full-day kindergarten classes this year. Plus, every student keeps a writing folder.

Some educators contend that their colleagues are merely teaching to the test, while others -- including Dr. Costello -- say writing is being taught properly.

"Naturally, you teach them test-taking skills," Dr. Costello said. "But no matter how much you teach to the test, those kids have to pick up the pencil and write."

The state introduced new curriculum standards five years ago, and began testing two years later to see if the standards were being met. The first warning bell sounded when the Elementary School Proficiency Assessment scores in language arts were released in 1999 showing that 59 percent of the 80,000 fourth graders who took the test scored in the lowest category, or partly proficient. Only 0.6 percent ranked advanced proficient, the highest score. While administrators and teachers were quick to point out flaws in the tests, they also raced to revise their writing programs.

As students learned, scores went up. Indeed, test results released in August showed that in the language arts and literacy portion of the fourth-grade test taken in the spring, 79.1 percent of the students scored proficient or advanced proficient, compared with 55.1 percent the previous year. In the eighth-grade language arts test, the scores showed little difference from the previous year with 73.3 percent of the pupils achieving proficiency or advanced proficiency, compared with 75.1 percent in 2000.

Others said there was a price to be paid.

"Teachers tell me in district after district that when they teach to the test, they get better results," said Dr. George Hillocks Jr., a professor of education and English language at the University of Chicago, who has studied testing in the nation's schools. "These tests have a strong impact on what happens in the classroom. Forty-eight states are now giving writing assessments, as compared to 37 states in 1995 and in many places like Texas. Teachers are hammering the kids on the tested stuff. There's a hysteria about it. There's a belief that having the tests promotes better writing in school. It does not."

Dr. Hillocks, whose research examined testing in Oregon, Texas, Kentucky, Illinois and New York, plans to publish a book in the spring entitied, "The Testing Trap: How Statewide Writing Assessments Control Thinking in the Classrooms."

"The states that have exams like Illinois and Texas are likely to produce formulaic writing," he said. New Jersey -- like Illinois and Texas -- has timed writing tests using picture prompts.

In addition, of 50 teachers and 18 administrators from Illinois who were interviewed for his forthcoming book, Dr. Hillocks said he found that 70 percent were teaching the five-paragraph themed essay also used in several New Jersey districts.

In that format, students write a first paragraph that gives three ideas that make up a theme. The next three paragraphs, he explained, each take one of those attributes and gives an example or a quote. The fifth paragraph is a summary. Papers with the best scores tend to restate the ideas in the first paragraph again and again.

"They are teaching vacuous thinking," Dr. Hillocks said. "But teachers think that students have got to know how to do this."

Liz DeBeer, who just finished work on a doctorate in education at Rutgers and is teaching writing at Monmouth University, said that teachers had no choice but to direct their teaching toward the tests.

"You'd be an idiot not to do that," said Ms. DeBeer. "We all do it occasionally. Good teachers are able to find the balance. Teachers are slammed when students don't do well."

Today, most schools around the state are putting an emphasis on writing.

At Liberty Corner School in the Bernards Township School District, one goal has been to improve scores on open-ended questions in the fourth-grade test. Children in the third and fourth grades are shown the criteria that will be used to judge the test.

They see sample papers, said the principal, Dr. Kathleen A. Pecoraro, so that they can see what is considered proficient and above proficient.

At the Wyoming School in Millburn, the principal, Harriet Beckerman, said there had been a "tremendous amount of research and thinking about writing."

For the past few years, a teachers' book group has been meeting to discuss ways of using children's literature in the teaching of better writing, Ms. Beckerman said.

In Medford, where Dr. Joseph Del Rossi said writing had long been emphasized, the school modified its program to include more timed writing and picture prompts and offered extensive staff development.

In districts where the curriculum was changed to be more reflective of test material, results improved. For instance, in Haddon Heights, scores in language arts on the fourth-grade state assessment went from 78.9 percent proficient or advanced proficient in 1999 to 98.3 percent in 2001.

"The test brought into focus that there were areas we hadn't emphasized in our curriculum as much as we needed," said Dr. Nancy Hacker, the supervisor for curriculum and instruction in Haddon Heights.

While testing has brought attention to how well -- or poorly -- students write today, many educators say they do not think the current generation writes any better or worse than their parents and grandparents.

"I've been teaching English and language arts for 30 years, and kids haven't changed," said Sharon Stein, who teaches the seventh and eighth grades at Kingwood Township School. "Their abilities haven't changed."

But what is being tested has changed.

"Historically, tests have been tests of reading, and these are more tests of writing," said Dr. Jean Voorhees, the language arts-literacy coordinator for the state Department of Education.

Dr. Michael Smith, an associate professor of education at Rutgers, was asked why fourth-grade students scored poorly on the state's tests in the first two years. "It's unequivocally that the bar has been raised," said Dr. Smith, who is also director of the National Writing Project at Rutgers, a federally financed program that brings writing teachers together.

While Dr. Smith said he recognized the need for better teaching methods, he noted that he did not think students faced more struggles now than before computers, video games and television.

"Professors from Harvard in the 19th century were bemoaning the same problems in writing," Dr. Smith said. "The complaint that students don't write well enough has long been heard. It's become a more public issue as high stakes assessment has become a bigger educational issue."

For the most part, Dr. Smith said he thought that the state's writing standards and assessments were on target because they asked children to express themselves clearly, give opinions and write to different audiences. Where he said he found the tests lacking were in instances where the students were not asked to gather information and then report on it, which would be part of most writing assignments in real life.

"My critique is that the prompts leave important things out of the equation," he said. "There is no work in that direction at all."

The last national writing test shows that students do struggle. In 1998, the Department of Education tested 160,000 students on writing as part of the National Assessment of Education Progress, an ongoing survey of student achievement in grades 4, 8 and 12. Only one percent of the students tested performed at the advanced level.

Interestingly, female students did better than their male peers, and fourth-grade scores for Asian-Pacific Islanders were higher than those of Caucasian, black, Hispanic and American Indian students. In addition, fourth and eighth graders in the Northeast and Midwest did better than their counterparts in the Southeast and West. Not surprisingly, the higher the level of education of the parents, the better the students performed.

While not all experts find common ground on the best ways to teach or assess writing, they do agree that many teachers are not properly prepared.

"Other than classroom management, what scares a new teacher the most is how to teach grammar and mechanics," said Ms. DeBeers. "A lot of studies show that doing drill and diagramming sentences doesn't work. The mantra is to teach grammar in context."

Some have refined their skills over the years and admit that they are much better writing teachers today than they were a decade ago.

Bill Connolly, a teacher at Rancocas Valley High School and co-director of the National Writing Project, says he was unprepared to teach writing when he finished college in 1988.

When Mr. Connolly began teaching, he said he asked students to write an essay a week. He wanted a prewrite on Monday, an edited draft on Wednesday and the final draft on Friday. He picked the topics and usually based assignments on a work of literature.

"Now I give the student more choice in what they write," he said. "I give them the scoring guide."

Still, parents wonder if their children are learning the skills that will pay off in the workplace.

Kathy Burmaster, a parent of two high school students in Haddonfield, spent 15 years in the banking industry as a commercial lender and as an outplacement consultant, in which she prepared resumes.

"I think schools spend a lot of time teaching them how to do well for the next grade and for college, but they may not be teaching them the writing they need for life," Ms. Burmaster said. "Writing skills are tied with thinking skills."

New Jersey's students are clearly testing better in language arts and literacy, but not everyone is convinced that they are becoming more fluid writers.

"Are student becoming better writers?" said Mr. Connolly, the Rancocas teacher who is with the National Writing Project. "I don't know. I see a small portion, of course. It's a mixed bag. They are becoming better test takers. But I also think there are teachers out there who are teaching kids to become better writers."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Kim Rosa-Lima teaches writing to fourth graders at Roosevelt School in Pennsauken. (Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2001

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[***Profile/Mitchell E. Kertzman;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNY0-0024-J0DR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Company Founder Who Bet His Ranch***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNY0-0024-J0DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Mitchell E. Kertzman

By GLENN RIFKIN

By GLENN RIFKIN

**Dateline:** BURLINGTON, Mass.

**Body**

IN 1988, after nearly 15 years in business, Mitchell E. Kertzman came to a conclusion that strikes fear into the hearts of many small-business people. His company was going nowhere fast in a rapidly changing industry. While the manufacturing software company, with $18 million in sales, was still marginally profitable, it was a small player in a large market, and Mr. Kertzman saw no way to gain market share without making some dramatic moves.

Unlike many executives, who would be frozen with uncertainty and doubt, Mr. Kertzman decided to bet his company on a new and untested technology -- to "either succeed or go down in flames," as he puts it. He hired a software designer, David Litwack, with an idea for a new software tool for the corporate computing market. Huddled with six programmers in a single room near the company kitchen, Mr. Litwack set to work creating the new product, called Powerbuilder.

Over the next three years Mr. Kertzman struggled to appease his other employees, who viewed the new development team as a drain on valuable resources, and searched for venture financing to keep the company, Computer Solutions, afloat.

Mr. Kertzman's gamble has paid off handsomely. Powerbuilder sales have jumped from $50,000 to $22 million in just 18 months. And Mr. Kertzman's company, renamed Powersoft and based in Burlington, a suburb northwest of Boston, rocked Wall Street in February with one of the most successful initial public offerings of the last year, nearly doubling its opening $20 per share price the first day to close at $38.25. (The stock, which trades on Nasdaq, closed at $29.50 on Friday.)

Reminiscent of Silicon Valley offerings that characterized the 1980's, Powersoft's debut has made the witty and ebullient Mr. Kertzman, 44 years old, a multimillionaire while enriching the venture capitalists who own much of the company's equity. Forty of the company's 170 employees also became paper millionaires, Mr. Litwack said.

"It was clear we were not turning into a big winner," Mr. Kertzman said. "So I went to my board of directors, who were mostly venture capitalists, and said, 'I want to bet the company, go deeply into the red for two years and build this tool.' They gave me the green light, which was unusual for venture capitalists."

Since the successful offering, Mr. Kertzman said, he takes time at every meeting to beg employees not to watch the stock price and to concentrate on keeping the company moving forward. As for himself, he said, "if anyone sees any sign of me becoming arrogant, I've issued orders to shoot me immediately."

Indeed, Mr. Kertzman's company is by no means in the clear. Competitors like Umang Gupta, founder and chairman of the Gupta Corporation in Menlo Park, Calif., note that Powersoft is a one-product company in a market with "a very low barrier to entry." He said he expected tough competitors like Microsoft and Sybase to enter the market and give Powersoft a run for its money.

Mr. Kertzman began his career a long way from software. After dropping out of Brandeis University in 1968, he pursued a career in radio, but was fired after just four months as a Boston disk jockey. Desperate for a job, he got hooked on computer programming and in 1974 started his company as a one-man contract programming shop. Most of his clients were in manufacturing, and by the early 1980's he had decided to shift from programming to selling a software product that helps manufacturers control inventories, allocate resources and complete many other tasks.

He remembers his struggle -- he was on food stamps when he started in computers. Even after the Computer Solutions software business was up and running, he took $30,000 in salary and plowed the rest of the profit back into the business.

But after realizing that his manufacturing software business was not the ticket, Mr. Kertzman invested his faith and money in Mr. Litwack, who hadn't been able to persuade venture capitalists to finance his idea.

Mr. Kertzman shared Mr. Litwack's vision: a tool that would make it easy for programmers to write complex software that could be run on networks of personal computers hooked to powerful work stations called servers.

For two decades, business software -- for order processing, inventory controls, accounts receivable and the like -- has been run on large, expensive mainframe computers. Powerbuilder provides guidelines to help programmers accustomed to writing software for mainframes write the same type of program for networks of less-expensive personal computers running Microsoft Windows. For example, programmers at American Airlines have used Powerbuilder to write programs that enable their pilots to schedule training sessions on flight simulators.

Mr. Litwack and his team got to work. "The summer of 1990 was a very bad time," he recalled. "We were an isolated group and if not for Mitchell, we'd have been out of there."

Mr. Kertzman not only poured $3 million into Mr. Litwack's project, he began to see that Powerbuilder could bring tremendous growth and render his current manufacturing software expendable.

The venture capital community balked at investing in a company with two agendas. Powerbuilder, introduced in June 1991, was becoming a clear winner. So Mr. Kertzman made the difficult decision to sell his original business, to a group of former employees. He got $2.5 million in new venture financing from the Boston firm Burr, Egan, Deleage & Company, and changed the company's name to Powersoft.

WHAT impresses virtually everyone who knows the genesis of Powersoft's success is Mr. Kertzman's fortitude in deciding to leave the business he had built from scratch and bet everything on one unproven product.

"What you have to understand is that Mitchell was giving up on 15 years of work, letting go of an $18 million, profitable company and laying off 60 people, many of whom had been with him for 10 years," said Jonathan Flint, a senior partner at Burr, Egan, Deleage. "He was saying, 'Do I give up on my first child and send him off to adoption and send the adopted kid to college?' Not every entrepreneur would have had the guts to do that."

Analysts are most impressed with how Mr. Kertzman managed to develop and market the new product while transforming his entire company -- and without missing a beat.

Since its introduction in 1991, Powersoft has sold more than 8,000 copies of Powerbuilder to more than 2,500 customers, including American Airlines and 3M, at an average price of $3,395. This month an enhanced version will hit the market and those who have had a sneak preview say it is impressive.

For Mr. Kertzman, Powersoft's public offering raised his net worth to $20 million. He says the money is most important for the financial security it provides his wife, Julie, a marketing specialist at Hewlett-Packard, and their two young daughters, who have become the focal point of his life. He did, however, buy an impressive home in the tony Boston suburb of Weston and a top-of-the-line Mercedes sports coupe. He and his wife also bought 220 acres in Montana that had been in her family.

Mr. Kertzman, who grew up in the ***working-class*** Boston neighborhood of Brighton, credits his mother for instilling in him his entrepreneurial spirit, though they were constantly at odds during his adolescence.

But Miriam Kertzman was also her son's biggest supporter. "She thought I could walk on water," he said. In 1971, she initiated American industry's first corporate day-care center, for the Stride Rite Corporation, and ran it until she died seven years ago.

"She was a remarkable woman," Mr. Kertzman said, pointing to a photograph on his office wall of his mother laughing with several Stride Rite children. "My one great regret is that she didn't live to see my success."

A CHANGE OF PACE FROM THE NERDS

MITCHELL KERTZMAN is more than the software industry's latest cult hero, at least in Massachusetts political and business circles.

He was an adviser to Paul E. Tsongas when Mr. Tsongas mounted his 1992 Presidential campaign; indeed, when Mr. Tsongas announced his candidacy in April 1991, he chose Mr. Kertzman to introduce him. Mr. Kertzman has also lobbied in Washington for changes in capital-gains taxing to benefit small businesses, and he has championed the fight against what he considered a draconian tax-rollback initiative that came to a vote in Massachusetts (he was victorious).

"One thing you seldom find in business are people who are truly multidimensional, people like Felix Rohatyn, who can live comfortably in a number of worlds," Mr. Tsongas said. "Mitchell is from that same basic mold." Had he been elected, Mr. Tsongas said, he would have offered Mr. Kertzman a key position.

Mr. Kertzman said he loves backroom politics and calls himself "socially liberal, fiscally conservative." But he said he'd never run for public office; he's having too much fun in the software business.

His intellect, political savvy and sense of humor give him invaluable panache in an industry with a dearth of color. At a jam session at a recent industry gathering, none other than Mr. Kertzman was at the mike, booming a passable rendition of "Wild Thing."

"In this day in business, you have got to be a cover boy, an evangelist, extremely charismatic, and he's got it," said George Colony, a consultant with Forrester Research in Cambridge, Mass. "In the software business, knee-deep in nerds, he's one in a thousand. He has great presence, he has a vision and he can sell it."

**Graphic**

Photos: Mitchell Kertzman of Powersoft said his business strategy was to "either succeed or go down in flames."; Mitchell Kertzman says success has brought security to his family: his wife, Julie, Abigail, left, and Meredith. (Photographs by Joe Wrinn for The New York Times )

**Load-Date:** April 4, 1993

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Glendale, Queens; A Neighborhood of 'People Playing Nice'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:449J-3WV0-0109-T4T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2009 words

**Byline:**  By DIANA SHAMAN

**Body**

ON the morning of the World Trade Center disaster, volunteer members of the Glendale Civilian Observation Patrol rushed to provide round-the-clock assistance to the local 104th Precinct, taking positions at security barriers hastily set up around the station house and providing valet parking to officers reporting for duty.

"Because of our presence, we freed up three to four police cars so they were able to go down to the disaster site," said Frank Kotnik, the president of the 125-member civilian patrol group, which recently celebrated its 25th anniversary.

The volunteers operate under the motto "All it takes for evil to thrive is for the good men and women of Glendale, Ridgewood, Maspeth and Middle Village to do nothing." Those words also suggest why this enclave of modest one- and two-family houses has long appealed to established residents and newcomers alike. "Community groups have been instrumental in keeping Glendale a safe and viable community," said Gary Giordano, district manager for the local Community Board 5, who described Glendale as "solid, essentially middle-class."

Drive around and you will see well-tended houses with neat front yards, few for-sale signs and no graffiti. Vandals prefer to operate elsewhere, knowing that the civilian patrol, whose members patrol each night in unmarked cars, has a reputation for spotting graffiti offenders. Erin Leahey, community affairs officer at the 104th Precinct called Glendale "a very safe" community, in part because its residents are so involved.

In addition to the civilian patrol, the community has two civic groups: the Glendale Property Owners Association and the Liberty Park Homeowners Association. Other active organizations include the Kiwanis Club of Glendale, the Glendale Chamber of Commerce, a volunteer ambulance corps and the Greater Ridgewood Youth Council.

And residents don't look out only for themselves. About 250 volunteers work at a homeless shelter that has operated for 20 years at the Roman Catholic Sacred Heart Church on 84th Street, providing a place to sleep and hot meals five nights a week for up to 10 homeless people bused in from Manhattan. "Having all these organizations adds up to people playing nice," said Robert J. Monahan, president of the youth council, which provides educational and social programs to both children and adults. "We complement one another, and we support one another."

Local real estate brokers say that children who grow up here often stay to raise their own families, and newcomers arrive because of Glendale's reputation for being family-oriented and stable. "People like it here because they feel secure," said Joseph Ardelean, the broker at Banat Realty on Fresh Pond Road. "Houses don't change hands very often because once someone moves in, they stay."

Anthony and Angelina Macaluso, who own a neat 96-year-old white-shingled one-family house on 79th Street, probably tell a typical story. They have lived on their block for 30 years. Mr. Macaluso works as an engineer for New York City's Department of Design and Construction and grew up in neighboring Ridgewood. Mrs. Macaluso, a paraprofessional at Public School 113, a local elementary school, grew up in Glendale. They are both volunteers at the homeless shelter.

After a neighbor on the Macalusos' block died in the World Trade Center disaster, 300 community residents came to the candlelight vigil, Mrs. Macaluso said. "That's why people stay here," she said. "Everyone looks out for one another."

Most of Glendale's housing consists of one- and two-family dwellings, with semi-attached houses the most prevalent.

A few brick six-family row houses, built around 1910 as rentals for ***working class*** families, are located on blocks just east of Ridgewood and were included in the Ridgewood Multiple Resource Area, a group of historic districts that received federal landmark designation in 1983.

Brick two-family row houses dating to the 1920's, with decorative cornices and lintels and bow windows on the front facade, can also be found throughout the community.

The majority of the one- and two-family houses, however, are frame dwellings -- like the one at 89-70 Cooper Avenue featured in the opening credits of the 1970's television show "All in the Family." This semi-attached home so typical of the neighborhood became synonymous for a generation of television viewers with blue-collar Queens.

Glendale is no longer primarily blue collar. House prices, Mr. Ardelean of Banat Realty said, start at $275,000 and range up to $325,000 for a brick or frame one-family dwelling with three bedrooms, one bath and a basement. Such a property usually has either a private driveway with a garage or a shared driveway.

Prices for a two-family home with a two-bedroom apartment on the first floor and three bedrooms upstairs start at $320,000 and go as high as $380,000. In some sections of Glenwood, particularly in the eastern part, more spacious houses on larger lots can fetch upward of $400,000.

RENTAL apartments in two-family houses bring around $1,100 a month for two bedrooms, but this is not an investor neighborhood. About 80 percent of houses are owner occupied, said Marco Lapaduro, an associate broker with ReMax FH Realty in Forest Hills.

Early Glendale was known for its picnic grounds: places where families went to eat, dance, sing and enjoy sports. Names like Schutzen Park and Riebling's Greater New York Park reflected the predominantly German population in the late 19th century. The Interboro Parkway, now known as the Jackie Robinson Parkway, gobbled up several parks when it was built in 1934. Others were developed for housing.

Now, Glendale has only a handful of playgrounds, and its only parkland is a small section of Forest Park on the north side of Jackie Robinson Parkway, the neighborhood's southerly border. Shopping however, is plentiful. Myrtle Avenue, which stretches about two miles, is lined with stores.

Three public elementary schools -- P.S. 113, P.S. 91 and P.S. 68 -- serve the community, with children moving in sixth grade to Intermediate School 119. Most students continue at Franklin K. Lane High School on Jamaica Avenue in Brooklyn.

In 2000, 86.2 percent of children at P.S. 113 scored at or above grade level in city reading tests and 84.8 percent in math. The school has about 500 students. At P.S. 91, which has about 900 pupils, 50.2 percent of children scored at or above their grade level in English and 49.4 percent in math. At P.S. 68, which serves children in a western section of Glendale called Liberty Park, 42.4 percent read at or above grade level and 36.9 percent achieved that level in math. P.S. 68 has about 1,100 children.

At Intermediate School 119, where about 950 children attend Grades 6 to 8, 50.2 percent of children met city standards in English and 37.9 met the math standards.

The neighborhood also has several parochial schools. Among them, all offering kindergarten through eighth grade, are the Roman Catholic St. Pancras School, which has an enrollment of 360 children, offers in addition to the regular curriculum, art and music appreciation and computer courses. In city tests, 76 percent of children scored at or above grade in English and 72 percent in math. Annual tuition is $2,950, with a $500 discount for parish members.

The Roman Catholic Sacred Heart School charges annual tuition of $2,380 and has 320 students. Test scores were not made available. At St. John's Lutheran School, with 258 children, pupils take both Spanish and French. Annual tuition is $2,948. In city tests, 90 percent score at or above grade level in both English and math, said Barbara Chin-Sinn, the principal. Redeemer Lutheran School has an enrollment of 235 children and annual tuition of $2,915. At the school, 81 percent are at or above grade level in English and 86 percent in math.

Glendale was mostly farms -- and cemeteries -- before 1869, when John C. Schooley, a Queens real estate broker, began buying farmland and dividing it into 20-by-100-foot lots selling for $150 up with the enticement, "Build a cottage some day and have your own fireside, your own swinging gate and a rooster on the roof."

Housing was in demand because an 1847 law banning cemeteries in Manhattan had brought cemetery construction to western Queens and with it a demand for overnight lodging and other services, which in turn spurred residential construction, said George P. Miller, historian and archivist for the Ridgewood Historical Society.

The original settlers were English, followed by a large influx of Germans as the community developed. Later arrivals included many Italians. Yugoslavs, Romanians and other Eastern European immigrants are more recent newcomers.

At the turn of the last century, factories and breweries opened, and as demand for housing for local workers grew, more of the farms vanished as developers built tract housing. The last farm, on 88th Street and 77th Avenue, known as the Kessel Homestead, was developed for housing in 1937.

Glendale's original mix of manufactured products included textiles, silk ribbons and matches, but also something more exotic: biplanes built by the Brunner-Winkle Aircraft Corporation in two locations, said Robert F. Eisen of Garden City, a former Glendale resident, who is also a local historian: 60th Lane just south of Myrtle Avenue, and 79th Place abutting the railroad tracks.

Many early factory buildings are still being used. The Atlas Terminal on Cooper Avenue, for example, which was developed from the early part of the 20th century through the 1960's and owned since 1922 by the Hemmerdinger Corporation of Manhattan, has 1 million square feet of commercial space on 25 acres, providing employment for 1,700 workers in businesses that range from restaurant supplies to baked goods.

Mr. Miller of the Ridgewood Historical Society, who has been a Glendale resident since 1954, said he doesn't see any "significant, quick changes coming to Glendale." The only danger the neighborhood might face is spot builders tearing down existing houses and "putting up monstrosities like they do in other neighborhoods," he said.

But Glendale's original developers unwittingly reduced the odds that this would happen by dividing land into narrow lots, mostly only 20 feet wide, that do not lend themselves to redevelopment. "Very little has been built here over the last 60 to 70 years," Mr. Ardelean said.

Gazetteer

POPULATION: 34,735 (2000 census).

AREA: 1.17 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $46,776 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $300,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $275,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $170,000.

MEDIAN PRICE OF TWO-FAMILY HOUSE: $350,000.

MEDIAN PRICE ONE YEAR AGO: $325,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $200,000.

DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 8 miles.

RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: 40 minutes from Myrtle Avenue and 73rd Street by Triboro Coach express bus, $3 one-way. 50 minutes by Q11 bus to Q train at Woodhaven and Queens Boulevards, $1.50 one-way. One hour by Q55 bus along Myrtle Avenue to L train at Myrtle and Wyckoff Avenues, $1.50 one-way.

GOVERNMENT: City Councilman Thomas V. Ognibene (Republican).

CODES: Area, 347, 718, 917; ZIP, 11385.

THE BIRD, STILL ALOFT: The Bird, a biplane manufactured by the Brunner-Winkle Aircraft Corporation of Glendale in 1929, will soon be hanging at the new Cradle of Aviation Museum along with other vintage airplanes, which that include the sister ship to Charles A. Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis. The museum, located in Garden City on Long Island, is scheduled to open in April. The restored Bird, purchased basically as a pile of parts at a Pennsylvania auction 10 years ago, will be part of the Golden Age exhibit, covering aviation between the two world wars, said Joshua Stoff, the museum's curator. "It was one of the more popular sports planes of the time," he said. "Lindbergh bought one to teach his wife how to fly. Then when the Depression hit, the company and many other aviation companies of the time closed down. Nobody was buying airplanes in the early 30's."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Three streets in Glendale, from top: 78th Avenue, north of 78th Street, where many homes have wood facades; 66th Street, off Myrtle Avenue; and 82nd Street, with front lawns and homes. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); 3-bedroom, 1 1/2-bath, semidetached house at 79-84 Cooper Avenue, $289,000.; 2-family house, 2 bedrooms down, 3 bedrooms up, at 77-25 79th Place, $339,000.; 2-family house, 2 bedrooms down, 3 bedrooms up, at 78-50 83rd Street, $380,000.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2001

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[***Stage: From Brook, 'The Mahabharata'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NYD0-0017-5334-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1657 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

MORE than nine hours after it begins, Peter Brook's production of ''The Mahabharata'' is still not over - but at least the world is coming to an end.

The apocalypse before us is the long-awaited climax of an epic struggle between two opposing sets of cousins in an ancient Indian dynasty. It is the cue for Mr. Brook, one of the great theater minds of our age, to unleash his full imaginative arsenal. The battles of multitudes are conveyed by acrobatic displays of Eastern martial arts, by dozens of white arrows flying through the air, by horizontal ladders spinning violently on a vast stage carpeted with dirt. A mud-caked warrior sucks the bloody guts out of an eternal enemy; a god creates a solar eclipse with the merest flutter of a hand. For an instant we can imagine that we may be witnessing what one character calls ''the last night of the world,'' a conflagration that leaves 18 million dead and that threatens to shrivel the earth itself.

The stylization of this war -achieved almost entirely by ritualistic visual poetry rather than modern backstage technology - is characteristic of Mr. Brook's esthetics and ideally suited to his source. ''The Mahabharata,'' the voluminous Sanskrit poem dating from 400 B.C., is an all-encompassing compendium of Hindu history, mythology and thought - a work whose primeval roots demand a stage adapatation of timeless theatrical simplicity. Whether the rest of Mr. Brook's production achieves this simplicity, as opposed to merely simulating it, is a matter that audiences at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival will strenuously debate for the rest of this marathon work's run. For this viewer, 11 consecutive hours of ''The Mahabharata'' (including two breaks) never gathered the cumulative power that Mr. Brook's previous New York offering, ''La Tragedie de Carmen,'' harnessed in a mere 80 minutes.

Is it possible that something has been lost since this theatrical endeavor began its life to ecstatic acclaim at the Avignon Festival in 1985? There ''The Mahabharata'' was performed from sunset to sunrise in natural surroundings (a limestone quarry), and was spoken in the French in which Mr. Brook's longtime collaborator, Jean-Claude Carriere, had written his adaptation. In Brooklyn, where the production's three parts can be seen either in one day (starting at 1 P.M.) or over three nights, the setting is an old downtown movie-and-vaudeville palace, the Majestic, that the academy has admirably reclaimed from oblivion. To simulate the conditions of Mr. Brook's ***working-class*** base of operations in Paris, Les Bouffes du Nord, the theater has been artfully restored to a semi-dilapidated state, with chipped plaster, exposed brick, mottled paint and, for seating, punishingly hard benches. For this production, such chic, post-modern asceticism seems contrived - an environment for a Beverly Hills ashram rather than for a genuine rendition of a Hindu epic.

The delivery of Mr. Carriere's text is even more problematic in New York than its setting. Mr. Brook has translated the script into mostly prosaic, sometimes unidiomatic English, which is then spoken by an international company for whom English is, in too many cases, an awkward second language. Given the several linguistic and verbal layers through which it has been filtered and refracted, the dialogue of ''The Mahabharata'' almost inevitably must sound distanced, as if we were listening to a dubbed foreign film.

This wouldn't matter so much if Mr. Brook's show were primarily a visual experience. But if there are indeed a number of glorious sequences for the eyes - and if every scene is handsomely set forth - there is also an avalanche of tedious talk. In his script, Mr. Carriere has heroically attempted to pack in much of the plot and nearly all the major characters of a poem that runs over 100,000 verses in 18 volumes. As a daredevil screenplay-writing stunt - and Mr. Carriere has been a brilliant scenarist for such directors as Bunuel and Wajda - this abridgement of ''The Mahabharata'' is ingenious. Yet the writer chooses to cover so much ground - generations of familial rivalries, complex genealogies, interlocking fairy tales, tortured conflicts between choice and destiny - that the narrative by necessity is more often recited than dramatized.

Those raised on ''The Mahabharata'' may enjoy sampling the rush of familiar high points in this way, much as Westerners can get a kick out of Cecil B. De Mille's depiction of ''The Ten Commandments.'' But just as one wouldn't look to that movie to learn the meaning of the Bible, so the spiritual import of this ''Mahabharata'' remains elusive, crowded out rather than expressed by the plot. Much of the work's moral substance, including the lengthy debate of the Bhagavad-Gita, is reduced to easily digestible sermons and homilies that only superficially explore the enigmatic Hindu concept of self-fulfillment (''dharma''). The exhortations to self-knowledge are so broad they are virtually indistinguishable from the messages of Mr. Brook's past cosmic excursions, such as ''The Conference of the Birds'' (from a 12th-century Persian poem) and the film ''Meetings With Remarkable Men'' (from Gurdjieff).

When the talk and theology give way to action, the director takes complete charge of a stage space whose depth, height and burned-clay colors evoke a huge archeological excavation site. In addition to making spectacular use of fire and two permanent bodies of water (a downstage pool and upstage river), the director provides a veritable tour of Oriental theater techniques - Balinese and Japanese as well as Indian. Brightly patterned carpets and fabrics of red and gold are constantly spread and swirled before us. Actors playing characters that are often half animal or half divine achieve their hybrid status with mime and masks. Billowing cloth can represent newborn children while a single large wooden wheel can stand for Krishna's chariot.

Like the expensively weather-beaten Majestic, however, Mr. Brook's smorgasbord of Oriental stagecraft also can appear a bit synthetic: A puppet sequence is perfunctory, and the relentless Eastern music (played by onstage musicians who come and go with distracting frequency) sounds as if it were purchased by the yard, along with the rugs. For all the Eastern exotica, the staging and the script still end up accentuating the common ground shared by ''The Mahabharata'' and the West. In the wanderings of the blind prince Dhritarashtra and the forest exile of the Pandavas, we are encouraged to make associations with Oedipus, the Old Testament, Shakespeare. Though the similarities are there to be found, one can't help wondering if the idiosyncratically Eastern character of ''The Mahabharata'' has been watered down to knock international audiences over the head with the universality of mankind's essential myths.

In keeping with this approach, Mr. Brook has assembled a multinational cast of highly variable quality. Some of the acting, especially of the comic and villainous roles, is quite broad. It's not until well into the production's third part, when Miriam Goldschmidt's Kunti reveals she is the mother of Jeffery Kissoon's anguished Karna, that there is a powerfully acted scene. Among the other superior performers in the large cast are Mallika Sarabhai (the princess Draupadi), Robert Langdon Lloyd (the storyteller, Vyasa) and Andrzej Seweryn (Yudishthira, a heroic prince with a tragic weakness for gambling). Perhaps the least helpful major performance is by Bruce Myers, whose Krishna (a Ralph Richardson role if ever there was one) substitutes showy British vocal resonance for the ethereal intangible of soul.

However unequal in achievement, everyone on stage and off works so hard and seriously in ''The Mahabharata'' that a theatergoer only wishes it were possible to join the company at their final, deserved destination -a golden, torch-lighted vision of Hindu paradise. But the hard work, paradoxically, may be exactly what keeps us from reaching the heavenly plane to which this work wishes us to ascend. In his landmark productions of sacred Western texts, from the similarly dirt-and-fate-fixated ''Carmen'' back to the Beckett-inspired ''King Lear,'' Mr. Brook has stripped down to essentials, to a metaphorical if not actual empty space, to take us on a journey to the ends of the world. ''The Mahabharata,'' by contrast, seems less a distillation of its source than a busy condensation; it often makes the simple look hard. One applauds the most magical pieces of the tapestry even while recognizing that the disappointing whole is too heavy to fly.

ETERNAL EPIC - THE MAHABHARATA, by Jean-Claude Carriere; adapted into English and directed by Peter Brook; set and costumes designed by Chloe Obolensky; produced by Micheline Rozan and William Wilkinson. Presented by Brooklyn Academy of Music, Harvey Lichtenstein, president and executive producer, with Centre International de Creations Theatrales and the Royal Shakespeare Theater. At the Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Kunti...Miriam Goldschmidt

Subhadra...Corinne Jaber

Ganga, Gandhari and Gudeshna Mireille Maalouf

Amba...Helene Patarot

Satyavati and Draupadi...Mallika Sarabhai

Madri, Hidimbi and Urvasi...Tam-Sir

Dushassana...Urs Bihler

Dhritarashtra...Ryszard Cieslak

Duryodhana...Georges Corraface

Bhima...Mamadou Dioume

Djayadratha and Salva...Richard Fallon

Ekalavya, Uttara and Abhimanyu Nolan Hemmings

Nakula and Aswhattaman...Ciaran Hinds

Karna...Jeffery Kissoon

Bhishma and Parashurama...Sotigui Kouyate

King of the Fishermen, Shakuni, Sandjaya, Virata and Adiratha...Tuncel Kurtiz

Vyasa...Robert Langdon Lloyd

The Sun, Sisupala and Ghatotkatcha Mavuso Mavuso

Arjuna...Vittorio Mezzogiorno

Ganesha and Krishna...Bruce Myers

Drona and Kitchaka...Yoshi Oida

Yudishthira...Andrzej Seweryn

Pandu, Siva, Salya and Maya...Tapa Sudana

Sahadeva...Mahmoud Tabrizi-Zadeh

ChildrenLeo Moriya and Antonin Stahly-Viswanadhan

**Graphic**

photo of Richard Fallon, Georges Corraface and Jeffrey Kissoon (Martha Swope)

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:444M-65P0-0109-T4DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 20

**Length:** 2221 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. The ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on

Page 12.

Now Playing

\* "APOCALYPSE NOW REDUX," starring Martin Sheen, Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, Dennis Hopper and Laurence Fishburne. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola (R, 196 minutes). Nearly an hour has been added to Mr. Coppola's 1979 Vietnam epic, making the movie richer, stranger and more coherent. It has been rereleased in a stunning new print that showcases Vittorio Storaro's lustrous cinematography and Walter Murch's swirling, precise sound design, as well as Mr. Coppola's grand and sometimes murky vision. The movie's essential seriousness, its brave ambition and the dedication of its cast (now expanded to include Colleen Camp as a Playboy centerfold and Aurore Clement as a French widow) have grown more impressive with time. The current vogue for digitally enhanced computer-generated special effects in live-action movies, for jumpy, gestural editing and for glib pseudo-irony has lulled us into a pixilated, hyperactive slumber. With its grandeur and its horrific, exhilarating magic realism, "Apocalypse Now Redux" jolts us awake (A. O. Scott).

\* "THE CLOSET," starring Daniel Auteuil and Gerard Depardieu. Directed by Francis Veber (R, 86 minutes; in French with English subtitles). A classic French farce with a contemporary twist, this very funny comedy spoofs political correctness, homophobia and corporate hypocrisy in its story of a mousy divorced accountant (Mr. Auteuil) who pretends to be gay to save his job in a condom factory. He can't be fired, he reasons correctly, because of corporate fear of a lawsuit for discrimination. Mr. Depardieu is hilariously galumphing as an obsequious homophobe who goes to such ludicrous extremes to demonstrate his tolerance that he drives himself crazy (Stephen Holden).

\* "THE DEEP END," starring Tilda Swinton, Goran Visnjic, Jonathan Tucker and Josh Lucas. Written and directed by Scott McGehee and David Siegel (R, 99 minutes). In this tidy and sophisticated film noir, Mr. Lucas plays Darby, who is brazen, magnetic and ruthless and comes to an early end. A woman named Margaret (Ms. Swinton) becomes enmeshed in a murder involving Darby and his latest target: Margaret's 17-year-old son, Beau (Mr. Tucker). Margaret has to handle things on her own, because her husband, a naval officer, is away. She does whatever it takes to keep her boy safe from the clutches of the law and the thugs who were part of Darby's circle. "The Deep End" is fastidious and smart, and Ms. Swinton's fixated intensity isn't ever remote; we're always aware of how deeply she's feeling. Her work is magnificent, an actress burrowing inside herself to play a woman doing the most horrible thing in the world to restore order to her life (Elvis Mitchell).

"DON'T SAY A WORD," starring Michael Douglas, Sean Bean, Brittany Murphy and Jennifer Esposito (R, 110 minutes). In this exhausting, incoherent thriller, Mr. Douglas plays Nathan Conrad, a Manhattan psychiatrist whose young daughter is kidnapped by a sadistic band of jewel thieves. The ransom they demand is the intensive treatment of a mentally ill young woman who has a piece of information they need to recover a ruby they stole 10 years earlier, which the young woman's father, one of their accomplices, snatched away from them. Adding to the confusion is a tough, sexy homicide detective (Ms. Esposito) whose investigation of a series of murders leads her to Dr. Conrad. The movie is as over-elaborate as the criminals' scheme, and similarly doomed, from the outset, to fail (Scott).

"GLITTER," starring Mariah Carey. Directed by Vondie Curtis Hall (PG-13, 145 minutes). This film wants to be a heart-tugging tale of a rags-to-pop-royalty climb made poignant by love and loss. But "Glitter," with Ms. Carey as a talented performer who goes from backup singer to troubled star, is mostly dross, an unintentionally hilarious compendium of time-tested cinematic cliches that illustrate the chasm between hopeful imitation and successful duplication (Lawrence Van Gelder).

"THE GLASS HOUSE," starring Leelee Sobieski, Diane Lane, Stellan Skarsgard, Trevor Morgan and Bruce Dern. Directed by Daniel Sackheim (PG-13, 101 minutes). After their parents are killed in a car accident, Ruby Baker (Ms. Sobieski) and her brother are sent to live with the Glasses, a pair of dysfunctional creeps who also turn out, to no one's surprise but the children's, to be diabolical criminals. The movie might have succeeded as a minor entry in the thriller subgenre that includes "Single White Female" and "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle," but it takes more than a spooky score and horror-movie editing tricks to generate suspense. Mr. Skarsgard, who plays Terry Glass, is so cold and repellent from the start that it's impossible to imagine that anyone would trust him with a pet goldfish, let alone two innocent (and, of course, once it comes to outwitting him, absurdly resourceful) children (Scott).

"HARDBALL," starring Keanu Reeves, Diane Lane and John Hawkes. Directed by Brian Robbins (PG-13, 110 minutes). Daniel Coyle's nonfiction book about a children's baseball team from Chicago has been adapted into a mawkish, cutesy tearjerker. Mr. Reeves, as self-conscious as ever, is its reluctant coach, a down-and-out gambler who redeems himself (and pays off his debts) by leading these latter-day Bad News Bears to victory. The star is forced to deliver inspirational sound bites like the movie's meaningless tag line, "The most important thing in life is showing up" (Holden).

"HEARTS IN ATLANTIS," starring Anthony Hopkins, Anton Yelchin and Hope Davis. Directed by Scott Hicks (PG-13, 101 minutes). One of Stephen King's sappier novels has been pummeled into mush by Mr. Hicks's shallow magazine-glossy depiction of late-1950's America. He is aided by William Goldman's screenplay, which fills the mouth of its persecuted hero with kitschy inanities. That hero, a mysterious Christlike mind-reader who becomes a young boy's surrogate dad, is played by the painfully miscast Mr. Hopkins. Compared to this bunk, even the movie of Mr. King's "Green Mile" seems austere (Holden).

"LIAM," starring Ian Hart, Claire Hackett, Anne Reid and Anthony Borrows. Directed by Stephen Frears (R, 90 minutes). Like many other movies that revisit the turmoil and deprivation of the past century from the perspective of a child, Mr. Frears's new film, about a young boy in 1930's Liverpool, England, walks the delicate boundary between politically inflected realism and costumed sentimentality. At its best, "Liam" explores the effects of unemployment and poverty on Liam's ***working-class*** Catholic family with an impressionistic, detached lyricism that captures a boy's puzzlement and curiosity without being too cute about it. But the anecdotal treatment of the family's life gradually and inexorably turns melodramatic, and the violent conclusion seems not to grow out of the lives of the characters, but to be clumsily imposed on them (Scott).

"THE MUSKETEER," starring Catherine Deneuve, Mena Suvari, Stephen Rea, Tim Roth and Justin Chambers. Directed by Peter Hyams (PG-13, 106 minutes). This hopelessly confused and poorly written adaptation of "The Three Musketeers" tries to blend traditional costume adventure with MTV-ready attitude and Hong Kong-style duels. The nervous jump-cut editing chops the action sequences into visual coleslaw, and Mr. Chambers's lead character, D'Artagnan, mumbles like a dazed lobotomy patient. Ms. Deneuve and Mr. Rea, in small roles, pretend they're in another, more coherent movie, but it doesn't help (Holden).

"THE OTHERS," starring Nicole Kidman, Alakina Mann and James Bentley. Written and directed by Alejandro Amenabar (PG-13, 104 minutes). At 29, Mr. Amenabar, a Spanish filmmaker directing his first English-language movie, shows an impressive mastery of the ghost-story form. He sends his camera down shadowy corridors and into cavernous rooms to create a mood of elegant dread. Though a bit too long and too cluttered in the middle, "The Others" is persuasively spooky and even manages to be poignant, thanks to a fierce performance by Ms. Kidman. She plays a woman living with her two children and three peculiar servants in a fog-shrouded house on the island of Jersey in the English Channel (Scott).

\* "OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS," starring German Jaramillo, Anderson Ballesteros and Juan David Restropo. Directed by Barbet Schroeder (R, 100 minutes; in Spanish, with English subtitles). One description for the ambience of this devastating portrait (filmed in high-definition video) of the corrupt Colombian city of Medellin might be documentary hallucination. With a screenplay adapted by Fernando Vallejo from his novel "La Virgen de los Sicarios," the film gazes into the soul of a burned-out homosexual writer who returns to Medellin (his hometown) after 30 years and finds it transformed into a circle of hell plagued by rampant, casual slaughter. He falls successively in love with two nihilistic street boys, both killers (Holden).

"RAT RACE," starring John Cleese, Whoopi Goldberg, Cuba Gooding Jr., Seth Green and Vince Vieluf. Directed by Jerry Zucker (PG-13, 112 minutes). A wealthy, thrill-addicted casino owner (Mr. Cleese) contrives a race from Nevada to New Mexico with a $2 million prize. The hand-picked, scrambling contestants include a pair of inept, scuffling brothers (Mr. Green and Mr. Vieluf) and a humiliated N.F.L. referee (Mr. Gooding). "Rat Race" crams much antic activity into its meager story line, much of it lifted from other movies. The script is unashamed about stooping into any sewer for laughs. The premise of the contest produces so much anxiety that Mr. Zucker's Zen-like direction can't help making you feel uneasy (Mitchell).

"ROCK STAR," starring Mark Wahlberg, Jennifer Aniston and Jason Flemyng. Directed by Stephen Herek (R, 142 minutes). Based on the true story of a heavy-metal fan who replaced the lead singer in the band he worshiped, this sloppy, charming melange of "This Is Spinal Tap" and "Almost Famous" looks back nostalgically at the big-haired, leather-and-spandex pop metal of the mid-1980's. Mr. Wahlberg, playing a Pittsburgh head banger who unexpectedly lives out his fantasy of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, captures both the naivete and the passion of obsessive fandom. Though the story of his transformation from regular guy to metal god and back again is predictable and unconvincing, the movie is full of well-observed details and authentically awful music. It both celebrates and, with gentle knowingness, ridicules the noisy, raucous world of big arena shows, endless touring and androgynous machismo that was 80's metal (Scott).

"TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME," starring Vivica A. Fox, Morris Chestnut and Anthony Anderson (R, 90 minutes). Written and directed by Mark Brown. In this formulaic, featherweight romantic comedy, Ms. Fox, playing Shante, a young, supersuccessful advertising executive, dispenses tough-minded, good-humored advice on how to keep a man in line. Her resourcefulness is tested when her own man, a lawyer named Keith (Mr. Chestnut), threatens to stray. The two principals are appealing enough, but what little comic spark the film has comes from Mr. Anderson as a colleague of Keith's who becomes his counselor in love and war (Scott).

\* "VA SAVOIR," starring Jeanne Balibar, Sergio Castellitto, Marianne Basler, Jacques Bonnaffe and Helene De Fougerolles. Directed by Jacques Rivette (PG-13, 150 minutes; in French, with English subtitles). Mr. Rivette's gracious -- and graceful -- character comedy is droll and lovable, a piece that has earned all of the wrinkles on its brow and around its mouth. What's surprising is that on close examination those crinkles turn out to be smile lines. "Savoir" is a luminous, humid roundelay, as three men and three women tumble in and out of one another's minds, hearts and arms. Everyone is looking for something other than what he or she has. That lusty self-interest is the motor of all great farces. The film's title has been translated as "Who Knows?," and it is a wistful, rueful shrug: an unforgettable gesture as sexy and controlled as Tony Bennett chugging his way through "I Wish I Were in Love Again" (Mitchell).

\* "ZOOLANDER," starring Ben Stiller, Owen Wilson and Will Ferrell. Directed by Mr. Stiller (PG-13, 89 minutes). An evil band of international fashion designers want to end the tenure of a new prime minister of Malaysia, who plans to stop the exploitation of child labor. They force their subaltern Mugatu (Mr. Ferrell) to find a supermodel pawn to assassinate the beloved ruler. There's only one blunt instrument suited to this job: the dumb and monumentally earnest Derek Zoolander (Mr. Stiller), the star and unfortunate potential hero of this often unspeakably funny new comedy. "Zoolander" is a gleaming fashion-world tour. It makes sense that the film would have the stylish, high-resolution glaze of a fashion shoot. Mr. Stiller has also crammed the movie with energy; it seems still to be bouncing on the screen long after it has run its 89-minute course (Mitchell).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jeanne Balibar and Sergio Castellitto star in Jacques Rivette's character comedy "Va Savoir." (Moune Jamet/Sony Pictures Classics); Owen Wilson, left, and Ben Stiller in "Zoolander," in which a band of fashion designers hatch a plot. (Melinda Sue Gordon/Paramount Pictures)

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**End of Document**



[***As States Cut Aid, Public Colleges Work Harder for Private Money***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X3H0-0024-J269-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Body**

As states reduce aid to higher education, public universities, especially those in the Northeast, are having to become more competitive in private fund-raising, once largely the domain of private universities like Yale, Stanford and Duke.

The cuts have been so drastic that public colleges around the country are inventing new ways -- or refining old tricks -- to raise money for basics like faculty salaries, student financial aid and library books, and to avoid further increases in tuition and student fees.

Some schools, like City College in New York, are now putting together more comprehensive lists of their alumni so they can track them down, like hungry private detectives, to solicit their donations.

Marketers Up, Teachers Down

Others, like the State University of New York at Albany, are producing slick promotional videos praising the best of the college to show to prospective donors.

And in perhaps the most telling step, many institutions, like the City University of New York system, are creating positions on their staffs for fund-raising experts even as cuts in aid are forcing many of them to lay off teachers and cancel classes.

"This is the new world of higher education and it's going to be the way it is for the forseeable future," said H. Patrick Swygert, president of SUNY-Albany, which recently began a $55 million capital campaign, the first in its 147-year history. "We've got to run faster and work harder and smarter not just to stay even, but if we want to move forward in even modest increments, we're going to have to have outside support."

Michigan Foresaw Detroit

At many public colleges, especially those in the Midwest, private fund-raising has as long a tradition as homecoming football games.

This has been the case for the University of Michigan, even long beforestate support began dwindling rapidly in the 1970's and 1980's as the auto industry declined. State financing has diminished every year; Michigan now provides only 12 percent of the university's total budget. Last year the university announced plans to raise $1 billion in private donations, the first public college in the nation to try to break the billion-dollar mark.

Some of the new money will be used to avoid further tuition increases and to provide more financial aid, said Walter Harrison, executive director for university relations.

"If we want to attract the best students, we have to do this," he said. "We will meet the financial aid of any Michigan student, and to do that has become increasingly challenging."

And while many public colleges have been soliciting private money for years in small ways -- for instance, engineering departments seeking their own grant money to endow a chair here or pay for research there -- raising large amounts of cash has taken on a new urgency for almost all public colleges, especially those in the Northeast and California, which are being victimized by state budget crises.

New York Tuition Doubles

At the State University of New York and the City University of New York, the country's second- and third-largest public college systems after California's, tuition has almost doubled in the last two years to make up for steep cuts in state financing.

SUNY has had to cut 5,000 of 26,000 faculty and staff positions since the mid-1970's. Last year alone, CUNY had to reduce its faculty of 13,700 by almost 600. Student access to a higher education is threatened by tuition increases, officials of both systems say, adding that some students cannot finish in four years because required courses fill up or are not offered every year.

So severe have the cuts in public financing been that one college official in the SUNY system joked that signs on campus would have to be changed to read, "The partially State University of New York."

In California, which once prided itself on offering public college at high-quality and low cost to every resident who wanted it, higher education has suffered greatly in the last two years during the state's gravest budget crisis since the Depression.

770 Classes Canceled

The 321,900-student California State University system has cut 5,000 class sections since the last school year, reduced enrollment by 7,000 and raised student fees 40 percent. About 2,200 of its 38,000 employees, mainly nontenured and part-time faculty members, were laid off, and for the first time, four campuses said they would have to limit admissions for the spring semester.

In turning to private fund-raising, officials at the California State University at Long Beach began a campaign a few months ago to find private donors to underwrite 770 classes that had to be canceled this school year, at $5,000 a session.

So intense is the quest for private financing that colleges within the same system often find themselves competing for the same pot of money.

In 1985, Sylvia Fine Kaye, producer and composer and the wife of Danny Kaye, the actor, decided to donate $1 million to Hunter College, which she had attended for a time, to renovate a playhouse that was in disrepair. When officials at Brooklyn College, where she had graduated, heard about the gift, they decided that they, too, would ask her for a donation.

"It was endless," said Mack Goode, Brooklyn's vice president for advancement, recalling how much time and energy he and the college's president, Robert L. Hess, had spent in trying to persuade Mrs. Kaye, who died in 1991. "It took three or four years, and Bob Hess and I had every possible meal with her -- breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner."

Catching Up in Finesse

Eventually, their perseverance paid off. In 1991, Mrs. Kaye gave $250,000 to the school to establish the Sylvia Fine Chair in Musical Theater.

Fund-raisers who work for either private or public colleges find themselves crossing paths more often than before. And while everyone admits that the public colleges are years behind in experience and finesse in the art of raising money, they appear to be catching up.

According to a survey by the Council for Aid to Education, based in New York, public universities are attracting a larger share of private aid than ever before. In 1986, for the first time, corporations split their donations almost evenly between private and public colleges. By 1988, public colleges were ahead of private ones in winning corporate financing.

Also, of the 13 institutions that raised more than $100 million in 1991, the council's research showed, four were state-supported colleges, two more than the year before.

Sophisticated and Aggressive

David Morgan, research director for the Council, said that in money per student, the private colleges still manage to raise far more. But the gap, he said, is narrowing.

"They've got so much ground to make up, but certainly the state-supported colleges have become more sophisticated, more aggressive over the years so that in the aggregate, they're capturing a larger share than they used to," he said.

In 1991, he said, public colleges raised about $1,000 a student in private gifts, double what they had raised in 1972. During the same period, the money private colleges raised increased to $4,000 a student, from $3,500.

Officials at public colleges in states like New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey say there are two challenges to overcome in their efforts to raise money from private sources. The first is that because the states have had a tradition of handsomely financing public education until just recently, university officials say they must work hard to convince donors that those days are over.

'We Gave at the Office'

"I would suggest to you that many people in this part of the country think that virtually every public institution is supported 100 percent by public dollars," said Dr. Swygert of SUNY-Albany. "That hasn't been the case for a long time and it certainly isn't true today."

SUNY-Albany, he said, lost $10 million in state support from 1990 to 1993. Today, the state provides only 41 percent of its operating budget, he said.

"We have to overcome geography here, and a sense by the taxpayers that we gave at the office," he said.

Second, they said, most public college graduates are the children of ***working-class*** families, and pursued careers in fields like teaching or social work that do not yield the financial wealth of other professions, at least not compared with graduates of schools like Princeton or Southern Methodist University.

Mining Public Alumni Rolls

Nevertheless, fund-raisers at public colleges say alumni rolls are still lucrative to mine, and many of them are just now learning how to do so efficiently and systematically.

Paul Sherwin, acting vice president for development at City College, CUNY's oldest institution, contrasts the fund-raising resources of his college with that of Yale University, where he earned his master's and doctoral degrees.

"Yale is on the phone with me 10 times a year," he said. "They're better than the F.B.I. at tracking down their alumni, but then again they must have 50 or 100 doing this kind of work. We have a staff of two, me and somebody who does some research, plus a secretary."

"We have an astonishingly successful group of alumni, and as an institituion, we have not done a remarkable job of keeping in touch with them," said Dr. Sherwin, who is also the dean of City College's humanities department. "We've lost touch with alumni. We don't know where most of them are. We don't know who they are."

Officials at public universities nationwide say that if they don't become better at the game of private fund-raising, they will fall farther behind in the competition to attract the best faculty and the best students, losing to the Harvards and the Stanfords, schools that don't have to rely on the whims of state legislators.

"You can't not go out and raise money," Dr. Sherwin said, "unless you're content being mediocre."

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**End of Document**



[***A Decision: Feuds, Phone Calls and Fernandez***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XD60-0024-J43H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SAM DILLON

By SAM DILLON

**Body**

Claire Shulman, the Queens Borough President, had not slept well, agonizing through the night over which way to go on the New York City Schools Chancellor's future. It was 8 A.M. the day before the Board of Education's vote. Mrs. Shulman was still in her nightclothes, but it was time for a decision.

She phoned Carol A. Gresser, her appointee on the board, whose vote would be decisive. For weeks, they had been discussing whether to renew Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez's contract. They went over all the same ground again.

"There were many good things about Joe Fernandez," Mrs. Shulman recalled in interviews last week. "But are we going to teach kids a lot of things about sexuality, or are we going to teach them to read and write?" But even after their 30-minute talk, Mrs. Shulman still was not sure how Mrs. Gresser should vote.

Mrs. Gresser, however, had already made up her mind. The night before, she had signed a call for the Chancellor's ouster, and eight days earlier, in a wrenching one-on-one meeting, Mrs. Gresser had informed Mr. Fernandez directly that she would vote against him.

Th meeting with Mr. Fernandez provoked a frenetic 10-day lobbying campaign on Mr. Fernandez's behalf, aimed at changing Mrs. Gresser's vote by changing Mrs. Shulman's mind. The bitter behind-the-scenes struggle pitched dozens of leaders, from the Mayor to the Governor to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, in a battle over Mr. Fernandez's future.

Deep Divisions

The conflict seemed to symbolize Manhattan's growing estrangement from the other boroughs, since Mr. Fernandez's supporters from the Manhattan establishment clashed not only with an increasingly independent board, whose members are appointed by six different authorities and often appear accountable to no one, but also with many ***working-class*** parents who resented the Chancellor's liberal social agenda.

The crucial prize for both sides was Mrs. Gresser's vote, and the final showdown at last Wednesday's board meeting proved that two weeks of sound and fury had failed to sway her views. She voted with three others on the seven-member board not to renew Mr. Fernandez's contract.

Her announcement surprised her colleagues.

"Carol Gresser had always talked glowingly about the Chancellor," recalled the board president, H. Carl McCall. "She has had some problems with him, but she seemed to cherish their personal relationship. She had never indicated she wouldn't support him."

The board members who eventually voted against Mr. Fernandez have shown an even greater degree of independence from their borough presidents, provoking criticism of the board's lack of accountability.

But Mr. Fernandez's supporters believed they could turn Mrs. Gresser's vote if only they could persuade Mrs. Shulman, and several used imaginative arguments to make a case.

Guitars and Love Songs

Deputy Mayor Bill Lynch Jr. told Mrs. Shulman that he would do almost anything he could to persuade her. " 'I'll swim the East River, Claire,' he told me," Mrs. Shulman recalled. "I said, 'It's cold, Bill.' "

Representative Jose E. Serrano, Democrat of the Bronx, also brought charm to bear. "He offered to come with an orchestra of guitars and sing love songs," Mrs. Shulman said.

The 10-day debate stemmed from deep divisions on the board. Mr. Fernandez had three supporters: Dr. Luis O. Reyes, the Manhattan representative, and Mayor David N. Dinkins's two appointees, Dr. Westina L. Matthews and Mr. McCall. Mrs. Gresser had held the swing vote ever since the enmity of her three other Board colleagues for Mr. Fernandez had solidified.

Dr. Irene H. Impellizzeri, the Brooklyn representative, had voted consistently against Mr. Fernandez ever since he had proposed distributing condoms in the schools in September 1990. Michael J. Petrides, from Staten Island, had also clashed repeatedly with the Chancellor, but became determined to remove him only in December, after Mr. Fernandez publicly accused the board of meddling in his work, Mr. Petrides said.

Ninfa Segarra, the Bronx representative, said the Chancellor's intemperate criticisms of the board in his book, "Tales Out of School," released in December, convinced her that further work with him was impossible. The book, in fact, convinced others that Mr. Fernandez no longer wanted his job.

But in late January, Mr. Fernandez surprised board members with a glowing self-assessment, a requirement for extension of his contract past its June expiration, that was so carefully detailed that it convinced them he intended to stay after all.

Cold and Deep

On Feb. 1, with a contract vote looming, Mrs. Gresser met with Mr. Fernandez in an office at the board's Brooklyn headquarters at 110 Livingston Street, stunning him with the blunt announcement that she would not support a renewal.

Blind-sided by Mrs. Gresser's disclosure to Mr. Fernandez and the looming crisis over the leadership of the city's schools, Mr. McCall sounded the alarm, calling the First Deputy Mayor, Norman Steisel, who alerted Mr. Dinkins at the Puerto Rican beach resort where he was vacationing. Soon the Mayor was on the phone with Mrs. Shulman, attempting to persuade her that Mr. Fernandez should be kept on the job.

Like the Mayor, nearly everyone focused his arguments on Mrs. Shulman, who appointed Mrs. Gresser to the board in 1990 and who many believed controlled her vote. Mrs. Gresser received few calls herself.

Legally, of course, it was Mrs. Gresser's vote to cast, even though the two women consulted closely throughout the lobbying campaign.

"If you are appointed to represent the borough, you have an obligation to check with that elected official," Mrs. Gresser said later. "But the bottom line is that the person sitting on the board makes the decisions."

When board members met with Mr. Fernandez at 110 Livingston on Feb. 3 to discuss the contract issue for the first time, it became clear that a major fight was brewing. Mr. Petrides offered the Chancellor the opportunity to resign gracefully, but Mr. Fernandez became angry.

"Petrides said, 'We can't support you, so you just say you're leaving, and it will be a pleasant process,' and Joe told him to go to hell," recalled one board member. "He said: 'No. You want me to go, then you get rid of me.' "

Series of Calls

Mr. Fernandez's backers in the business community rushed to his side. The following morning at a Manhattan breakfast whose host was Reuben Mark, the chairman of the Colgate Palmolive Company, more than 100 business executives and other prominent supporters gave Mr. Fernandez a prolonged ovation, and later that day, the calls of support poured in to Mrs. Shulman's office.

One caller was Hildy Simmons, a vice president of J. P. Morgan & Company.

Another was Mr. Mark, en route to London, who phoned Mrs. Shulman from a plane. Sandra Feldman, head of the powerful teachers' union, also phoned. Felix G. Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, sent Mrs. Shulman a telex.

Mrs. Shulman said she took every call but was not entirely impressed with the outpouring.

"The snobbery in Manhattan is not to be believed," she said. "They give us in the boroughs no credit for any thinking, just evil intentions."

More politicians weighed in. Representative Nydia M. Velazquez visited Mrs. Shulman and talked about Mr. Fernandez. "It was her opinion that he ought to stay," Mrs. Shulman said.

Signs of Hardening

At a Queens County Democratic dinner on Feb. 4, Assembly Speaker Saul Weprin praised the Chancellor to Mrs. Shulman as she nibbled hors d'oeuvres.

In Albany the same night Mario M. Cuomo issued a statement backing Mr. Fernandez, and a gubernatorial follow-up came the next morning, Mrs. Shulman said, in the form of a call from Meyer S. Frucher, the Governor's appointee to the board of the School Construction Authority.

Mr. Frucher said there were already signs that Mrs. Shulman's views were hardening.

"She said: 'The Governor should stay away. He shouldn't bother to call me. It won't make a difference," Mr. Frucher recalled.

Several of Mr. Fernandez's influential opponents were also communicating with Mrs. Shulman. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Brooklyn, Thomas V. Daily, visited Mrs. Shulman's office on Jan. 25, he said, after hearing that some sixth-, seventh- and eighth-grade classes would begin discussing masturbation.

"That got me riled up," Bishop Daily said. "I told her, 'If that curriculum came from the Chancellor, then I'd be totally negative to renewing his contract.' "

Among several other religious leaders who called to oppose Mr. Fernandez were the Rev. Charles Norris, a leader of an organization of black ministers in Queens, and Rabbi Fabian Shonfeld of Queens.

After another bruising encounter between the board and Mr. Fernandez on Monday, Mr. Petrides concluded that Mr. Fernandez might try to sue the board if the evaluation of his contract were not meticulous. To avert that possibility, Mr. Petrides said, he drafted a resolution calling for a decision not to renew Mr. Fernandez's contract.

Mrs. Gresser signed it on Monday night, for the first time formalizing her opposition to Mr. Fernandez. Although Mrs. Gresser mentioned the resolution the following morning when Mrs. Shulman phoned, Mrs. Shulman did not at first realize that it meant that Mrs. Gresser had, in effect, already cast her vote.

"Carol mentioned the resolution," Mrs. Shulman recalled, "but I didn't get the details of the language. I really heard about it later in the day, when I called her about the resolution and asked her what it meant."

Only then, Mrs. Shulman said, did she and her staff come to a decision and fax a statement to news organizations: "It is with deep regret that I cannot recommend renewal of Mr. Fernandez's contract," Mrs. Shulman's statement said.

**Graphic**

Photo: After the Board of Education voted on Wednesday against renewing Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez's contract, two of his supporters, Heather Lewis, left, of the Center for Collaborative Education, and Dorothy Siegel, the secretary of Community School Board 15, comforted each other. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)

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[***Troubadors of the Cuban Revolution***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RC30-0017-53K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

TO MILLIONS OF LATIN Americans, Silvio Rodriguez and Pablo Milanes and their guitars are as much a symbol of Cuba and its revolution as Fidel Castro and his beard.

For two decades, Mr. Rodriguez and Mr. Milanes, leaders of what is known as ''La Nueva Trova Cubana,'' or ''The New Cuban Balladry,'' have performed from Mexico to Chile as unofficial emissaries of the Castro Government. Through records and concerts that extol the achievements of the Cuban Revolution and preach a gospel of Latin American unity and scorn for the United States, they have built a large and sympathetic following for themselves and, not coincidentally, for Cuba and Mr. Castro.

Alone or together, they have also sung for Cuban troops in Angola and in concert halls, festival and television programs in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. A particularly stirring performance by Mr. Milanes for President Alan Garcia of Peru at Lima's presidential palace two years ago is even credited with breaking a diplomatic deep freeze between Cuba and Peru.

New Yorkers will have a rare opportunity to see Mr. Milanes tomorrow night at 8, when he sings in the Concert for Peace and Friendship at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park as part of the Festival Latino in New York, produced by Joseph Papp of the New York Shakespeare Festival.

At home, Mr. Rodrigues and Mr. Milanes are acclaimed as national heroes, the importance of their role as Marxist-Leninist troubadors recognized by top officials from Mr. Castro down. ''The success of Silvio and Pablo is the success of the Revolution,'' Mr. Castro said in 1984 at a Havana reception held in honor of the singer-songwriters and the musical movement they launched.

Indeed, for a regime seeking to counteract an image that has grown increasingly tarnished over the years, Mr. Rodriguez and Mr. Milanes make almost ideal spokesmen. Both men have impeccable ***working-class*** backgrounds, began to write songs while serving in the Cuban Army in the mid-60's and, though not members of the Communist Party, have consistently been willing to submit their art to the demands of politics under a Communist system.

''An artist is no more important than a worker, a bricklayer, a soldier or a clerk,'' the 40-year-old Mr. Rodriguez said in an interview during a break from eight sold-out shows at an arena here earlier this summer. ''Everyone has a function in society, which they should carry out with dignity and responsibility.''

''I am a worker who labors with songs, doing in my own way what I know best, like any other Cuban worker,'' Mr. Milanes, who is 44, has said. ''I am faithful to my reality, to my revolution and the way in which I have been brought up.''

Those convictions are reflected in the more than 100 songs each man has written and recorded on some 20 albums. Many of the best-known are broadsides on political and social issues, such as Mr. Milanes's ''To Salvador Allende in His Battle for Life'' and Mr. Rodriguez's ''Song of Urgency for Nicaragua,'' which argues that ''Nicaragua pains the eagle'' because ''the children go healthy to school'' and ''this way of justice and caring are not to its liking.''

In fact, Mr. Milanes's ''Song for Latin American Unity'' has emerged in the last decade as a continental anthem of the left, sung at political gatherings, performed by numerous other artists and broadcast on underground radio stations run by guerrilla groups. After cataloguing Latin America's history of turmoil in the pensive, understated tenor voice that is his trademark, Mr. Milanes names Mr. Castro as the successor to the Great Liberator Simon Bolivar and offers the Cuban Revolution as an example of independence and strength for others to follow:

That which shines with its own light,

No one can extinguish.

Its brilliance can reach

The darkness of other shores.

History takes with it its own chariot,

Which will carry many of us along.

It will run over

The one who wishes to deny it.

Mr. Rodriguez and Mr. Milanes temper the overtly polemical tone of many of their compositions by drawing amply on Latin America's literary tradition of surrealism, reflected perhaps most powerfully in Mr. Rodriguez's eerie ''I Dream of Serpents.'' Mr. Rodriguez said that he has been strongly influenced by avant-garde poets such as Cesar Vallejo of Peru and Vicente Huidobro of Chile; Mr. Milanes, for his part, has set to music poems by Vallejo, Uruguay's Mario Benedetti and Cuba's Nicolas Guillen.

Both men, so close in style and temperament that Mr. Milanes has described their relationship as ''one mirror facing another,'' have also proved capable of writing tender and lyrical love songs that endear them to a broader audience that cares little for politics. In fact, Mr. Rodriguez's most beloved song, one which audiences around the region spontaneously sing along with in concert, is ''Would That,'' a haunting evocation of romantic obsession and despair whose chorus runs:

Would that something happen to

  blot you out suddenly,

A blinding light, a burst of snow.

Would that death at least take me

  away

So as not to see you as much, so as

  not to see you always

In every instant, in every vision.

Musically, both men have shown an ability to make use of a variety of sources. In 20 years, they have moved from performing with a simple, unaccompanied acoustic guitar to taking the stage with electrified ensembles that combine elements of American jazz and funk with salsa and traditional Afro-Cuban rhythms known as ''sones'' - thus bringing them more in line with the popular music trends that now prevail throughout Latin America.

In his current Latin American tour, which coincides with the 20th anniversary of the founding of La Nueva Trova, Mr. Rodriguez, for example, is performing with a 10-piece band called AfroCuba, which includes a three-man horn section, two synthesizers and a pair of percussionists. He acknowledged that the electrified, heavily rhythmic elements that have recently crept into his music have helped him reach a broader audience, but said that his purpose was to find an alternative to ''the loneliness and pressure'' that comes from ''18 years of playing alone with guitar.''

''A single guitar invites people to listen, but not to dance,'' he said, adding that he also worried about the prominence given to his somewhat reedy tenor voice. ''Now I believe I have an advantage, in the sense that now people can not only hear what is being said, but can also participate. And I have a lot more fun playing with the group than playing by myself.''

Given the popularity of Mr. Rodriguez and Mr. Milanes, any shift in their style soon has an impact throughout Latin America. Their tour of Chile during the government of Allende in the early 1970's, for instance, left a lasting impression on singers there such as Violeta Parra and Victor Jara, leaders of the New Song movement that remains popular throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

More recently, the influence of La Nueva Trova can be detected in the work of singer-songwriters as far-flung as Joan Manuel Serrat in Spain and Chico Buarque de Holanda in Brazil. One of the most popular albums in the region at the moment, in fact, is called ''Dear Pablo,'' in which a dozen prominent admirers of Mr. Milanes sing their favorite songs of his.

In the United States, Spanish-language radio stations audacious enough to play songs by Mr. Rodriguez and Mr. Milanes have been known to receive threats from outraged Cuban-American listeners. But bootleg copies of their albums, unavailable in the United States because of the commercial embargo on Cuban products, circulate widely among young Hispanics in New York and Miami.

During the Carter administration, when there were signs of a thaw in Cuban-American relations, the two men even toured the United States briefly. Mr. Rodriguez recalls playing at the Minskoff Theater in 1978, and in 1980, he and Mr. Milanes did a joint tour of the Northeast, performing at one point with Pete Seeger in Poughkeepsie.

Though categorized as ''protest singers'' when they first emerged, neither man has found much to criticize in Cuban society, preferring to aim their barbs at the evils they perceive abroad. As Mr. Rodriguez puts it, the duty of the artist in a socialist society such as Cuba's is to ''defend the conquests of the revolution'' and ''shape the people so that they have more faith'' in the system.

As a consequence, Mr. Rodriguez has little patience with Cuban artists who have expressed dissatisfaction with limits on self-expression.

In fact, Mr. Rodriguez stoutly defends the right of the state, in the person of Mr. Castro and other ''politicians who are in the vanguard of ideas,'' to assume control of the artistic process. There is no place in a socialist society, he said, ''for writers or artists who with their art or their ideas are defending a return to the past, a return to ignorance.''

''What happens is that there are artists who think they are above anything, that they are magicians, or divine,'' he went on. ''This is a characteristic of those who wish to seize advantage of art with impunity to put themselves above history, social justice and truth.''

Nor, he argues, can the artist remain politically neutral, ''because every standard of conduct, any manner of being or acting is political. To say that one is not political is already to take a political attitude'' that ''implies a criticism'' of the revolution.

''As Fidel once said, 'With the revolution, everything; against it, nothing,' '' Mr. Rodriguez added. ''That is the definition that has remained with us until today, and I think it is just.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Mr. Milanes (La Jornado/Francisco Mata); Photo of Mr. Rodriguez (NYT/Sergio Dorantes)

**End of Document**



[***Sharks, Firefighters and Existential Detectives - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D9G-15V0-TW8F-G1VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

October

Oct. 1

DIG! -- Direct from New Directors/New Film, where A. O. Scott found this documentary chronicling seven years in the lives of two second-tier rock bands ''more archetypal than formulaic, and also more real.'' The groups under scrutiny are the Dandy Warhols and the Brian Jonestown Massacre.

GOING UPRIVER: THE LONG JOURNEY OF JOHN KERRY -- The Democratic presidential candidate is profiled in a documentary by George Butler, the director of ''Pumping Iron.''

HAIR SHOW -- Two estranged sisters battle each other in a Beverly Hills hairstyling competition. With Mo'Nique and Kellitta Smith; directed by Leslie Small.

I <heart> HUCKABEES -- Lily Tomlin and Dustin Hoffman play a pair of ''existential detectives'' who diagnose their clients' spiritual malaises by sorting through their garbage and bugging their offices -- in other words, examining every scrap of their existences. In David O. Russell's film, Albert (Jason Schwartzman), an earnest environmental activist, hires them to investigate a mysterious coincidence. With Isabelle Huppert, Jude Law, Naomi Watts and Mark Wahlberg.

LADDER 49 -- Male bonding abounds as a rookie firefighter (Joaquin Phoenix) learns the job from his mentor, a tough captain played by John Travolta. Jay Russell (''My Dog Skip'') directs.

SHARK TALE -- A lovable tropical fish with the voice of Will Smith takes on the underwater Mafia when he assumes responsibility for killing the godfather of the Great White Sharks. Other voices include those of Jack Black, Robert De Niro, Renee Zellweger, Angelina Jolie and Martin Scorsese; Eric Bergeron and Vicky Jenson directed this computer-animated feature.

TYING THE KNOT -- Jim de Seve's documentary on the debate over same-sex marriage joins the pre-election push of advocacy films.

VODKA LEMON -- Life in an impoverished Armenian village, seen from the point of view of a lonely old man (Romik Avinian) who falls in love with a middle-aged widow (Lala Sarkissian).

WOMAN THOU ART LOOSED -- Produced by the T. D. Jakes Ministries, this film -- the first in a long time by the pioneering African-American filmmaker Michael Schultz (''Cooley High'') -- is an adaptation of Bishop Jakes's novel about a young woman (Kimberly Elise) fighting to escape a life of poverty and abuse.

Oct. 6

TARNATION -- Jonathan Caouette's personal documentary about growing up with a mentally ill mother was assembled from home film and video and edited on a desktop computer, for a total production cost of $218. A smash at Sundance and on the subsequent festival circuit.

Oct. 8

AROUND THE BEND -- A cantankerous grandfather (Michael Caine) accompanies his son (Christopher Walken) and grandson (Josh Lucas) on a trip through the Southwest, hoping to turn up an old family secret -- no doubt related to the complex gene pool that can produce Christopher Walken from Michael Caine. Jordan Roberts wrote and directed this independent feature.

THE CHILD I NEVER WAS -- The crimes of a German teenager, Jurgen Bartsch, who murdered and molested several children in the 1960's. The director, Kai S. Pieck, combines excerpts from Bartsch's taped confession with dramatic recreations.

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS -- H. G. Bissinger's acclaimed book about the 1988 season of a high school football team in Odessa Tex., as brought to the screen by the producer Brian Grazer and the director Peter Berg (who also wrote the screenplay with David Aaron Cohen). Billy Bob Thornton, Jay Hernandez and Tim McGraw are among the colorful locals.

HEAVEN'S GATE -- A restoration of Michael Cimino's notorious western of 1980, often credited with bringing down United Artists with its budget overruns. No lost masterpiece, but a much better film than was thought at the time, here in its full 228-minute glory.

PRIMER -- Winner of the dramatic grand jury prize at the 2004 Sundance festival, Shane Carruth's first feature tells of a group of suburban men who work together on a technology project as a hobby, but turn against one another when they stumble on a fantastically valuable discovery.

RAISE YOUR VOICE -- A small-town girl (Hilary Duff) with a big-time voice runs away to Los Angeles to attend a performing-arts high school. Judging by Ms. Duff's recent concert video, ''The Girl Can Rock,'' it's time for a refresher course. With Oliver James, John Corbett and Rebecca De Mornay; directed by Sean McNamara.

STAGE BEAUTY -- Billy Crudup stars as the most popular female impersonator of the Restoration theater; he finds his stature slipping when women are allowed to appear on stage. One of his threats is his dresser and companion, played by Claire Danes. The theater veteran Richard Eyre directs; with Rupert Everett, Tom Wilkinson and Ben Chaplin.

TAXI -- Based on a popular 1998 French film of the same name, Tim Story's movie relates the adventures of a police detective (Jimmy Fallon) without a driver's license. For transportation, he depends on a hotshot cabbie, Queen Latifah (an Arab male in the original). Gisele Bundchen is along for the ride.

YES NURSE! NO NURSE! -- A musical pastiche from the Netherlands, set in a nursing home packed with lovable oldsters. Pieter Kramer directed a cast with a lot of vowels in their names: Loes Luca, Paul Kooij, Tjitske Reidinga, Paul de Leeuw, etc.

Oct. 10

VERA DRAKE -- Imelda Staunton stars in Mike Leigh's film, set in 1950's England, about a saintly housecleaner who helps her neighbors deal with unwanted pregnancies. Jim Broadbent co-stars. A related article is on Page 36.

Oct. 15

ANATOMY OF HELL -- A suicidal young woman (Amira Casar) pays a gay man (Rocco Siffredi) to study her body over the course of four nights. Catherine Breillat, France's feminist provocateur, wrote and directed.

BEING JULIA -- Adapted from the Somerset Maugham novel ''Theater,'' Istvan Szabo's film describes backstage high jinks in London in the 1930's. Annette Bening is the veteran actress who falls in love with a younger actor, only to find he's just using her. With Jeremy Irons, Shaun Evans, Michael Gambon and Bruce Greenwood.

THE DUST FACTORY -- A mute boy (Ryan Kelley) enters a fantasy land where he makes friends with a girl his own age (Hayden Panettiere) and is reunited with his departed grandfather (Armin Mueller-Stahl). Eric Small wrote and directed.

EULOGY -- A college freshman (Zooey Deschanel) comes home to deliver the eulogy at her grandfather's funeral, but finds her family out of control: her dad (Hank Azaria) is starring in adult movies, her aunt (Kelly Preston) has announced her marriage to her female lover (Famke Janssen) and her dotty Aunt Alice (Debra Winger! Has it come to this?) is running roughshod over them all. Jesse Bradford, Glenne Headly, Piper Laurie, Monica Potter, Ray Romano and Rip Torn are in it, under the direction of a first-timer, Michael Clancy. (Oct. 29)

THE FINAL CUT -- Set in a future world where memory chips planted in the brain record every moment of an individual's life, Omar Naim's film stars Robin Williams as an editor whose job it is to cut those moments into a reel that can be shown to descendants. With Mira Sorvino, James Caviezel and Anjelica Huston.

LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE -- B. B. King, Dr. John, James Blood Ulmer and Aerosmith are among the headliners in an all-star concert film devoted to the American art of the blues. Antoine Fuqua, fresh from ''King Arthur,'' directs.

MARILYN'S MAN -- Schani Krug filmed this portrait of Jim Dougherty, Marilyn Monroe's first husband and her self-described Svengali. The versatile Mr. Dougherty is also credited with the invention of the Swat team.

MOOLAADE -- From Senegal's leading filmmaker, Ousmane Sembene, the story of a victim of female circumcision (Fatoumata Coulibaly) who turns her home into a refuge for girls fleeing the same fate.

P.S. -- Dylan Kidd, who made an impressive debut with ''Roger Dodger,'' returns with a supernatural comedy about an unhappy woman (Laura Linney) who gets a second chance at love when her departed high school sweetheart turns up reincarnated as a twentysomething boy toy (Topher Grace). With Gabriel Byrne and Marcia Gay Harden.

SHALL WE DANCE? -- Richard Gere gets another chance to non-dance his way through a musical, as he stars in Peter Chelsom's remake of the Japanese comedy about an office worker who discovers a happy new identity through ballroom dancing. Jennifer Lopez is his swivel-hipped partner; Susan Sarandon, Stanley Tucci and Bobby Canavale round out the cast.

TEAM AMERICA: WORLD POLICE -- Sounds like another Bush-bashing documentary, but in fact it's a satire from Trey Parker and Matt Stone of ''South Park,'' featuring puppets, a la ''Thunderbirds,'' on a mission to save the world from a vicious dictator -- a puppet Kim Jong Il.

Oct. 20

SEX IS COMEDY -- The most provocative of France's female filmmakers, Catherine Breillat, presents a behind-the-scenes look at the filming of an erotic movie not unlike her previous film ''Fat Girl.'' Anne Parillaud plays the put-upon director.

SIDEWAYS -- A depressed, divorced oenophile (Paul Giamatti) goes on a wine-tasting tour with his old college friend, a failed TV actor (Thomas Haden Church) who is about to be married. While the buddy hops into a quickie vacation affair with a local bartender (Sandra Oh), Mr. Giamatti's character tries to work up the courage to approach the attractive waitress (Virgina Madsen) who works at his favorite restaurant. A profound human comedy from Alexander Payne, the director of ''About Schmidt.'' A related article is on Page 36.

Oct. 22

ALFIE -- An upper-class icon like Jude Law seems an odd choice to succeed Michael Caine as the ***working-class*** Lothario of Lewis Gilbert's 1966 film. But then, Marisa Tomei seems to be playing the Shelly Winters role. With Omar Epps, Nia Long and Susan Sarandon; Charles Shyer directs. A related article is on Page 34.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX -- A remake of Robert Aldrich's 1965 adventure film, in which survivors of an airplane crash in the Mongolian desert try to reassemble their craft and fly away home. With Giovanni Ribisi, Dennis Quaid and Jacob Vargas; John Moore (''Behind Enemy Lines'') is the director.

THE GRUDGE -- The Japanese filmmaker Takashi Shimizu gets to direct the Hollywood remake of his 2003 horror film, ''Ju-On,'' about the bad vibes that remain behind in a house where murder has occurred. Stephen Susco wrote the English adaptation; with Sarah Michelle Gellar, Jason Behr and Clea DuVall.

THE MACHINIST -- Christian Bale stars in a paranoid thriller from the indie stalwart Brad Anderson (''Next Stop Wonderland''). He's an insomniac factory worker who can't tell whether his co-workers are really turning against him, or if it's just the paranoia that comes with sleep deprivation. With Jennifer Jason Leigh and Michael Ironside.

STELLA STREET -- Adapted from a British TV show, this sketch film gives the comics Phil Cornwell, John Sessions and Ronni Ancona the chance to do their impressions of stars like Jack Nicholson, Michael Caine and Mick Jagger. Peter Richardson directed.

SURVIVING CHRISTMAS -- A lonely bachelor (Ben Affleck) bribes the family currently living in his childhood home to allow him to spend Christmas day with them. His reluctant hosts, played by James Gandolfini and Catherine O'Hara, turn out to have a girls-gone-wild daughter (Christina Applegate), who regards her newfound ''brother'' with a lusty eye.

UNDERTOW -- David Gordon Green, one of the best of the new breed of American independents (''George Washington,'' ''All the Real Girls''), brings his lyrical realism to bear on the study of two young brothers who run away from home, trying to protect a secret from their menacing uncle (Josh Lucas). An elegant variation on ''Night of the Hunter.'' With Dermot Mulroney, Jamie Bell and Devon Alan. A screenplay excerpt is on Page 34.

HAPPY HOUR -- Anthony LaPaglia stars as an alcoholic novelist who gets help from a drinking buddy (Eric Stoltz) and a schoolteacher (Caroleen Feeney) to overcome his insecurities and complete his new book. Mike Bencivenga directed this independent production.

Oct. 29

BRIGHT FUTURE -- A haunting, enigmatic film from Japan's Kiyoshi Kurosawa, centered on two angry, alienated young men who keep deadly jellyfish as pets.

ENDURING LOVE -- An accident involving a hot-air balloon disrupts the relationship between a young Englishman (Daniel Craig) and his girlfriend (Samantha Morton). Roger Michell (''The Mother,'' ''Notting Hill'') directs this high-toned enterprise from a script based on the novel by Ian McEwan.

RAY -- No, not science fiction, but a musical biopic about the late Ray Charles, featuring Jamie Foxx in the title role as well as Regina King, Kerry Washington, Aunjanue Ellis, Harry Lennix and Larenz Tate. Good old Taylor Hackford (''Dolores Claiborne,'' ''An Officer and a Gentleman'') directs. A related article is on Page 33.

SAW -- A serial killer commits suicide, leaving his two latest kidnap victims (Cary Elwes and Leigh Whannell) chained up in his basement. It's already getting a reputation as a major stomach-churner. James Wan directed; with Danny Glover and Monica Potter.

October

THE DEVIL'S REJECTS -- The goth rocker and occasional filmmaker Rob Zombie wrote, directed, produced and wrote the score for this sequel to his 2003 ''House of 1,000 Corpses,'' which finds the demented Firefly family on a cross-country killing spree. William Forsythe is the sheriff on their trail. With Sid Haig, Leslie Easterbrook, Tyler Mane and Matthew McGrory.

FACE -- There are a lot of movies with this title; this one is Bertha Bay-Sa Pan's 2002 film starring Bai Ling as a Chinese woman fleeing from an arranged marriage -- and into the arms of a D.J. (Naughty by Nature's Treach).

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE -- When a parish priest in Ireland commits suicide, allegations grow that he was involved with a young priest from a neighboring seminary. It's left to an enterprising reporter (Jonathan Forbes) to get to the bottom of things. John Deery directed.

MONSIEUR N. -- The French talk-show host Antoine de Caunes directed this historical fantasy, which imagines Napoleon (Philippe Torreton) plotting one final comeback from St. Helena. With Richard E. Grant.

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

**Correction**

An annotated film listing in the New Season issue on Sept. 12 for ''The Final Cut,'' to be released on Oct. 15, included a performer erroneously. Anjelica Huston is not in the film.

An annotated pop music listing for the album ''Real Gone'' by Tom Waits, to be released on Oct. 5, misidentified the first album by Mr. Waits on which the guitarist Marc Ribot played. It was ''Rain Dogs,'' not ''Swordfishtrombones.''

An annotated television listing for the cable program ''Kitchen Accomplished'' misstated the name of the carrier. It is the Food Network, not Food Channel.

**Correction-Date:** September 26, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Billy Bob Thornton in ''Friday Night Lights'' (Oct. 8). (Photo by Ralph Nelson/Universal)

A scene from the Senegalese director Ousmane Sembene's film ''Moolaade,'' about a woman who gives refuge to girls who are trying to escape forced circumcision (Oct. 15). (Photo by New Yorker Films)

Daniel Craig, Rhys Ifans, ''Enduring Love''

a puppet Kim Jong Il, ''Team America''

Lily Tomlin, Jason Schwartzman, Dustin Hoffman, Mark Wahlberg, ''I <heart> Huckabees.'' (Photo by Nicola Dove/Paramount Classics [left]

Paramount Pictures [center]

Claudette Barius/Fox Searchlight [right])

**Load-Date:** September 12, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Seeking Security, Many Retreat Behind Bars and Razor Wire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XKV0-0024-J1J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By DAVID GONZALEZ

By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

With iron, mesh and razor-sharp coils, Pedro Pagan has made himself a prisoner of his fears.

In a Sisyphean struggle for security against the thieves who repeatedly break into his home in the Tremont section of the Bronx, Mr. Pagan has shunned his neighbors and fenced himself behind window gratings and wrought-iron gates backed by wire mesh and topped by gleaming coils of razor ribbon. For good measure, a clump of razor ribbon lies on the second-floor balcony, just in case invaders try to jump over from the fire escape of an adjoining building.

Even his best hope for protection from a higher power -- a statue of the Virgin Mary in a front-yard shrine -- bespeaks his predicament, locked securely behind a sheet of Plexiglas.

"When I come home I feel like I'm entering a jail, and psychologically I am," admitted Mr. Pagan, a 71-year-old retired landlord from Puerto Rico. "When I came to this country in 1934, you could sleep on the fire escape or in the park and nobody took anything from you. Now, you sleep in your own home and anything can happen."

Better-off neighborhoods have doormen, sophisticated alarm systems or private security patrols to ward off crime. But throughout a range of the less-well-off neighborhoods, from ***working class*** to the most hard-pressed, where hard-working people have claimed a piece of New York City but feel beleaguered and forgotten, the architecture of fear has transformed the landscape with urban fortifications along bunkerlike blocks where a frontier mentality guides the daily routine. Front porches once used for socializing have given way to caged-in entryways; bricked-up windows keep out both intruders and sunlight, and miles of razor ribbon lace more and more gates.

Designed to keep out the forces that eat away at New York City's neighborhoods, these fortifications only erode communities further by pushing people apart.

'Breakdown of Community'

"You see this as a sign of the breakdown of community," said Camilo Jose Vergara, a photographer and author who has documented the rise of urban fortification in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago and other cities since the 1970's for an upcoming book titled "The New American Ghetto." "It's saying, 'Look, we are going to survive this environment with this wall and that. What happens on the other side is not our problem.' "

Some people see the raising of these barricades as reflections of a concern for security that has become obsessive in recent years. "We overemphasized in the last 12 years drugs and crime," said Fred Kent, president of the Project for Public Spaces in Manhattan. "People are afraid and more apt to listen to their fears rather than their hopes."

Nothing underlines that fear more than razor ribbon, which was developed during the 1950's for the military, said Aldo Sibeni, president of Boundary Fence and Railing Systems, a Queens-based manufacturer. His business took off in the late 70's, he said, when razor ribbon became popular among store owners and warehouse operators.

Jerry Capano, the owner of Security Fence Company in the North Bronx, explained why the ribbon had become the rage among business owners. "Barbed wire has become obsolete and is ineffective against the common criminal," said Mr. Capano, whose own building is encircled by a latticework of coils. "Razor ribbon is hard to get over. It impales you. If you get caught on it you're going to the hospital. It's the best thing that ever happened to security."

Over the last decade, razor ribbon has spread from businesses to homes, libraries, churches and drug-rehabilitation centers.

Mr. Capano said that while common sense, along with insurance requirements that the ribbon to be at least eight feet above the ground, made it impractical for many residences, he understood why some homeowners would use it anyway. "Unfortunately," he said, "you have to take control of protecting your personal property."

Playground Under Siege

A swing set stripped of its seats is a forlorn reminder of how out of control things got at the Friendly Baptist Church Day Care Center in the High Bridge section of the Bronx. "We can't put anything for our children in the yard," lamented Bertha Simmons, a dietician at the center. She said vandals had repeatedly wrought havoc on the small asphalt playground next to the center.

Residents say it is important to protect the few play areas left to their children, even if that protection makes them seem forbidding. "When I first moved here I could send my children to play in the park alone," said Minnie Drummer, who has lived in the neighborhood for 24 years. "I can't do that now because drug dealers are on each side of the street."

A few curlicues of razor ribbon are left atop the day-care center, which offers a solid brick wall to the sidewalk, where shuttered stores stand across the street. There had been more razor ribbon around the playground, but it was removed because the fence was too short.

While the coils are reminiscent of prison yards, so too are other fortifications that have gained popularity, especially the barred cages that dot once-open front porches.

Two years ago, Ralph Montes replaced the waist-level decorative fence with a wrought-iron cage around the porch of his house on East 134th Street in the Mott Haven section of the Bronx. Young men had been passing through the neighborhood rifling through his mail and hanging out at all hours in front of the house.

The loitering stopped once he built the cage. "Before, it was open like that one," he said, waving at one of the dozen other residences on the block, some of which have been vandalized or abandoned altogether.

Even though he has lived in the neighborhood for more than 20 years, Mr. Montes neither knows nor socializes with his neighbors. Nor does he know what happens on the streets outside at night, when the only noise is of the traffic on the approach to the Triborough Bridge. "Down the block?" he asked. "I don't know, but there are a lot of homeless."

Serving the Public Warily

The fortifications can be just as stark among the institutions in these neighborhoods, where churches have no windows, restaurant counters are protected by bullet-proof glass and libraries seal their windows and place razor ribbon atop their roofs.

The Red Hook Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library used to have windows -- until five years ago. Oluyemi Omowale, the chief clerk at the library, said steel plates were welded over the doors and windows after a break-in. Two years later, after teen-agers made a habit of climbing onto the roof and tossing rocks at passing cars, several coils of razor ribbon were placed around the roof.

Two unlighted signs are the only clues to what's inside the squat brick box. "There's no correlation between the feeling of the library and what it projects," said Mr. Omowale.

Some residents of fortified neighborhoods say the gates, bars and razor ribbon send the wrong message. James Petit, a former serviceman who lives in Tremont, said they remind him of people's insecurities.

"If you establish yourself in a neighborhood, you get recognition and nobody will oppose you," he said. "Insecurity stops people from living a normal life. They are hiding themselves from the outside world."

Lost Neighborhoods

The fortifications send the not-so-subtle message that fearful residents have given up, shut themselves in and left the neighborhood up for grabs.

"Security is the result of other things going right rather than a thing itself," said Kathy Madden, an environmental designer at the Project for Public Spaces, which helps communities design open spaces. "The root of the problem is the lack of feeling safe due to a lack of participation and ownership in the street."

One way to increase the feeling of security is to provide more public spaces designed with a community's needs in mind, she said. In the Bronx, the Phipps Community Development Corporation plans a network of parks near West Farms to help bring people back onto the street.

"You can't have a community unless you have spaces for people to get together," said Lynda Simmons, the group's former president.

Praise God and Lock the Door

At the Corpus Christi Monastery in Hunts Point, a tiny community of Dominican nuns live cloistered behind thick stone walls topped off with a coil of razor ribbon. The coils encircled the 103-year old monastery two years ago after a series of unsettling intrusions. First vandals repeatedly scaled the thick stone walls and ransacked the garden. The final straw came when, in a neighborhood where prostitutes loiter on barren street corners nearby, the nuns discovered a mattress hidden on the monastery grounds, makeup and drug paraphernalia scattered nearby.

The nuns don't like the razor ribbon, but they reluctantly added it at the urging of the local police, said Sister Anna of the Cross, who supervises the monastery's maintenance.

"A mighty fortress is our God," Sister Anna said. "But you have to use your intelligence too. There's an axiom in the contemplative life: Pray as if everything depended on God; work as if everything depended on you. Of course we trust in God, but you have to cooperate."

**Graphic**

Photos: Pedro Pagan, right, outside his home in the Bronx. (Angel Franco/The New York Times) The house, above, in 1980 before he was forced to protect it behind a wrought-iron fence, window gratings and coils of razor ribbon for security. (Camilo Jose Vergara) (pg. 1); The Red Hook Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library had unobscured windows until five years ago, when a break-in inspired the need for steel plates. Razor ribbon has adorned the roof for three years to discourage the teen-agers who were using it as a base from which to throw stones at passing cars. (Edward Keating/The New York Times) (pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** January 17, 1993

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[***Teen-Agers Find Drugs Easy to Obtain and Warnings Easy to Ignore***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3F70-0005-G1WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

**Body**

Nicole, a high school junior with short brown hair, soft eyes and a delicate chin, has smoked marijuana since she was 13 years old. Many of her friends at her Massachusetts high school use it too, and sometimes her father joins her.

"I smoke weed with my dad," Nicole, who is now 16, said. "Obviously he feels fine about it. Since I started smoking weed, we've gotten closer."

Marijuana has become so routine that Nicole admitted, "I smoke every single day."

The rising use of illegal drugs by teen-agers like Nicole was confirmed in August by the Department of Health and Human Services, which reported that marijuana use by young people had more than doubled since 1992.

That report set off a running debate between President Clinton and Bob Dole, his Republican challenger, over the reasons for the increase. Mr. Dole has accused Mr. Clinton of causing the increase by being inattentive to the drug problem. The President has said the Republican-controlled Congress cut financing for his programs to reduce drug use.

Interviews with teen-agers show that, indeed, many use marijuana, perhaps even more than is reflected in the Government report and in others. Last month the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University reported that by the time young people turn 17, 62 percent know someone who uses marijuana. Fewer than one in three said their schools were free of drugs.

The interviews also show that the political debate is not lost on teen-agers.

Look at Bill Clinton, Nicole said. He smoked marijuana and became President. "He said that if he tried it again, he'd inhale," she said, referring to an interview that Mr. Clinton gave in June 1992 to MTV, which Mr. Dole has resurrected in a campaign television commercial.

During the interviews, conducted over the last week and a half in Massachusetts and New York, 30 teen-agers from inner-city, ***working-class*** and suburban neighborhoods said marijuana can be as easy to buy as beer or cigarettes, often from schoolmates. The usual price is $5 a joint. "It takes one phone call," said Matt, a 16-year-old in Gloucester, Mass. A 16-year-old boy in Bronxville, N.Y., said he could find marijuana by walking a mile in any direction from his high school. Angel, 17, said it is sold under the counter in groceries and flower shops around his South Bronx neighborhood in New York City.

Most of the young people spoke on condition that they not be identified beyond first names and ages. Because drug use is illegal and because of fears about parental anger, a few asked for complete anonymity.

Their comments confirmed that marijuana remained the overwhelming drug of choice, with cocaine and heroin use far less common.

Those who smoke marijuana said they started not because of peer pressure, but because it seemed fun and offered them temporary escape from the angst of growing up. They disparaged anti-drug advertisements and drug-prevention classes as ineffective and expressed skepticism that parents, teachers or other adults could make much difference.

Some teen-agers argued that marijuana could not be that bad if so many adults used it, and mentioned Mr. Clinton. "He must have tried it more than once," said Isa, a 17-year-old high school senior. "I bet maybe 50 percent of the Congress has tried it. I mean, some adults still use.

'If you're smoking marijuana, you're not using drugs. I don't think that marijuana is the same thing as using cocaine or heroin."

The growing acceptance of marijuana is not lost on even younger students. "Some people tell you how it feels so good and stuff,' said Ryan, a blond 13-year-old who reported that marijuana had piqued interest in his eighth-grade class.

The teen-agers who grew up with drugs in New York City were less sanguine. "In my neighborhood, all you see is just drugs," said Angel, who has childhood memories of crack cocaine buyers lining up around his block. He tried marijuana when he was 13, and soon graduated to "blunts," cigars hollowed out and stuffed with marijuana. One day, he recalled, he smoked 11 blunts.

"I was really messing up," Angel said. "I wasn't going to school. I was disrespecting everybody." After running afoul of the law, he was accepted by Phoenix Academy, a residential high school in Yorktown Heights, N.Y., run by the drug treatment and prevention agency Phoenix House.

While most teen-age drug users confine themselves to marijuana, some confess to wider experimentation. "My mother did drugs and I said I never would, but when I was 12, I started doing drugs," said Misty, a dark-eyed high school senior in Massachusetts. "At the time I had a boyfriend who was much older than I."

By the time Misty turned 14, she found herself in a drug treatment program. "I was straight, like for two years," she said. "I didn't smoke weed or nothing. Then I went out with another guy, and I started doing it again."

Now 17, Misty said she has chopped up pills "real small" and sniffed them to get high. "My nose started bleeding, but I didn't care," she said. She laughed about how her latest boyfriend slipped LSD, a hallucinogen, into a beer she was drinking. And she has snorted cocaine.

"If it's given to you, obviously you're going to do it," Misty said. "A couple of weeks ago, I was really depressed and I did a line. I just hate it so much, but I keep doing it when I'm feeling all down and out." She feels high for a couple of seconds and then feels terrible, she said.

While surveys indicate that the majority of teen-agers do not use drugs, some abstainers admitted to feeling awkward around friends who do. "Sometimes they might think you're too good for them, like you have a prissy attitude," said Jennifer, a blond 16-year-old in Gloucester.

"There are a lot of kids who don't like drugs and who think it is actually stupid," Jennifer continued. "But who are we to say, 'Get that needle out of your arm'? When it comes down to stopping them from doing drugs, they've got to stop their own addictive behavior."

Ben, a lanky 17-year-old from Cambridge, attributed the experimentation at a younger age to lack of self-confidence. "In the eighth grade, smoking marijuana would be an easy ticket to being cooler," he said. "I know there would be a good social result if I'd started smoking."

But marijuana users who were interviewed said that they started out of curiosity. "One day I was playing basketball and someone said, 'Let's get high,' so we did, and I loved it," said Matt, a sophomore who wore a baseball cap, brim backward, over his blond hair.

"I don't need to impress anybody," Matt said. "If I want to get high, I just get high. People say weed makes you stupid. I smoke weed, and I'm smart."

Errika , a 16-year-old sophomore in Gloucester, said some of her friends considered marijuana safer than tobacco. "People say, 'Why smoke cigarettes and get cancer when you can smoke weed and just lose a few brain cells?' " she said. As for marijuana's effect on academic performance, she said, "People will come to school high and say, 'Oh, I did awesome on my test.' "

But grades do suffer, said Raquel, a 16-year-old sophomore who flaunts an enamel marijuana pendant. "I started to be a straight-A student and then I started smoking pot and my grades went straight down," she said. "I'll go home now and not be able to do my homework."

Kay, a 15-year-old classmate who wore a studded leather collar and nose ring, said, "If you want to find out what it's like, you're going to do it."

Kay sloughed off criticism. "I've adjusted to friends who call us the freaks of the school," she said. "Someone told me we were worthless forms of life, and we just laughed in his face."

Robert, a 20-year-old New Yorker who smoked his first joint at 13, attributed much of the teen-age drug use to rebellion. "When someone tells you not to do it, that makes you want to do it even more," he said. Marijuana was so abundant in his Queens neighborhood, Robert said, that "it's like going to the store and buying some gum or candy."

After being caught selling cocaine to support his appetite for blunts, he quit drugs and, like Angel, enrolled in Phoenix Academy. "Marijuana has really messed my mind up, because it makes it hard for me to remember something," said Robert, who is trying to finish high school. "If you want to become something in life, don't use it. If you don't want to become anything, go right ahead."

The advertising campaigns against illegal drugs pitch the same message, but few of the teen-agers seemed to take them seriously. Isa dismissed them as "a good laugh." And Mr. Clinton's warnings against drug use drew snickers. "For him to say don't do drugs, then to say he did it but he didn't inhale, that's a kind of far-fetched story," Jennifer said.

While professing indifference, many of the teen-agers acknowledged, however tacitly, that parents do matter. "If I had an addiction problem," Errika said, "I would trust my friends not to get my parents involved, because it would hurt them more than anything,"

In rejecting drugs, 15-year-old Daren credited his mother, a single parent struggling to bootstrap them both out of a tough Boston neighborhood. "I've been asked to try drugs and I say no, I don't want to start that," he said.

"If I was ever using drugs and my mom found out, it would be all over for me, because she's strict," Daren said with a hint of pride. "When my mom talks to me about drugs, she really puts a lot of emotion into it. She was choking up when she told me not to use drugs. I think it would really hurt my family."

**Graphic**

Graph: "AT ISSUE: Teen-Agers and Marijuana Use" tracks percentage of teens who reported using marijuana in the past month, from 1985 through 1996. Graph also compares percentages who say they have been solicited to buy or share marijuana and those who can buy marijuana within a few hours. The latter figures are broken down according to age, from 12 to 17. Graph also shows breakdown of the reasons that 17-year-olds say their peers use drugs. (Sources: National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse, Columbia University; Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, Dept. of Health and Human Services)

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**End of Document**



[***The Riches of Lucca***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KYP-DXR0-TW8F-G2YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARK BITTMAN

MARK BITTMAN, who contributes to the Dining and Travel sections, will be host of The New York Times's PBS series ''Best Recipes in the World With Mark Bittman.''

**Body**

THE fragmentation that has characterized Italy's politics since its late-19th-century unification has characterized its cuisine for much longer. Travel around the country and it's hard not to be floored by the incredible differences in food from one area -- sometimes one town -- to another. This is especially true in regions as diverse as Emilia-Romagna -- home of parmigiano, prosciutto and aceto balsamico, and blessed with good soil, a favorable climate and flat topography -- or Sicily, starkly Mediterranean but a place where the strong influences of North Africa and the Middle East created a cuisine that isn't seen anywhere else in the world.

Talk of subtle gradations in Italian food is even something of a sport among obsessive-compulsive travelers, who might spend hours engaged in friendly one-upmanship over exactly where to find exactly which near-perfect dish. They might have stumbled on the quintessential Neapolitan pizza, or an extraordinary linguine with clams at a hole in the wall in Rome, or the best farinata in Genoa.

Curiously, it's the country's most popular tourist region -- Tuscany -- where the food can be least interesting. Most of the region is landlocked, more extreme in its climate than much of the country, suitable for growing grapes and certainly olives, but not great for extensive agriculture. Historically, the mountainous terrain made trade and communication between villages difficult, limiting the spread of ingredients and of ideas about cooking. So visitors to glorious Firenze eat steak and wonder what's next.

What's next is Lucca. Its food is among Italy's most compelling -- almost certainly the best in Tuscany -- and the town is a draw in its own right. Enclosed by walls whose broad tops look out over the town's lovely towers and broad, calm piazzas on one side and park grounds on the other, Lucca may not have the perfectly medieval feeling of Siena, but neither does it have the crowds. Although it gets its share of tourists, it almost never feels overrun.

The difference between food in Lucca and the rest of the region is perhaps best epitomized by one of the town's most representative dishes, tortelli lucchese. In Italy, you can determine a region's historical affluence by the dominant type of pasta. Flour and water, perhaps with some oil, produced a bleak-colored pasta made by poor people. Flour with a few eggs, yielding a pale yellow pasta, was the pasta of the not-so-poor. Flour with a lot of eggs -- creating a brilliant yellow -- was for the wealthy.

Tuscan pasta was almost never made with eggs, which made it closer in spirit to Italy's south than its north. But Lucca, with banking and a robust silk trade, had money, which explains why its food is better than that in the rest of Tuscany. Not surprisingly, tortelli lucchese is bright yellow pasta, stuffed with seasoned meat and topped with a heavily meat-laden ragu. Talk about rich!

Most restaurants in Lucca offer not only tortelli lucchese but also the other local specialties: a soup of farro (a barleylike grain) with beans; fried everything; rabbit in many forms; and baccala (salt cod). Things have not changed much; the Lucchese remain set in their ways. For the most part, the bread is still unsalted. (If you have never eaten unsalted bread, consider yourself blessed; it's dull and flat-tasting. Fortunately, many places serve salted focaccia along with it.) And some foods are eaten only one way: My friend Ed Schneider, dining at Ristorante Giglio, started to put lemon on a piece of grilled baccala, and a waiter swooped down on him, grabbed the lemon, and explained that it was there only ''for idiots.'' Mr. Schneider was instructed to eat his salt cod with lots of oil and lots of black pepper, as the locals do.

In an attempt to give an overview of Luccan fare, I've chosen restaurants that I believe execute local specialties best, but they're not the only options. Buralli and Buca di Sant'Antonio, both in the center of town, are established favorites of other visitors, and may well be worth adding to your list. And if you want to venture a little farther afield, both Romano and Lorenzo, in the port of Viareggio, are excellent seafood restaurants.

Nor are restaurants the only places to eat: Santini, in the Piazza Citadella, is a world-class gelateria (and a better bet than the dessert offerings in most restaurants). You can buy torta con becchi (bird's beaks, because of the peaked shape of the crusts), in many bakeries; these can be made with almost anything, though they're usually seen with either chard or chocolate (sometimes both). Buccellato, the raisiny, eggy sweet bread, is also good for a snack.

But though tradition is important here, it isn't everything, as La Mora demonstrates nicely. This is clearly a Luccan restaurant, but the chef -- who worked in New York at Osteria del Circo and Le Cirque in 1999 and 2000 -- carefully takes a few liberties, and they work. In a city where every restaurant offers essentially the same dishes, I found it delightful that one played around a bit.

This is probably not, however, the reason La Mora is widely considered the best restaurant in the area of Lucca (it's a 10- or 15-minute drive from town). The explanation for that probably lies with its precise execution, more formal (and generally efficient) service, and fancy linens and tableware. Though there's a certain stiffness that comes with all of this, there is little pretension, and it feels luxurious to get away from the plastic tablecloths that so often accompany authenticity in Italy. Furthermore, there are other features about La Mora that I like: the little garden and the open back room (which is where almost everyone sits, avoiding the more formal internal dining room).

The food, however, is the focus, and it's quite terrific. I was inclined to enjoy it at once, because the bread contains salt, a heretical act that makes everyone except true Tuscans ecstatic. But in an area where frying is a sacred act, La Mora does it exceptionally well, as evidenced by the delicate zucchini flowers and baccala fritters. Fritto misto of lamb, rabbit and vegetables employed three frying techniques, one resembling tempura (used for the vegetables), one with bread crumbs (the lamb, whose flavor was exceptional) and one that used a heavier batter (for the mild rabbit), all to good effect. A more traditional fritto misto of tiny squid, large shrimp, fresh sardines and rouget was also nearly perfect.

La Mora's pasta dishes reach back into local traditions and also explore those of what might be called greater Tuscany. It's not unusual to see Luccan menus that eschew seafood entirely, but La Mora not only offers (in season) an ancient dish of fresh taglietelle with baby eels, tomato and pepolino (a variety of thyme), but pasta with a tomato-octopus sauce, too. Ravioli stuffed with spinach and cheese were served with a delicious marjoram sauce, and maltagliate (badly cut) pasta was served with a tomato sauce with rabbit and plenty of Parmesan. All of these were carefully prepared and wonderfully seasoned.

Other dishes were almost uniformly appealing: simply grilled squid on arugula was doused with an olive oil so good I would gladly have downed a glass; fresh shrimp, barely steamed, were given the same treatment. A plate of pork had the unmistakable taste of boar (many local breeds are half-and-half). It was fatty and salty to very good effect, and served with cavalo nero (black cabbage, a true delicacy) and some wild fennel. Squab with spinach, pine nuts and raisins was topped, as squab almost always is, with a too-sweet demi-glace, but the spinach itself was incredible.

Back in the city proper, Ristorante Giglio offers the best combination of authentic food, pleasant surroundings and professional service I've found. The inside room -- which is where the locals seem to prefer to sit, perhaps the better to avoid us tourists -- is formal, with a look that's a hundred years old. I suppose it has a certain charm, and the linens are finer and chandeliers sparkle, but it feels like faded splendor to me.

The outside scene, in contrast, is gorgeous. The piazza (del Giglio) is one of Lucca's most open and lovely, and the covered patio boasts tables set with real linens. There's a decent wine list, and the service is professional but not wooden; in fact, as my friend Ed's anecdote indicates, it's quite personal.

Of the three pasta dishes I sampled, all were worth recommending, but especially the ultrayellow pasta with fresh porcini, a real treat, and the unusual farro-based pasta with rabbit.

The grilled salt cod with pepper (no lemon was even offered) was delicious, though the accompanying chickpeas were flat and unexciting. Simply grilled cuttlefish with a side of lavishly buttered spinach was better. Beef tenderloin, a cut that is frequently dull and flavorless, was exceptional, no less so for the big fat porcini mushroom served on top and the accompanying dish of roasted potatoes, omnipresent in this city but better here than elsewhere.

Since it is a ''ristorante,'' I wasn't surprised by the quality of Giglio's service; the next three places are all trattorias, which means, essentially, that they're inexpensive (or should be), the service may be friendly, but it's as casual as that at your local diner, and the appointments are minimal.

Still, the food at trattorias can be terrific, and it is here that you find the nearly unadulterated soul of local food, just as you do at their cousins throughout Italy. Figure, on average, 25 euros (about $33, at $1.29 to the euro) a person for three or four courses, with local wine and bottled water. At that price, you can join me in overlooking the ubiquitous plastic tablecloths.

Da Francesco and Gigi are both reliable favorites located in pleasant little piazzas. Gigi is on Piazza del Carmine -- near the ancient amphitheater and a beautiful clock tower (making it easy to find) -- where there's barely any traffic at night, either vehicular or foot, so the exterior seating is delightful. Though it's completely simple, Gigi's interior is better lighted and in general better looking than those of the other restaurants here.

The trattoria itself has become a little younger, hipper and less ***working-class*** than it once was; I fondly remember watching the World Cup matches on its outdoor television four years ago, but the TV has been removed. The food may be a little less compelling than it once was, too, though it's still pretty good. Crostini with lardo and anchovies -- a kind of Tuscan version of surf and turf -- was super, the anchovies piercing right through the fat; other crostini were good as well. Some pasta dishes are unexciting, but others, especially the inspired little dishes like macaroni with zucchini and pine nuts, and a couple variations on the classics, like orecchiette with sausage and Gorgonzola, really work. Papa al pomodoro, a bread-thickened tomato soup (or tomato-thinned bread soup), is soothing and, in summer, when it is offered, flavorful.

Gigi's pollo al mattone -- chicken under a brick, a split, flattened, perfectly browned and crisped chicken, barely seasoned -- can be just average or exemplary; it's worth a shot. Their fried food is usually excellent, so if nothing else you should order a plate of fried vegetables on the side.

Other than the fact that it's less good-looking, I have fewer qualifications about Da Francesco, where the food is just plain great. The tortelli lucchese here were the best I have had (and I have eaten them all over town); you should sample them once to understand the relative opulence of Lucca's cuisine. The farro soup with beans is also classic and neatly executed. Even simple roasted meats are worth trying here, and though the presentation is not elegant, when you get a plate of baby lamb containing a piece of leg, breast and loin, all lightly seasoned with salt, pepper, thyme, garlic and olive oil, for about 15 bucks, and you think of paying 40 for the same thing in Manhattan, you'll glow. Rabbit roasted with hot peppers -- again, with pieces from all parts of the animal -- was also delicious.

Another plus here: the staff members were, on my last two visits, incredibly friendly, patient with broken Italian or willing to speak English and eager to explain the various dishes on the menu.

Finally, there is Da Leo, a great-looking place featuring a carved wood interior (there is no outside seating here), lovely wainscoting and an eclectic assortment of art including wood block prints and some older black-and-white photographs, all in a very chummy atmosphere, the kind where everyone claps when a birthday cake is brought out from the kitchen.

Of these three trattorias, this is the one with the most uneven cooking. Bean soup with farro and olive oil, farfalle with Gorgonzola and arugula, and pork ribs (or shank) with roasted potatoes were all good examples of the straightforward home-style cooking for which people love this place. But the deadly salads, dull braised meats and avoid-at-all-costs desserts are downers, as is the service, which is beneath casual. If you hit it right, Da Leo can be a lot of fun, but I'd save it for last on this list: Elsewhere in Tuscany, I'd be pushing you to go there. In Lucca, it's an also-ran.

MEALS AND WHEELS IN LUCCA

WHERE TO EAT

Ristorante La Mora, Via Sesto di Moriano, 1748, Ponte a Moriano; (39-0583) 406402. A pleasant 15-minute drive from Lucca, and worth the trip. Lunch or dinner, 33 to 49 euros (about $43 to $63, at $1.29 to the euro) a person. The tasting menus, at 45 euros and higher, are excellent values.

Ristorante Giglio, Piazza del Giglio, 2; (39-0583) 494058. Lunch or dinner for two, with three courses, about 30 euros.

Trattoria Da Francesco, Corte Portici 13; (39-0583) 418.049. Lunch or dinner for two, with three courses, about 30 euros a person.

Trattoria Gigi, Piazza del Carmine, 7; (39-0583) 467266. Lunch or dinner for two, with three courses, about 30 euros.

Trattoria Da Leo, Via Tegrimi, 1; (39-0583) 492236. Lunch or dinner for two, with three courses, about 25 euros.

WHERE TO STAY

Just outside the city walls, the Albergo Celide, (39-0583) 954106, www.albergocelide.it, provides modern accommodations within easy striking distance of Lucca's train station. An open-air patio on the hotel's second floor is perfect for morning coffee or an afternoon aperitivo. Double rooms are 120 euros to 160 euros, depending on season.

The Piccolo Hotel Puccini, (39-0583) 55421, www.hotelpuccini.com, is in the heart of Lucca's city center and steps from the action on Piazza San Michele. In keeping with the diminutive part of the name, the rooms tend toward the ''cozy'' and start at 88 euros a night for two.

PEDALING AROUND

Bicycle shops clustered near Lucca's north gate, the Porta Santa Maria, offer a variety of rental options from standard cruiser-type bikes to more specialized racing and off-road varieties. Cicli Bizaarri, (39-0583) 496031, and Antonio Poli, (39-0583)493787, offer hourly, daily and weekly rental options. Rates begin at about 2 euros an hour and 10 euros for a full day with a security deposit. Many hotels will also provide bikes for guests.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gigi. Fritto misto, Da Leo

ravioli, La Mora

pappardelle with rabbit, Giglio

crostini with lardo and anchovies, Gigi. (Photographs by Chris Warde-Jones for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

An assortment at Da Leo, a trattoria in Lucca. The city, which had a more prosperous past than many other places in Tuscany, developed one of the richest cuisines in the region.

Ristorante Giglio has a formal inside dining room as well as outdoor dining on the Piazza del Giglio. Sauro Brunicardi pours at his restaurant, Mora. Trattoria Gigi, on the Piazza Carmine. (Photographs by Chris Warde-Jones for The New York Times)(pgs. 8,9)Map of Italy highlighting Tuscany. (pg. 9)

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[***A WORKERS' BEER GAINS STATUS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RXK0-0017-54Y7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 11, 1987, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1522 words

**Byline:** By ANDREA ADELSON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, July 10

**Body**

Almost overnight, Corona Extra has become the second-best-selling imported beer in the United States. But in the East, where Mexico's equivalent of Budweiser remains scarce, Corona fanciers are in for a long, dry summer.

The Mexican brewer was caught off guard by the brand's runaway success and cannot make enough to quench the thirst of its northern neighbor. In much of the United States, beer drinkers still cannot buy the light lager, and further expansion plans are on hold. Advertising campaigns were dropped for fear of stirring up demand that could not be met.

Such are the troubles that beset the importers of the nation's fastest-growing import, the sort of problems most executives only dream about.

From Humble to Trendy

Beer experts, who say the import's taste is far from distinctive, are at a loss to explain what they call the ''Corona phenomenon.'' But they say Corona is clearly a product that has assumed a trendy image despite a humble heritage and a lack of marketing support. In Mexico, it is a workingman's beer. In the United States, its clear, long-necked bottle with its distinctive painted labeling has become a status symbol among young drinkers.

Some in the industry wonder if Corona is a fad, but the beer's importers think it is here to stay. ''There is a wide range of consumers out there, and that gives us the confidence the brand is in the mainstream,'' said Carlos E. Alvarez, president of the Gambrinus Importing Company of San Antonio, which has the import rights to Corona in the Eastern states.

A full test of mainstream support is yet to come. Supply lines are stretched so thin that an Eastern rollout that began last December is temporarily stalled in southern Florida, Boston and Atlanta, Mr. Alvarez said. ''Our plans were more ambitious, but they have been affected by the continued growth of Corona in established markets,'' he said.

Supplies Are Rationed

In the 31 states where Corona is available, supplies are being rationed to some distributors, said Michael J. Mazzoni, executive vice president of Barton Brands Ltd., a Chicago-based company that has the rights to import Corona in 25 Western states. The importers are reining in their United States expansion plans until the brewer, Cervecerio Modelo S.A. of Mexico City, steps up production.

Exports began in earnest six years ago, and Corona now commands 11 percent of the nation's imported-beer market, according to Impact, a New York bulletin for the beverage industry. Corona alone accounted for two-thirds of the growth in national sales of foreign beers last year, surpassing Molson from Canada and Beck's from West Germany, said Jerry Steinman, publisher of Beer Marketer's Insights, a newsletter published in West Nyack, N.Y.

Corona's importers expect sales to double again, to 27 million cases, this year.

''There have been many trendy beers, but nothing to equal this,'' said Gary Ayers of the Southland Beverage Company in Fullerton, Calif.

Southland rejected a Corona distributorship five years ago when its brewer wanted wholesalers to carry Corona along with two sister brands. ''We're still kicking ourselves; it's cost us millions,'' said Mr. Ayers, Southland's sales manager.

Corona ''is still gaining ground,'' he added. ''We keep saying it's peaked. It's got to stop. Right now, it's putting a dent in premium beers like Michelob, Budweiser and Coors.''

Competitors Losing Market Share

Domestic brewers and some beer importers concede that they are losing ground to Corona.

''It's got our attention,'' a Coors spokesman, Doyle Albee, said.

The importers of Heineken, the best-selling imported beer, with 29.3 percent of that market, attribute flat sales of their product to a price increase resulting from the weaker dollar. They say they are unconcerned about Corona's gains.

''Anything that goes up that fast will go down just as fast,'' said Leo Van Munching, whose import company promotes Heineken in this country. ''This is nothing more than Mexican soda pop.''

At retail, Corona costs twice as much as Budweiser, the best-selling domestically produced beer, and a few cents more than Heineken. But the Mexican import has displaced Heineken as the No. 1 imported beer in California, Texas and Colorado.

Other Mexican Beers Gain

In fact, Corona's popularity is whetting appetites for Mexican beers that have been readily available for 20 years, said Fred Lampe, president of Moctezuma Imports Inc. of Irvine, Calif.

Instead of trying to compete against Corona with the brands it distributes - Dos Equis and Superior -Moctezuma has introduced a new beer that tries to capture the good-life image that is part of Corona's appeal, Mr. Lampe said. It is named Hussong's, after a popular cantina in Ensenada, Mexico, and sales in the Western states will reach 300,000 cases this year, he said.

Corona is also benefiting from another phenomenon: America's unflagging taste for ethnic cuisine.

''Next to margaritas, Corona's our No. 1 seller,'' said Victoria Shemaria, co-owner of Marix Tex Mex Playa, a restaurant in Santa Monica, Calif.

Even as Corona is taking a bite of the $44 billion-a-year United States beer market, the brew is being sold in other foreign markets, including western Canada and Japan.

''Demand has been increasing so rapidly, it would be virtually impossible for any manufacturer to keep up,'' said Mr. Mazzoni of Barton Brands.

Plans for New Brewery

To quench Americans' thirst for Mexico's most popular brand, Modelo is considering building a new brewery near the border. That would take three years, and in the meantime the brewery plans to increase exports from some of its six outlying plants by year's end and to resume its plans to expand in the Eastern states. Currently, Corona bound for the United States comes only from Modelo's Mexico City brewery.

Modelo, which has found that some investors consider Mexico an unattractive place to put their money, is expanding as fast as it can.

The transition from niche product to national brand is far from easy. But once the Corona craze wanes, the beer's continued success will be dependent on the marketing clout and savvy of its two American importers.

Neither is a longtime beer expert. Barton, however, a national distiller and wholesaler of brands such as Kentucky Gentleman and Highland Scotch Mist, has a longer track record than Gambrinus, said Paul DeNio, president of the California Beer Wholesalers Association, in Sacramento.

Despite the product shortages that have forced the beer's importers to cancel promotions in the last three years, a modest $9 million is being spent on advertising this year because retailers expect marketing support, Mr. Mazzoni said. The ads, depicting Mexican scenes and Corona's ''Cross the Border'' slogan, are showing up in such magazines as Gentleman's Quarterly and Playboy.

Making 'Yuppies Feel Macho'

Corona, which means crown in Spanish, is sold less in supermarkets than in bars and restaurants, where it is commonly served with a wedge of lime. But the beer owes its success less to its taste than to its image and reverse snobbism, one beer expert says.

''Yuppies feel macho drinking a Mexican peasant beer,'' explained Michael Jackson, the London-based author of ''The World Guide to Beer,'' a study of international brewers. ''Now logically, if they want to drink a ***working-class*** beer, they'd drink Pabst.''

He said Corona had a ''low specification,'' a ranking Mr. Jackson has devised to evaluate beer. In the case of Corona, that means its ingredients include corn syrup instead of 100 percent malted barley, and an aging time of less than three weeks, Mr. Jackson said.

''I'm not saying Corona is a worse beer than a lot of cheap American beers,'' Mr. Jackson said. ''I just mark the yuppies for drinking it. They buy a bad beer for a lot of money.''

An American Taste

Although Mr. Jackson scorns Corona for tasting like an American beer, another analyst says that quality is exactly why the beer is a hit.

''In many groups, you're not considered 'in' unless you order imported beer,'' said Robert S. Weinberg, a beer industry market researcher in St. Louis. ''But most people don't like the taste of imports. The beers with character are the ones that aren't very big sellers. Corona is the one that tastes the most like domestic beer.''

Still unclear is whether Corona has staying power in the market, Mr. Weinberg said.

''I don't think anybody has the remotest idea why a product takes off,'' he said. ''I think it's principally a point of difference, a mystique. I suspect when they start to advertise, they might well destroy that magic.''

CHEERS - 10 TOP IMPORTED BEERS

Sales to retailers in millions of 2.25-gallon cases. The top 10 accounted for 97.2 million of the 121.8 million cases of imported beers sold to retailers last year.

| **$** |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Brand** | **Country of Origin** | **1986** | **Percent** |
|  |  | **Sales** | **Change** |
|  |  |  | **From** |
|  |  |  | **1985** |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1) Heineken | Netherlands | 35.7 | 3.5 |
| 2) Corona Extra | Mexico | 13.5 | 170.0 |
| 3) Molson | Canada | 13.0 | -0.8 |
| 4) Beck's | West Germany | 11.2 | 13.1 |
| 5) Moosehead | Canada | 5.7 | 3.6 |
| 6) Labatt's | Canada | 5.5 | 14.6 |
| 7) St. Pauli Girl | West Germany | 4.3 | -2.3 |
| 8) Amstel Light | Netherlands | 3.3 | 37.5 |
| 9) Tecate | Mexico | 2.5 | 25.0 |
| 10) Dos Equis | Mexico | 2.5 | 4.2 |

Source: Impact

**Graphic**

Photo of Corona Beer (Bart Bartholomew); photo of Corona Extra being served at Marix Tex Mex Playa in Santa Monica, Calif. (NYT/Bart Bartholomew) (page 41)

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[***Harsh Tone Of Campaign Becomes Issue***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-39P0-0005-G4WP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BRETT PULLEY

By BRETT PULLEY

**Body**

With the election less than three weeks off, last night's debate between the United States Senate candidates in New Jersey focused as much on the tone of the campaign itself as on issues like Medicare and the environment.

Both camps have come under fire from political leaders and editorial boards across the state for the negative tone and mean-spirited television advertisements that have dominated the race.

Representative Richard A. Zimmer defended his ads, saying they "are true and they are relevant to the job of United States senator."

His Democratic opponent, Representative Robert G. Torricelli, who said he was taking the higher ground on the issue, began his 90-second opening statement by conceding that the campaign had "deteriorated into personal accusation and acrimony."

Calling the one-hour debate in a Trenton television studio "the last chance to raise the level" of the campaign, Mr. Torricelli said Mr. Zimmer had used negative advertising to avoid discussing his work as a legislator. "Mr. Zimmer cannot defend his record," he said.

Mr. Zimmer, who seemed more energetic and less defensive than he was when the two men met in their first debate on Oct. 5, continued to raise questions about his opponent's character and fitness for office, referring to overdrawn checks, Mr. Torricelli's assistance to the daughter of a fugitive and his speech to a Muslim group.

Locked in one of the closest, costliest and nastiest Senate races in the country, the two veteran members of the House continued their attempts to appeal to the large number of New Jersey's mostly moderate voters who say they are not decided. The candidates debated issues including the environment, gun control, Medicare, education, welfare and immigration.

Mr. Zimmer, who comes from a ***working-class*** family and has served three terms in the House, reiterated his belief that government should be smaller and less intrusive in people's lives.

"I was able to live the American dream," Mr. Zimmer said. "And I'm concerned that children growing up now and in the future have that same opportunity. And they will but only if we fundamentally change the way government does business."

A seven-term Congressman from Englewood, Mr. Torricelli has said that he believes government should play a limited but activist role in helping people. He has accused Mr. Zimmer of being an overzealous fiscal conservative whose cuts in taxes and spending would jeopardize the ability of people to receive an education, get medical care and have a healthy environment. "Ultimately, this election is about who will be on your side when the difficult decisions are made that affect your family," he added.

A self-proclaimed fiscal hawk, Mr. Zimmer repeated his call for a balanced budget and lower taxes. But Mr. Torricelli tried to immediately snatch those fiscal issues off the table. He began the debate asserting that the campaign "is not about taxes or spending." As he continued, he recounted his most recent votes on these fiscal issues -- the very issues that Mr. Zimmer has most often used to paint his Democratic opponent as an extreme liberal. "I voted for a tax cut last year," Mr. Torricelli said. "So did Dick Zimmer. I voted for the balanced budget. And so did Dick Zimmer."

Sponsored by the League of Women Voters and broadcast by ABC television stations in Philadelphia and New York, the debate was sandwiched between commercials for Bill Clinton and for both Senate candidates.

As he answered many of the 15 questions that were posed by four television journalists, Mr. Torricelli made what appeared to be a calculated attempt to look away from the television cameras and straight at Mr. Zimmer as he accused him of voting in concert with the House leadership on many occasions.

For the first time in the campaign, Mr. Torricelli alluded to age as an issue, noting more than once that, at 45, he is a baby boomer. Mr. Zimmer, who at 52 does not quite qualify, continued to pepper his speech with references to his wife and two sons, while Mr. Torricelli, who is divorced and has no children, did not mention his personal life.

Mr. Torricelli said that if elected he would focus on supporting the environment, education and Medicare. He criticized Mr. Zimmer as having voted to cut aid to high schools and siding with House Speaker Newt Gingrich on cutting Medicare, the Government health-care program for the elderly.

When it was his turn, Mr. Zimmer said: "I believe that this campaign is about nothing less than the future of the American dream. We've got to reduce taxes and balance the budget, not just talk about it, but do it."

Answering the first question, about the tone of the campaign, Mr. Torricelli said it had indeed "gotten so bad" that the winner might not have the confidence of the state's voters or "be able to govern."

Mr. Torricelli contended that his views reflected those of "moderate people" who care about New Jersey and who reject the agenda of Mr. Gingrich. He then blamed Mr. Zimmer for the harsh campaign.

Mr. Zimmer responded by saying that the advertisements his campaign ran "are true." He went on to list the charges he had leveled against Mr. Torricelli, among them that he concealed evidence about a South Korean businessman, Harvard Jee, who is a fugitive from justice.

Near the end of the debate, in response to a question about the 10-year-old Jee episode, Mr. Torricelli defended his actions, saying he only helped Mr. Jee's teen-age daughter find a school. He castigated Mr. Jee, who had been a law client, saying he abandoned his daughter.

Mr. Zimmer said that the negative attacks were warranted because of Mr. Torricelli's dealings with Mr. Jee and his daughter, and his appearance as the keynote speaker at an event sponsored by the "terrorist Hamas organization."

He said that Mr. Torricelli had failed to answer for his actions, citing an editorial in The Record of Hackensack headlined "Torricelli's Tap Dance."

On whether abortion should be an important issue in considering nominees for the Supreme Court, Mr. Zimmer said it would be just as important as anything else. Protecting people's right to privacy is important, he said, but equally important are "the intelligence and character and temperament that you need on the bench."

Mr. Torricelli said, "I am not only pro-choice, and defend a woman's right to choose, but I plan to vote that way."

He noted that the right to an abortion rested with the Supreme Court, where it was supported by a small majority. "I will not vote for a Supreme Court justice who will tip that balance," he said.

Mr. Torricelli echoed President Clinton's criticism of Mr. Dole's tax-cut plan, saying that it would put "a $500 billion hole in the Federal budget" and "devastate Medicare" as well as hurt education programs.

He said he supported tax cuts that encouraged investment and saving, especially those that would help people send their children to college or save for retirement. Lowering capital gains taxes is also a good idea, he said, "because it is responsible and it can be paid for."

Mr. Zimmer said that Mr. Torricelli had come late to the idea of cutting the capital gains tax, having voted to raise the tax in 1986 and then against cutting it in 1989.

But Mr. Torricelli said he had been campaigning for a capital gains tax cut for years. He said that with the deficit falling, it was finally a good time to talk about cutting that tax.

Mr. Zimmer said that Mr. Torricelli had voted for "a trillion dollars in tax increases," while he, on the other hand, had been ranked three times as the most fiscally responsible member of Congress by the National Taxpayers Association.

Mr. Zimmer defended his vote against a New Jersey minimum wage, saying "It would have cost New Jersey jobs." But he said he voted to raise the national minimum wage.

Mr. Torricelli said he thought legislation directed at the children of undocumented immigrants was necessary, even though "it's not a vote than anybody likes to cast." But he said that millions of illegal immigrants were arriving every year, and suggested that the country could not afford to support them.

"As long as people from around the world believe you can cross the American border and get free health care and free education for your children and a job, no fence will be high enough," he said.

Mr. Zimmer said: "I believe immigration has made America great. We have to discourage illegal immigrants so as not to poison public opinion about legal immigrants." Both candidates favor allowing states to decide whether to educate the children of illegal immigrants.

On the future of Social Security, Mr. Torricelli said, "The truth is, Social Security can be made secure." While the trust fund now has a surplus, he said, middle-aged people should not rely on it completely in planning their retirement, he said. He called for expanded individual retirement accounts.

The people who are on the verge of retiring are very dependent on their own pensions, he said, but, he said, Mr. Zimmer voted to allow the chief executives of companies to take private pension money and invest it as they see fit.

Mr. Zimmer described Social Security as a "sacred contract between this generation and future generations."

He went on to attack his opponent. "Bob Torricelli is the only person on this stage who voted to cut Social Security," he said.

Mr. Torricelli cut in, "That's not true and you know it."

There was only one question on foreign policy. On sending American troops to the Golan Heights as part of a Middle East peace treaty, Mr. Zimmer said the United States had not used sound criteria in deciding whether to send troops to Haiti or Bosnia. When the United States sent troops to Somalia, he said, that only ended in tragedy. He noted that Mr. Torricelli had supported sending American troops there.

Mr. Zimmer said he had visited the Golan Heights and seen "how vulnerable Israel would be" if they were again occupied by Syria, and said it was important to make them secure. But American troops are not necessary there, he said, and any peace agreement that was contingent on sending American troops would not be sufficient.

Mr. Torricelli said that the security of Israel was of vital interest to the United States but that he was opposed to sending American forces to the Golan Heights.

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Richard A. Zimmer, left, and Representative Robert G. Torricelli during the debate last night at the WPVI-TV studios in Trenton. (Associated Press)(pg. B22)

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[***FROM POLAND, EMIGREES ADD SPIRIT TO ARTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RYR0-0017-50K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

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**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

Liliana Komorowka cannot forget a haunting scene from the evening of Dec. 13, 1981 - the day the Polish Government declared martial law and crushed Solidarity. Tanks and soldiers roamed the streets. At the Moscow Theater near her Warsaw apartment, the title on the movie marquee seemed to say everything, ''Apocalypse Now.''

As with wave after wave of Poles before her, Ms. Komorowka came to America. Their journeys started in large numbers more than a century ago, when Poland was split up among its neighbors; many came by way of Paris. After World War II, many fled the new Communist Government, and in the late 60's, Polish Jews fled anti-Semitism.

The newest group - striking in that so many are members of the intelligentsia who seek artistic or creative freedom - is settling in and learning a new life in New York after the soul-wrenching defeat of Solidarity.

Injection of Vigor

''For the first time, I had believed something could change,'' a playwright, Janusz Glowacki, said of the breath of hope Solidarity had given. ''But then, martial law was such a big shock - we just collapsed.''

They say they chose New York, for the most part, because of the city's importance as a world center of culture, its complexity, immensity and a vague sense of its unimagined possibilities.

''Everything is the biggest, the ultimate,'' Rafal Olbinski said. ''Nothing is higher than New York.''

Together, the immigrants - almost all in their 30's and 40's - are helping to inject new vigor into the city's artistic and intellectual life, according to city cultural officials. A play by Mr. Glowacki, ''Hunting Cockroaches,'' impressed critics during a recent Off Broadway run, with its sardonic look at the immigrant experience. The New Yorker magazine has purchased five cover illustrations from Andrzej Czeczot, and Mr. Olbinski has drawn covers for Time and Newsweek.

Zbig Rybcyznski, a movie director who had already won an Academy Award for a short made in Poland, is making a music video for Mick Jagger.

Ms. Komorowka, who fled Poland after what she called the living nightmare of soldiers and tanks, is a classically trained actress who has begun a new acting career. She has appeared in two soap operas and an Off Broadway revue and has just completed a feature film. In the film, she plays Raskolnikov, who has been changed to a woman, in a Lower East Side version of ''Crime and Punishment.''

A Sharp Distinction

By 1980, according to the city, 338,067, or 4.8 percent, of New Yorkers were of Polish ancestry. Since martial law, the city reports, more than 4,000 Poles have legally emigrated to New York.

The new immigrants draw a sharp distinction between themselves and earlier waves from rural areas, generally termed ''Polonia.'' The post-Solidarity arrivals are not as ***working-class*** in their style of life as their predecessors or the Polish men who still come to work illegally for a few months, often living in wretched conditions, and return home with much coveted dollars.

''We have much more in common with American artists than Polish workers,'' said Mr. Czeczot, a painter and satirical illustrator.

Hoping for Bad Reviews

A poster Mr. Olbinski drew for an exhibition of Polish-American artists last year told much. It depicted human figures just starting to climb ladders extending into the clouds. Above the clouds was the skyline of Manhattan.

But New York is still a vastly different world. Mr. Glowacki told of trembling as he waited for the reviews of ''Cockroaches,'' but in a different way than he awaited reviews in Poland. A favorable review in the official press - distrusted by Polish intellectuals - could poison attendance, he said. ''But a very bad review in the official press could cause a line of a couple hundred people in front of the theater the next day,'' Mr. Glowacki said.

Mr. Rybcyznski - who has just written a movie script with Mr. Glowacki about the adventures of the son of Citizen Kane, who had a minor role and died in the Orson Welles original - says what is new is having his films and videos actually shown. In Poland, he was allowed to make his own films, largely so the Government-owned studio could fulfill its quota under the Government economic plan, he suspects.

'On the Shelf'

''Many were never shown in Poland or any Communist country,'' he said. ''They were put on the shelf.'' Nonetheless, Mr. Rybcyznski said, there was a paradox he calls surreal.

''I had money,'' he said. ''I had equipment. I could do what I wanted to do.''

The catch was that nobody saw some of what he considers his best work.

This is a principal paradox of the lives of many of the new Poles in New York. What they have gained in exposure, many say, they have lost in economic or artistic terms.

''Most of these people's standard of living declined - not only declined, but declined dramatically'' when they moved to New York, according to Michael Kott, an agent for a number of Polish artists. ''They have smaller apartments, fewer vacations, less money. And much less sense of stability.''

Some feel they have lost more than zlotys. A graphic artist, Andrzej Dudzinski, said his commercial success had been purchased with many more artistic compromises than he would have had to make in the old country. He said he had curbed impulses to be sexually explicit or gruesome, to please American art directors in ways he would not have done in Poland.

''Poland wasn't commercialized -period,'' he said. ''That was the whole beauty of it.''

Forum for Expression

Others have experienced a sense of both economic and intellectual loss. Mr. Czeczot's wife, Sonia, was a well-known journalist in Poland. But because her English is poor, she has not been able to replicate her success here. She has had to take such odd jobs as cleaning apartments, and is now a social worker.

One place she did work here was Nowy Dziennik, The Polish Daily News. But the Polish-language publication pays lousy salaries, according to its editor, and Mrs. Czezcot left.

The newspaper nonetheless manages to be a central focus of the new intelligentsia. As writers arrive, they are apt to contribute to the paper. New artists routinely draw for it.

Some Poles come for a few months on tourist visas, work for the paper and return home with a little money. Nowy Dziennik has, in this way, become an important means for Polish intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic to keep in touch.

'This Material Is Harmful'

Started in 1971, the paper's importance transcends its 20,000 circulation, as it is passed from hand to hand in Polish clubs and coffeehouses around the United States. Its growth is in marked contrast to the general fading of the ethnic press in New York, editors said.

One place the paper does not circulate is Poland. Hanging on a wall like a badge of honor is an official judgment of Nowy Dziennik. ''This material is harmful to the interests of the Polish Peoples Republic and is prohibited,'' it reads in Polish.

The paper is usually between 50 and 60 pages and patterns itself after the old Herald Tribune. Its content ranges from Reuters dispatches to articles from the Polish underground press. A recent issue of the weekly literary supplement included articles on the inadequacies of intelligence testing, a whimsical story about Polish legends and a guide to postage stamps featuring the Pope.

What is most interesting about Nowy Dziennik, though, is the excitement with which new arrivals seize the freedom they previously experienced only during the fleeting days of Solidarity.

Concentration in Greenpoint

''We are trying to give straight news, straight facts,'' said Marzena Torzecka, a television journalist in Poland who said she had three choices after the defeat of Solidarity - accept the party line, change professions or leave. ''We have a lot of freedom to pick up on weird subjects,'' she said.

Poles are scattered throughout the metropolitan region, but the greatest concentration is in the Brooklyn neighborhood of Greenpoint, known as Little Poland. Many of the new intellectuals, particularly at first, feel most comfortable in a locale where people speak their language.

In Greenpoint one night, a group of Polish artists gathered on Mr. Czeczot's patio to eat barbecued kielbasa and sip wine and brandy. The kielbasa aside, they unanimously rejected Polish stereotypes. Grazyna Boguta, an artist who also works for Mayor Koch as an adviser on Polish New Yorkers, said she had never danced the polka until she came to America. Mariola Markiewicz, a ceramacist, said, ''We like sushi.''

Somebody suggested that the psychologies of dealing with corporate clients and a Communist art bureaucracy were really quite similar. A heated debate ensued over whether it was more difficult to find an apartment in New York or Warsaw, where the wait can be 15 years. Parents said their children understood Polish, but answered in English. There was a disdain for ideologies of any sort.

''We are cynics in a certain way,'' Mr. Olbinski said. ''We don't believe in flags or national anthems.''

As with most of the new intelligentsia, the group demonstrated a confidence surprising for people so newly transplanted.

''This wave of immigrants came without inferiority complexes,'' Mr. Kott said later. ''They are people who tell Polish jokes, or, certainly, are not offended by them.''

**Graphic**

photo of Rafal Olbinski, an artist, in front of his work at his home in Forest Hills, Queens. (The New York Times/Jack Manning); photo of Liliana Komorowka, an actress who fled Poland (NYT/Jack Manning) (Page B5)

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Hamilton Heights;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3MF0-0005-G1VN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***West Harlem's Architectural Gems***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3MF0-0005-G1VN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GENE RONDINARO

By GENE RONDINARO

**Body**

ON weekends the sounds of hammers, saws and sanders can be heard for blocks along the side streets of Hamilton Heights in western Harlem. In long-neglected, century-old brownstone, limestone and brick town houses a new generation of upper-class minority families has returned to restore the homes and the neighborhood.

"I love the sounds of construction," said Willie Kathryn Suggs, a real estate broker and a prime mover in the rehabilitation. "It's music to my ears. In fact, every time I see a Dumpster, my heart skips a beat. It's almost like having a new baby on the block."

Although newer residents tend to be young couples either with or planning children, others have returned to the neighborhood after establishing themselves in their fields.

"We're talking about doctors, lawyers, architects, entertainers and business executives who could well afford to live anywhere in the city or the suburbs," Ms. Suggs said. "But they are here, renovating their homes and taking an active part on their blocks and the community at large."

Known by many New Yorkers as the neighborhood surrounding the uptown campus of City College, Hamilton Heights offers some of the most architecturally significant properties to be found anywhere in the city.

Time-worn but structurally sound four-story brownstones, limestones, rowhouses and town houses in Italianate, French Provincial and Gothic styles stand as evidence to a time when the neighborhood was envisioned as an upper-class enclave to be connected to the factories and ***working-class*** neighborhoods of lower Manhattan by the newly constructed IRT.

Architects like Henri Forchaux, William E. Mowbray and Neville & Bagge hoped to lure upper-class Manhattanites to their creations high atop the hill -- later to be known as Sugar Hill -- where the good life could be had and on a clear day one could see the Manhattan skyline, the Palisades, the Harlem and East Rivers and Long Island Sound.

The neighborhood declined in the 1950's and 1960's, with many of the homes converted into multifamily apartments and rooming houses and in some cases abandoned.

In the mid-1980's, helped in part by new Federal regulations that forced banks to offer mortgage loans in the areas in which they took deposits, the neighborhood began a revival as homes were bought at bargain prices and renovations began.

ALTHOUGH the precise boundaries of Hamilton Heights are a matter of debate, some residents place them at 155th Street on the north, St. Nicholas Avenue on the east, 135th Street on the south and the Hudson River on the west.

Once thought of as part of Washington Heights but now a neighborhood of Harlem, Hamilton Heights takes its name from the Federalist Alexander Hamilton, who maintained an estate there known as the Grange. The neighborhood is about five miles north of midtown Manhattan in one of the most densely populated sections of the city.

The Hamilton Heights Historic District takes in about seven blocks bordered on its extremes by Amsterdam Avenue on the west, St. Nicholas Avenue on the east, 140th Street on the south and 145th Street on the north.

Block and civic organizations abound in this neighborhood of tree-lined streets, well-kept buildings and fierce community pride.

"This is a real old-fashioned neighborhood," said Robert King, an architect who grew up and still lives on Hamilton Terrace in the historic district. "Everybody knows everybody else and we lend a hand whenever we can. When we see something we don't like, however, we can be highly vocal."

Representative Charles B. Rangel, who represents the district in Congress, said: "It is one of the most stable and well-kept areas of the city and they have a lot of residents in very high places. Even when I go there to do something like receive an award, I can't leave until I hear half a dozen complaints."

The renovations and cohesiveness of the area have pushed home values up by nearly 43 percent, according to Ms. Suggs, who works out of her apartment on West 145th Street.

Fully renovated town houses in the historic district now fetch upward of $600,000, while unrenovated properties can still be bought at around $300,000.

Outside the historic district, which includes the blocks surrounding Riverside Drive and St. Nicholas Avenues, prices range from $249,000 for a four-story town house in need of extensive rehabilitation to around $450,000 for properties in better shape.

Co-ops and condominiums are few but when they become available they sell for $75,000 to $85,000, according to brokers. A large two-bedroom co-op at 435 Convent Avenue is being offered at $150,000. Two-bedroom condominiums at the four-apartment Sugar Hill Condominiums at 430 West 154th Street sell for $150,000 to $175,000.

Properties not under rent control or stabilization go from about $850 a month for a two-bedroom apartment to about $1,300 for a similar apartment on Hamilton Terrace or Convent Avenue in the historic district.

IN addition to its wealth of housing, the neighborhood also features several architecturally significant churches, including the Convent Avenue Baptist Church at 145th Street, Our Lady of Lourdes Roman Catholic Church at 472 West 142d Street, St. Luke's Episcopal Church at Convent and 141st Street, St. James Presbyterian Episcopal Church at 409 West 141st Street and the Church of the Intercession at 155th Street and Riverside Drive.

For recreation, there is the the 28-acre Riverbank State Park on the Hudson between 138th and 145th Streets. Opened in 1993, the park includes ball fields, a running track, theater and indoor and outdoor pools. Other recreational areas include Riverside Park, Jackie Robinson and St. Nicholas Parks with pool, walking trails and basketball courts.

The campus of City College at 141st Street and Convent Avenue offers educational and cultural opportunities for the community, including Aaron Davis Hall, Harlem's principal center for the performing arts.

The complex includes a 750-seat proscenium stage, a flexible experimental space, a rehearsal/workshop area, lobby gallery, paint shop and dressing rooms.

Some of the well-known organizations that lease space in the hall and schedule performances are the New York City Opera National Company, Boys Harbor, Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble and the Boys Choir of Harlem. Last year, the opera star Jessye Norman and the jazz musician Branford Marsalis performed.

"In my opinion, the cultural offerings at Aaron Davis are equal to anything going on at Lincoln Center," said Councilman Stanley E. Michels, who represents Hamilton Heights at City Hall.

The Dance Theater of Harlem, founded by Arthur Mitchell, operates a school and holds recitals at its headquarters at 466 West 152d Street.

THE neighborhood is in Public School Districts 5 and 6 with children attending P.S. 153 at 146th Street and Amsterdam Avenue or P.S. 129 at 425 West 130th Street before going on to I.S. 136 at 6 Edgecombe Drive, I.S. 164 at 401 West 164th Street or the Frederick Douglass Academy at 2581 Seventh Avenue from sixth through eighth grades. Children can then attend Brandeis High School on West 84th Street or the A. Philip Randolph School on the City College campus. Due to overcrowding, however, some students attend public schools throughout Manhattan. Many parents prefer to send their children to parochial and private schools within Hamilton Heights and other neighborhoods in the city.

"You look down the street on a school morning and you can see parents with their children -- dressed in different color uniforms -- getting into cars bound for private and parochial schools all over the city," said Christina Lee, mother of two and long-term resident of Hamilton Terrace.

The Mott Hall School, which serves gifted children in the district, is considered one of the better schools in the city and the Children's Art Carnival at 62 Hamilton Terrace offers supplementary programs with city schools as well as career counseling, job placement and instruction in photography, drawing and illustration. The school also operates a day school program from children aged 8 to 14.

Residents say they are confident that with the continued revival of the neighborhood, the public schools will follow suit.

Although many of the well-to-do residents of the neighborhood are within 15 minutes of their offices in midtown Manhattan, some have opened offices and studios in the neighborhood.

Peter and Charlayne Gangadharan for example, operate separate studios in their four-story rowhouse at 422 West 144th Street. Mr. Gangadharan is an artist and his wife is a fashion designer. She hopes to find a factory nearby to produce her fashion line.

"Why not?" she asked. "We have the best workers in the world right here in Harlem."

**Graphic**

Photos: Hamilton Terrace looking south from West 144th Street (above) in Hamilton Heights. Hamilton Grange, once the estate of Alexander Hamilton. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); On the Market -- 5-bedroom, 3-bath brownstone at 509 West 149th Street, $249,000. 2-family, 4-story brownstone at 607 West 145th Street, $399,000. 8-bedroom, 4-bath brick rowhouse at 51 Hamilton Terrace, $550,000.

Chart: "Gazeteer"

POPULATION: 56,173 (1990 census).

AREA: .75 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $18,698 (1990 census).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-FAMILY HOME: $322,857.

MEDIAN A YEAR AGO: $285,000.

MEDIAN 5 YEARS AGO: $153,000.

MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CO-OP: $79,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $76,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $60,000.

MEDIAN RENT OF A 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $635 a month.

DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 10 minutes.

RUSH HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: IND A-D Express train to 59th Street and Columbus Circle in 10 minutes, 42d Street and 8th Avenue in 12 minutes.

GOVERNMENT: Councilman Stanley E. Michaels (Democrat, elected for 4-year term)

CODES: Area, 212; ZIP, 10031

HAMILTON'S HOME: Perhaps the most treasured landmark in Hamilton Heights is the Hamilton Grange at West 141st Street and Convent Avenue. Designed by John McComb Jr., the house was lived in by Alexander Hamilton, the patriot and author of the Federalist Papers, as part of his 32-acre rural estate. In 1879, the land was sold and subdivided into 300 building lots, and the Federal-style mansion itself was moved from its original position at West 143d Street to its present location to accommodate the construction of city streets at the turn of the century. In recent years, the landmark, administered by the National Park Service, fell into disrepair and was finally closed to the public. Because of pressure from neighborhood residents and through the efforts of Rep. Charles B. Rangel, $3 million was approved for needed renovations and a site was selected a block away in St. Nicholas Park for the landmark built in 1801. The Park Service said a date for moving the house had not yet been decided upon.

Map of Hamilton Heights.

**Load-Date:** September 22, 1996

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[***THE SUMMER REPORT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3DK0-002S-X2D6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Service With A Smile***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3DK0-002S-X2D6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

NATIONAL SERVICE has been one of the hot tickets in Congress of late, with legislators -most of them Democrats - virtually tripping over one another's schemes for involving large numbers of Americans in community service nationwide.

Some early bills addressed the young, others a cross-section of people; some made service mandatory, others voluntary; some wanted part-time service, others full-time; some offered money rewards, others offered service as its own reward.

President Bush joined the community-service chorus, calling for the establishment of the YES (Youth Engaged in Service) to America Foundation.

Last week, members of the Senate Labor Committee combined key features of many of the bills to create a comprehensive volunteer program that could appeal to all segments of the American population. The national service omnibus legislation, which was scheduled for mark-up before the committee last week, calls on everyone to engage in full- or part-time service.

The proposal includes projects aimed at elementary- and secondary-school children, patterned on a bill by Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts; a youth service corps geared to disadvantaged youth and providing small stipends and education vouchers of $50 to $100 a week in return for service - modeled on bills by Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut and Representative Leon E. Panetta of California; and a five-year demonstration project in which full- and part-time volunteers would receive stipends and vouchers ($3,000 a year part time, $8,500 full time). This was patterned on bills by Senators Sam Nunn of Georgia, Barbara Mikulski of Maryland and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island.

The measure would also restore Vista (Volunteers In Service To America) to its peak funding level and expand the Older American Volunteers Program.

One of the original bills - and the catalyst for debate - was sponsored by Senators Nunn and Charles S. Robb of Virginia and Representative Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma. Its salient feature - a link between service and receipt of Federal education benefits - has been eliminated from the omnibus legislation.

Passage of the measure would constitute a startling consensus among legislators that national service's time has come. It's been a long time in arriving. Senator Pell has offered such legislation several times in the past, but it never caught fire.

Nor is everyone welcoming such an initiative now. The military sees national service as a threat to the all-volunteer armed forces; labor leaders see it as a threat to their constituents. Many college and university administrators see any links between Federal aid and service as a threat to lower-income students, who they fear will be forced to serve in exchange for loans, while wealthier students can afford to opt out.

To discuss these and other issues in the national service debate, The New York Times invited Christopher S. Cole, a student on leave from Fordham University who is with New York's City Volunteer Corps; Kim Grose, coordinator of Stanford University's Project on National Service; Joseph S. Murphy, chancellor of the City University of New York; Glenn Roberts, legislative director for Senator Mikulski, and Kerry A. Walsh Skelly, legislative director for Senator Robb. Excerpts follow.

Question. Why has national service for students, especially college students, become such a popular issue in Congress right now?

Glenn Roberts. First, it's a mistake to say that these bills are aimed primarily at college students. You've got a bunch of different bills that are doing different things and aimed at very different target populations.

Kerry A. Walsh Skelly. The most controversial bills, though, are probably the ones involving students about to enter college or in college. They tie national service in some way to student aid, although in negotiating to develop a pilot program that linkage is being put aside. That idea of linkage, I think, comes from a desire to instill devotion to the commonweal, the concept of paying something back. There are large numbers of people entering military service, but it's disproportionately people from lower incomes and minorities. These bills represent a desire to see that spread out across a greater base.

Q. To see a fairer representation?

Roberts. Yes. You have essentially a reaction against the Reagan years, against the sense of worry about yourself and don't worry about the next guy. The bills are in different ways trying to restore or return to some very traditional notions about community service and obligation.

Q. But why this sudden upswell of sentiment against an egocentric young population?

Roberts. There are two different parts to the question. One is why the bills are being offered, and that has to do with the thinking of a handful of people. We're talking about five or six or seven senators and members of the House as well. And I think there you just have very simple personal intellectual responses to the last few years. The second part is why are these bills getting attention? Some have been around for 20 years and haven't got any attention. Why these bills have become so controversial and such a hot legislative ticket now, I don't know.

Kim Grose. I think that it's because, at least for young people, we've come to an age where we're suddenly voting and taking part in public life. We're looking around and seeing that there are so many social needs that are not being met by government or by society: homeless people; mothers not being able to pay for child care; people not being able to pay for college. We want to get out there and be supported in our work as volunteers. We need Federal support for that.

Q. You mean you should be paid for doing good?

Grose. There should be a structure that allows young people to be able to volunteer or to work in public service.

Joseph S. Murphy. But why this now? The Nunn bill is a substitute, essentially, for an entitlement, a needs-based basic building block of student financial aid. Hundreds of thousands of students are able to go to college because of Pell Grants and other tuition programs, which suddenly may be contingent on something called ''voluntary activities.'' Which is fundamentally cynical. So, why is Nunn coming forward with this at this time? I think because he wants to run for President of the United States and has a good reputation in terms of defense and a poor one in terms of domestic issues and got himself involved in this.

Skelly. But it's also true that the proposal was in the works at the Democratic leadership council way before Nunn became chairman.

Murphy. Correct.

Skelly. And that the average Pell Grant is about $1,600 a year. Over the course of four years that's $6,400. A voucher for $10,000 for one year of service is more than that. I mean, it's not legitimate to say this bill was put out there to advance one person's Presidential aspirations.

Murphy. It is for me to decide, not for you, what is legitimate. As far as the amounts of tuition assistance money is concerned, it's quite adequate for those students who are attending public institutions in those states that have open admissions and other such programs. It's all a question of who invests whose piece of life in this. A ***working-class*** student now going to school would have to volunteer for a year or two, whereas a middle-class student whose parents can afford to send him to school without depending on any kind of welfare state opportunities will be two years ahead of the ***working-class*** student or a poor student, often a minority.

Grose. Looking at all the national service bills, there seems to be a difference between what Nunn proposes and what many of the others do. There's nothing for nothing anymore. That's sort of the theme of the Nunn bill. And it seems to reverse a trend in American history, that education is a public good in itself, not something that we should have to work for or that those who cannot afford it have to work for.

That's a very separate notion of national service from the one offered in the Kennedy bill and some of the other bills - the idea of a service ethic and promoting youth service from the bottom up and building it as part of our society.

Q. Couldn't one argue that it is ludicrous to attempt to build a service ethic among people who are disadvantaged or who feel that they have yet to reap any societal benefits?

Skelly. I don't think it's ludicrous. There is a concept that you can help some young people feel that they can be a part of the solution, as opposed to being just the victims of a problem. There is a sense that poor people - or young students in poor neighborhoods - who have been able to participate in community service activities have a better feeling about themselves, a sense that they can do more and move beyond their circumstances rather than feeling that somebody has to fix it for them.

Q. There seems to be some confusion about the Nunn-McCurdy bill at the moment. What is its status?

Roberts. The Senate Labor Committee is in the process of taking the five, six, seven or more different bills that are pending, and is going to combine them into one comprehensive measure that has aspects of all the contributing bills. That should come out sometime soon. It looks like it will set up a five-year demonstration program. And the controversial aspects of the Nunn-Robb bill, the student loan proposal, will not be in that omnibus measure.

Q. That is, students will not be forced to perform community service so that they can get Government student loans.

Roberts. Correct. There will be absolutely no mandatory compulsive aspects of any parts of the bill that will come out of the Senate Labor Committee this summer.

Skelly. But that's just for the demonstration purposes.

Roberts. Right. But that's the only bill we're moving, and that will be a five-year bill. So that what we have essentially done is taken the debate that's been going on and postponed that debate. In fact, assuming this bill passes in 1990 and includes a five-year provision, we've essentially postponed it until 1995. Legally, parliamentarily, the student loan-national service issue is there before the senators. But as a practical political matter, that has been set aside by the agreement of everybody concerned, including Senator Nunn.

Christopher S. Cole. I think it's good that we've discussed the Nunn bill, because it stirred this huge controversy. Before this, national service was an idealistic proposal that sat in committees. Nobody paid attention to it; everybody stuck with their little pork barrel projects. What concerns me is that national service and the Nunn bill have become so entwined that it has blurred discussion on all other issues. I'm in favor of mandatory national service. But my problem with the Nunn bill is this: More than $8 billion in student aid would be wiped out, and only 800,000 students, assuming they would actually go out and volunteer, would be able to enroll in this program. Which would leave a huge percentage of people left out there on their own.

Skelly. Right now there are about 1.2 million college freshmen going into school who get aid. So if you have 800,000 then some of those 1.2 million students are older and therefore would fall outside the restrictions of the Nunn bill and would be eligible for aid.

Cole. It would be foolish to say that only poor people depend on student loans and grants. Very few parents just get the tuition bill and write out a check for $15,000.

Skelly. Right. It's not just the ***working class*** and the lower class, it is the middle class that needs aid as well.

Cole. And tuition is rising way past the rate of inflation.

Murphy. We have a tendency to justify programs for the poor by saying the only way we're going to get them is by making them politically palatable to the middle class, and then we end up with programs for the middle class to justify having legislation in the first instance. And we see it erode for the poor, because they don't have or fail to be able to generate the political power necessary to sustain the programs.

I spent five years in the 1960's in the Peace Corps, which, as you know, is a voluntary program for the most part. More than 120,000 Americans served at one point or another, almost wholly on the basis of an ideological or moral commitment that they ought to be doing something for the country and for the world. That's now an important chapter of the whole era. It's one of the few things that survived subsequent Republican Administrations.

Now the real issue is what motivated them and why are people now being motivated, if they are indeed, to do the same kind of things. When President Kennedy announced the formation of the Peace Corps, he was overwhelmed with people who expressed interest in it. Here we've got it the other way around. We've got overwhelming senatorial and House interest in national service, but we're not seeing a comparable interest generated by students.

Roberts. With all due respect, that's absolutely not true. We are swamped by expressions of support. And it comes primarily from students. I was with Senator Mikulski last year on the Stanford campus. We thought that we would get about 15 people interested in a program like this. They had 600 people in the auditorium. They turned away another couple hundred.

Q. Is national service supposed to be like the Peace Corps's domestic counterpart, Vista, the Volunteers in Service to America?

Skelly. It has its roots in Vista.

Roberts. It has its roots in the ideology and the approach of Peace Corps and Vista, absolutely.

Q. Couldn't you argue that some people who volunteer under this program would have volunteered anyway, and can do so right now in their own communities?

Cole. That we're preaching to the already converted.

Q. Exactly. And that others will be doing it for mercenary reasons - that is, the vouchers.

Skelly. There may be people who would have the inclination and interest in performing community service, but who could not afford to. After all, if you're going to make a long-term one- or two-year commitment, you have to have some method of sustenance - especially if you would otherwise be saving money for school. If you would prefer to invest a year or two doing work for public service rather than for McDonald's while you're saving money to go to college, this provides you with the vehicle for doing that.

Q. Couldn't people earn more working at McDonald's?

Skelly. You might earn it, but you wouldn't have a $20,000 voucher at the end.

Cole. I'd like to see mandatory service as a basic requirement for citizenship. It's the only fair way to insure that everybody would participate. By making it mandatory, you're not discriminating on the basis of income, skin color or anything else. In the New York City Volunteer Corps, at least 90 percent of the volunteers are minorities and high school dropouts, and there are at least 400 in our corps right now. In inner-city environments, all volunteer programs tend to have more minorities than anyone else.

Q. Volunteers in your program are paid, right?

Cole. Yes. We get stipends of $81 a week for transportation, food, clothing. At the end of one year of service, we get a $5,000 scholarship or $2,500 cash. But getting to the mandatory part -for the poor, national service would be a job-training experience. For the middle class, it could be a way to better finance their education. For the rich, it would put them into contact with the real world.

Grose. Ideologically, I agree with everything that you've said. Practically, though, talking about something mandatory automatically puts people on edge because they think of it as a violation of their liberties. Moreover, if service is a chore, then people won't be very committed; it will be something that they have to get through and then they can go and work on Wall Street and just be as corrupt as they were going to be anyway. The way to get around that is to start building in the notion of civic responsibility, social responsibility, a service ethic into our community from day one.

Murphy. One of the questions that ought to be raised in this context is what exactly people expect to achieve in getting involved with these different kind of community activities. A lot of the work that people are talking about reflects the failure of the welfare state - our inability to provide even the elementary necessities for the adequate sustenance of life. Suddenly we're waking up to the fact that we invested very little in our human and social infrastructure and that we've got some terrible deficits there. And we're saying we've got to do something about it.

One thing that comes to mind is voluntary work. I think that's what the thousand lights, ten thousand lights, whatever, is all about. I don't think that the effect of this kind of work on the increasingly difficult societal problems is going to alter the outcome much. This is no substitute for a welfare state. What I do think it'll do is to build into the lives of people in their education from the very outset that to live in a society is to live for more than just yourself but for the welfare of others.

Q. Would you make national service mandatory?

Murphy. That's a hard one. I'm afraid it's going to end up being mandatory only for poor students who want to go to college.

Q. The Peace Corps and Vista seemed to work pretty well.

Mr. Murphy. They worked well for the people who participated. I'm not sure about their impact on the community.

Skelly. And the numbers were very small. If we're talking about the kind of social deficit that we have, the number of people who go to Vista every year just isn't enough to do it. The reason that you're trying to deploy masses of people in local communities is that there are things that need to be done in those communities -the rehabilitation of housing, for example. Now, individuals may acquire skills as they help with the rehab work, but the primary goal of deploying them in the community is not for them to learn the skills but to have refurbished houses available for needy families.

Roberts. Although skill acquisition is a side benefit.

Skelly. Yes, it is a side benefit, but again, the primary motivation for a lot of these proposals is not just that we must deal with the fact that we may have a generation whose values shock and appall many people, but that there are needs out there that are not being met. There are kids in inner-city schools who are graduating who don't know how to read, because the teachers are overwhelmed and can't spend the time with them. And so you have literacy problems, you have housing problems, you have people who need help.

Q. So national service is a response to the failure of Government to provide certain remedies for societal ills?

Skelly. Not just the failure of government, the failure of the marketplace. Government in some instances has assumed responsibilities and has run out of money. It needs to either transfer those responsibilities or meet them in a new way.

Roberts. If I had to rank the goals of these programs, the primary goal would be the personal transforming factor, however we want to label that. Will we be able to generate enough resources to run a program that's large enough to affect the national housing problem or the national literacy problem? I'm not sure. I think we can make a difference, but none of these programs separately or together are a substitute for a reasonable housing policy, a working education system that teaches people to read or adequate health care.

Q. These are an adjunct, then?

Roberts. Yes. For these programs to work, they have to work on the local level. You don't have this crew of national volunteers descend upon a town and sweep through - teach everybody to read, clean the streams, pave the streets - and then move on. In the demonstration program we're proposing, there will be a menu of choices - grants to elementary and secondary schools, full-time programs, part-time programs - from which participating states can choose.

Skelly. Over the five years of the demonstration you get data.

Q. What is this going to cost, especially since you are going to have to train people?

Roberts. The Peace Corps now spends about $1,500 to train a person. So we have in our estimates a Federal cost of $2,000 per kid, the vast bulk of which we think is training.

Murphy. Peace Corps training costs were much higher in the 60's, partly because we recruited people who didn't have any particular skills and in a 12-week period gave them everything. These days the Peace Corps recruits relatively small numbers of people who already come to it with skills, often very expensive skills. If you look at C.V.C., you're talking about 400 people in a town in which we have 940,000 children in the public schools alone. So we're talking about something that's extremely modest and even by its own lights fairly expensive.

Now there are other infrastructures to be used that have proved successful. The Job Corps, for example, which we ran in the 1960's for $300 million a year for more than 120 different centers nationwide, provided a physical domain and an infrastructure for training people. A national volunteer corps ought to use things that already exist, and ought to be linked to programs already in place, rather than inventing special kinds of activities for people.

Roberts. In fact, all the bills talk about doing just that: delivering services through existing voluntary organizations. We make it explicit in the legislation that people have to do that. And by providing skimpy, at best, Federal resources, we leave the states with no choice but to do that.

Q. How about the student aid aspects of national service, be it in the form of vouchers or anything else. Isn't that a tack-on cost?

Skelly. Well, Senator Pell's proposal originally was that it's not to exceed $7,200 in a given year. The original Nunn-Robb proposal was $10,000 per year of service. It's reasonable to guess that the amount will be somewhere in the middle.

Roberts. In Senator Mikulski's bill you're talking about a voucher of $3,000 a year for two weekends a month, and it's a minimum commitment of three to six years. But what we see happening is in the first couple of years a program operating in 5 to 10 states. Then, over a period of five years, ratcheting up the number of states. So we're talking over the five years a per-year cost of somewhere between $300 million and $500 million.

Cole. Consider the costs of not instituting something like this.

Skelly. The net return on the G.I. Bill, in terms of increased earnings and all the other things, was about three times what we put into it.

Murphy. It sure beats the Stealth bomber. But what is the reaction by labor? Aren't there those who fear that this might be a way of breaking contracts, employing people in public service areas?

Cole. Labor unions are dead set against it.

Roberts. There's no question that any labor union would have to look at these bills with due regard for its membership. But we have been working with labor, particularly the public employee unions, and I think we will come out with a bill that they will at least be comfortable with.

Q. Where does the Bush Administration fit in all this?

Skelly. The Administration proposal, ironically, is the most like Senator Kennedy's foundation -encourage voluntarism for young children through high school. This sort of omnibus program that we're talking about will have a title that will embody the principles reflected in Senator Kennedy's proposal as well as presumably in the President's proposal. It's important to have somebody at the President's level saying this is something we need to be doing.

Cole. And we have a new Office of National Service now.

Q. But the President's program is wholly voluntary. Would you eventually want national service to be mandatory?

Skelly. I said my boss is not opposed to the idea of a mandatory program. I think he recognizes that right now, it's just not workable.

Murphy. There are people in this room who can say, 'I believe in voluntary service and community service because I want to give back,' but there's no one here to say, ''Hey wait a minute. Give back? I haven't started getting very much yet. As a matter of fact, I've gotten very little. I've gotten maybe a third or a half,'' as any black or Hispanic kid in New York can tell you, relative to what people in this room have gotten, whether it's getting their cavities fixed or breakfast in the morning or schoolbooks or fewer than 35 kids in a fourth-grade classroom. That person has a whole different way of looking at the world. Rather than giving back, he's still waiting to get something from it. Work is, after all, a very different concept depending upon who's doing it, what their relationship to the work is and what the nature of the work is.

Cole. But from a national service program that person would get job training and education. In C.V.C., for example, if you don't have your high school equivalency degree you're allowed to join but you're not allowed to stay in unless you're working to get it.

Murphy. You can go to high school for free in this country, you understand.

Cole. But this provides a discipline to succeed. In C.V.C. we're giving them that. We're having them report to work on time. We're having them go to school on time. We're having their homework checked.

Roberts. There are three problems with a mandatory program. First, we're putting these vouchers out there trying to lure people into a pattern of behavior and an attitude to enhance it. There are already people who are opposing this legislation because they say that if you get a voucher you're not really volunteering. Now, I'm comfortable with the carrot approach. But if you make it mandatory, it sure is not voluntary. And the ethic is very different. You talk about the discipline that you embrace when you join the volunteer corps. I think it's very different when you are forced into a disciplined atmosphere.

The second thing to consider is that to provide a meaningful work and educational experience for every 18-year-old in the country is beyond our wisdom and capability and our financial resources right now. I don't think the Government's smart enough to be able to do it.

Cole. Well that's the Government's problem. We'll keep pushing until it learns.

Roberts. Frankly, there is just not the political support for a bill like that. There are a lot of people who are very freaky about these bills. We get letters every day saying this is really a front for reinstituting the draft.

Cole. A civilian draft, yes.

Roberts. No. There are people who see these bills as a front for instituting a military draft.

Cole. My ideal program would have a military component and a civilian component: consciencious objectors could do civilian service. Those who want to do military do military.

Grose. It's too late by age 18 to instill a sense of citizenship into people. And to mandate a plan like that and say everybody between 18 and 24 has to serve two years or else - that's crazy, because people are not going to do it or they won't do it well, because they're not committed to it and they'll hurt the people they are supposed to serve. It can't be something that is done just to get it over with.

Skelly. I've not resolved in my own mind how I come down on the mandatory question, but I think if you had done a better job of inculcating those values, you'd have less of the cognitive dissonance that you're talking about when you get to age 18.

Murphy. One of the advantages of being a citizen in a democratic society is that you can draw a fair distinction between what's legally obligatory and what is the result of a moral imperative. To be a citizen is a legal requirement presumably, but to do good is not.

The real question is a broader one. If you create a society in which people recognize that they have indeed gotten a fair proportion of the national wealth and opportunity and a fair share on an equal playing field and life's chances for one are as good as life's chances for another, then you're going to have people who care about the preservation and the enhancement of that kind of society.

If you've got one in which it's grotesquely uneven, then you're going to have a lot of people who are angry and bitter and don't want to play that game. And if you give them mandatory service as a requirement for citizenship, they'll stop being citizens. Lots of them have already.

So I would say that we're a long way away from a point where we can get to talk about a universal moral obligation for everybody to participate in the society. We're as far away from it as we are from being able to provide equal opportunity for all people.

Q. At the end of the five-year demonstration program, how will you determine whether you were a success or not?

Skelly. First you find out whether people actually volunteered.

Roberts. One of the big unanswered questions is when we open the doors of this program, who's going to walk in.

Murphy. You said before that hundreds were showing up.

Roberts. Hundreds are saying they will. The question is, who will show up and who will actually sign up and commit. There are those who say that this program will only attract upper-middle-class white kids who want to go off and do good, and therefore condemn the program. There are those who say this program will only attract lower-class minorities because they're the only ones who really have to do it. We really don't know.

We also need to find out how to successfully run a training program - how to have some sort of national consistency but at the same time allow for local flexibility. The kind of program that works in New York City is not the same kind of program that's going to work in Arizona.

Another thing we don't know, since the program will have several different components, is whether states will say, ''We're interested in the grants to elementary and secondary schools but not in this national service stuff,'' or, ''We're really interested in full-time national service, but don't bother us with this part-time program.''

Skelly. One of the other things we're interested in seeing is what the distribution is, in terms of people coming into the program. Are we only going to attract people from the upper-income end of the scale, or are we going to get a wide-ranging mix? Included in the design for proposals for the states is that they attempt to recruit a range of people.

Murphy. How about a hoped-for outcome that's socially desirable?

Skelly. Well, if you have communities where things that hadn't been getting done were getting done.

Q. What do you want to happen?

Roberts. People beating the doors down. Individuals beating down the doors of the governors to sign up; governors beating down the doors of the Federal Administration saying, ''We want this program and we're prepared to put some creative thought and attention into it.'' Ultimately, I want to see the impact on the kids who go through the program and the impact on the communities in which they serve.

**Graphic**

Kerry A. Walsh Skelly, Kim Grose, Joseph S. Murphy, Glenn Roberts and Christopher S. Cole (NYT/Don Hogan Charles)

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[***A Japanese Artist Goes Global; Far-Flung Helpers Meet Demand for Takashi Murakami's Paintings - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43K8-64H0-0109-T1YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By PETER MARKS

**Series:** ARTIST AT WORK/TAKASHI MURAKAMI

**Body**

In a converted garage on a residential street in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, a small band of Japanese painters were making art. One young woman stood behind a plastic curtain, using a spray gun to apply coat after coat of white paint to a canvas mounted on wood. At a table, another woman was tracing the outlines of a mouselike character onto another canvas. Nearby, a young man painstakingly noted minuscule imperfections in a lustrous moonscape of midnight blue.

For all its ordinariness, something was a little off about the garage. In fact, if the scene itself were a painting, an onlooker would have to concede that one vital element had been left out: the mastermind.

That man, Takashi Murakami, was somewhere else in the world at the moment -- maybe Paris, supervising the installation of his works, many of them drawing their inspiration from the Japanese craze for animation and comic books. Or perhaps he was in Tokyo, where his home studio, an artists' collective known as the Hiropon Factory, is based. He had not been to New York in weeks, and probably had little firsthand knowledge of the day-to-day progress of works bearing his name that would soon be on museum walls in Tokyo and gallery walls in Chelsea.

Yoko Toshima, the assistant tracing the design for a painting that would carry the likeness of one of Mr. Murakami's signature characters, a big-eared Mickey Mouse look alike called Mr. Dob, was perplexed when asked if she felt any pride of authorship.

Looking up from the canvas, she said, "It's not my painting."

Though the creator was absent, the artwork in Williamsburg was indisputably that of Mr. Murakami, a thoroughly original 38-year-old painter of obsessively precise, dazzlingly colored paintings of childlike subjects. His paintings and sculptures are sometimes self-consciously saccharine, sometimes hallucinatory: murals of multicolored mushrooms with eyes and stiletto-like teeth; panels of twisting branches flowering with happy faces; Disneyesque characters that beam mischievously or sport fangs; fantastical variations on traditional images of nature in Japanese art like cherry blossoms and snowflakes.

The work has captured the imagination of dealers, collectors and curators in Europe and the United States, where Mr. Murakami's popularity has exploded in the last year.

"He is the most influential artist to come out of Japan in the last 15 years," declared Douglas Fogle, a curator at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, where "Superflat," a group show of young Japanese artists, assembled by Mr. Murakami, is ensconced through Oct 14.

It does, indeed, seem a moment of stunning possibility for Mr. Murakami, who is trained in nihonga, the Western-influenced style of traditional Japanese painting (he even has a doctorate in it from the Tokyo National University of Fine Arts and Music). But it is not for lack of motivation that he has turned over his paintbrushes to his minions. On the contrary, he is simply too busy for the endless sedentary hours required for his obsessive technique, which involves layer on layer of acrylics applied to create a flawless, seamless surface.

Copying the studio-factory idea favored by American role models like Andy Warhol and Jeff Koons, Mr. Murakami leaves the exacting process of painting -- it is so meticulous that the finished works often look rendered by the robots out of "A.I." -- to his devoted contingent of assistants.

They spend countless hours in Tokyo and Brooklyn bringing to life the designs Mr. Murakami dreams up with pencil and paper. (The Brooklyn branch receives his drawings by computer, which may make Mr. Murakami the first major artist to paint by e-mail.)

It is one thing when an automaker assembles products in foreign markets. But a painter? Some people may be taken aback by the notion of Mr. Murakami attending an opening in Santa Fe or curating a show in California while a small army of his countrymen produce new Murakamis off an exit of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Where others see contradiction, though, he sees opportunity. He is not only looking to broaden the lines of merchandise he sells -- you can buy T-shirts and stuffed toys and key chains and stickers with the likenesses of his signature characters -- he is also seeking to expand production, with plans for the establishment of a third studio, in China.

"Chinese people have really nice technique," he explained.

Catching up with the peripatetic Mr. Murakami recently, as he oversaw the installation of the "Superflat" show in Minneapolis, one got the impression of a man driven to cover the whole world with paint. He already covers it by jet; his ponytail gathered in an unkempt bun and a feathery goatee dangling from his chin like a wispy exclamation point, he has the haggard look of a man with too many frequent-flyer miles.

A child of postwar Japan, born into a ***working-class*** family and beguiled early on by the entrepreneurial vision of the Disneys and Spielbergs of the world, he has strived to broaden the reach of his art by combining scholarship and commercial know-how, trying to make it accessible to cerebral and popular tastes alike.

His art can be mistaken for cheapness, a Pokemon knockoff. "At first it was a big struggle for me to get people to go further than the surface," explained Tim Blum, a Los Angeles dealer -- he and his partner, Jeff Poe, were the first Americans to represent Mr. Murakami. But those who follow his work say the cartoonish simplicity of his paintings is belied by his complex ambitions to meld high culture and low, to play many roles at once -- curator, marketing whiz, serious artist, media star -- and to help explain contemporary Japan to the world, all the while opening the Japanese establishment to the world of contemporary art.

"I am looking for the crossing point between fine art and entertainment," Mr. Murakami said in his still-rudimentary English. "I have learned in Europe and America the way of the fine-art scene. Few people come to museums. Much bigger are movie theaters. The museum, that space is kind of old-style media, like opera. That's why I am really interested in making merchandise for ordinary people."

The American fascination with Ang Lee's martial-arts spectacle, "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon," reaffirmed Mr. Murakami's sense that American and Asian pop cultures were increasingly coming together. And his knack for cultural cross-fertilization is winning him champions among American and European critics. (In Japan, where his following is mostly confined to younger people, he shows up on game shows; in this country, his drawing power is in museum lecture halls.)

"It is the idea of his coming from the East, and how his work integrates the traditional and the contemporary worlds," said Cheryl Brutvan, curator of a Murakami exhibition now on view at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which documents the range of the artist's influences, all the way back to ancient hand scrolls. For instance, a flying alms bowl from the 12th-century Shigisan Engi scrolls turns up in identical form in a series of his abstract paintings. "The bowl is right out of the scroll," Ms. Brutvan said. "It all comes out in his work in ways that doesn't look like anyone else's."

Though he remains a more marginal figure in the conservative Japanese art world -- only now are major Tokyo institutions beginning to give him attention, beginning next month with an immense, 90-work exhibition at Tokyo's Museum of Contemporary Art -- his worldwide audience has been expanding rapidly. This summer the Fine Arts museum in Boston has filled two galleries with Murakamis for a solo show, "Takashi Murakami: Made in Japan," while "Superflat," which had a well-received American debut at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, continues to crisscross the country, heading next for Seattle.

Art in America devoted its June cover to his hypnotic "Jellyfish Eyes Posi," in which a trademark image, a cartoonish eye, is replicated over and over. And in April his solo show at the Marianne Boesky Gallery in Chelsea was a success commercially and critically. "An art of extreme articulation in which everything is pushed toward its opposite," is how Roberta Smith of The New York Times described the 16 paintings on view, which she called "radiantly beautiful."

His dealers in Los Angeles, New York, Tokyo and Paris cannot keep up with demand for his work. Collectors like Peter Norton, the software magnate, are important supporters, and projects are beginning to accumulate, like a $500,000 commission for a sculpture on the grounds of a children's hospital in Westchester County, N.Y. And his studios are churning out Murakamis at the astonishing rate of about 100 a year.

"This year, a lot," Mr. Murakami remarked, sitting on a stool at the Walker, tallying the output. "Big paintings are 20. Medium paintings are 30. Small paintings are 50. It's kind of my boom in art scene."

Mr. Murakami has been showing his work for about 10 years, but only in the last two or three has he taken off. Some of the first pieces to draw attention were erotic sculptures of male and female figures with wide-eyed faces inspired by Japanese animation: the male figure is engaged in masturbation, a stream of ejaculate swirling around him. (The image of the curlicuing liquid is repeated in a series of "splash" paintings, two of which, "Milk" and "Cream," are in the Boston exhibition.)

On his drawings, he used to scribble in the instructions for the desired colors, using a vast numbering system for colors. Now the drawings are transferred in color to computer -- the old hand-numbered drafts are hot items on the art market these days, too -- and he parcels out the projects to the teams in Tokyo and Brooklyn, which have the task of finding exact matches in acrylics his Adobe Illustrator colors.

Some paintings have hundreds of shades and hues; there have been times -- trying times for his underlings -- when he decides a finished work is the wrong color, and it has to be repainted. An oddity of the process is that the computer makes it no less labor intensive. The assistant in charge in Brooklyn, Tomoko Sugimoto, pulled out the studio bible, a notebook holding hundreds and hundreds of colored slips, with numbers attached. If the color he requires has not already been matched, mixed and catalogued, someone has to mix the new one.

A few months ago, on a swing through New York, the artist stopped by the Brooklyn studio, where assistants were at work on a half-dozen paintings destined for the Tokyo exhibition. "Sometimes over two years, sometimes two months," Mr. Murakami said, of the time to produce a piece. "It looks really smooth, but process is really hard."

Ms. Sugimoto smiled wanly.

On his laptop, he pulled up one of the ideas for a painting he was still tinkering with. "I want to make it a pastel color," he said, and laughed. "I don't know what is the reason."

Artist at Work

Articles in this series, on artists who have achieved success in their own fields and are now on the verge of a wider prominence, began on March 12. Previous subjects were the playwright and movie director Kenneth Lonergan; Christopher Wheeldon, resident choreographer of the New York City Ballet; and the architects Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio.

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

**Correction**

Because of a production error, the continuation of an Artist at Work article yesterday about Takashi Murakami, whose paintings are produced in studio-factories in Tokyo and Brooklyn, omitted the end of a paragraph and part of a quotation. The passage should have read:

"The work has captured the imagination of dealers, collectors and curators in Europe and the United States, where Mr. Murakami's popularity has exploded in the last year.

" 'He is the most influential artist to come out of Japan in the last 15 years,' declared Douglas Fogle, a curator at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, where 'Superflat,' a group show of young Japanese artists, assembled by Mr. Murakami, is ensconced through Oct 14."

**Correction-Date:** July 26, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Takashi Murakami, right, confers with his assistant Hiro Nao at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. (Steve Wewerka for The New York Times)(pg. E5); Takashi Murakami with "Chappie 33" by Groovisions, part of the "Superflat" show he curated at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. (Steve Wewerka for The New York Times)(pg. E1)

**Load-Date:** July 25, 2001

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[***THE TRANSITION: Political Memo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-74D0-000P-24FS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Clinton, After Raising Hopes, Tries to Lower Expectations***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-74D0-000P-24FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MICHAEL KELLY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 8

**Body**

As President-elect Bill Clinton begins the transition from campaigning to governing, his overarching concern is to cope with the emotion he has stirred: hope.

A volatile expectation colors everything about the beginning of the Clinton years. Against accepted political wisdom and the currents of an angry year, Mr. Clinton's Presidential campaign seemed to revive at least a limited belief that Washington can actually do something good for people.

Now, as the President-elect settles into his job, he and his strategists face the tricky task of bringing the grandly hopeful promises of his campaign into line with the grimly difficult realities of governance: a huge Federal deficit, a highly taxed public, a Congress determined to hold onto its own share of power and the factionalization of politics by pressure groups.

The inculcation of a vast and passionate Hope (the word, uttered every few seconds in Clinton circles, seems to come out capitalized) was at the core of the Clinton electoral strategy, a plan based on the idea that people eager for change would vote for him if their hopes could be made to rise above the level of their trepidations.

"This is a race of hope against fear," was Mr. Clinton's slogan. The glowing biographical film that created the candidate's general-election image celebrated his upbringing in Hope, Ark., and in speeches Mr. Clinton made a point of saying he "still believed in a town called Hope."

Facing the Perils of Hope

Post-election polls indicate the strategy's success: an overwhelming percentage of the voters who chose Mr. Clinton did so not just to remove President Bush from office, but also in the belief that the new President, as he had promised, would improve their lives. Among other things, the candidate promised to end ***working-class*** poverty, to change welfare, to provide health care for everyone and to eliminate illiteracy.

Publicly, Mr. Clinton's advisers describe the national expectation level as a great opportunity. Privately, some of them regard it with worry as well. Hope got Mr. Clinton elected, they figure, and will be the crucial weapon of the first hundred days of his Administration, a stick with which to beat the recalcitrant and critical forces of Congress, the permanent bureaucracy and the press. But hope expects success, and deferred, sours with nearly the violence of spurned love.

To retain the political promise of hope while minimizing its peril, Mr. Clinton and his strategists are beginning to chart a course of contrary impulses. The nascent strategy is directed at maintaining expectations for a Clinton Presidency at a high enough level that Congress, the bureaucrats and the press will fear thwarting the Administration's aims, while simultaneously dampening those expectations to bring them closer to what can be achieved.

Mr. Clinton voiced the dual nature of this approach in his first official statement of Presidential intent, a five-paragraph speech delivered the day after his election.

Lowering the Expectations

"We have entered a period of great challenge and extraordinary opportunity for our nation," he said, in a passage that spoke in high and rich terms of national greatness. But the next, and final, passage sounded a note of shared sacrifice, a signal that greatness would not be achieved without pain.

"America has called on me to be our next President," Mr. Clinton said. "But our forebears call on all of us at this moment to honor their efforts, their sacrifices, their ideals and their lives by working hard and working together to improve this good and great nation as much for our children and our children's children as those who preceded us did for us."

It is this latter theme of sacrifice and a lowering of hope to reality's borders that is most urgently sounded now by Mr. Clinton's advisers. The imperative, in the wake of a campaign of blue-sky, no-pain promises, is obvious to them. Asked how much patience the American public might have with the Clinton Administration as it sets out to fulfill its promise, Eli Segal, Mr. Clinton's campaign chief of staff, had a succinct answer: "Not much."

And so, this week, the low-balling began.

"The expectation is not that he will solve everything in a hundred days, but that he will address the problems seriously, and begin the process of working toward solutions," said Mandy Grunwald, one of Mr. Clinton's chief image and media consultants.

Bruce Reed, Mr. Clinton's issues adviser, said: "I'm not that sure how high expectations are. Obviously, in record numbers people demonstrated that they thought there was a lot at stake in this election, and they care deeply about the outcome of the questions raised, but I think people still have doubts about what Government can do.

Considering Many Ideas

"The Governor never promised that Government could solve every problem; he just promised it was time that leaders start trying," he added. "As he has said over and over, we didn't get into this mess overnight and we won't get out of it overnight."

Possible means of furthering this point are under discussion within the wide circle of Mr. Clinton's advisers. A strategy pushed by one economic adviser calls for him to address the nation in a televised "national audit," in which he would, in Ross Perot style, grimly lay out economic realities.

A Clinton campaign official cautioned that neither this idea nor any other specific plan had yet been brought to Mr. Clinton's attention. But the essence of the ideas is clearly in line with the desires of a number of Mr. Clinton's policy advisers.

"I think leveling with people is a good idea always," said Al From, the director of the Washington-based Democratic Leadership Council and one of Mr. Clinton's advisers. "If you level with the people, they're going to be more willing to help you get along with what you need to do."

'Audit of Where We Stand'

Another Clinton policy adviser, who would speak only if not identified, said: "I think it clearly makes sense a lot of people would recognize, telling people how bad the economy is. Is the best way to go about it us doing a national audit? Or is it better to have the guys in Congress do it? Is it better done in November or January? These are all things we're talking about."

Warren M. Christopher, Mr. Clinton's transition director, spoke of another version of the "national audit" idea today on the CBS News program "Face The Nation."

Saying Mr. Clinton would convene a group of business executives and economic leaders to advise him, Mr. Christopher called that effort "an attempt to make an audit of where we stand now."

The need for reducing hope to a manageable level arises directly from the oratory that helped elect Mr. Clinton. The Democratic candidate, in the course of the campaign and especially toward its conclusion, did often make the point that positive change could only come with shared responsibility and that it would not be easy to achieve. But he also spoke, and more often, in promises that were breathtaking in their ambition.

In the course of the 13 months in which he ran for the office he will soon hold, Mr. Clinton uttered promises that seemed to commit his Administration to many goals.

He said he would end welfare "as we know it." He would restore America's industrial manufacturing base so that good, high-paying jobs are widespread. He would insure that no working family would fall below the poverty line. And he would make "health care a right, not a privilege," for all Americans without subjecting businesses to an additional tax burden or rationing health care.

Problems and Promises

He promised to eliminate adult illiteracy in five years, to halve the Federal deficit in four years without raising taxes on the middle class or significantly cutting the Government entitlement programs that account for the bulk of Federal spending, while offering a modest tax break to the middle class.

He said he would guarantee all Americans either a college education or two years of vocational training after high school, under the guidance of a national service program that would "solve the problems of this country while educating a generation of Americans."

Mr. Clinton pledged to keep abortion legal while "making it as rare as possible," to end racial, religious, geographical and sex-oriented divisions in society, safeguard environmental concerns without costing jobs and protect the rights and privileges of workers without costing business growth.

Implicit in every speech, and directing the course of the campaign, was the allure of hope. "This is a race of hope against fear," Mr. Clinton would say in almost every speech.

And while Mr. Clinton also voiced tough-minded opinions that put him at odds with the positions of such crucial groups in the Democratic coalition as blacks and organized union workers, it often appeared during the campaign that those statements were taken by leaders of the groups as indicators more of the politics of the moment than of the policies of a Clinton Administration.

It is the hope of Mr. Clinton's advisers that he will be able to cope with both the heightened hopes of the public at large and the deferred expectations of Democratic interest groups through the great skill of promoting himself and his ideas through the mass media that he demonstrated during the campaign.

Increasingly, the model for Mr. Clinton's Administration was seen as that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, another President who took office amid doubts of his trustworthiness and whose fireside chats induced in the nation a sense of shared sacrifice and common good that carried it out of the Great Depression and through World War II.

"Bill Clinton is an information age politician; he understands the importance of communication," Mr. From said. "With that talent, what he has to do is what Roosevelt did, which is subsume the narrow agendas of organized interests into a larger national agenda for progress. I believe he is going to make this an idea-driven Administration, and an idea-driven Administration can appeal to a potpourri of interests. If he can do that, he will be fine."

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[***Bit by Bit, Some Outlines Emerge for a Shaken New Orleans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KRS-40W0-TW8F-G248-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ADAM NOSSITER

**Series:** THE KATRINA YEAR: A Future, Dimly Seen

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 26

**Body**

At one edge of this city's future are the extravagant visions of its boosters. Awash in federal cash, the New Orleans they dream of will be an arts-infused mecca for youthful risk-takers, a boomtown where entrepreneurs can repair to cool French Quarter bars in ancient buildings after a hard day of deal making.

At the other extreme are the gloomy predictions of the pessimists. New Orleans will be Detroit, they say, a sickly urban wasteland abandoned by the middle class. A moldering core will be surrounded by miles of vacant houses, with wide-open neighborhoods roamed by drug dealers and other criminals. The new New Orleans will be merely a grim amplification of its present unpromising self, the pessimists say.

Somewhere between these unrealistic visions lies a glimpse of the city's real future a year after Hurricane Katrina, say many planners, demographers and others here who have been deeply involved in rebuilding. Like a half-completed drawing in a child's coloring book, the picture is starting to fill in. There are shadows and firmer outlines, a few promising, some of them menacing.

New Orleans will almost certainly be smaller than it was. Repopulation has slowed to a trickle, leaving the city with well under half its prestorm population of 460,000. It will probably have fewer poor people; its housing projects remain essentially closed, and many poorer neighborhoods are still devastated. With inexpensive housing scarce and not being built, partly because of the paralysis in recovery planning, it is easier for the middle class than the poor to return.

New Orleans, the demographers think, has begun to shrink back to its historic dimensions, the ones that existed before a post-World War II expansion through the back swamps, and the ones that visitors know best. Life in the smaller city will be concentrated in the mostly middle-class districts closer to the Mississippi River that bounced back after the storm. Some of these districts were unaffected by flooding; already they bustle with commerce.

No area is officially off the table for redevelopment. But the silence and emptiness of outlying neighborhoods near Lake Pontchartrain and in east New Orleans appear to be harbingers of the future.

''I think people will get discouraged, and some of those areas will not be rebuilt,'' said Pres Kabacoff, a leading developer here.

Within these more concentrated neighborhoods, it will be somewhat whiter, though still mostly black over all. The electorate was 57 percent black in last spring's mayoral runoff; before the storm it was typically in the low 60's.

Neighborhoods ruined now will probably shrivel further, planning experts say.

The Lower Ninth Ward, still a barren wasteland, is unlikely to be rebuilt anytime soon, if at all. Gentilly, a classic 1920's and 30's New Orleans neighborhood of Arts and Crafts-style stucco houses with wide overhanging eaves, is coming back only fitfully, with a few trailers visible in front yards of once-flooded houses. Treme, with its 19th-century Creole cottages and shotgun houses, across Rampart Street from the French Quarter, is being reclaimed, but abandonment alternates with revival, as is the case throughout the city.

These uncertain indicators yield to a more hopeful one: a wave of citizen activism in the wake of the storm that is chipping away at some of this city's unhealthy institutions. It has already toppled some of the old structures that helped cement prestorm New Orleans in poverty and despair.

The schools, a dysfunctional catastrophe before the storm, have been removed from the control of a corrupt district office; just under two-thirds are now in the hands of parents and community activists as charter schools. (Students not admitted to charters, however, will have to attend a state-run school district rife with problems.)

The City Council is under the influence of impatient newcomers pledging reform and pushing for tighter ethics. They are threatening to dismantle a feudal means of resolving everyday planning disputes, long discarded elsewhere. The crippling fiscal structure, long a hurdle to raising adequate revenue in this impoverished city, is under assault. Voters will soon decide whether to throw out the balkanized system of seven district property assessors.

'There's a Lot of Uncertainty'

With government a light or invisible presence since the storm, citizens have taken matters into their own hands, whether to overhaul institutions, clean streets or resurrect the city's parks. If there is to be a new New Orleans, its seeds are to be found in this low-intensity citizens' revolution that has some people here credibly claiming to find promise among the ruins.

''There was a wall against ideas in New Orleans for years,'' said William Borah, a veteran civic activist who helped defeat a proposed riverfront expressway here in the mid-1960's. ''That wall has been broken down.''

Still, under present conditions, hope requires faith. ''Over all, it's scary,'' said Tim Williamson of the Idea Village, a local nonprofit organization that supports small business. ''There's a lot of uncertainty.''

Oppressed by the midsummer heat, this city is now traversing a bleak trough: the planners are still squabbling a year after the storm, forests of uncut weeds grow in the medians, and measurable progress is difficult to detect. St. Charles Avenue on a summer evening has an eerily empty feel; one plausible recent population count, based on Postal Service data, put the figure at 171,000, well below City Hall's claim of 250,000. The population is thought to be roughly what it was around 1880.

From the living zone near the river, a trip north of any distance is sobering: blocks of sagging houses not so much empty as dead, and heaps of rubble and garbage with dogs and rats among them. At odd intervals, the occasional householder can be spotted on a porch, looking out with a furrowed brow, trying to make a go of it in the ruins.

New Orleans now, often rudderless, filthy and still deeply scarred by the storm, is hemorrhaging some of the people it can least afford to lose. In the professional classes, nearly half the doctors and three-fourths of the psychiatrists have left, the largest synagogue says its congregation is down by more than 10 percent, and a big local moving company reports a ''mass evacuation.''

Tens of thousands in the African-American ***working-class*** backbone remain unable to return. They have been replaced by hundreds of Hispanic workers who have done much of the heavy lifting in the reconstruction, and live in rough conditions. In the meantime, the only thriving industry is the back-street drug trade, pessimists note.

The outside world is scared by New Orleans. Banks, for instance, are insisting on unusually high collateral in real estate deals, and for good reason, given a homicide rate that is double its prehurricane level and no guarantee that neighborhoods will return to life. Basic services -- water, electricity, garbage pickup -- are intermittent.

''Look at what we're getting in terms of services,'' said Janet Howard, of the Bureau of Governmental Research, an independent nonprofit group in New Orleans. ''It's basically a nonfunctioning city.''

City Hall, meanwhile, has settled back into its habitual easygoing rhythms; a well-placed insider there reported, with alarm, no sense of urgency among its officials. Mayor C. Ray Nagin was recently set to attend an opening at a French Quarter gallery of an exhibit of photographs -- of himself, taken by his personal photographer. A public outcry this month forced him to cancel plans for a fireworks display and a ''comedy show'' to commemorate Hurricane Katrina's first anniversary tomorrow.

Lacking a Master Plan

With little direction from the top, long-term planning for the city's future remains incoherent. A year after the storm, there are no plans for large-scale infrastructure and redevelopment in the city. One group of official planners took the step of attacking a second group in a full-page advertisement in The Times-Picayune this month, even warning citizens to stay away from its rivals.

The absence of a plan has forced developers, who might otherwise be building housing for the displaced, to the sidelines. ''The developers, they want to know what the plan is,'' said Andy Kopplin, executive director of the Louisiana Recovery Authority.

The latest notion, after earlier false or incomplete starts, is to turn planning over to the citizens, allowing neighborhoods to choose from a list of planners, with the hope that at the end it can all be folded into one giant framework. It was pushed by state officials holding the redevelopment purse strings who grew impatient this summer with the city's abortive planning efforts.

In the neighborhoods, New Orleanians are skeptical. ''Why does it seem that every time someone swoops in to help us, it winds up being a mess?'' asked Jenel Hazlett, of the Northwest Carrollton Civic Association, a neighborhood group. ''They keep moving the players around, and we as citizens keep getting jerked around.''

Like others, Ms. Hazlett professes bewilderment at a planning process, now stretching out for nearly a year, that involves an ever-shifting cast of characters, embraces and then swiftly rejects differing visions, and calls for repeated consultations with the citizens -- and still produces no plan.

The longer the city is without a master plan, the shakier the fate of the ruined neighborhoods, some planners say. The need will become even greater in a few days, when $7.5 billion in federal housing aid begins putting up to $150,000 in the hands of thousands of homeowners hoping to rebuild.

''It is highly probable that there would be many neighborhoods, with block after block of one or two houses restored, surrounded by vacant abandoned houses, no police stations, no services, low water pressure, an unsafe and unhealthy environment,'' said John McIlwain, a senior planner at the Urban Land Institute, the Washington research group whose early plan for a shrunken city was rejected by the politicians here.

Publicly, Mr. Nagin insists the city will come back stronger than ever, saying its repopulation is ahead of schedule even while more cautious demographers suggest it is lagging. Rejecting the idea that New Orleans must shrink, he says City Hall will not dictate where citizens can live.

''You can't wait on government,'' Mr. Nagin said at a news conference here this week. ''You have to figure out a way to partner with your neighbors.''

Mr. Nagin has endorsed the current version of the planning process, in which neighborhoods map out their own future -- so far only a tiny handful of the city's 73 districts have done so -- and the individual plans eventually merge into a larger one. This week the mayor blamed unnamed ''powers that be'' for a flow of recovery dollars he deemed ''painfully slow.''

A Fervor for Change

The one constant is the determination of people to rebuild. For good and ill, it has been demonstrated over and over since the earliest days after the catastrophe. It was present last month at a meeting of citizens in Broadmoor, packed into a church for the unveiling of the neighborhood's reconstruction plan.

''Nobody is going to tell Broadmoor what to do except the people who live and work in Broadmoor!'' one organizer, Harold Roark, said to great applause. Yet the citizens had to walk past piles of fly-covered garbage bags spilling out their contents just to enter the building.

The mix of reaching and realism was typical of present-day New Orleans. Crime, blight, abandonment: none of it was ignored. At the same time there was a call for ''an educational and cultural corridor'' in the neighborhood's heart, a scene about as easy to imagine in that battered district as Versailles in the middle of the grimy 4200 block of South Galvez Street in the Broadmoor neighborhood.

Yet reaching high is critical to the collective survival strategy being worked out here. It is a way of pushing beyond the often grim quotidian reality. The psychology was evident in the grass-roots-driven insurgency that put a handful of self-proclaimed reformers on the seven-member City Council in last spring's elections. Three incumbents were defeated.

Two newcomers, in particular, have already stirred things up, asking probing questions during sleepy Council meetings where rhetoric has traditionally predominated over substance. Shelley Midura, a former Foreign Service officer, has pushed for an inspector general and a board of ethics in City Hall, to combat endemic corruption. A majority appears to be in favor.

Stacy Head, a youthful lawyer also elected this spring, has been as high-profile in her central New Orleans district as the woman she defeated was invisible. (The incumbent she defeated, a protege of the scandal-plagued Representative William J. Jefferson, is herself under federal investigation.) Ms. Head is now a ubiquitous presence in the city, asking questions of citizens and, unusually for a New Orleans politician, appearing at crime scenes, fires and community meetings.

A big test will come soon when the Council considers overhauling the day-to-day planning process, taking most decisions out of political hands -- their own -- and putting them under the purview of professional planners. That change was accomplished a century ago in most other places. But the old system has held on in New Orleans, with serious implications for orderly reconstruction of the ruined neighborhoods and equitable preservation of those that are not.

''I don't want this power,'' Ms. Head said. ''This is horrible. I don't like that responsibility. I think it should lie with the planners.''

Ms. Midura said she intended to champion the proposal, made by the Bureau of Governmental Research, and so far had not heard opposition to it.

Mr. Borah, the citizen activist, said, ''Unless you get that right, nothing else is going to work.''

For years, a similar argument has been made about the disastrous public schools here, the worst performing in a state of underachievers, relentlessly preyed on by a corrupt district office. Hurricane Katrina upended the school landscape. Of 56 schools set to open this summer -- there were 128 before the storm -- 34 will be self-governing charter schools, a development that has given hope to parents and principals for the first time in years.

Parents and teachers throughout New Orleans worked feverishly to get a handful of schools up and running earlier this year; at the charters, parents control the money, taking charge of contracts, an area ripe for abuse when they were under school district control. Beneath the stagnant surface of daily life here, so discouraging to residents and astonishing to visitors, there is unmistakable pressure for change.

''I see more movement in a positive direction than I had seen for many years before Katrina,'' said Una Anderson, executive director of the New Orleans Neighborhood Development Collaborative, which is focused on housing, and long a reform member of the school board.

Whether this movement will be enough to stave off the pessimists' grim perspective is uncertain. Repeatedly, observers in and out of the city said the present juncture was critical to the city's future. If the ferment stops, if the hopes of citizens dry up, the outlook for New Orleans could be dire indeed.

The Katrina Year

This series has examined the lasting effects of Hurricane Katrina a year after it struck New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. The series, along with video, an interactive graphic and additional photographs, is available online at nytimes.com/katrina.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Spirit has returned to much of the city. Above, an anniversary memorial for animals lost to the storm.

In the Lower Ninth Ward of New Orleans, desolation and destruction are still pervasive. The neighborhood is unlikely to be rebuilt anytime soon, if at all. (Photographs by Vincent Laforet for The New York Times)(pg. 16)

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[***The Troubles That Won't Go Away***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y38-6400-00RP-K4DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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John Lloyd is a writer living in London. His last article for the magazine, "Who Lost Russia?" appeared in August.

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**Body**

Leonard McCreery's brother Ned was murdered eight years ago by loyalist paramilitaries, the men whose self-imposed duty is the defense of the Protestants against the Irish Republican Army. Ned, a Protestant, had crossed them in some way, which he had kept to himself.

One night in May this year, Leonard McCreery went to a club in Protestant East Belfast to watch the European Cup final on television. Across the room he saw a man, a senior commander in a Protestant paramilitary group who he believed had a hand in Ned's killing (the man was never charged). Pulling out a knife, Leonard plunged across to the man and stabbed him -- not fatally -- in the chest. He managed to escape and then gave himself up to the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Northern Ireland's police force.

Two months later, Leonard's 17-year-old son, Leon, was spending a summer evening at a friend's house. In a city where children are easily enfolded into a violent culture, young Leon was exemplary. He was a first-year apprentice at an avionics company and delivered milk door-to-door to make extra money. Around 9 p.m., as he left his friend's house, alone, a figure rose out of the dark and slashed at him with a box cutter. Leon jerked himself back, escaping harm for the moment. Two other men then appeared. One beat him with a bat while the other gave him a cut down the side of his face and neck. But he fought back, and unable to get a quick kill, his attackers ran off. In the hospital, he took 63 stitches.

The investigating officers from the R.U.C. told Leon they could arrest the men, but that they would never win a conviction without witnesses. There weren't any, but even if there were, everyone understood that they would never dare come forward. After the slashing incident, Leon was afraid to go home and moved nightly among the houses of friends and family. His mother, Joan -- with her husband in prison under armed guard and her elder son on the run -- began to think that the family had to move. One day, she saw one of Leon's attackers standing outside her house, watching. She phoned the police, who told her to get her son out of there.

Joan knew why. Paramilitaries administer "justice" with few nuances. A minor offense like car theft merits a beating. A more serious offense, like adultery or informing on the I.R.A., is often punished by "kneecapping, in which the victim is shot through one or both kneecaps, laming him for life and sometimes requiring amputation. The worst offenses, crimes like murder, attempted murder or repeated informing, are punishable by death, or exile from Ireland north or south on pain of death.

By the end of July -- the season when the Protestants take to the streets to march in celebration of historic military victories over the Catholics -- the family moved in with Joan's sister in Scotland. Through two voluntary organizations -- Families Against Intimidation and Terror (FAIT) and a religious group called Maranatha (Aramaic for "Oh Lord, Come") -- Joan and her three children eventually found a row house in an industrial city in central England.

Leon, in person, seems remarkably calm.

He speaks of his attackers with a kind of studied objectivity, as if a display of emotion would pay them too great a compliment. Later, after he leaves for his class at the local univer-sity, Joan says: "Leon was crying one nightand saying, 'I miss my dad -- he says he trusts no one, only me."' Tears come to her own eyes, but she controls them. "If they can't get these men, I can never go back to Northern Ireland. The organization wants revenge."

This is Northern Ireland at peace -- a peace sealed at the end of last month by an agreement brokered by George Mitchell, the former United States senator. The pact calls for a provincial government composed of the leading members of most of the political parties. That government thus will make ministers of both republicans who had tried to drive the British out of Northern Ireland through a 30-year campaign of terror and hard-line Protestant unionists who still bellow anti-Catholic bigotry -- a unique experiment in cabinet government.

Yet the principal remaining threat to the peace process is not the heterogeneity of the administration. It is the legacy of a war in which neither side has lost. Militants on both sides have kept their arms and have used them lately not so much to kill their foes as to force businesses into paying protection, or to run a trade in drugs or extort payments from those who do, or to rob banks. In doing so, the leaders have often become rich, as well as powerful and feared. These are positions they do not want to lose. They have used their status as protectors in a time-honored way: to become exploiters. Peace is for the politicians and the media.

In Protestant and Catholic redoubts across the tiny land of 1.5 million people, new money and old scores still grip the people on the streets, threatening to make a farce of all the good work in the offices and conference halls. "What you see now," says Malachi O'Doherty, a writer and civil rights activist, "is control of the community in quite crude ways. The police and army are not allowed in, no matter what. Any trouble -- we the paramilitaries will solve it for you, or else. And the fact is, people do go to the paramilitaries and ask them to hand out punishment, even to their own children."

War has forced the retreat of law and order from the ***working-class*** communities on both sides of the divide. These communities have come increasingly under the control of the paramilitaries, called "loyalists" on the Protestant side because of their "loyalty" to the British crown and "republicans" on the Catholic side because of their devotion to the cause of completing the "unfinished business" of extending the Republic throughout the island.

The loyalist and republican groups have arrogated to themselves the right to mete out hideous retribution, including capital punishment and forced exile. Families Against Intimidation and Terror put the number of exilings this year at 131 -- 79 from the loyalist and 52 from the republican side -- for the first eight months.

Vincent McKenna, who was the executive officer of FAIT. and now runs his own tiny human rights organization, says the exilings are continuing to run at a high level. The police do not collect exiling statistics, saying they are too hard to verify. "They rise and fall according to the dictates of the loyalist and republican politicians to a large extent," says Roy McCune, chief superintendent of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. "This is especially true on the republican side, where there's more discipline. They've eased off now because there's progress on the political front."

Hugh Lewsley is also a victim, though of a different kind. He was elected, in 1989, as a local councilor with the moderate nationalist Social Democrat and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.) for a district that includes the Twinbrook housing project on the western fringes of Belfast. Its utilitarian, no-frills houses and apartment blocks are painted with slogans and elaborate murals in support of the I.R.A. and the "anti-imperialist struggle" against the British.

One day in July 1995, during an I.R.A. cease fire, Lewsley learned that two councilors from Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., with a senior member of the I.R.A. had met with a housing official and ordered him to expel two families. Two teenage boys, one from each of the families, had, says Lewsley, "stood up against the I.R.A." Thus, the families had to go.

A little more than a week later, with no movement, I.R.A. men came to the houses and ransacked them. "They wrecked everything -- furniture, tellies, kitchen equipment, beds -- everything the families had," Lewsley says. The two offending teenagers were banished, and the shocked and fearful families were given a few hours to leave. Lewsley helped find them accommodations in a hostel and then went on TV to say that the I.R.A. had been responsible for the eviction.

On the following Saturday, Lewsley went out with friends to a pub in the housing project. Soon after he entered the bar, he was told, "The I.R.A. is looking for you" -- surely one of the world's worst preludes to a successful evening out. Turning, he says, he saw five or six of them approaching. "I got out through a fire escape into the parking lot. But they were there before me. They began to kick me and beat me. They would have carried on until I was dead, but a dark blue Ford came down the road. They must have thought it was a police car and they ran."

The driver of the Ford took Lewsley to the hospital, where he was discovered to have a broken jaw, a broken nose and numerous lacerations on the face. The next day, from his hospital bed, he summoned the news cameras and again denounced Sinn Fein and the I.R.A. He was not beaten again, but his windows were continually broken, he says by I.R.A. members. He, too, went into "exile," though not as far as Joan McCreery. He moved out of the project and now lives some distance away -- though he still represents the area and will stand for re-election.

The Good Friday agreement laid out a proportional government for the province, with all the main parties (including Sinn Fein -- now commanding around 19 percent in the polls and rivaling the S.D.L.P. as the main Catholic party) represented in the cabinet.

The Protestant unionists have swallowed hard through this process, and none harder than David Trimble of the Ulster Unionists. Elected only four years ago as their hard-line leader, Trimble -- a former law professor at Queens University in Belfast -- has inched through compromise after compromise, for which he is ritually denounced as a traitor. In interviews over the past two years, he has shown himself increasingly determined to claw away from the tribal strongholds. "We all had bigotry in us," he said recently. "It was a part of the tradition of all of us, on all sides. The point is to get the conditions in place to be able to let go of that."

The principal condition -- and the reason why the Good Friday Agreement took so long to produce a working assembly -- has been the "decommissioning," or disarming, of the paramilitaries. According to the pact, the I.R.A. is to hand in all its weapons by May 2000. The I.R.A. has not handed in one weapon, nor have the loyalist groups. Because of this, the Protestant parties had refused to put their ministers into a cabinet. They did so late last month, reluctantly, after Trimble persuaded the members to back his judgment that the I.R.A. would produce the guns if they produced a government.

Yet decommissioning, as Trimble knows, is only a proxy for something much larger -- the construction of trust in a climate of peace. While the paramilitaries may surrender most of their weapons, there will still be guns and paramilitaries on the streets of Belfast after May 2000. "The question is not whether an organization has, or can obtain, weapons," wrote Michael Oatley, a retired former director of MI6, the British Secret Service agency, in The London Sunday Times last month. "It is whether it will choose violent or political action."

Most, including Trimble, believe the Sinn Fein leaders have chosen politics over violence. The increasing affection Sinn Fein has for a democratic road it had scorned for a century stems from the fact that democracy has worked -- not just in the North but also in the Republic, where the party has many councilors, a member of the parliament and a good chance of two or three more in the next election. In the fissiparous Irish political scene, small parties -- as in Israel and Italy -- often hold the balance of power. For the republican politicians, it seems, victory no longer grows out of the barrel of a gun.

I went to see Mitchell McLaughlin, Sinn Fein's chairman, in his large modern offices, and then we went to talk in a cafe in a pleasant new shopping mall just below. Cheerful, sharply intelligent and pleasant looking, he was the picture of the popular M.P. among his people. He was also reasoned and understanding. "People can argue about who threw the first stone," he said. "We've all succeeded in one thing above all: giving each other a lot of hurt. If we are in the ending phase of this, it would be wonderful. But it will also be volatile. It brings in the politics of compromise and recognition of hard facts."

The most important of McLaughlin's hard facts, and the main cause of Sinn Fein self-confidence, is what he believes to be a reversal of the Protestant majority. "The dynamic in the political process is the demography of this place. The unionist community is weakening. The demographics favor the nationalist community."

There is some debate on this, but trends do seem to point his way: many students at Queens University, Northern Ireland's oldest, are now Catholic, and student politics are dominated by an abrasive republicanism. It is widely assumed that the Catholic birth rate remains higher (though it has dropped sharply in the South), and it may be that there are already as many Catholic teenagers as Protestant ones. Young Protestants seem to emigrate in greater numbers than Catholics. The signs look good for Sinn Fein -- if, as McLaughlin does, you equate Catholicism with a vote for parties that aspire, sooner or later, to Irish unity.

McLaughlin presented Sinn Fein as an indefatigable advocate for peace: "We want to show all those who use arms that we can achieve our aims through political methods. We need to demonstrate to the I.R.A. that the peace process is bringing forward change. If it is not through an assembly, then the British and Irish governments must do it. But it must come."

The Sinn Fein position is thus clear. It is not embracing political methods for themselves, but insofar as they deliver a united Ireland. Since the Catholic population is expanding faster than the Protestant-Unionists', Sinn Fein eventually will triumph simply through the ballot box. If this were so, I asked McLaughlin, why then the punishment beatings and expulsions and worse in the Catholic areas? Why the need for continuing violence, if history and biology were handing the goal of political power on a plate?

The main matter, he said, was that the R.U.C. was not acceptable to the Catholic population; thus law and order, perforce, had to devolve on the leaders of the community, Sinn Fein. Beatings and expulsions must be "addressed." People came to Sinn Fein asking the organization to be judge and jury. Soon after I talked to McLaughlin, Sinn Fein released a statement condemning the beatings.

Yet translating McLaughlin's soft words into his hard facts runs up against the very culture that Sinn Fein's leaders have dinned into the Catholic communities for three decades. While talking peace to the unionists, they have talked continuing sectarian hatred to their militants. "There is no evidence," says Henry Patterson, professor of politics at Ulster University, "that the republican grass roots have been prepared for decommissioning."

The most embattled -- in its own eyes at least -- Catholic community in Northern Ireland is an area known as the Garvaghy Road, in the mainly Protestant town of Portadown, which is also David Trimble's Westminster constituency. It is a "settler" town, established in the early 17th century by Protestants, largely from Scotland, to counter and subdue the Catholic Irish. In a book of photographs published by a local printer showing Portadown in the first six decades of this century, the clubs and gatherings and schools are overwhelmingly Protestant -- with a few Catholic groups appearing sporadically in the later years. The photographs show grave young men and women in Gaelic Athletic Association football teams with priests in charge or young women in choirs with nuns.

The Catholic community's natural leader is Breandan MacCionnaith (pronounced McKenna), who served time in jail in the 1980's for firearms possession and auto theft and who is now chairman of the Garvaghy Road Residents' Committee. This is the central civic organization in an area of new houses built in the 1970's, largely to accommodate people from Belfast, many of whom had been burned out of mixed areas by loyalist gangs. In his little office in a community center, surrounded by an imposing metal fence, MacCionnaith radiates a similar self-confidence to McGlaughlin's, for similar reasons: "Nationalists are now 42-43 percent of the community; people say it will be 50-50 in the next 10 years. The unionist people must prepare themselves for that."

MacCionnaith is famed, or notorious, within the province for being the public face of the residents' refusal to countenance a march by a Protestant organization, the hard-line Orange Order, down the Garvaghy Road from the Drumcree Church, which stands at its far end. The Drumcree march is some two centuries old and is less a parade than a walk to a service. However, it had been attended in the past, as had most Orange marches, by the banging of big lambeg drums and the singing of anti-Catholic songs.

For the last two years, the march has been banned by a government-appointed parades commission; in both years, loyalists have assembled in the thousands around the church to protest and run pitched battles with the R.U.C. of the kind that only the Catholic nationalists previously experienced. The Portadown Orange Lodge, particularly militant, has refused to back down from its demand that it be allowed to walk: no alternative route is acceptable.

"I see no breakthrough," MacCionnaith says. "The Orange Order sees it as their right. The government is the key: they have to see it in a different way. They don't believe that there is such a thing as racism between people of the same color. But there is. The Orange Order is a racist organization toward the Catholics of this town." MacCionnaith then tells the story of a young man of 26, named Robert Hamill, who was returning to Garvaghy Road late one night in April 1997 from the only Catholic social club in the center of the city. In "enemy territory," he looked for a cab to get him out quickly. "But then," says MacCionnaith, "he saw an R.U.C. Land Rover down the street with four R.U.C. men in it and thought: I'm O.K. I'll walk."

But he was not O.K. A mob of loyalist youths set upon him, knocked him to the street and kicked him to death. The R.U.C. officers, says MacCionnaith, armed with revolvers and machine guns and clad in body armor, sat in the Land Rover and watched. The Hamill family hired a civil rights lawyer named Rosemary Nelson to represent it in an action against the R.U.C.; on March 15 this year, she was killed when a bomb went off under her car as she turned the ignition.

Six young men, all from the ultrasectarian Loyalist Volunteer Force, were arrested in the Hamill case. In April, one of them, Paul Hobson, was convicted of fighting in public. All the others were released. The town's reputation -- as the hardest place in Northern Ireland for loyalist terror gangs -- helps give Garvaghy Road its embattled stance, uniting round MacCionnaith, who is himself on the most militant wing of republicanism.

For MacCionnaith, the murders are absolute proof that the Catholics in Portadown are like blacks in apartheid South Africa -- the image he uses. "The town center even now is a hostile area; the Catholic schools are all up here. The murders made it obvious -- this is a town that can kill you if you're Catholic. So the Orange marches can march somewhere else -- there's plenty of other ways to march."

Garvaghy Road is the holdout, the stronghold of hatred that must crumble from within if progress is to be made. It expresses both the historic grievance of a community dispossessed for centuries and the growing realization that Irish nationalism might really be the master in this divided house, and that all that is needed is discipline and some more patience and it will come.

Where the nationalists now look to advance, the loyalists seem more demoralized and confused. In turning away from active war, many have turned toward the same kind of retribution and control of their areas as have the republican thugs -- and toward crime. Geoff Maxwell of the Northern Ireland Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders says that loyalist areas are now worse than the republican ones in dishing out rough justice and that the punishments can be just as horrific. But the end is different.

"Much of the increased violence on the loyalist side is because of a huge competition between the different paramilitary groups," Maxwell says. "The youth wings are growing strongly. It's a battle for control of territory, and on the territory, for control of the drug trade. There is now a drug culture and a thriving drug trade in a lot of the loyalist areas in the northeast of the province." He says that the I.R.A., while not directly involved in drug trafficking, tolerates the trade and profits by taxing it.

One of these loyalist housing estates is Ballyduff, in Newtonabbey, a community of about 100,000 just north of Belfast. It is, in its dull, sprawling architecture, exactly the same as Catholic housing projects, and like them, distinguished by signs. Union Jacks and flags with the red hand of Ulster set in a red cross on a white ground fly on the lampposts. In the middle of it is an unlovely electricity supply station, its walls covered with murals; another tribal marking point, you immediately think.

But in this case, it is not. On one wall is painted a pretty postcard scene of mountains and rivers; on another, names are cunningly intertwined; on another, a castle; on yet another -- the closest to sectarian iconography -- a boy beating a lambeg in a Protestant parade. But no slogans. No insults to Catholics.

John Scott was largely responsible for these remarkable walls. He works in the community center in Ballyduff, where he has lived most of his life. The paramilitary "controllers" of the estate are mainly the Ulster Defense Association, with a lesser presence by the Ulster Volunteer Force. They had painted the substation's walls with their pictures of loyalist warriors and a slogan that read, "As loyalists we have the right to strike at any nationalist target." By that they meant that any Catholic is a legitimate target.

"People used to complain to me about this," Scott says. "It's on the main bus route through the town, and they didn't like this being the image of the place. I went up to one of the paramilitaries who was painting a slogan one day and said, 'Could you not do that?' He said, 'You, you get lost.' I went back to the community center management committee and told them I'd like to see what I could do about getting these off. They said, 'Go ahead, if you feel safe enough doing it.'

"One of the local paramilitaries told me to go and talk to the U.D.A. commander. So I put it to the U.D.A., and they came back and said, 'O.K, put up what the community wants, but it must have something to do with loyalism."'

Scott gathered some 20 unemployed youngsters and made an audacious proposal. Not only would they replace the hate graffiti. They would also solicit ideas on what to paint from their peers on a ***working-class*** estate called Ballymun in Dublin, in the Irish Republic, where Scott had contacts. They resisted at first, Scott says, but finally went and had a terrific two days. "Then we came back, and we asked people what they wanted, especially the senior citizens. They said they wanted nice scenery. The kids wanted to do their names. We did Carrickfergus Castle and the lambeg, because the paramilitaries wanted something loyalist.

"A wee while after, three of the paramilitaries got drunk and wrote slogans over it. But the leaders contacted me and said it wasn't authorized and it could be cleaned off. Ever since July, it has been left as it is now."

John Scott's story might show that the vast damage that civil society has suffered over the past three decades can be pushed back by courage and a reassertion of what the people really want. Yet it is not ordained: this is no happy ending. The Union Jacks and the tricolors still flutter on lampposts, and the gray walls of the estates scream hate and pride at each other. Peace has been proclaimed, but as attested by the bitter experience of South Africa, Kosovo, Nicaragua and many others in the last decade or so, it takes far more than a political pact and good intentions to root out the pathologies of war and build a healthy society.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Leon McCreery and his mother, Joan, in England, where they settled to escape paramilitary "justice." Their crime? Being son and wife of a man who tried to avenge his brother's murder.; Hugh Lewsley, a local official, went into "exile" after denouncing the I.R.A.; "This is a town that can kill you if you're Catholic," says Breandan MacCionnaith. (Photographs by Stephen Gill)

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[***Redemption or Bust***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KMR-MWJ0-TW8F-G20P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 14; Column 2; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2456 words

**Byline:** By KATHARINE GREIDER

**Body**

IN the dimly lit, couch-lined lounge of the New York School of Urban Ministry in Long Island City, Queens, a barrel-chested young Oklahoman named Josh Nordean approached 14-year-old Jessica Jacobs of Toledo, Ohio, and told her she had pretty eyes.

''That opens the door,'' Mr. Nordean said as he turned to address the score of teenagers assembled in the lounge. This was their first full day in the city, and he was demonstrating how they might go about bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to New Yorkers who they thought seemed in need of their message.

Once a conversation was begun, he suggested, the teenagers could follow up by saying something like: ''Hey, I just want to let you know that God really loves you. I'm here from Oklahoma to let you know. And I just want to know, are you right with God? Is everything cool?''

An hour later on this sizzling July day, Mr. Nordean's team from the Guts Church in Tulsa -- ''Guts,'' he explained, because ''that's what it takes to live for Jesus'' -- emerged from the R train at Whitehall Street, said a prayer and set to trawling Battery Park for opportunities.

If it is summer in New York, it is high season for visiting missionaries, whose numbers have swelled greatly in recent years, according to the leaders of several mission groups. That is not only because of the growing pull of evangelical churches, but also because of New York's appeal as a challenging landscape for young evangelicals.

With varying degrees of success, and with styles ranging from fire-and-brimstone to subtle and low-key, visitors fish for souls among the city's diverse multitudes, perform works of Christian charity, and hope, along the way, to develop cultural savvy and a biblical ''boldness'' they can take home with them. As they proceed, they often discover that New Yorkers have their own ideas about matters human and divine.

Robert Smith, a tall guitarist dressed in black, alighted the other day from a bus at a busy commercial corner in Flushing, Queens, and accepted a religious tract from 18-year-old Matthew Moog of Virginia Beach, Va., who had been standing at the intersection for about an hour.

''My personal reaction is, if that's really what you believe, go for it,'' Mr. Smith said. His religion? ''I consider myself a pagan-Buddhist-Christian-Jewish-type person,'' he replied.

Onward Christian Soldiers

Although there is no central source of numbers on missionaries in the city, the substantial increase in the last five years is attested to by religious organizations around the country. In a typical year a decade ago, the New York School of Urban Ministry would play host to 1,000 people. Now the group receives at least 2,500, housing and feeding them in dormlike accommodations of the ministry's building in Long Island City and arranging a packed schedule of ministry opportunities, everything from conducting prayer walks at the United Nations to visiting AIDS patients in hospitals.

Mission New York City, which sprang up in 2001 as a service to the grief-stricken of 9/11, quickly developed into a trip-planning service for missions, when the first of what now total 15,000 evangelists ''just started showing up on our doorstep,'' said Richard Camacho, the executive director.

The Center for Student Missions, near Los Angeles, began a new program in New York this summer, and Adventures in Missions, an international group with headquarters in Gainesville, Ga., will do so next year. Jews for Jesus, which has its main office in San Francisco, has imported more than 150 volunteers this year, several times the usual number.

The feverish activity reflects two trends. The mission trip itself -- a mix of Bible retreat, volunteer stint and adventure camp -- is riding a tide of popularity among evangelical Christians, with millions traveling every year to points around the globe. These Christians are increasingly intent on maintaining a presence in cities, recognizing New York as home to many poor and homeless people and, in all its religious and ethnic diversity, ''a tremendous harvest field of souls,'' in the words of a Web site promotion for one recent trip.

The teams come from all over the country, but especially from the South and Midwest, where evangelicalism is widespread. These young volunteers are most visible when engaged in evangelism, but trips typically also include worship, study and hands-on work like toiling in soup kitchens. And while the missionaries tend to share fundamentalist beliefs, they approach New Yorkers in markedly different ways.

The Rev. Kerrigan Skelly, a preacher who lives near Raleigh, N.C., and teaches evangelical techniques, visited New York in May as part of an evangelism ''boot camp.'' He did what he considers the ''loving'' thing by telling people sitting around the fountain in Washington Square Park that if they didn't believe in Jesus, they were bound for hell. A few listeners engaged him in debate, but most of the parkgoers went about their business.

In contrast to Mr. Skelly's approach, the 300 young visitors associated with the Center for Student Missions are encouraged to act more like inquiring students than religious proselytizers and to ask nonthreatening questions like ''How long have you lived in this neighborhood?''

''It's not a trick,'' said Cindy Menz-Erb, the center's New York director. ''We don't get to the end and then say, 'Do you know Jesus?' ''

God and Pronouns

If part of what these visitors seek is encounters with diverse people, the city could hardly fail to satisfy, and the human interactions that result from their efforts are by turns clumsy and careful.

In one such juxtaposition, two serious young men, Chris Beggs from Kansas City, Mo., and Saidou Ly from Mauritania, chatted one summer evening on a sidewalk in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, a casual moment long in the making.

Mr. Beggs, 21, had been drawn to the city even as a boy, when he used to buy books about skyscrapers and pore over foldout pages detailing the infrastructural wonders of the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings. This summer, he is working with Urban Impact, a Christian ministry run by the Rev. Larry Holcomb, which has its headquarters on West 44th Street and focuses on working with Muslim immigrants.

''My personal mission on this trip is basically to bring back credibility to Christianity,'' Mr. Beggs said, ''so that we're not so much seen as, you know, goofy churchgoers from the South that can't relate to the city, because how I read Jesus in the Bible is someone who is very much involved with the ***working class*** and the city and who is all about justice.''

Mr. Ly, 20, had moved from Mauritania to New York only three months earlier, and had gotten a job at a 99-cent store in Bedford-Stuyvesant. To improve his rudimentary English, he found his way to lessons at the storefront meeting hall of the Pulaar Speaking Association, a local club for West Africans.

''My teacher,'' he said, putting his arm affectionately around Mr. Beggs's shoulders.

Inside the center, dozens of West Africans bent intently over their English workbooks under the tutelage of volunteers from the South. Mr. Beggs's girlfriend, a Missourian named Megan Johnson, drilled a man in a blue dress shirt on pronouns and family relationships. ''What about your brother's daughter?'' she asked. ''Niece,'' he replied. ''Good, good,'' she said approvingly.

Urban Impact was invited into the club to teach English. Has the organization converted anyone?

''Probably not really,'' Mr. Holcomb acknowledged. ''We would like for people to know about our beliefs, and that's sort of where we draw the line.'' There would be time to talk about faith, at summer-camp programs, for example, and during a Fourth of July barbecue, he said.

During English lessons that evening, possibly the sole mention of religious matters came from a second-grader, the daughter of Muslim immigrants from West Africa, who remarked at one point that only white people went to church. Stephanie Skiles, a white Baptist from a small town in East Texas who had been chatting with the girl in a soft drawl, didn't bat an eye.

Afoot in the Divine City

A few days later, Chelsea Botens and Serah Hare, two teenagers from outside Dallas, were hard at work wielding Windex and paper towels in a steamy room at the Bowery Mission, a tenement-style building where homeless men sleep, eat, shower and, if they choose, enter a program of counseling and education. This operation relies on hundreds of volunteers coming in from out of town every year; and their numbers have jumped by 20 to 30 percent in the last five years, according to Tom Basile, the mission's associate director.

For a week, the two teenagers and a score of their colleagues spent their days washing walls, chopping vegetables, and stripping and cleaning pews in the mission's chapel. By night, the young visitors got the lay of the land from a real New Yorker.

''They clean all day and they still have energy to go out at night,'' said Manuel Silvia, a Lower East Side resident who said that he walked into the Bowery Mission last December suffering from drug and alcohol abuse and is now a missionary trainee there. ''I took them to the Manhattan Bridge. I took them all through Little Italy and Chinatown -- they'd never seen that before -- straight down Canal Street.''

Such excursions are a powerful part of the draw of missionary work in the city. One team from Kalamazoo, Mich., planned to take in a Yankees game and the ''Graffiti'' exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. While the youths from Tulsa were roving Battery Park, a team from South Carolina milled about nearby, watching a troupe of street performers called the Calypso Tumblers, and planning forays to the Statue of Liberty and ground zero.

Apart from such jaunts, however, the volunteers spend most of their time in spots that are not considered tourist destinations. Perhaps because of its reputation as a onetime encampment of the homeless, Tompkins Square Park is a focus of mission activity. The other afternoon, the team from Kalamazoo distributed steaming bowls of stew and clothing from the side of a van from the Queens-based Street Life Ministries, while another, from a tiny town in Pennsylvania, passed out cards bearing directions to CityLight Church, on East Seventh Street.

For both groups, a major goal was to make contact with individuals, to talk to people, and to pray for them. A few of the more experienced or gregarious missionaries were already clasping the hands of people sitting on the benches. Other volunteers were just getting their feet wet.

''It's harder than I thought it would be,'' said a 16-year-old named Josh. One woman didn't even acknowledge him when he greeted her. ''I thought people would want to talk to you about their problems or whatever,'' he added. ''But some people don't really want to have that conversation.''

Nicole Lovett, a 20-year-old from Guilford, Conn., also found it hard to break the ice. As she put it: ''We're just literally laying it out and saying: 'You know what? Look, we're not from around here. We're trying to see if anybody needs a prayer for healing or has a need for anything.' ''

A Wayward Flock

In the eyes of some New Yorkers, these visits by young missionaries are like a soothing balm.

''They are very gentle,'' said a middle-aged man who was wearing a camouflage shirt open to the navel, as volunteers distributed sacks with soap and toothbrushes near Tompkins Square from the familiar white van operated by Street Life Ministries. ''All the time they come here to our bench -- Polish alcoholics usually here on this bench,'' he added in a sonorous East European accent.

Others find the missionaries exasperating. ''They must think this is the neighborhood of lost souls, man, because it's every weekend,'' said David Samuel, a 44-year-old East Villager who works as a lighting technician and has seen more than he'd like of earnest visitors seeking to ease his way to heaven. ''I hate coming out of my house and walking to my park and being proselytized to by these 17-year-olds from North Carolina. It drives me crazy.''

Some groups of missionaries return home with a roster of New Yorkers whom they view as potential converts. The Southern Baptists, who this year have imported about 900 out-of-towners to help paint school classrooms and run sports camps, say that 238 New Yorkers signed up as followers of Christ through the camps last summer.

At the same time, there is growing debate within the evangelical community about the pitfalls of short-term missions and how to avoid them. With so many young people involved in an array of unfamiliar situations, leaders of some organizations worry that the trips can devolve into self-serving and insensitive ''drive-by'' missions.

''I feel like so many of the paternalistic issues that have existed in missions throughout the centuries continue to predominate,'' said the Rev. Dr. David Livermore, director of the Global Learning Center, a research and training institute at Grand Rapids Theological Seminary in Michigan.

There may also be an undue emphasis on tallying conversions of questionable depth. ''I've heard people in churches say, 'Even if people don't want to listen to you, get out there,' '' said the Rev. Dr. Jim Lo, dean of campus ministries at Bethel University in St. Paul, Minn. ''To me, that's the wrong approach.''

But some missionaries end up listening rather than preaching, more intent on developing their own faith than on telling others how to be saved.

One example of this breed is Courtney Aukerman, a recent graduate of the University of Delaware, who comes from what she described as ''a long line of church people.'' Ms. Aukerman is in town this summer to lead mission trips for the Center for Student Missions, the California-based group, and in preparation, she rode every line of the subway, took a few buses and walked around neighborhoods in all the boroughs. She and her colleagues have listened to a trumpet player while sheltering themselves from a storm in Central Park, and eaten Senegalese food in Harlem. They have shared meals with the homeless, collected garbage from the street and asked questions like ''What is your favorite thing about living in the Bronx?''

Somewhere along the line, she began to feel not only a powerful tug toward full-time mission work, but also the lure of the city as a place to call home. ''You can't tame it,'' she said, sipping fruit juice at an outdoor cafe on Avenue A as a vibrant pageant of street life passed by. ''There's some sort of soul in the city that is nowhere else. Like when you sit on the train, and you can hear the music of the tracks.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: RESCUE MISSION -- Bowing heads and saving souls in Flushing at a prayer station run by the Queens-based Street Life Ministries. (Photo by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

RALLYING FOR GOD -- Visiting evangelicals praying at the Staten Island Ferry Terminal in Lower Manhattan before fanning out on a mission.

HARVEST -- Food and prayer in Tompkins Square Park.

CHRISTIAN TUTORS -- Missionaries teaching English to West African immigrants in Bedford-Stuyvesant. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 10)

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Judith Shulevitz is a senior editor at Slate, an Internet magazine.

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**Body**

Betty Friedan

Her Life.

By Judith Hennessee.

Illustrated. 330 pp. New York:

Random House. $27.95.

Betty Friedan

And the Making of

"The Feminine Mystique":

The American Left, the Cold War,

and Modern Feminism.

By Daniel Horowitz.

Illustrated. 354 pp. Amherst:

University of Massachusetts Press. $29.95.

Biographers rarely come across a subject as acutely in need of their skills as Betty Friedan. Here's a woman whose first book ("The Feminine Mystique," 1963) and the political organization she co-founded in 1966 (the National Organization for Women) changed the world so comprehensively that it's hard to remember how much change was called for. Then she was eclipsed by the younger, sexier radicals who took over the women's movement. These days she's mostly written off as obsolete -- too bourgeois for left-wing feminists, too feminist for the family-values right and too kooky for everyone else. In her last big book, "The Fountain of Age," she took the revolutionary ideas about human potential she once used to refute conventional notions about women and repackaged them for the elderly with all the finesse of a diet doctor coming out with a follow-up exercise program.

But Friedan's feminism is not irrelevant. We just can't see it anymore. Women no longer suffer "the problem that has no name," the house- and child-bound version of femininity promulgated by experts and internalized by women that Friedan called the feminine mystique. These days it is fully accepted that women will work, and somewhat accepted that their children, if women should choose to have them, will receive part-time mothering. Liberal feminism, with its goal of securing women's legal and political rights, will probably be the only global revolution of this century to make it to the next unreversed. When future generations go looking for its heroine, they'll surely choose Friedan. Thirty-six years after she skewered the wrongheadedness of psychologists and educators with thrilling intellectual derring-do, arguing not just for the greater happiness of women but for that of their husbands and children, there has yet to be published a feminist manifesto that's even in range of "The Feminine Mystique" -- that's half as smart or broadly humane.

So why doesn't Friedan get more respect? Here is where biography comes in handy. Like many provocative thinkers, only more so, Friedan undercut the reception of her ideas by being impossibly abrasive. In "Betty Friedan: Her Life," Judith Hennessee tells the story of a meeting held in Friedan's Washington hotel room to determine whether another organization for women was necessary (NOW had not yet been formed). One woman in attendance asked so many annoying questions and declared so many times that there were too many women's groups already that Friedan yelled at her, "Who invited you?" and then, "This is my room and my liquor!" and then, "Get out! Get out!" The woman refused to budge, and Friedan stormed into the bathroom to sulk. Once the women's movement had been launched, Friedan went into permanent diva mode, openly discriminating against NOW's lesbian members and treating the women who worked most closely with her as if they were her maids. That she would be drummed out of NOW's leadership four years after the organization was founded may have been inevitable. That the next wave of feminists would dismiss her ideas as insufficiently revolutionary and Friedan herself as little better than a neoconservative -- as Susan Faludi did in "Backlash," for instance -- is just short of tragic.

Neither Hennessee nor Daniel Horowitz is quite up to the challenge Friedan poses as a subject. "Betty Friedan: Her Life" is good on her personal life but too shallow and gossipy to convey the subtleties of her thinking. Horowitz's "Betty Friedan: And the Making of 'The Feminine Mystique' "is more intellectually ambitious, but so tendentious you want to throw it across the room. He wrote it, he says, because he discovered while going through Friedan's papers at Radcliffe that she was not just a suburban housewife who happened upon feminism out of frustration, as she has often implied.

Before Friedan moved out of New York City with her husband in 1956, she was a labor journalist and community organizer. Horowitz argues that Friedan played up her unhappiness as a stay-at-home mother and played down her radical past because she felt threatened by McCarthyism -- a plausible if not damning thesis. Horowitz's account of Friedan's early years establishes several links between the Old Left of the 1940's and 1950's and the second-wave feminism of the 1960's. For example, some female members of the Popular Front, a loose coalition of left-wing groups with which Friedan was even more loosely associated, demanded as early as the 1940's that men share housework and the Government sponsor child care. But Horowitz's main objective appears to be to wag his finger at Friedan for the sin of not writing "The Feminine Mystique" as a member of the American left -- for hedging "her discussion of a capitalist conspiracy," for failing to explain the feminine mystique "as an example of false consciousness," for offering "psychological insights" rather than "institutional solutions."

This is simply obtuse. It is precisely because Friedan abandoned the vocabulary of Marxism for that of bourgeois psychology that she was able to dismantle the reigning discourse about women, a middlebrow blend of bowdlerized Freudianism and behaviorism, and sell her audience on a more expansive vision of female possibility. If she'd merely rehashed the theories of Friedrich Engels, no one would have paid the slightest attention.

Perhaps the most interesting thing one learns from these books is that Friedan's exhortation to women to free themselves of their own crippling ideas of themselves emerged out of battles she fought, and only partly won, with herself. Born in 1921 in Peoria, Ill., Bettye Goldstein was a brainy girl in a Midwestern town, a Jew with a stereotypically big nose and bossy manner. She was the darling of her father, who grilled her at the dinner table about her political opinions, and the embarrassment of her beautiful, fashion-conscious mother. Betty blossomed at Smith, dropping the final "e" from her name and becoming the star of the psychology department and the editor in chief of the college newspaper. An assiduous student -- her senior thesis was published in an academic journal -- she was also an unusually aggressive editorial writer, taking on everything from Smith's secret societies to American intervention in World War II. Pacifism, in fact, was her first public exercise in principled unreasonableness: Friedan clung to it long after most other leftists had given theirs up, and didn't change her mind until the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Graduating in 1942 with highest honors, Betty enrolled in a Ph.D. program in psychology at the University of California, Berkeley, did as well as expected, and by March of her first year had won the most coveted fellowship in the field. What happened next is painful to read about: she declined the scholarship, dropped out of school and moved to New York City. In "The Feminine Mystique," Friedan portrays this as the defining moment of her life, the identity crisis that led her indirectly to feminism. She was, she explains, dating a physicist who felt threatened by her success, and this made her fear that she might end up as the stereotypical female academic who turns into a shriveled old maid.

Horowitz, of course, contends that Friedan's version of events soft-pedals the centrality of radicalism in her life. In his version, she left school and moved to New York because she wanted to fight for social justice. Horowitz also makes much of the decade that followed, during which Friedan worked first for Federated Press, a left-wing news service, and then for a union newspaper. Yet according to his own book, in a passage in an early draft of "The Feminine Mystique" that was later excised, Friedan was quite sour about the time she spent in the union movement. Comparing herself implicitly to the routinized employee in William H. Whyte's famous work, "The Organization Man," she declared that throughout that period she had allowed "the large organization" to tell her what to write and think. Her disgust is understandable, considering she lost both of her jobs to men in circumstances that would probably be actionable under today's sex discrimination laws.

Socialism may have let her down, but she had already opted for marriage and children anyway. Carl Friedan was a lively young theatrical director just back from the war when they met, handsome and funny if not her intellectual equal, and Betty Goldstein was determined not to miss out on having a family. It was a disastrous match. Hennessee gives the details: a letter from Carl to his parents making fun of his future bride's looks, a dinner party at which Carl flung a plate of fish against the wall and Betty calmly peeled it off and served it, physical fights in which Betty was punched or pushed down and Carl bashed in the head with a curtain rod. Perhaps the most liberating effect "The Feminine Mystique" had on Friedan personally is that it gave her, four years after it was published and she had become an international celebrity, the courage to end her marriage.

One can see Friedan as the victim of lots of things: sexism, anti-Semitism, a general preference for the tall and willowy over the short and plump (the way the media anointed Gloria Steinem the heroine of the women's movement, literally shoving Friedan out of the picture, gives substance to this last theory). Certainly as the years progressed she began to regard herself through the lens of self-pity. Hennessee paints a grim portrait of the aging Friedan, a lonely, troubled woman who never mustered the focus to write another book as good as "The Feminine Mystique," dissipating her energies instead by jetting around the world and generally playing the media goddess, insofar as the media would have her. She also seems to have descended into paranoia, consumed by strange theories about the Central Intelligence Agency and her rivalry with Steinem.

But what was and remains refreshing about the author of "The Feminine Mystique" is that she doesn't blame others for women's plight. It is surprising to reread the book and realize that she almost never addresses the question of sexism. Friedan wants women to lead the lives they're capable of. She thinks they're entitled to jobs that fulfill them and marriages and families that give them love. She suspects that eliminating the sources of female frustration would make everyone's life more pleasant. Granted, she is talking about middle-class life, where pleasantness is a leading desideratum and women can get jobs worth leaving home for, not ***working-class*** life, where eliminating brutality may be the goal and women may have only the choice between holding a terrible job and raising children on a husband's meager wages. Friedan also decidedly underestimates the ferocity of the forces that would emerge to push women back into the home -- religious fundamentalism, in particular. But her faith that the will to better one's life can surmount many obstacles is not, I think, misplaced. For all her personal failings, Friedan's life and accomplishments are a testament to that optimism, a hopefulness that swept through society like a giant wind, rearranging as it went. She awaits a biographer who will do it, and her, justice.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Betty Friedan (front row, center) in her 1938 high school yearbook. (from "Betty Friedan: Her Life")

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[***Queens Finds Its Own Landmarks;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WG7-MFH0-007F-G40H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***One Resident's Poultry Market Is Another's Historic Site - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WG7-MFH0-007F-G40H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By VIVIAN S. TOY

By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

The old factory building on 43d Avenue and 97th Place looks much like its neighbors in that industrial stretch of Corona, Queens. At one end, workers sell live chickens from big metal cages. In another section, seamstresses piece together ladies' garments.

Nowhere is there a hint that this is actually a place with a pretty interesting past, that just 60 years ago, artisans for Louis Comfort Tiffany worked here, shaping fanciful lampshades laden with peacocks and dragonflies of glass.

Soon, though, the red bricks will bear a small bronze memorial to that history. For today, the old Tiffany workshop, along with 10 other humbly notable buildings in East Elmhurst and Corona, the neighborhoods honored this year, becomes a Queensmark -- the local version of the official designation awarded by the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission from across the river in Manhattan.

Nobody is suggesting that these Queensmarks can compare with such official city landmarks as Trinity Church in lower Manhattan or the Ansonia Hotel on the Upper West Side, which virtually drip with historical relevance. Then again, this is Queens, the Rodney Dangerfield of boroughs, preservationally speaking.

"To go by there, you wouldn't necessarily know that it was once Tiffany's studios," said Stanley Cogan, president of the Queens Historical Society and a prime mover behind the Queensmarking movement. He admitted that the block-long building has little architectural character, but added, "We're giving it for its culture and history, because how much more splendid a name could you get than Tiffany?"

A quick flip through the official guide to New York City's historic landmarks shows why the historical society felt the need to make its own designations.

Manhattan boasts more than 500 landmarked buildings and 38 historic districts, while Queens has only 41 buildings and 2 districts. Even Staten Island outshines Queens, historically speaking, with 67 landmarked structures and 2 districts, making the city's largest borough dead last in landmarks.

So the leaders of the society, a band of dedicated weekend preservationists, decided a few years ago to rectify this landmark inequity. They regularly scour the streets of Queens looking for buildings of historical or architectural merit and select a few each year to Queensmark.

This year's Queensmarks also include a firehouse with French flourishes on its facade, several churches and the New York Hall of Science in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park. (In addition, one of the borough's culinary landmarks, the Lemon Ice King of Corona, will receive a special mention.) They will be honored today at a ceremony at the Hall of Science, joining 46 others already given bronze plaques that confer an air of historic value without subjecting the buildings' owners to the legal restrictions on renovation or demolition imposed by law on official landmarks.

Dr. Cogan and other members of the historical society said that Queens' underdog status in the annals of historical significance stems in part from outsiders' perception that there is little of historic value in Queens. But they also said that the generally ***working class*** nature of the borough has, for the most part, favored development and pragmatism over preservation.

"The downfall of Queens, preservation-wise, goes all the way back to the 1840's," said Dr. Cogan, citing the prohibition on cemeteries in Manhattan, which resulted in a developers' rush to buy and clear huge tracts of land in Queens to create cemeteries. "There are fewer historic places to start with because lots of the oldies were torn down long ago," he added, noting that the developers' pattern of "buy and destroy" continued into the early 20th century.

"I have a saying," he said. "Queens is landmarks' stepchild and the developers' paradise."

But even though hundreds, perhaps thousands, of buildings of historic value have been destroyed by the wrecking ball or lost their historic cachet in renovations over the years, Dr. Cogan insists that there remain many more that deserve some type of historic recognition. Previously Queensmarked buildings include Victorian homes in Richmond Hill, old factory buildings in College Point, garden-apartment complexes in Jackson Heights, and row houses in the Hunters Point section of Long Island City.

The historical society started the Queensmark program in 1996 in Richmond Hill and then moved onto other neighborhoods across the borough. Dr. Cogan said he originally envisioned two grand Queensmark announcements every year, but quickly learned that the tiny historical society couldn't sustain that pace.

The six members of the selection committee, all of them volunteers and some of them architects and historians, first survey selected neighborhoods, sometimes on foot and sometimes while peering through the windshields of their cars. After arguing over the merits of various choices they select the dozen finest. Then there are the details of actually scheduling a program, making the plaques and inviting all the interested parties. "It's really quite a production, you know," Dr. Cogan said.

The historical society tries to adhere to the same standards of historical, cultural and esthetic values used by the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission, but the society's process is not nearly as rigorous. Official landmarking requires a series of hearings before the commission and the City Council.

None of the buildings given a Queensmark plaque have been nominated for official landmark status, but the society doesn't rule out that possibility. Some Queensmarked buildings that could be official landmarks are the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport, the Unisphere in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park and the Corona home of the jazz trumpeter Louis Armstrong.

Jennifer J. Raab, chairwoman of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, applauded the society's efforts. "The Queensmark program provides the community with an opportunity to celebrate and take pride in their local landmarks," she said.

While most property owners have been tickled to hear that they have been selected for Queensmarking, there have been a few who have simply rejected the society's overtures.

Two years ago, when the society had focused its attention on Hunters Point, it planned to give a plaque to the old Long Island City Power Plant -- a towering red brick complex that dominates the waterfront with its four great smokestacks. But one of the owners, Schwartz Enterprises, declined.

"I think the owner thought the whole thing was a con job and he didn't want to know from it," said Dr. Cogan.

Carl Schwartz, the president of the company, said yesterday that he simply didn't see any advantage to having the building landmarked, officially or honorifically. The Schwartz Chemical Company occupies part of the building and leases part of it as indoor tennis courts, but recently there has been interest in turning the structure into movie sound stages.

"I'm personally very interested in architecture, but while the building is unique for Queens," Mr. Schwartz added, "it was just a cookie cutter design for power plants that was replicated everywhere."

Perhaps that brings us back to whether there simply aren't that many buildings in Queens of landmark quality. But none of that matters to people like Gilda Incantalupo, who owns three Long Island City row houses that were Queensmarked in 1997.

She remembered praying quietly to herself at the ceremony as the selections were unveiled. "I was saying: Blessed Mary, help me please," she said. "And when we got it, I just cried."

Mrs. Incantalupo said that she grew up in the neighborhood and has owned the three buildings since 1960, but over the years she almost lost them three times during financial and personal crises.

"I was so honored and I just felt rewarded finally for all the hard work I put into them," she said. "I put that plaque up the very next day. I want the world to see it."

Adding to Home-Grown Landmarks List

Today, these buildings will be added to the roster of Queensmarks, the borough's name for its designated landmarks,

East Elmhurst

105-19 DITMARS BOULEVARD -- This private house was typical of the upper middle class homes built in the 1920's. While its is primarily Tudor in design, it has whimsical and modern flourishes such as a broken roof line and an asymmetrical facade.

28-28 98TH STREET -- St. Gabriel Roman Catholic Church, thought to be about 60 years old, has been an icon in the neighborhood and is a more recent interpretation of a parish church sprinkled with interesting Gothic details.

102-19 32D AVENUE -- Leverich Memorial Church is one of the oldest parishes in Corona. The Leveriches are one of the oldest prominent families in Queens.

25-25 THROUGH 25-61 AND 25-28 THROUGH 25-60 90TH STREET -- This row of Tudor style homes with tile roofs was built in the 1920s to cater to a middle class looking for a uniform, almost suburban ambiance.

Corona --

34-34 98TH STREET -- Grace Episcopal Church is a brick church that was chosen because of its unusual English country style.

96-18 43D AVENUE -- This brick factory complex served as the factory and studio for Louis Comfort Tiffany lamps from the 1890's until the 1930's, and represents Queens's early industrial history.

97-28 43D AVENUE -- This firehouse was singled out for its French classic-influenced facade, used as part of a citywide attempt in the early 20th century to give public buildings a classic look.

97-28 CORONA AVENUE -- This two-story private house, built at the turn of the century, is one of the oldest wood frame houses left in Queens.

109-10 54TH AVENUE --This synagogue, Congregation Tifereth Israel, was chosen for its cultural importance, reflecting the European population that immigrated to Queens in the 1920's.

104-11 37TH AVENUE --Our Lady of Sorrows Roman Catholic Church is a 125-year-old church with a towering spire. It once probably dominated the area, served all of Elmhurst and Corona when it was built and represents the wealth of the community at that time.

47-01 111TH STREET -- The New York Hall of Science was chosen because of its role in the 1964-65 World's Fair.

Certificate of Merit

52-02 108TH STREET --. The society felt that this building, home of The Lemon Ice King of Corona, had no real architectural value, but that the establishment should be honored for its citywide reputation for flavorful ices and for the long lines of customers it draws every summer.

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article on Saturday about a Queens Historical Society program honoring historic buildings referred incorrectly to the status of the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport, the Unisphere in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park and the Corona home of Louis Armstrong. All have official New York City landmark status, not the historical society's designation.

**Correction-Date:** May 17, 1999, Monday

**Graphic**

Photos: HALL OF SCIENCE -- The New York Hall of Science is in a building erected for the World's Fair. CONGREGATION TIFERETH ISRAEL -- This synagogue, at 109-10 54th Avenue, was built to accommodate an influx of European Jews in the 1920's. WORKING FACTORY -- This factory was once used to make Tiffany lamps. A list of Queens buildings being designated landmarks is on page B4. (Photographs by Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B1); This fire house, at 97-28 43d Avenue, received unofficial landmark status to commemorate its facade, symbolic of a turn-of-the-century attempt to give New York City's public buildings a classical appearance. The Leverich Memorial Church at 102-19 32d Avenue is one of the buildings getting unofficial landmark status from the Queens Historical Society, whose president, Stanley Cogan, stands in front of another landmark, a house at 105-19 Ditmars Boulevard typical of 1920's construction in Queens.

(Photographs By Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** May 15, 1999

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[***What It Takes To Make a Student***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MF4-RXH0-TW8F-G30T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Paul Tough

Paul Tough is an editor at the magazine. He is writing a book about the Harlem Children's Zone, a community organization.

**Body**

On the morning of Oct. 5, President Bush and his education secretary, Margaret Spellings, paid a visit, along with camera crews from CNN and Fox News, to Friendship-Woodridge Elementary and Middle Campus, a charter public school in Washington. The president dropped in on two classrooms, where he asked the students, almost all of whom were African-American and poor, if they were planning to go to college. Every hand went up. ''See, that's a good sign,'' the president told the students when they assembled later in the gym. ''Going to college is an important goal for the future of the United States of America.'' He singled out one student, a black eighth grader named Asia Goode, who came to Woodridge four years earlier reading ''well below grade level.'' But things had changed for Asia, according to the president. ''Her teachers stayed after school to tutor her, and she caught up,'' he said. ''Asia is now an honors student. She loves reading, and she sings in the school choir.''

Bush's Woodridge trip came in the middle of a tough midterm election campaign, and there was certainly some short-term political calculation in being photographed among smiling black faces. But this was more than a photo opportunity. The president had come to Woodridge to talk about the most ambitious piece of domestic legislation his administration had enacted after almost six years in office: No Child Left Behind. The controversial education law, which established a series of standards for schools and states to meet and a variety of penalties for falling short, is up for reauthorization next year in front of a potentially hostile Congress, and for the law to win approval again, the White House will have to convince Americans that it is working -- and also convince them of exactly what, in this case, ''working'' really means.

When the law took effect, at the beginning of 2002, official Washington was preoccupied with foreign affairs, and many people in government, and many outside it too, including the educators most affected by the legislation, seemed slow to take notice of its most revolutionary provision: a pledge to eliminate, in just 12 years, the achievement gap between black and white students, and the one between poor and middle-class students. By 2014, the president vowed, African-American, Hispanic and poor children, all of whom were at the time scoring well below their white counterparts and those in the middle class on standardized tests, would not only catch up with the rest of the nation; they would also reach 100 percent proficiency in both math and reading. It was a startling commitment, and it made the promise in the law's title a literal one: the federal government would not allow a single American child to be educated to less than that high standard.

It was this element of the law that the president had come to Woodridge to talk about. ''There's an achievement gap in America that's not good for the future of this country,'' he told the crowd. ''Some kids can read at grade level, and some can't. And that's unsatisfactory.''

But there was good news, the president concluded: ''I'm proud to report the achievement gap between white kids and minority students is closing, for the good of the United States.''

This contention -- that the achievement gap is on its way to the dustbin of history -- is one that Bush and Spellings have expressed frequently in the past year. And the gap better be closing: the law is coming up on its fifth anniversary. In just seven more years, if the promise of No Child Left Behind is going to be kept, the performances of white and black students have to be indistinguishable.

But despite the glowing reports from the White House and the Education Department, the most recent iteration of the National Assessment of Educational Progress, the test of fourth- and eighth-grade students commonly referred to as the nation's report card, is not reassuring. In 2002, when No Child Left Behind went into effect, 13 percent of the nation's black eighth-grade students were ''proficient'' in reading, the assessment's standard measure of grade-level competence. By 2005 (the latest data), that number had dropped to 12 percent. (Reading proficiency among white eighth-grade students dropped to 39 percent, from 41 percent.) The gap between economic classes isn't disappearing, either: in 2002, 17 percent of poor eighth-grade students (measured by eligibility for free or reduced-price school lunches) were proficient in reading; in 2005, that number fell to 15 percent.

The most promising indications in the national test could be found in the fourth-grade math results, in which the percentage of poor students at the proficient level jumped to 19 percent in 2005, from 8 percent in 2000; for black students, the number jumped to 13 percent, from 5 percent. This was a significant increase, but it was still far short of the proficiency figure for white students, which rose to 47 percent in 2005, and it was a long way from 100 percent.

In the first few years of this decade, two parallel debates about the achievement gap have emerged. The first is about causes; the second is about cures. The first has been taking place in academia, among economists and anthropologists and sociologists who are trying to figure out exactly where the gap comes from, why it exists and why it persists. The second is happening among and around a loose coalition of schools, all of them quite new, all established with the goal of wiping out the achievement gap altogether.

The two debates seem barely to overlap -- the principals don't pay much attention to the research papers being published in scholarly journals, and the academics have yet to study closely what is going on in these schools. Examined together, though, they provide a complete and nuanced picture, sometimes disheartening, sometimes hopeful, of what the president and his education officials are up against as they strive to keep the promise they have made. The academics have demonstrated just how deeply pervasive and ingrained are the intellectual and academic disadvantages that poor and minority students must overcome to compete with their white and middle-class peers. The divisions between black and white and rich and poor begin almost at birth, and they are reinforced every day of a child's life. And yet the schools provide evidence that the president is, in his most basic understanding of the problem, entirely right: the achievement gap can be overcome, in a convincing way, for large numbers of poor and minority students, not in generations but in years. What he and others seem not to have apprehended quite yet is the magnitude of the effort that will be required for that change to take place.

But the evidence is becoming difficult to ignore: when educators do succeed at educating poor minority students up to national standards of proficiency, they invariably use methods that are radically different and more intensive than those employed in most American public schools. So as the No Child Left Behind law comes up for reauthorization next year, Americans are facing an increasingly stark choice: is the nation really committed to guaranteeing that all of the country's students will succeed to the same high level? And if so, how hard are we willing to work, and what resources are we willing to commit, to achieve that goal?

In the years after World War II, and especially after the civil rights reforms of the 1960s, black Americans' standardized-test scores improved steadily and significantly, compared with those of whites. But at some point in the late 1980s, after decades of progress, the narrowing of the gap stalled, and between 1988 and 1994 black reading scores actually fell by a sizable amount on the national assessment. What had appeared to be an inexorable advance toward equality had run out of steam, and African-American schoolchildren seemed to be stuck well behind their white peers.

The issue was complicated by the fact that there are really two overlapping test-score gaps: the one between black children and white children, and the one between poor children and better-off children. Given that those categories tend to overlap -- black children are three times as likely to grow up in poverty as white children -- many people wondered whether focusing on race was in fact a useful approach. Why not just concentrate on correcting the academic disadvantages of poor people? Solve those, and the black-white gap will solve itself.

There had, in fact, been evidence for a long time that poor children fell behind rich and middle-class children early, and stayed behind. But researchers had been unable to isolate the reasons for the divergence. Did rich parents have better genes? Did they value education more? Was it that rich parents bought more books and educational toys for their children? Was it because they were more likely to stay married than poor parents? Or was it that rich children ate more nutritious food? Moved less often? Watched less TV? Got more sleep? Without being able to identify the important factors and eliminate the irrelevant ones, there was no way even to begin to find a strategy to shrink the gap.

Researchers began peering deep into American homes, studying up close the interactions between parents and children. The first scholars to emerge with a specific culprit in hand were Betty Hart and Todd R. Risley, child psychologists at the University of Kansas, who in 1995 published the results of an intensive research project on language acquisition. Ten years earlier, they recruited 42 families with newborn children in Kansas City, and for the following three years they visited each family once a month, recording absolutely everything that occurred between the child and the parent or parents. The researchers then transcribed each encounter and analyzed each child's language development and each parent's communication style. They found, first, that vocabulary growth differed sharply by class and that the gap between the classes opened early. By age 3, children whose parents were professionals had vocabularies of about 1,100 words, and children whose parents were on welfare had vocabularies of about 525 words. The children's I.Q.'s correlated closely to their vocabularies. The average I.Q. among the professional children was 117, and the welfare children had an average I.Q. of 79.

When Hart and Risley then addressed the question of just what caused those variations, the answer they arrived at was startling. By comparing the vocabulary scores with their observations of each child's home life, they were able to conclude that the size of each child's vocabulary correlated most closely to one simple factor: the number of words the parents spoke to the child. That varied greatly across the homes they visited, and again, it varied by class. In the professional homes, parents directed an average of 487 ''utterances'' -- anything from a one-word command to a full soliloquy -- to their children each hour. In welfare homes, the children heard 178 utterances per hour.

What's more, the kinds of words and statements that children heard varied by class. The most basic difference was in the number of ''discouragements'' a child heard -- prohibitions and words of disapproval -- compared with the number of encouragements, or words of praise and approval. By age 3, the average child of a professional heard about 500,000 encouragements and 80,000 discouragements. For the welfare children, the situation was reversed: they heard, on average, about 75,000 encouragements and 200,000 discouragements. Hart and Risley found that as the number of words a child heard increased, the complexity of that language increased as well. As conversation moved beyond simple instructions, it blossomed into discussions of the past and future, of feelings, of abstractions, of the way one thing causes another -- all of which stimulated intellectual development.

Hart and Risley showed that language exposure in early childhood correlated strongly with I.Q. and academic success later on in a child's life. Hearing fewer words, and a lot of prohibitions and discouragements, had a negative effect on I.Q.; hearing lots of words, and more affirmations and complex sentences, had a positive effect on I.Q. The professional parents were giving their children an advantage with every word they spoke, and the advantage just kept building up.

In the years since Hart and Risley published their findings, social scientists have examined other elements of the parent-child relationship, and while their methods have varied, their conclusions all point to big class differences in children's intellectual growth. Jeanne Brooks-Gunn, a professor at Teachers College, has overseen hundreds of interviews of parents and collected thousands of hours of videotape of parents and children, and she and her research team have graded each one on a variety of scales. Their conclusion: Children from more well-off homes tend to experience parental attitudes that are more sensitive, more encouraging, less intrusive and less detached -- all of which, they found, serves to increase I.Q. and school-readiness. They analyzed the data to see if there was something else going on in middle-class homes that could account for the advantage but found that while wealth does matter, child-rearing style matters more.

Martha Farah, a researcher at the University of Pennsylvania, has built on Brooks-Gunn's work, using the tools of neuroscience to calculate exactly which skills poorer children lack and which parental behaviors affect the development of those skills. She has found, for instance, that the ''parental nurturance'' that middle-class parents, on average, are more likely to provide stimulates the brain's medial temporal lobe, which in turn aids the development of memory skills.

Another researcher, an anthropologist named Annette Lareau, has investigated the same question from a cultural perspective. Over the course of several years, Lareau and her research assistants observed a variety of families from different class backgrounds, basically moving in to each home for three weeks of intensive scrutiny. Lareau found that the middle-class families she studied all followed a similar strategy, which she labeled concerted cultivation. The parents in these families engaged their children in conversations as equals, treating them like apprentice adults and encouraging them to ask questions, challenge assumptions and negotiate rules. They planned and scheduled countless activities to enhance their children's development -- piano lessons, soccer games, trips to the museum.

The ***working-class*** and poor families Lareau studied did things differently. In fact, they raised their children the way most parents, even middle-class parents, did a generation or two ago. They allowed their children much more freedom to fill in their afternoons and weekends as they chose -- playing outside with cousins, inventing games, riding bikes with friends -- but much less freedom to talk back, question authority or haggle over rules and consequences. Children were instructed to defer to adults and treat them with respect. This strategy Lareau named accomplishment of natural growth.

In her book ''Unequal Childhoods,'' published in 2003, Lareau described the costs and benefits of each approach and concluded that the natural-growth method had many advantages. Concerted cultivation, she wrote, ''places intense labor demands on busy parents. ... Middle-class children argue with their parents, complain about their parents' incompetence and disparage parents' decisions.'' ***Working-class*** and poor children, by contrast, ''learn how to be members of informal peer groups. They learn how to manage their own time. They learn how to strategize.'' But outside the family unit, Lareau wrote, the advantages of ''natural growth'' disappear. In public life, the qualities that middle-class children develop are consistently valued over the ones that poor and ***working-class*** children develop. Middle-class children become used to adults taking their concerns seriously, and so they grow up with a sense of entitlement, which gives them a confidence, in the classroom and elsewhere, that less-wealthy children lack. The cultural differences translate into a distinct advantage for middle-class children in school, on standardized achievement tests and, later in life, in the workplace.

Taken together, the conclusions of these researchers can be a little unsettling. Their work seems to reduce a child's upbringing, which to a parent can feel something like magic, to a simple algorithm: give a child X, and you get Y. Their work also suggests that the disadvantages that poverty imposes on children aren't primarily about material goods. True, every poor child would benefit from having more books in his home and more nutritious food to eat (and money certainly makes it easier to carry out a program of concerted cultivation). But the real advantages that middle-class children gain come from more elusive processes: the language that their parents use, the attitudes toward life that they convey. However you measure child-rearing, middle-class parents tend to do it differently than poor parents -- and the path they follow in turn tends to give their children an array of advantages. As Lareau points out, kids from poor families might be nicer, they might be happier, they might be more polite -- but in countless ways, the manner in which they are raised puts them at a disadvantage in the measures that count in contemporary American society.

What would it take to overcome these disadvantages? Does poverty itself need to be eradicated, or can its effects on children somehow be counteracted? Can the culture of child-rearing be changed in poor neighborhoods, and if so, is that a project that government or community organizations have the ability, or the right, to take on? Is it enough simply to educate poor children in the same way that middle-class children are educated? And can any school, on its own, really provide an education to poor minority students that would allow them to achieve the same results as middle-class students?

There is, in fact, evidence emerging that some schools are succeeding at the difficult task of educating poor minority students to high levels of achievement. But there is still great disagreement about just how many schools are pulling this off and what those successful schools mean for the rest of the American education system. One well-publicized evaluation of those questions has come from the Education Trust, a policy group in Washington that has issued a series of reports making the case that there are plenty of what they call ''high flying'' schools, which they define as high-poverty or high-minority schools whose students score in the top third of all schools in their state. The group's landmark report, published in December 2001, identified 1,320 ''high flying'' schools nationwide that were both high-poverty and high minority. This was a big number, and it had a powerful effect on the debate over the achievement gap. The pessimists -- those who believed that the disadvantages of poverty were all but impossible to overcome in public schools -- were dealt a serious blow. If the report's figures held up, it meant that high achievement for poor minority kids was not some one-in-a-million occurrence; it was happening all the time, all around us.

But in the years since the report's release, its conclusions have been challenged by scholars and analysts who have argued that the Education Trust made it too easy to be included on their list. To be counted as a high-flier, a school needed to receive a high score in only one subject in one grade in one year. If your school had a good fourth-grade reading score, it was on the list, even if all its other scores were mediocre. To many researchers, that was an unconvincing standard of academic success. Douglas Harris, a professor of education and economics at Florida State University, pored over Education Trust's data, trying to ascertain how many of the high-flying schools were able to register consistently good numbers. When he tightened the definition of success to include only schools that had high scores in two subjects in two different grades over two different years, Harris could find only 23 high-poverty, high-minority schools in the Education Trust's database, a long way down from 1,320.

That number isn't exhaustive; Harris says he has no doubt that there are some great schools that slipped through his data sieve. But his results still point to a very different story than the one the original report told. Education Trust officials intended their data to refute the idea that family background is the leading cause of student performance. But on closer examination, their data largely confirm that idea, demonstrating clearly that the best predictors of a school's achievement scores are the race and wealth of its student body. A public school that enrolls mostly well-off white kids has a 1 in 4 chance of earning consistently high test scores, Harris found; a school with mostly poor minority kids has a 1 in 300 chance.

Despite those long odds, the last decade -- and especially the last few years -- have seen the creation of dozens, even hundreds, of schools across the country dedicated to precisely that mission: delivering consistently high results with a population that generally achieves consistently low results. The schools that have taken on this mission most aggressively tend to be charter schools -- the publicly financed, privately run institutions that make up one of the most controversial educational experiments of our time. Because charters exist outside the control of public-school boards and are generally not required to adhere to union contracts with their teachers, they have attracted significant opposition, and their opponents are able to point to plenty of evidence that the charter project has failed. Early charter advocates claimed the schools would raise test scores across the board, and that hasn't happened; nationally, scores for charter-school students are the same as or lower than scores for public-school students. But by another measure, charter schools have succeeded: by allowing educators to experiment in ways that they generally can't inside public-school systems, they have led to the creation of a small but growing corps of schools with new and ambitious methods for educating students facing real academic challenges.

In the early years of the charter-school movement, every school was an island, trying out its own mad or brilliant educational theory. But as charter-school proponents have studied the successes and learned from the mistakes of their predecessors, patterns, even a consensus, have begun to emerge. The schools that are achieving the most impressive results with poor and minority students tend to follow three practices. First, they require many more hours of class time than a typical public school. The school day starts early, at 8 a.m. or before, and often continues until after 4 p.m. These schools offer additional tutoring after school as well as classes on Saturday mornings, and summer vacation usually lasts only about a month. The schools try to leaven those long hours with music classes, foreign languages, trips and sports, but they spend a whole lot of time going over the basics: reading and math.

Second, they treat classroom instruction and lesson planning as much as a science as an art. Explicit goals are set for each year, month and day of each class, and principals have considerable authority to redirect and even remove teachers who aren't meeting those goals. The schools' leaders believe in frequent testing, which, they say, lets them measure what is working and what isn't, and they use test results to make adjustments to the curriculum as they go. Teachers are trained and retrained, frequently observed and assessed by their principals and superintendents. There is an emphasis on results but also on ''team building'' and cooperation and creativity, and the schools seem, to an outsider at least, like genuinely rewarding places to work, despite the long hours. They tend to attract young, enthusiastic teachers, including many alumni of Teach for America, the program that recruits graduates from top universities to work for two years in inner-city public schools.

Third, they make a conscious effort to guide the behavior, and even the values, of their students by teaching what they call character. Using slogans, motivational posters, incentives, encouragements and punishments, the schools direct students in everything from the principles of teamwork and the importance of an optimistic outlook to the nuts and bolts of how to sit in class, where to direct their eyes when a teacher is talking and even how to nod appropriately.

The schools are, in the end, a counterintuitive combination of touchy-feely idealism and intense discipline. Their guiding philosophy is in many ways a reflection of the findings of scholars like Lareau and Hart and Risley -- like those academics, these school leaders see childhood as a series of inputs and outputs. When students enroll in one of these schools (usually in fifth or sixth grade), they are often two or more grade levels behind. Usually they have missed out on many of the millions of everyday intellectual and emotional stimuli that their better-off peers have been exposed to since birth. They are, educationally speaking, in deep trouble. The schools reject the notion that all that these struggling students need are high expectations; they do need those, of course, but they also need specific types and amounts of instruction, both in academics and attitude, to compensate for everything they did not receive in their first decade of life.

It is still too early in the history of this nascent movement to say which schools are going to turn out to be the most successful with this new approach to the education of poor children. But so far, the most influential schools are the ones run by KIPP, or the Knowledge Is Power Program. KIPP's founders, David Levin and Michael Feinberg, met in 1992, when they were young college graduates enrolled in Teach for America, working in inner-city public schools in Houston. They struggled at first as teachers but were determined to figure out how to motivate and educate their students. Each night they would compare notes on what worked in the classroom -- songs, games, chants, rewards -- and, before long, both of them became expert classroom instructors.

In the fall of 1994, Levin and Feinberg started a middle school in Houston, teaching just 50 students, and they named it KIPP. A year later, Levin moved to New York and started the second KIPP school, in the South Bronx. As the KIPP schools grew, Levin and Feinberg adhered to a few basic principles: their mission was to educate low-income and minority students. They would emphasize measurable results. And they would promise to do whatever it took to help their students succeed. They offered an extended day and an extended year that provided KIPP students with about 60 percent more time in school than most public-school students. They set clear and strict rules of conduct: their two principles of behavior were ''Work Hard'' and ''Be Nice,'' and all the other rules flowed out of those. At the beginning of each year, parents and students signed a pledge -- unenforceable but generally taken seriously -- committing to certain standards of hard work and behavior. Teachers gave students their cellphone numbers so students could call them at night for homework help.

The methods raised students' test scores, and the schools began to attract the attention of the media and of philanthropists. A ''60 Minutes'' report on the schools in 1999 led to a $15 million grant from Doris and Donald Fisher, the founders of the Gap, and Feinberg and Levin began gradually to expand KIPP into a national network. Two years ago, they received $8 million from the Gates Foundation to create up to eight KIPP high schools. There are now 52 KIPP schools across the country, almost all middle schools, and together they are educating 12,000 children. The network is run on a franchise model; each school's principal has considerable autonomy, while quality control is exercised from the home office in San Francisco. Feinberg is the superintendent of KIPP's eight schools in Houston, and Levin is the superintendent of the four New York City schools.

KIPP is part of a loose coalition with two other networks of charter schools based in and around New York City. One is Achievement First, which grew out of the success of Amistad Academy, a charter school in New Haven that was founded in 1999. Achievement First now runs six schools in New Haven and Brooklyn. The other network is Uncommon Schools, which was started by a founder of North Star Academy in Newark along with principals from three acclaimed charter schools in Massachusetts; it now includes seven schools in Rochester, Newark and Brooklyn. The connections among the three networks are mostly informal, based on the friendships that bind Levin to Norman Atkins, the former journalist who founded North Star, and to Dacia Toll, the Rhodes scholar and Yale Law graduate who started Amistad with Doug McCurry, a former teacher. Toll and Atkins visited Levin at the Bronx KIPP Academy when they were setting up their original schools and studied the methods he was using; they later sent their principals to the leadership academy that Levin and Feinberg opened in 2000, and they have continued to model many of their practices on KIPP's. Now the schools are beginning to formalize their ties. As they each expand their charters to include high schools, Levin, Toll and Atkins are working on a plan to bring students from all three networks together under one roof.

Students at both KIPP and Achievement First schools follow a system for classroom behavior invented by Levin and Feinberg called Slant, which instructs them to sit up, listen, ask questions, nod and track the speaker with their eyes. When I visited KIPP Academy last month, I was standing with Levin at the front of a music class of about 60 students, listening to him talk, when he suddenly interrupted himself and pointed at me. ''Do you notice what he's doing right now?'' he asked the class.

They all called out at once, ''Nodding!''

Levin's contention is that Americans of a certain background learn these methods for taking in information early on and employ them instinctively. KIPP students, he says, need to be taught the methods explicitly. And so it is a little unnerving to stand at the front of a KIPP class; every eye is on you. When a student speaks, every head swivels to watch her. To anyone raised in the principles of progressive education, the uniformity and discipline in KIPP classrooms can be off-putting. But the kids I spoke to said they use the Slant method not because they fear they will be punished otherwise but because it works: it helps them to learn. (They may also like the feeling of having their classmates' undivided attention when they ask or answer a question.) When Levin asked the music class to demonstrate the opposite of Slanting -- ''Give us the normal school look,'' he said -- the students, in unison, all started goofing off, staring into space and slouching. Middle-class Americans know intuitively that ''good behavior'' is mostly a game with established rules; the KIPP students seemed to be experiencing the pleasure of being let in on a joke.

Still, Levin says that the innovations a visitor to a KIPP school might notice first -- the Slanting and the walls festooned with slogans and mottos (''Team Always Beats Individual,'' ''All of Us Will Learn'') and the orderly rows of students walking in the hallways -- are not the only things contributing to the schools' success. Equally important, he says, are less visible practices: clear and coherent goals for each class; teachers who work 15 to 16 hours a day; careful lesson planning; and a decade's worth of techniques, tricks, games and chants designed to help vast amounts of information penetrate poorly educated brains very quickly.

Toll and Levin are influenced by the writings of a psychology professor from the University of Pennsylvania named Martin Seligman, the author of a series of books about positive psychology. Seligman, one of the first modern psychologists to study happiness, promotes a technique he calls learned optimism, and Toll and Levin consider it an essential part of the attitude they are trying to instill in their students. Last year, a graduate student of Seligman's named Angela Duckworth published with Seligman a research paper that demonstrated a guiding principle of these charter schools: in many situations, attitude is just as important as ability. Duckworth studied 164 eighth-grade students in Philadelphia, tracking each child's I.Q. as well as his or her score on a test that measured self-discipline and then correlating those two numbers with the student's G.P.A. Surprisingly, she found that the self-discipline scores were a more accurate predictor of G.P.A. than the I.Q. scores by a factor of two. Duckworth's paper connects with a new wave of research being done around the country showing that ''noncognitive'' abilities like self-control, adaptability, patience and openness -- the kinds of qualities that middle-class parents pass on to their children every day, in all kinds of subtle and indirect ways -- have a huge and measurable impact on a child's future success.

Levin considers Duckworth's work an indication of the practical side of the ''character'' education he and Toll and Atkins are engaged in: they want their students to be well behaved and hard-working and respectful because it's a good way to live but also because the evidence is clear that people who act that way get higher marks in school and better jobs after school. To Toll, a solid character is a basic building block of her students' education. ''I think we have to teach work ethic in the same way we have to teach adding fractions with unlike denominators,'' she told me. ''But once children have got the work ethic and the commitment to others and to education down, it's actually pretty easy to teach them. ''

The schools that Toll, Atkins, Levin and Feinberg run are not racially integrated. Most of the 70 or so schools that make up their three networks have only one or two white children enrolled, or none at all. Although as charter schools, their admission is open through a lottery to any student in the cities they serve, their clear purpose is to educate poor black and Hispanic children. The guiding principle for the four school leaders, all of whom are white, is an unexpected twist on the ''separate but equal'' standard: they assert that for these students, an ''equal'' education is not good enough. Students who enter middle school significantly behind grade level don't need the same good education that most American middle-class students receive; they need a better education, because they need to catch up. Toll, especially, is preoccupied with the achievement gap: her schools' stated mission is to close the gap entirely. ''The promise in America is that if you work hard, if you make good decisions, that you'll be able to be successful,'' Toll explained to me. ''And given the current state of public education in a lot of our communities, that promise is just not true. There's not a level playing field.'' In Toll's own career, in fact, the goal of achieving equality came first, and the tool of education came later. When she was at Yale Law School, her plan was to become a civil rights lawyer, but she concluded that she could have more of an impact on the nation's inequities by founding a charter school.

The methods these educators use seem to work: students at their schools consistently score well on statewide standardized tests. At North Star this year, 93 percent of eighth-grade students were proficient in language arts, compared with 83 percent of students in New Jersey as a whole; in math, 77 percent were proficient, compared with 71 percent of students in the state as a whole. At Amistad, proficiency scores for the sixth grade over the last few years range between the mid-30s and mid-40s, only a bit better than the averages for New Haven; by the eighth grade, they are in the 60s, 70s and 80s -- in every case exceeding Connecticut's average (itself one of the highest in the country). At KIPP's Bronx academy, the sixth, seventh and eighth grades had proficiency rates at least 12 percentage points above the state average on this year's statewide tests. And when the scores are compared with the scores of the specific high-poverty cities or neighborhoods where the schools are located -- in Newark, New Haven or the Bronx -- it isn't even close: 86 percent of eighth-grade students at KIPP Academy scored at grade level in math this year, compared with 16 percent of students in the South Bronx.

The leaders of this informal network are now wrestling with an unintended consequence of their schools' positive results and high profiles: their incoming students are sometimes too good. At some schools, students arrive scoring better than typical children in their neighborhoods, presumably because the school's reputation is attracting more-engaged parents with better-prepared kids to its admission lottery. Even though almost every student at the KIPP Academy in the Bronx, for example, is from a low-income family, and all but a few are either black or Hispanic, and most enter below grade level, they are still a step above other kids in the neighborhood; on their math tests in the fourth grade (the year before they arrived at KIPP), KIPP students in the Bronx scored well above the average for the district, and on their fourth-grade reading tests they often scored above the average for the entire city.

At most schools, well-prepared incoming students would be seen as good news. But at these charter schools, they can be a mixed blessing. Although the schools have demonstrated an impressive and consistent ability to turn below-average poor minority students into above-average students, another part of their mission is to show that even the most academically challenged students can succeed using their methods. But if not enough of those students are attending their schools, it's hard to make that point. North Star's leaders say this problem doesn't apply to them: the school's fifth-grade students come in with scores that are no higher than the Newark average. At KIPP, Levin and other officials I talked to say that their schools do what they can to recruit applicants who are representative of the neighborhoods they serve, but they also say that once a class is chosen (and at all the charter schools, it is chosen by random lottery), their job is to educate those children to the best of their ability. Dacia Toll is more focused on the issue; she says that she and her principals make a special effort to recruit students from particularly blighted neighborhoods and housing projects in New Haven and Brooklyn and told me that it would ''absolutely be a cause for concern'' if Amistad seemed to be attracting students who were better-prepared than average.

The most persistent critic of KIPP's record has been Richard Rothstein, a former education columnist for The New York Times who is now a lecturer at Teachers College. He has asserted that KIPP's model cannot be replicated on a wide scale and argues that the elevated incoming scores at the Bronx school make it mostly irrelevant to the national debate over the achievement gap. Although Rothstein acknowledges that KIPP's students are chosen by lottery, he contends in his book ''Class and Schools'' that they are ''not typical lower-class students.'' The very fact that their parents would bother to enroll them in the lottery sets them apart from other inner-city children, he says, adding that there is ''no evidence'' that KIPP's strategy ''would be as successful for students whose parents are not motivated to choose such a school.''

In some ways, the debate seems a trivial one -- KIPP is clearly doing a great job of educating its students; do the incoming scores at a single school really matter? But in fact, KIPP, along with Uncommon Schools and Achievement First, is now at the center of a heated political debate over just how much schools can accomplish, and that has brought with it a new level of public scrutiny. Beginning in the late 1990s, KIPP, Amistad and North Star were embraced by advocates from the right who believed in the whole menu of conservative positions on education: school choice, vouchers, merit pay for teachers. In 2001, the Heritage Foundation profiled the KIPP schools in a book called ''No Excuses: Lessons From 21 High-Performing, High-Poverty Schools,'' which set out to disprove ''the perennial claims of the education establishment that poor children are uneducable.'' Two years later, Abigail and Stephan Thernstrom, the well-known conservative writers about race, borrowed the Heritage Foundation's title (which was itself borrowed from a slogan popular at KIPP and other schools) for their own book on education, ''No Excuses: Closing the Racial Gap in Learning''; the book used the success of Amistad, North Star and, especially, KIPP to highlight the failings of the public-school system in serving poor children. If KIPP can successfully educate these kids, the Thernstroms asked, why can't every school?

The Thernstroms argue that if we can just fix the schools where poor children are educated, it will become much easier to solve all the other problems of poverty. The opposing argument, which Rothstein and others have made, is that the problems of poor minority kids are simply too great to be overcome by any school, no matter how effective. He points to the work of Hart and Risley and Lareau and argues that the achievement gap can be significantly diminished only by correcting, or at least addressing, the deep inequities that divide the races and the classes.

Levin and Toll sometimes seem surprised by the political company they are now keeping -- and by the opponents they have attracted. ''I'm a total liberal!'' Toll said, a little defensively, when I asked her recently about this political divide. Many charter advocates claim that the views of Democratic politicians on charter schools are clouded by the fact that they depend for both money and votes on the nation's teachers' unions, which are skeptical of charter schools and in some states have taken steps to block them from expanding. In Connecticut, the state teachers' union this year lobbied against a legislative change to allow for the expansion of Amistad Academy (it later passed), and the union's lawyers filed a Freedom of Information Act request that required Amistad to turn over all of its employment and pay records. The union's chief lobbyist told reporters in April that the state's charter law was intended only ''to create incubators of innovation. It was never to create a charter-school system.'' Amistad was acceptable as a small experiment, in other words, but there was no reason to let it grow.

Even if schools like KIPP are allowed to expand to meet the demand in the educational marketplace -- all of them have long waiting lists -- it is hard to imagine that, alone, they will be able to make much of a dent in the problem of the achievement gap; there are, after all, millions of poor and minority public-school students who aren't getting the education they need either at home or in the classroom. What these charter schools demonstrate, though, is the effort that would be required to provide those students with that education.

Toll put it this way: ''We want to change the conversation from 'You can't educate these kids' to 'You can only educate these kids if. ...' '' And to a great extent, she and the other principals have done so. The message inherent in the success of their schools is that if poor students are going to catch up, they will require not the same education that middle-class children receive but one that is considerably better; they need more time in class than middle-class students, better-trained teachers and a curriculum that prepares them psychologically and emotionally, as well as intellectually, for the challenges ahead of them.

Right now, of course, they are not getting more than middle-class students; they are getting less. For instance, nationwide, the best and most experienced teachers are allowed to choose where they teach. And since most state contracts offer teachers no bonus or incentive for teaching in a school with a high population of needy children, the best teachers tend to go where they are needed the least. A study that the Education Trust issued in June used data from Illinois to demonstrate the point. Illinois measures the quality of its teachers and divides their scores into four quartiles, and those numbers show glaring racial inequities. In majority-white schools, bad teachers are rare: just 11 percent of the teachers are in the lowest quartile. But in schools with practically no white students, 88 percent of the teachers are in the worst quartile. The same disturbing pattern holds true in terms of poverty. At schools where more than 90 percent of the students are poor -- where excellent teachers are needed the most -- just 1 percent of teachers are in the highest quartile.

Government spending on education does not tend to compensate for these inequities; in fact, it often makes them worse. Goodwin Liu, a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley, has compiled persuasive evidence for what he calls the country's ''education apartheid.'' In states with more poor children, spending per pupil is lower. In Mississippi, for instance, it is $5,391 a year; in Connecticut, it is $9,588. Most education financing comes from state and local governments, but the federal supplement for poor children, Title 1, is ''regressive,'' Liu points out, because it is tied to the amount each state spends. So the federal government gives Arkansas $964 to help educate each poor child in the state, and it gives Massachusetts $2,048 for each poor child there.

Without making a much more serious commitment to the education of poor and minority students, it is hard to see how the federal government will be able to deliver on the promise contained in No Child Left Behind. The law made states responsible for turning their poorest children into accomplished scholars in a little more than a decade -- a national undertaking on the order of a moon landing -- but provided them with little assistance or even direction as to how they might accomplish that goal. And recently, many advocates have begun to argue that the Education Department has quietly given up on No Child Left Behind.

The most malignant element of the original law was that it required all states to achieve proficiency but then allowed each state to define proficiency for itself. It took state governments a couple of years to realize just what that meant, but now they have caught on -- and many of them are engaged in an ignoble competition to see which state can demand the least of its students. At the head of this pack right now is Mississippi, which has declared 89 percent of its fourth-grade students to be proficient readers, the highest percentage in the nation, while in fact, the National Assessment of Educational Progress shows that only 18 percent of Mississippi fourth graders know how to read at an appropriate level -- the second-lowest score of any state. In the past year, Arizona, Maryland, Ohio, North Dakota and Idaho all followed Mississippi's lead and slashed their standards in order to allow themselves to label uneducated students educated. The federal government has permitted these maneuvers, and after several years of tough talk about enforcing the law's standards, the Education Department has in the past year begun cutting one deal after another with states that want to redefine ''success'' for their schools. (When I spoke to Spellings this month, she said she would ''appeal to the better angels of governors and state policy makers'' to keep their standards in line with national benchmarks.)

The absence of any robust federal effort to improve high-poverty schools undercuts and distorts the debate over the responsibility for their problems. It is true, as the Thernstroms write in their book, that ''dysfunctional families and poverty are no excuse for widespread, chronic educational failure.'' But while those factors are not an excuse, they're certainly an explanation; as researchers like Lareau and Brooks-Gunn have made clear, poverty and dysfunction are enormous disadvantages for any child to overcome. When Levin and Feinberg began using the slogan ''No Excuses'' in the mid-1990s, they intended it to motivate their students and teachers, to remind them that within the context of a KIPP school, there would always be a way to achieve success. But when the conservative education movement adopted ''No Excuses'' as a slogan, the phrase was used much more broadly: if that rural Arkansas public school isn't achieving the success of a KIPP school, those responsible for its underachievement must simply be making excuses. The slogan came to suggest that what is going wrong in the schools is simply some sort of failure of will -- that teachers don't want to work hard, or don't believe in their students, or are succumbing to what the president calls ''the soft bigotry of low expectations'' -- while the reality is that even the best, most motivated educator, given just six hours a day and 10 months a year and nothing more than the typical resources provided to a public-school teacher, would find it near impossible to educate an average classroom of poor minority students up to the level of their middle-class peers.

The evidence is now overwhelming that if you take an average low-income child and put him into an average American public school, he will almost certainly come out poorly educated. What the small but growing number of successful schools demonstrate is that the public-school system accomplishes that result because we have built it that way. We could also decide to create a different system, one that educates most (if not all) poor minority students to high levels of achievement. It is not yet entirely clear what that system might look like -- it might include not only KIPP-like structures and practices but also high-quality early-childhood education, as well as incentives to bring the best teachers to the worst schools -- but what is clear is that it is within reach.

Although the failure of No Child Left Behind now seems more likely than not, it is not too late for it to succeed. We know now, in a way that we did not when the law was passed, what it would take to make it work. And if the law does, in the end, fail -- if in 2014 only 20 or 30 or 40 percent of the country's poor and minority students are proficient, then we will need to accept that its failure was not an accident and was not inevitable, but was the outcome we chose.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: KIPP's mission is to give students like these fifth to eighth graders in the South Bronx an even better education than their white middle-class counterparts.

Mottos Matter: But coherent goals, clear lesson plans and teachers willing to put in 15-hour days matter even more at KIPP schools.

Model Behavior: Kids like Niya Henry, a second grader at an Achievement First charter school in Brooklyn, learn a system for conduct -- to nod while listening to the teacher, for example -- along with reading and math. (Photographs by Justine Kurland for The New York Times)

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[***BRUSSELS PUPPETS PLAY THE CLASSICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-V8G0-0017-53SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ANNE SHAPIRO DEVREUX; Anne Shapiro Devreux is a writer and translator who lives in Brussels.

**Body**

Stiff and wooden acting is sometimes a form of art. In Belgium, the seemingly rigid Toone Marionettes are the smallest, oldest and most dashing of all the inhabitants of Brussels. They dwell in the maze of carless streets next to the Grand-Place that contains some of the city's most-frequented seafood restaurants, whose windows are adorned with centerpieces of crayfish, crabs and lobsters. A little farther, through the little alley called Schuddevelde (meaning cattle field), is the Toone (pronounced tone) Marionette Theater.

The building dates from 1696. On the ground floor is a bistro with a pure Gothic fireplace; the theater is in the attic, above the second floor. There, on high, Shakespeare, Moliere, Lorca and other classics, as well as opera, have become part of Belgian folklore. About the size of a very large living room, the theater can accommodate an audience of 144 on 14 rows of benches comfortably covered with calico cushions. In front of the raised stage hangs a painted trompe l'oeil curtain, red and darkly shadowed, pretending to be an abundant velour drapery.

All the pieces are played in the Brussels dialect, which combines elements of French and Flemish. A native English-speaker with an ample smattering of French can follow the plots fairly easily, especially since many Flemish words in the Brussels dialect are strikingly similar to English ones. A visitor is also struck by the marionettes' size and feisty slapstick: they perform in a style of heartfelt hyperbole that the audience can follow like a classic comic strip. The marionettes' hefty size - they average about three feet tall and weigh 15 to 20 pounds - makes their roughneck gestures most impressive.

One of the two chief puppeteers at Toone, Michel Lantin, said he must regularly repair the marionettes, especially following a battle play. In ''Le Mystere de la Passion de Notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ'' by Michel de Ghelderode, Judas tends to be the marionette who most often has his head knocked off. (In de Ghelderode's plays, a typically French combination of anticlericalism and high spirituality is expressed in a rollicking and iconoclastic style.) Mr. Lantin and some of the other Toone puppeteers have learned the traditional repair methods and teach them to new employees.

Six puppeteers are required for each performance. They are grouped three on each side of the small stage, one behind each plane of scenery. The broad hand-painted scenery-boards transplant the great classics by depicting such familiar Brussels sites as the Botanique (formerly a greenhouse, now a cultural center) or the fish market at Place Ste. Catherine.

The puppeteers pass the wooden heroes back and forth to each other across the stage, holding them from above by metal rods, and rarely have to look for cues from Jose Geal, the current Toone, as he speaks for all of the characters. Through rigorous rehearsals (some of which are open to the public, by appointment) and by following the inflections of Toone's voice, the puppeteers move the characters appropriately, sometimes improvising little gestures and always ready to follow the spoken improvisations of Mr. Geal, Toone himself.

The puppeteers' own arms, shoulders and even heads are often visible, but very quickly the spectators learn to block out this apparent intrusion. They are seen by the audience, but not noticed.

Before and after performances, at intermission, and during scenery changes, lively recorded barrel-organ music is played. In some of the plays, live and recorded music is used to underline the dramatic action. However, in Erik Satie's opera for marionettes, ''Genevieve de Brabant,'' also performed by Toone at the Paris Opera in 1979, a male and a female singer stand in front of the stage and sing the roles mimed by the marionettes. In all the plays, raucous sound effects enliven the milder dialogues and the most bellicose brawls. The Toone dynasty was begun in the early 19th century by Antoine Genty in Les Marolles, the ***working-class*** quarter centered around Rue Haute, back down the hill on which now stands the Palace of Justice. Antoine was called Antoon or Toone in Brussels dialect.

In 1963, Pierre Welleman, the sixth Toone - the Toone dynasty has almost never been passed on within a family - closed his theater in Les Marolles, the last in that neighborhood. Toone and the other marionette theaters that flourished in Les Marolles often had strong competition: first dance halls and cabarets, then cinema and, more recently, television, summer homes, trailer travel and soccer.

Alphonse Welleman, retired chief puppeteer, says that the early performances motivated many of the illiterate Marolles inhabitants to learn to read. The first two Toones were illiterate themselves, and learned their plays, taken from 19th-century novels, by oral tradition.

In the early days, it was considered normal for the audience to yell out at the villains and pelt them with vegetables and apple cores. Mr. Geal, the seventh Tone, remembers, from his own childhood, attending performances given by his predecessor, who would reprimand the most rambunctious spectators from a little window cut in the stage. Mr. Geal has cut out his own round window next to the proscenium. From this aperture he grimaces to indicate ironically his own opinions of the plots. Modern audiences - students, bourgeois, intellectuals and folks of a certain age who remember the Toone theater from its Marolles days - are too well-behaved to require reproof.

The best-known of the Toone marionettes is the adolescent Woltje. (In the Brussels dialect, Woltje means little Walloon.) He is a ketje, a kid, an urchin, often described as being as ''tall like seven apples,'' that is, shorter than the average Toone marionette. He is instantly recognizable in his black-and-white checkered knickers-suit, and in almost every production, Woltje has a star part. Mr. Geal feels a special rapport with Woltje:

''In all of the marionette theaters of popular tradition, there is a character, like Guignol (in Lyons), for example, or like Punch, who is to an extent the porte-parole, or spokesman, of the player. Woltje is the marionette through whom I can express myself most directly. Woltje is a born improviser.''

Mr. Geal and Woltje share a trademark: their checkered caps. ''Toone VI often wore a beret or a cap,'' Mr. Geal said,''and I had noticed in an old painting that Toone IV had also worn a checkered cap. Suddenly I had the idea of wearing such a cap also, so I bought that of Toone VI from him. I wanted to keep it always as a symbol.

''This kind of popular marionette represents a tool that has, in fact, been created and technically perfected by generations of marionettists,'' Mr. Geal said. ''It is, at the same time, a tool and an object of art.''

In the cafe, authentic Toone marionettes may be purchased at prices ranging from about $300 to $365. Woltje can be bought only in a doll-size version for $10.

A good selection of Belgian and imported beers are available at tavern prices. Also served are soft drinks, hot drinks and such snacks as croque-monsieur and a typical kind of Brussels sandwich spread with white cheese called plattekeis (flat cheese - it is like a mild sour cream) and dotted with sliced red radishes and whole little onions. The cafe is open every day from noon to at least midnight. Performances end no later than 10:45 P.M.

During intermission the Toone museum can be visited. At other times, the museum and the library, both on the second floor, may be visited by appointment.

The library and museum occupy opposite ends of a large L-shaped space. In two antique glass-fronted bookcases are several hundred books and periodicals that are, in fact, Mr. Geal's personal marionette library. Notebooks of handwritten stage notations dating from as far back as the third Toone are also stored there.

In the museum are about 30 Woltjes in all of his repertory permutations, including a Woltje-Cyrano de Bergerac. Some other porte-parole marionettes, close cousins of Woltje, are also displayed there: Tchantches of Liege, Pierke of Ghent, Jacques of Roubaix and Lafleur of Amiens. A corner of the museum is inhabited by some very-senior marionette-citizens from the 19th century. Next to an old mechanical piano covered with carved mirrors leans the 10-foot-tall version of Woltje. He is part of the Belgian tradition of folkloric giants that are paraded in regional festivals.

Jean Cocteau said: ''There are too many souls of wood not to love those wooden characters who do indeed have a soul.'' The Toone marionettes are both beloved and believed, since they speak to us straight from their warm wooden hearts.

IF YOU GO

The Toone Marionette Theater is at 21 Petite Rue des Bouchers (Impasse Schuddevelde). Performances are given every evening at 8:30 except Sunday and Monday and at 4 P.M. on Saturdays. Admission is about $7.50.

For tickets, call 511.71.37 between noon and midnight, or reserve in person at the theater cafe. Reservations are not always necessary.

For information about public rehearsals and visits to the museum and library, call the Toone Secretariat at 217.04.64 or 217.27.53.      - A. S. D.

**Graphic**

Photo of Toone Marionette Theater puppeteers (Jiri Jiru); photo of audience; photo of Jose Geal, voice of puppets; photo of puppet being repaired after battled scene (Jiri Jiru) (page 31)

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[***SPARE TIMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CTK-HHX0-TW8F-G319-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; PT2; Column 3; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 31

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**Body**

ATTRACTIONS

Museums and Sites

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. The museum collects, preserves and presents material related to the city's history. Tomorrow at 2 p.m., a lecture by Patrick Downey, author of ''Gangster City.'' Through Sept. 26, ''New York's Moynihan,'' an exhibition of photographs, letters, videos and other items. ''Magnum's New Yorkers,'' with 130 photographs covering 50 years in the city's history; and ''Global New York: The Lower East Side,'' photographs of immigrant life from the past century; both through Sept. 6. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. for registered groups only; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Suggested admission: $7; 62+, students and children, $4; families, $12. Information: (212) 534-1672.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 2 West 77th Street, Manhattan. ''If Elected: Campaigning for the Presidency,'' an exhibition of campaign artifacts dating to the late 18th century; through Nov. 3. ''Luman Reed's Picture Gallery,'' an exhibition of 19th-century art, on long-term view. ''Radical Hospitality,'' a display of photographs, posters and other items chronicling the lives of those who helped in relief efforts after the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11; through Aug. 1. The Henry Luce III Center for the Study of American Culture is a permanent gallery on the fourth floor. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: $8; children and 62+, $5. Information: (212) 873-3400.

WALKING TOURS

New York City

BIG ONION WALKING TOURS. Today at 1 p.m., ''The Bowery,'' passing the former saloons, flophouses and dance halls of the area, meeting at the black cube at Astor Place, East Village. Two tours tomorrow: at 1 p.m., ''Park Slope,'' Brooklyn, with stops at the Montauk Club and Litchfield Manor, meeting on the southeast corner of Plaza Street West and Flatbush Avenue; at 5 p.m., ''Greenwich Village at Twilight,'' meeting at the Washington Arch. Sunday at 1 p.m.; ''Jewish Lower East Side,'' meets at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey streets, in front of the Olympic Diner. Fee for each: $12; students and 63+, $10. Reservations: (212) 439-1090.

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN TOURS. Tomorrow at 1 p.m.; ''The Enclaves of a Greenwich Village,'' a look at the area's history and landmarks like Washington Mews and Grove Court, meeting at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 12th Street. Fee: $12. Information: (732) 270-5559.

STREET SMARTS N.Y. Tomorrow at 2 p.m., ''Crimes of Old New York,'' meeting at the Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green, Lower Manhattan; at 6 p.m., ''Pubs and Poltergeists'' visits haunted taverns; meeting in front of the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson Street, West Village. Sunday at 2 p.m., ''East Village,'' meeting at the subway kiosk in Astor Place. Fee for each: $10. Information: (212) 969-8262.

''CROSSING HOUSTON,'' visits the synagogues, gardens and historic sites of the Lower East Side, meeting Sunday at 11:15 a.m. in front of the Second Avenue Deli, Second Avenue at 10th Street. Sponsored by the Lower East Side Conservancy. Fee, $18; students, $14. Information: (212) 374-4100.

VINTAGE NEW YORK TOURS. Tomorrow at 2 p.m., ''Bohemians and Beats of Greenwich Village,'' meeting at the Washington Arch. Sunday at 4 p.m., ''Hey Ho! Let's Go! Punk Rock on the Bowery Bar Crawl'' focuses on the punk rock explosion from 1975 to 1983, meeting at the black cube at Astor Place. Fee for each: $15. Information: (718) 930-4768.

EIGHTH STREET AND ST. MARKS PLACE. looks at the history and significance of this famous street. Meets tomorrow at 11:30 a.m. on the northwest corner of Second Avenue and St. Marks Place. Free. Sponsored by the Village Alliance Business Improvement District. Information: (212) 777-2173.

BROOKLYN CENTER FOR THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT. Tomorrow at noon, ''Last Exit To Brooklyn: Red Hook,'' explores the waterfront area's past and potential, meeting at the Smith and Ninth Street subway station in Red Hook. Sunday at 11 a.m., ''Irving Place and Gramercy,'' covers the social and cultural history of the area with stops at sites associated with Oscar Wilde, O. Henry and Gypsy Rose Lee, meeting at Irving Place and 14th Street. Fee for each, $11; members, $9; students and 65+, $8. Information: (718) 788-8500, Ext. 208.

NOSHWALKS: BOROUGH PARK, Brooklyn. Major synagogues and food and specialty shops. Meets today at 11 a.m. at Eichler's Judaica store, 5004 13th Avenue, at 50th Street. Fee, $18. Information: (212) 222-2243.

OUTDOORS CLUB. Tomorrow at 12:30 p.m., ''Alley Pond Park,'' a six-mile hike through this Queens park, meeting at the Winchester Boulevard bus stop on the south side of Hillside Avenue, Bayside; information: (516) 328-8055. Sunday at 11:30 a.m., ''Sheepshead Bay,'' a three-mile walk along several of Brooklyn's beaches; Information: (718) 361-2585. Fee for each, $3.

CENTURY WALKING TOURS. Tomorrow at 11 a.m., ''Ayn Rand's Park Avenue,'' meeting at the Met Life Building, East 45th Street, between Vanderbilt and Lexington Avenues. Sunday at 11 a.m., ''The Surrender of Fort Washington,'' a history of the place sometimes called the ''Alamo of the Revolution,'' meeting at the south entrance of Fort Tryon Park, on Margaret Corbin Plaza, Washington Heights. Fee for each, $15. Information: (917) 607-9019.

''CENTRAL PARK: TREES, GRASS AND THE ***WORKING CLASS***.'' Sites in the park associated with John Lennon and the gay rights and antiwar movements. Meets Sunday at 1 p.m. in front of the Maine monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to the park. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Radical Walking Tours. Information: (718) 492-0069.

UNIQUE HISTORIC ADVENTURES WITH DIANA STUART. Tomorrow at 1 p.m., ''Treasures on East Village Side Streets,'' meeting at Tompkins Square Park, Avenue A and St. Marks Place. Fee: $15. Sunday at noon, ''Gentle Charms of Gramercy Park,'' meeting on the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and 21st Street. Fee: $20. Information: (212) 685-6150.

DR. PHIL NEW YORK WALKS AND TALKS. Today at 1:30 p.m. and tomorrow at 10:30 a.m., 1 and 3:30 p.m., ''Burr the Hero and Hamilton the Villain: The 200th Anniversary of Their Duel'' examines the friendship and rivalry of the two men, meeting inside Blimpies, 38 Park Row, Lower Manhattan. Tomorrow at 1:30 p.m., ''The Gangs of New York,'' also meeting inside Blimpies. Sunday at 1:30 p.m., ''350th Anniversary of the American Jewish Experience: The Jews and the Gangs of New York,'' meeting at the First Romanian American Synagogue, 89 Rivington Street, between Ludlow and Orchard Streets, Lower East Side. Fee for each, $15. Information: (888) 377-4455.

HARLEM YOUR WAY! Tomorrow at noon, ''Sights and Sounds Walking Tour of Harlem'' visits landmarks and cultural sites. Sunday at 10:15 a.m., ''The Beauty of Harlem Gospel'' visits historic streets and a church. Both meet at 129 West 130th Street and end with an optional lunch (at an additional cost). Fee for each: $25. Information: (212) 690-1687.

METRO TOUR SERVICE. Today through Sunday at 2 p.m., Brooklyn historic sites in Fort Greene, Clinton Hill and Brooklyn Heights. Sunday at 10 a.m., downtown Brooklyn. Both meet in front of the Marriott, Adams and Tillary Streets, downtown Brooklyn. Fee for each: $25. Information: (718) 789-0430.

NEW YORK LIKE A NATIVE. Tomorrow at 1:30 p.m., ''Brooklyn 101,'' an introduction to the borough's history and architecture. Sunday at 1:30 p.m., ''Fort Greene and Clinton Hill,'' a walk through two neighborhoods, including the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Fee for each: $13. Reservations and meeting places: (718) 393-7537.

MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY. Today at 11 a.m., ''On and Off the Avenue,'' featuring the architecture of Fifth Avenue between 43rd and 50th Streets, meeting at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Avenue at 51st Street. Tomorrow at 11 a.m., ''Roosevelt Island at 30,'' focusing on the area's master plan and its relationship with the island today, meeting at the tram on the Manhattan side, 60th Street and Second Avenue. Sunday at 11 a.m., ''Prospect Park: Vaux and Olmstead's Masterpiece,'' focusing on the park's designers and meeting in Brooklyn on the northeast corner of Eighth Avenue and Lincoln Place. Fee, today, $12, $10 for members; tomorrow and Sunday, $15 and $12. Information: (212) 935-3960.

HISTORIC GOVERNORS ISLAND. Free 90-minute tours led by the National Park Service rangers, Tuesdays through Fridays at 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. through Sept. 3. Tours are free, but a ferry ride is required: tickets, $5; children 5 to 12, $3; those under 5, free. Ferry tickets are available on the day of the tour; no reservations are taken. Tickets can be purchased daily at South Street Seaport Museum, Pier 16, Fulton and South Street. The ferry leaves from the Battery Maritime Building, 10 South Street. Information: (212) 514-8296;

[*www.nps.gov/gois*](http://www.nps.gov/gois).

FIRSTHAND NY. A series of walks around the city, sponsored by the New York Community Trust and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. Tomorrow at 10:30 a.m., a tour of Jamaica, Queens, beginning at the King Manor Museum, Jamaica Avenue, between 150th and 153rd Streets; free; reservations, (718) 907-3473. Also tomorrow at 11 a.m., ''Inside Fort Greene'' visits this historic Brooklyn neighborhood, meeting at the corner of Hanson Place and Ashland Street. Fee: $10; reservations: (718) 907-6185.

RECREATION

New York City

BIKE THE BIG APPLE. Tomorrow from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., ''Brooklyn Chic Bike Tour,'' a ride through Brooklyn Heights, Park Slope and Prospect Park. Sunday at 6:30 p.m., ''Brooklyn Bridge and Skyline at Twilight Bike Tour,'' includes Greenwich Village, Chinatown, SoHo and sunset on the Brooklyn Bridge. Fee for each: $59, includes bike and helmet. Reservations and meeting places: (201) 837-1133.

NEW YORK ROAD RUNNERS CLUB. Two Sunday events. At 8 a.m., the Bronx Half-Marathon, a 13.1-mile race, beginning and ending on Goulden Avenue and Bedford Park Boulevard; advance registration fee: $20; club members, $14; junior and senior club members, $10. Race day registration fee: $30; club members, $20; junior and senior club members, $12. At 11 a.m., ''Sunday Morning at the Races,'' with events ranging from one-mile to a 400-meter relay, at the City College of New York, Herman Goldman Center, Convent Avenue and West 133rd Street, Harlem; fee: $10, members, $8. Information: (212) 860-4455.

EVENTS

New York City

PROUST FEST 2004, Mercantile Library of New York, 17 East 47th Street, Manhattan. In celebration of the 133rd anniversary of this author's birth, a marathon reading of the ''Combray'' section of the ''Swann's Way'' volume in Marcel Proust's ''Remembrance of Things Past,'' tomorrow, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Readers include Pete Hamill and Kitty Carlisle Hart. Admission, $5. Sponsored by the Proust Society of America. Reservations: (212) 755-6710.

BASTILLE DAY PARTY, Smith Street, between Pacific and Bergen Streets, Boerum Hill, Brooklyn. With music, food, games of petanque and an exhibition of antique French cars. Sunday, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sponsored by the South Brooklyn Local Development Corporation. Information: (718) 852-0328.

AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS SUMMERFEST, from 23rd to 33rd Streets. Tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Church of St. John the Baptist.

U.S.O.-AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS SUMMERFEST, Avenue of the Americas, from 42nd to 57th Streets. Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the U.S.O. of Metropolitan New York.

2004 SORRENTO CHEESE SUMMER IN LITTLE ITALY FESTIVAL, Mulberry and Hester Streets. A series of entertainment and other activities continues this weekend with the Annual Little Italy Mario Lanza Singing Competition, featuring tenors from the New York and Philadelphia areas. The preliminary competition is tomorrow from 2 to 5 p.m., followed by the finals on Sunday, beginning at 3 p.m. Sponsored by Sorrento Cheese and other businesses. Information: (212) 302-0551.

BRYANT PARK EVENTS, Avenue of the Americas and 42nd Street. Today at 7 a.m., a performance by the rock group Train, as part of the ''Good Morning America'' summer concert series. Free. Information: (212) 768-4242.

NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM. Two tours this weekend. Tomorrow at 10 a.m., ''Intermodal Excursion: Staten Island,'' begins with a ride on the Staten Island Ferry and includes a stop at a maintenance facility; fee: $25; members, $20. Sunday at noon, ''Up and Down the IRT,'' a tour of the subway lines from the Bronx to Bowling Green; fee: $20; members, $15. Reservations required for both tours: (718) 694-1867.

HUDSON RIVER PARK, Lower Manhattan. Free summer events. Tonight at 8:30, a screening of the 1981 film ''Raiders of the Lost Ark,'' on Pier 25, at North Moore Street. Tomorrow at 7 p.m., ''Sunset on the Hudson,'' a performance by David Ippolito, a guitarist, on Pier 45, at Christopher Street. Sunday at 6:30 p.m., ''MoonDance,'' a performance by David Berger and the Sultans of Swing, on Pier 25. Sponsored by the Hudson River Park Trust;   [*www.hudsonriverpark.org*](http://www.hudsonriverpark.org).

BATTERY PARK CITY PARKS CONSERVANCY. World Financial Center Plaza at North Cove, Battery Park City. Sunday at 2 p.m. in Robert F. Wagner Jr. Park, ''Pylons and Resonating Bodies,'' public art tours. Information: (212) 267-9700.

WATSON ADVENTURES. Sunday at 2:30 p.m., ''Museum of Natural Hysteria Scavenger Hunt,'' for adults inside the American Museum of Natural History. Fee: $30, including museum admission. Meeting place and other information: (212) 726-1529.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY, Central Library, Grand Army Plaza, Flatbush Avenue and Eastern Parkway. ''My Brooklyn,'' an exhibition of photographs and essays, through July 31. ''Coney Island: Boardwalk Idyll,'' paintings by Lewis Bryden, through Aug. 21. Hours: Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Fridays and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Information: (718) 230-2100.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: EVENTS -- Proust Fest 2004, at the Mercantile Library of New York. (Photo by The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 9, 2004

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[***POLICE ACADEMY '87: ADAPTING TO A CHANGED NEW YORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VFH0-0017-52FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1540 words

**Byline:** By CRYSTAL NIX

**Series:** GOING FOR THE BADGE: FIRST ARTICLE OF A SERIES ON NEW YORK'S POLICE ACADEMY

**Body**

''Atteeention,'' the drill sergeant yelled at 200 men and women. One man slouched. Another saluted with his left hand. ''Abooout face.'' A few turned the wrong way. A few more stumbled. The sergeant was not amused.

''This is unbelievable!'' the sergeant, Albert Gotay, bellowed at a new crop of police recruits on their first day of gym class at the Police Academy. ''Look straight ahead when you're at attention. Do things in unison.''

''You're not civilians anymore,'' he told them. ''You're in a semimilitary outfit. People have got to look up to you.''

Soon they would look better. But this was ''Zero Day,'' the last day of a week of orientation lessons at the Academy, and the 200 recruits - part of a larger class of more than 1,000 - were struggling.

Less Military Experience

Twenty years ago when Sergeant Gotay first began teaching at the Academy, where all recruits are trained before they become full officers, such lessons were not so necessary. Most recruits entering the department came with military experience and were used to regimen and order.

But the faces staring back at the sergeant last week were entirely different. Few had military experience. Many still lived at home. There were more women, more members of minority groups, more recruits with college educations, even master's degrees. These, experts say, are the faces of a whole new Police Department.

The city these recruits will serve has changed, too. So have social mores and the expectations - and the scrutiny - of the public. The Police Academy, in turn, has been adjusting to these changes. How the Academy has done so, and how well, will unfold over the next five months, as the newest class of recruits is trained.

The recruits still are drawn primarily from ***working-class*** communities, often from Nassau and Suffolk Counties. But the diversity in their backgrounds, experts say -while still not sufficient - adds a broader, more representative perspective and a potential to better understand and serve the melting pot that is New York.

Yet, the differences among the recruits, many older officers say, has also forced the department to struggle to regain the sense of cohesiveness that came naturally when the force was made up almost exclusively of men of Irish and Italian heritage.

Some academy traditions had to change. A physical agility test that used to be an entrance requirement for the Academy was moved, under pressure, to the end to allow women to learn the skills and pass.

There are also lectures now about dating. On the third day of orientation sessions, the women recruits were summoned out of an auditorium into a hallway. ''You are not to fraternize with the instructors,'' Sgt. Alicia Parker of the integrity-discipline unit told them. ''Don't go around flirting and batting your eyes.''

Nor, she said, were they to wear heavy rouge, false eyelashes or bright fingernail polish.

Two days earlier, the commanding officer of the recruit training school, Deputy Inspector Henry A. Harrison, ordered the physical-education instructors to keep their hands off the recruits. In the last class, he warned, two instructors were transferred from the Academy for dating recruits.

The dating game among recruits, however, which is acceptable to the Police Department, began from Day One. A group of male recruits sitting along a wall in the auditorium on the first day eyed two women strolling by. ''She's cute,'' a tall, husky male told his new friends, gesturing to one of the women. ''I wouldn't mind being her partner.''

He might at least get to be in her company. While at the Academy, the recruits will be assigned to smaller groups of 30 to 40, called companies, to learn about everything from how to stop a car to search and seizure laws; from the use - and misuse - of force to cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

In the past, recruits at the Academy, on East 20th Street, were divided almost at random. When the commanding officer of recruit administration, Lieut. Jonathan P. Orlove, was a recruit in 1968, all the recruits from Long Island and Queens who were over six feet tall were put in one group.

But these days, Lieutenant Orlove and other officials distribute the recruits - their names and backgrounds on index cards - by race, by sex and, for the first time, by geography. The distribution is part of a larger effort, officials say, to broaden the recruits' understanding of different cultures.

Breaking Up Clusters

Geography was added to the list this year, officials say, because Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward wanted to prevent clusters of friendships that he says breed a tolerance for corruption. His concern came in the wake of the scandal in the 77th Precinct in Brooklyn, in which 12 officers were indicted on charges ranging from stealing garbage cans to stealing and selling guns and drugs.

Watching recruits arrive during their first two weeks, academy officials said they were encouraged by the diversity. In the current class, which started with 1,091 recruits, there are 666 white men, 83 black men, 143 Hispanic men and 4 Asian-American men. There are 95 white women, 48 black women and 42 Hispanic women.

More than 10 percent have an associate degree and about the same have bachelor's or advanced college degrees, according to the head of the Academy, Deputy Chief John J. Hill. Still, some things have not changed. Fear is one of them. On the first day, with snow falling heavily, John Cavalcante was so afraid of being late that he left his house in West Islip, L.I., at 4:30 A.M. - when he was not due until 7:37 A.M. ''I sat in my car in the parking lot,'' he said sheepishly, ''and waited.''

Constant Warnings

In the hallways, bathrooms and pizza parlors that recruits poured into on breaks, they worried about keeping up with heavy course work in social science, police science and law, surviving the military-like discipline and avoiding penalties called Star Cards.

They heard constant warnings about everything from being late to failing tests, dressing sloppily to using drugs.

''If you are caught using drugs, we are going to fire you,'' Lieut. Gerard Frielingsdorf told the recruits on their first day of orientation. ''It's as simple as that.''

''We do not teach integrity,'' said another instructor, Sgt. Philip Lens of the integrity-discipline unit. ''If, in fact, you do not have it, we will get rid of you.''

Of the initial class of 1,091 recruits, 20 already have resigned. Another woman, one month pregnant, was told to leave on the first day even though she planned to have an abortion. Later, more recruits will drop out, fail out or be ordered out.

Forfeiting Personal Styles

Those who stay must forfeit their personal styles for that of the department. At a Bronx hair salon, Peter Akey, 20 years old, watched ruefully in the mirror as the barber snipped more and more of his sandy hair away. He was sorry, he said, to see his locks go.

But go they must. The Police Department's recruits do as they are told.

By the eighth day, all the recruits appeared in the uniform they will wear until they graduate: a light blue shirt, dark blue trousers, blue tie and shiny laced-up shoes. This year's outfit also includes a dark blue cap and a jacket, which has not yet arrived because of delays in contract bidding caused by the scandal in the city's Parking Violations Bureau.

The cap was added, Inspector Harrison said, to give recruits more practice looking and acting like police officers. In the past, he said, they saluted too much, too little or with their heads uncovered.

Learning How to Salute

One time, he added, the Commissioner was driving by the Ninth Precinct station house in lower Manhattan and a recent graduate, her jacket unbuttoned, waved at him. ''He stopped the car and looked,'' Inspector Harrison said. ''But she just stood there smiling and waving, smiling and waving. We want them to learn how to salute.''

The instructors also want the recruits to learn how to defend lives, and if necessary, to take them. Guns were selected on Zero Day, but unlike the 1960's when some classes waited only a week before carrying them, these recruits will not get them until graduation.

One recruit, Susan Montalvo, 22, was told to choose a Ruger, a Smith & Wesson round butt or a Smith & Wesson square butt. Like many at the Academy, she would just as soon not have bothered.

''My hands are all sweaty because I'm nervous,'' she told the instructor, Officer Alfred Medina, who was trying to explain the difference between the three two-pound guns. ''I don't like guns,'' she said. ''I haven't touched one since I was 8.''

That will change over the next 22 weeks along with everything else.

Already, before their first homework assignment, before their first sit-up and before their first aim for a bull's-eye, there is talk of final exams, of graduation and of first precinct assignments.

John Graffeo, a 30-year-old recruit who lives in Ozone Park, Queens, plans to keep his eyes on the prize: a blue badge.

''It's not going to be a breeze by any means,'' he said, leaning against a wall on a break during the second day of orientation. ''But if you have the right attitude, you'll make it through.''

''I'm looking far away,'' he said. ''I just want to graduate come July.''

Next: The recruits - a class portrait.

**Graphic**

photo of Edwin Seda, firearms instructor, coaching Steven Rodriguez (NYT/Angel Franco); photo of Lisa DeLucia being fitted for a cap at the Police Academy (NYT/Chester Higgins Jr.); photo of Peter Akey having his hair cut (NYT/Alan Zale)

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[***An Exotic East That's Not Far***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7PD0-000P-201C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1563 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE VECSEY

By GEORGE VECSEY

**Body**

ONE of the glories of New York City is that you can come close to creating trips to exotic places, at least for an hour or two. That is to say, you can pretend you are somewhere else. Is that a good thing or a bad thing to say about a city? Oh, I think it's good.

My wife and I stroll up and down 74th Street in the Jackson Heights section of Queens because of the good times we had in India. We seek out a Vietnamese restaurant in TriBeCa to honor the sensational noodle soup in Nha Trang last year. These outings require imagination, and food is always one of the major stimuli.

I would not try to convince you that the intersection of Atlantic Avenue and Court Street near downtown Brooklyn actually duplicates the Middle East, or at least Cairo, which is the only Middle Eastern city we actually know. But if you try, you can pretend you are in the Middle East, particularly in the restaurants and grocery stores.

My memory of Cairo is of narrow, crowded streets, with people selling just about everything, and offering tea or coffee as a sample of their deep friendship. The people were fun, and I loved watching my American buddy bargain hard with them in Arabic. And if we didn't want to be hustled, I would shrug and toss off my only couple of sentences in Russian, which told them that I probably did not have much money to spend.

I tell this story only to make the point that you will not have to speak Arabic in Brooklyn, nor will you have to fend off vendors in the bazaar with smidgens of Russian. Atlantic Avenue is as American as Little Italy or Chinatown. They speak English. They speak plastic. And the food is good, and different.

Current hunger, or the anticipation of hunger, is the reason drivers from half a dozen states double-park and load up the backs of their cars with the real stuff of life: olives, dried fruit and nuts, exotic and pungent spices, a thousand forms of rice, and of course fresh vegetables, fruits and meats, to say nothing of takeout hummus, a ton of it, probably, if you're planning a big party.

But why be a double-parker, when on a pleasant weekend there are dozens of reasons to walk the sidewalks? Middle Eastern restaurants and grocery stores are the main attraction of this neighborhood, a modest Brooklyn version of Columbus Avenue in Manhattan, only with better manners and a quieter pace.

"It used to be all immigrants, but it's still a nice place," said Eddie (the Sheik) Kochak, the entertainer and sage who still lives within a block of where he was born, 71 years ago.

"Don't give my age, the belly-dancers won't like me," said Mr. Kochak, who occasionally sings and plays Middle Eastern percussions at the Tripoli restaurant or other spots. He has seen the neighborhood change from a hard ***working-class*** enclave, close to the flourishing docks, to an emerging urban haven for young (dare one use the Y word?) professionals.

"It's modern now," Mr. Kochak said. "We had gas burners in the hall, one bathroom on every floor, little wash tubs in the apartment. My father had the first coffee house on the street, but nowadays you don't see the men smoking the Turkish water pipes anymore."

Christian and Muslim Waves

The neighborhood was settled late in the last century by immigrants from Syria, most of them Christian. Many of the older families have moved elsewhere, but on Court Street there has been a new wave of Muslim immigrants from Yemen, and these days jogging outfits blend with chuddars.

"We don't think about religion," says Charles Sahadi, whose family has been running grocery stores in Brooklyn since 1895. "At Ramadan you find out who is Muslim. At Easter you find out who is Christian." And some Orthodox Jews shop for foods that fit into their Kosher diets. I am as far from being a cook as I am from being Middle Eastern, but all I can say about the delicatessen section at Sahadi's is, I want one of each.

"Most stores deal in packaged goods but we deal in bulk," says Charles Sahadi, who has been at 187 Atlantic Avenue since 1947. "We have such a huge turnover that everything is fresh. We've got 20 varieties of olives. We have another place where we deal in wholesale, and we can afford to be reasonable. One thing you will notice about my store. We don't do 9's. To me, a price with a 9 is deceitful. If I can sell something for 95 cents, I do. Otherwise, I charge $1."

Unlike just about every other store in the area, Sahadi closes every Sunday, except during the annual street fair, the Atlantic Antic, which will be held on Oct. 4. But there are plenty of other shops on Sundays.

Up the Prosperity Scale

In recent years, there has been an influx of upscale types. Peter Glick, the proprietor of Peter's Ice Cream Parlor and Coffee House at 185 Atlantic Avenue, says he knew Atlantic Avenue was changing when people from Brooklyn Heights became willing to cross the border, that is to say, venture south of State Street. Brooklyn Heights is only a few blocks away, but extremely long blocks, psychologically. Brooklyn, like the Middle East, is complicated,

There are any number of good reasons for visiting the vastly underrated borough on any given weekend: just for openers, a performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, a visit to the Brooklyn Museum, or a nostalgic drive past the site of Ebbets Field, where you can tell the next generation about a man named Jackie Robinson.

A few blocks away from Atlantic Avenue is the Cobble Hill neighborhood, which will remind you more of a quiet quarter of Paris or Rome than frantic New York or the Middle East. Cher and Nicolas Cage have long since moved on from Cammareri's bakery at 502 Henry Street, but there are a few posters from "Moonstruck" on the wall, and enough anisette biscuits to dunk until the turn of the century.

Restaurants, Restaurants

As hunger announces itself, there are dozens of restaurants in the Atlantic Avenue-Court Street neighborhood. We have spotted Thai, Indian, Mexican, Chinese and Spanish restaurants (apparently there was once a large Spanish community near the docks) and I admit, one gray Sunday morning, I was fascinated by the prospect of gingerbread or oat bran pancakes at the Atlantic Cafe at 145 Atlantic Avenue.

But I will be blunt about it and say that I did not drive from my home in the suburbs for pancakes or anisette biscuits. Hardly. I came for pita bread. I came for couscous. I came for tabouli.

On one trip, I had a chicken-and-prunes dish (hummus gratis) at the Moroccan Star Restaurant (205 Atlantic Avenue). On a rainy Sunday, things were so quiet that one of the proprietors had time to ask me to decipher a document he had received that was written in that obscure language called Legal English. Did he think I was a lawyer? Scary thought. I am not a food critic, either, but I enjoyed the meal, and enjoyed the mix of Middle Eastern and Western people wandering in. Friends of mine swear by Almontaser, a few blocks down on Court Street.

The following Sunday, I ventured into Tripoli, a handsome restaurant at 156 Atlantic Avenue. I had a rich stuffed squash in a cream sauce, and my wife had lamb sausages. The place was packed by 1 P.M. with an eclectic clientele; the people at the next table were talking about the Passover seders they had just celebrated. Only in New York, as the saying goes. Tripoli has entertainment, with the aforementioned belly-dancing, on Saturday nights.

Reading and Sipping Coffee

Our stroll after lunch took us into the Rashid Sales Company at 191 Atlantic Avenue, where one can buy Arabic papers of half a dozen nations, along with tapes, books, videos and religious tracts. Among the tapes for sale are the seven albums of Middle Eastern music by Eddie the Sheik.

Between engagements, Mr. Kochak visits his pals at the private Syrian Young Men's Association, where the men are not necessarily young or Syrian, but do share a taste for the thick coffee that used to be available up and down Atlantic Avenue.

There is a new style in coffee now, which is to say the steamed milk in the cappuccino at Peter's Ice Cream Parlor. Having nothing to do with long-vanished smoky dens straight from Damascus or Beirut, Peter's house of justifiable calories is the place where ecology and civic activists cluster for a cappuccino and homemade sweets, plotting the war on pollution and injustice. With reasonable notice, Mr. Glick will also throw a birthday party for children in the back room.

During the winter, Mr. Glick has folk music on Friday nights, but at this time of year, the fair weather brings enough strollers into the place. Peter's has a supply of used books in the back, and the daily papers on racks, and you can actually sit and read and sip your coffee, and nobody announces that your allotted 15 minutes are up. This is a sure sign that you could be in Europe, or you could be in the Middle East, but you are emphatically not on Columbus Avenue. On Atlantic Avenue, you are definitely in another world.

GETTING THERE

The Atlantic Avenue and Court Street intersection straddles downtown Brooklyn and Brooklyn Heights. It is easily reached from the Borough Hall stop on the IRT Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 subway lines, the Court Street stop on the BMT M, N and R lines and the Bergen Street stop on the IND F and BMT G lines.

There is also an Atlantic Avenue stop on the Long Island Rail Road, eight blocks east at Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues. Information: (718) 217-5477.

**Graphic**

Photos: A taste of the Middle East: Strolling down Atlantic Avenue near downtown Brooklyn. (pg. C1); Customers buy Arabic magazines, tapes and CD's at the Rashid Sales Company on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn.; Elias Nasr working at Sahadi Import, a Middle Eastern gourmet shop on Atlantic Avenue that is part of a family business dating to 1895. (pg. C23) (Ed Quinn for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 1992

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-88P0-0007-H17M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WILLIAMSBRIDGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-88P0-0007-H17M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1578 words

**Byline:** By MARK McCAIN

**Body**

TO local activists, it seemed like an intractable problem: Midnight dumpers kept throwing refrigerators and mattresses into the empty lots dotting the northern Bronx neighborhood of Williamsbridge.

Now two-family houses are under construction on the lots, and the development activity is scaring off the dumpers.

''We were working on a proposal to deal with all the dumping,'' said Pinkie P. Freeman, treasurer of the Williamsbridge Federation, an alliance of block associations. ''Then, a couple of months ago, we realized there really wasn't much of a problem any more.''

It is a milestone in Williamsbridge to have a problem fade away without a fight. Though never ravaged like the South Bronx, the neighborhood endured blockbusting and a bad bout of malaise. ''Ten years ago, I thought about selling and moving on,'' Mrs. Freeman said. ''But I decided I'd stay here and fight. And I'm glad I did.''

Fighters like Mrs. Freeman are bringing pride and stability back to the one-square-mile neighborhood bounded by East Gun Hill Road to the south, Laconia Avenue to the east, Woodlawn Cemetery to the west and East 233d Street to the north. There are a few apartment buildings within the boundaries, but most residents live in two- and three-family houses.

''Williamsbridge people are homeowners and hard-working people,'' said Elvira Wyart, chairman of the local community board. ''They keep their area up to snuff. By that, I mean they're out fighting for anything it takes to make the community safer and better - even extra traffic lights.''

Established black families - and the few Italian and Jewish families who held on during the turbulent 1970's - are being joined today by West Indian, Korean and Hispanic neighbors.

''It's like an extended family,'' said George Crouch, who is 62 years old. ''People have been extremely good to my kids. We look out for one another.'' Half a century ago, Mr. Crouch made frequent trips from Harlem to earn a dollar washing windows for a lawyer in Williamsbridge, when it boasted enough open space to grow corn and graze cows.

After World War II, developers sliced up the land, building row after row of unpretentious houses for ***working-class*** families anxious to escape urban congestion and claim their own patch of grass.

Mr. Crouch bought one of those houses 28 years ago and has lived in the neighborhood since. ''A lot of us used to be very active, politically and socially, in the Harlem scene,'' he noted. ''But then one day, we looked around and realized, 'Hey, we're needed up here.' The neighborhood was bottoming out.''

''Now, we're building political clout,'' said Mr. Crouch, who was voted honorary mayor of Williamsbridge last fall by local civic leaders. ''We have people on the school board and the State Assembly who have our interests at heart.

''And we're beginning to get things up here we're proud of. Places we can bring our guests to - like Barbara's, which serves as good a dinner as you can get downtown.''

With its smothered pork chops and juicy ribs, Barbara's Restaurant, at 4045 Laconia Avenue, has built a big following in its first nine months. And after four decades, Sorrento's Restaurant at 4174 White Plains Road continues to be a steady Italian favorite. DOZENS of other establishments on White Plains Road, the neighborhood's primary commercial strip, lay shuttered in recent years. Not any more, though. Every day, the street comes to life under the shadow and clatter of the elevated tracks of the No. 2 and No. 5 trains.

There are tailors and butchers, bicycle shops and beauty salons, Jamaican bakeries and West Indian restaurants. ''We have most every ethnic group you can think of,'' said Clifton Campbell, who sells business machines. ''But we're worried about real-estate speculators. We had a hardware store across the street from us for 30 years. Then a new landlord came in, quadrupled the rent, forced out the hardware store and divided up the space.''

The new tenants - a video store, a delicatessen and a medical center - pay about $32 a square foot, about average for new leases in the neighborhood.

There are no athletic clubs, movie theaters or night clubs. The social magnets The New York Times/Jack Manning Shops along White Plains Road, top, neighborhood's main commercial artery; homes on East 231st Street. are churches and the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The N.A.A.C.P. also operates a popular day-care center and is about to open a credit union.

''That way we can reinvest in the neighborhood, which the banks are reluctant to do,'' said Mrs. Freeman, who serves as secretary of the local N.A.A.C.P. chapter.

Another organization, Neighborhood Housing Services, provides home-improvement loans to residents who cannot qualify for bank credit. In a pilot project, it also renovated an empty four-family house this year and sold it for $160,000 to a local resident selected by lottery.

''You can still find bargains up here,'' said Leonard Robbins, the group's director, ''and a lot of the houses built in the 50's and 60's have held up quite well.''

Two-family houses in Williamsbridge sell for $180,000 to $230,000, except the crop of new ones, which command prices as high as $300,000. Taxes typically run from $1,100 to $1,600 a year.

Most houses sit on 50- by 100-foot lots and typically have a seven-room owner's apartment above a six-room rental, which realizes on average $800 a month. ''Lately, builders have put up around 40 to 50 two-family houses on the empty lots scattered around the neighborhood,'' said Philip David Norain, manager of Gold Circle Realty. ''The new houses are often in attached rows of four or five, and they're pretty similar to the older houses around here, except that each apartment has a separate heating system.''

Two-bedroom co-ops in apartment buildings sell for around $75,000 and single-family bungalows start at $140,000.

Some of the bungalows date from 1924, when Mayor John F. Hylan offered $10 building lots in Williamsbridge to any Manhattan tenement family willing to lay a foundation. Four years earlier, the Third Avenue elevated line had been extended to East Gun Hill Road, giving the neighborhood an inexpensive link to Manhattan.

''W

HEN you told people you lived in Williamsbridge back then it was like saying you lived in Canada,'' said Edythe B. Goodman, who has lived all of her 74 years on East 230th Street. ''Manhattan commuters weren't too anxious to move out this way.''

Today, commuters are plentiful. The trip to midtown Manhattan on the No. 2 or No. 5 train takes about 45 minutes from the intersection of White Plains Road and East Gun Hill Road. Liberty Lines buses take about five minutes longer and cost $3.50 one way.

For commuters bound for work near Grand Central, the 25-minute train ride on the Metro-North Commuter Railroad from the Woodlawn or Williamsbridge stops is a speedy option. The one-way rush-hour fare is $4 and a monthly ticket costs $87.

Families say they are pleased with the innovative programs and firm leadership at the local public schools, Public Schools 103 and 21 and Junior High School 113.

At P.S. 103, which has an enrollment of 1,100, 58 percent of the pupils read at or above grade level on standardized tests and 73 percent scored at or above grade level in mathematics. At P.S. 21, which has an enrollment of 630, 56 percent of the students read at or above grade level and 72 percent scored at or above grade level in mathematics. Sixty-four percent of the 1,200 pupils at J.H.S. 113 read at or above grade level and 44 percent scored at or above grade level in mathematics.

Praise dwindles when the focus shifts to Evander Childs High School, the local high school, at 800 East Gun Hill Road. Although it is beginning to rebuild its reputation and resources, some parents prefer to enroll their children to an open-zone or specialty high school or Cardinal Spellman High School, a Roman Catholic institution at 1991 Needham Avenue, a few blocks east of the neighborhood.

''We want to build up our schools and our community to the point where people are knocking down our door, saying, 'I want to move to Williamsbridge,' '' Mr. Crouch declared. ''We're not there yet. But we're looking good.''

A CALL FOR STOP LIGHTS ON A 'RACE TRACK'

To hear pedestrians describe it, traffic on Paulding Avenue resembles a stock-car race every afternoon as gypsy cabs and harried commuters barrel north from Manhattan with no traffic lights to tame them. And the race extends to other neighborhood thoroughfares.

''We've had several fatalities on the avenues,'' said Pinkie P. Freeman, treasurer of the Williamsbridge Federation. ''Cars sail through the intersections.''

The group petitioned the city's Department of Transportation in November for traffic lights for Paulding Avenue from East 222d to East 233rd Street, as well as for five other intersections. ''That's a major-league number of studies,'' said Victor Ross, the agency's spokesman. ''For each one, we have to put out traffic-counting devices on the street. We determine the traffic volume, the turns that vehicles make and the pedestrian volume. We also examine accident records. There's a whole litany to go through.''

If an intersection passes muster for a traffic light - based on Federal guidelines - the department's Traffic Bureau starts drafting the necessary plans.

''With a request of this magnitude,'' Mr. Ross said, ''the initial studies alone will take at least four or five months.''

**Graphic**

Photo of shops along White Plains Road and homes on East 231st Street (NYT/Jack Manning)

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[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6K40-000P-21KG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For His New Film, Hanif Kureishi Reaches for a 'Beautiful Laundrette'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6K40-000P-21KG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Hanif Kureishi

By J. B. MILLER;

J. B. Miller is author of the novel "My Life in Action Painting."

By J. B. MILLER;  J. B. Miller is author of the novel "My Life in Action Painting."

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

In a large house in Notting Hill a stately white mansion that has obviously seen better days -- technicians bashed a hole in the living room, trying to attach a bike to the ceiling.

"I wrote this scene in a pub," said Hanif Kureishi gleefully, admiring the pandemonium from the comfort of a sofa. He was clearly enjoying the trouble he had caused. The prop was for a hallucination scene in "London Kills Me," Mr. Kureishi's third screenplay and his directorial debut. The film opens in New York on Friday.

Half-English, half-Pakistani, Hanif Kureishi (pronounced Ha-NEEF Ku-REE-shee) is a playwright, screenwriter, novelist, essayist. He is also a provocateur who once described England as "an intolerant, racist, homophobic, narrow-minded, authoritarian rat hole."

Glamour, of a street-smart variety, surrounds Mr. Kureishi. He likes to affect the outlaw image: the fashionable ponytail, the black leather jacket, the beer in a bottle, not a glass. Some in the film world call him the Spike Lee of England. Asked about the comparison, Mr. Kureishi shrugged. "We don't really have that much in common, except that he's a black man in a white society, and I'm a brown man in a white society, and we're both young."

In America, Mr. Kureishi, who is 37 years old, is probably best known for having written "My Beautiful Laundrette," a film that seemed to come out of nowhere, a splattered cinematic canvas of Asian immigrant London circa mid-Thatcher. "Laundrette" was a long shot that came in first. Along with "Chariots of Fire," it is perhaps the most emblematic of all the films that Britain produced in the 80's. "Laundrette" is the flip side of the stiff-upper-lip "Chariots," showing the story of a homosexual relationship between a young Pakistani and a white Cockney who open a swank laundromat in a London slum.

"Laundrette" remains the standard for the dream product: a low-cost slice-of-life drama that found an audience all over the world. Made on a budget of $860,000, it grossed $5 million in the United States alone, which is big box office for an independent film. "Laundrette" also introduced two other talents to the American public: the director Stephen Frears, who went on to make "Dangerous Liaisons" and "The Grifters," and Daniel Day Lewis, who won the best-actor Academy Award for "My Left Foot."

But neither of these big names is involved with "London Kills Me"; Mr. Kureishi was on his own. He gazed up at the ominous-looking hole. "What if the ceiling falls in?" he asked one of the technicians.

"I've got a dustpan and brush downstairs, Hanif."

Mr. Kureishi smiled at the joke. Orson Welles once called film making the greatest toy-train set in the world, and Mr. Kureishi was obviously relishing his new toy. Some years ago, when he was asked if he had any aspirations to direct, he replied, "No, it's too bloody difficult, too much organization. All of those people you have to be nice to. It's a strain." But here he was, on the second day of a scheduled 38-day shoot, being nice to people, organized, dealing with the strain.

The cast of unknowns were mostly in their early 20's, and they treated the quiet Mr. Kureishi as a hip, friendly teacher, or maybe an older brother. He doesn't look like a film director; short and compactly built, he has long black hair and gentle, soft black eyes. His face is angelic, but he is slow to smile and slower to laugh, often affecting the kind of puzzled expression and crooked grin one sees in pouting children and hurt dogs.

Not everything Mr. Kureishi has written, ranging from stage plays and screenplays to essays, stories and a novel, has been a striking success, but the title of his new film is certainly ironic in light of his own career. London hasn't killed Mr. Kureishi at all -- it has practically fallen at his feet. After the critical and commercial success of "Laundrette" (which earned him an Oscar nomination for best original screenplay), he was given an artistic blank check for his next film, "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (1987), which explored conservatism's collision with sexual liberation.

Although the movie was a commercial and critical failure, it further established Mr. Kureishi as a writer of vision. He has consistently challenged the Merchant Ivory-Masterpiece Theater view of England as a country of white people with good accents eating strawberries, playing cricket and going fox hunting. Mr. Kureishi's England is a land of immigrants, gays, punks, drug dealers and race riots. His novel, "The Buddha of Suburbia," depicts an England unsure of how to assimilate its immigrants -- and immigrants unsure whether they want to be assimilated. The book has been translated into 23 languages.

"London Kills Me," unlike Mr. Kureishi's other screenplays, doesn't feature race as an issue; the film is about a young white street urchin called Clint Eastwood who meets up with a gang of white drug dealers and moves into a squat, or house, with them in Notting Hill. Clint wants to go straight but needs a pair of shoes to get a job. "About two years ago, I met this guy in Notting Hill who didn't have a pair of shoes," Mr. Kureishi explained. "He'd stolen a pair from someone in his squat, but they'd found out, so he had to give them back. It seemed sort of funny and pathetic to me -- that all he needed was a pair of shoes."

But the film is not about footware. "Drugs are high-risk capitalism," the director said, speaking the kind of lines he is apt to give his characters. "Ecstasy was the ultimate Thatcherite drug, because you could get blissed out on the weekend and still go to work Monday morning. Not like LSD. The kids around Portobello Road are into the 60's scene without the politics, just the culture. It's all about hedonism. The squatting scene is massive. So it was those two themes -- of young homelessness and drugs -- that came together in the film."

The house the producers found is a former meditation center about to undergo complete renovation. "London Kills Me" turned it into a cinematic squat, with unintelligible graffiti spray-painted on the walls, mirrors smashed, the carpets trashed. Budgeted at $3 million, the production is clearly on the low end of the scale.

"People will probably say the film is arrogant," Mr. Kureishi said. What do critics say about him? "His eagerness to shock is almost endearing," wrote James Wolcott in Vanity Fair. "Kureishi is a bourgeois-basher afraid of being branded bourgeois."

Mr. Kureishi, whose novel won the Whitbread Prize for the best British fiction debut of 1990, has been praised by his friend Salman Rushdie, but, like Mr. Rushdie, he is not the most admired writer in the British Asian community. The loudest critics of "My Beautiful Laundrette" were Asians. In New York, members of the Pakistani Action Committee, angry about the film's depiction of their fellow nationals, picketed its release, waving placards with such slogans as " 'My Beautiful Laundrette' is the creation of a sick and perverted mind."

Although Muslim characters are written about sympathetically in his novel, Mr. Kureishi said that he was brought up as an atheist. Born in 1954 to a ***working-class*** English mother and a middle-class Pakistani journalist, he grew up in the south London middle-class suburb of Bromley. "I was brought up really as an English child," he said. "My father was very Westernized -- he wasn't a practicing Muslim, for example, didn't believe in arranged marriages or practices that would have conflicted with what was around us. I wasn't influenced by Asian culture at all."

There were few Asians in the Bromley area then. "It was a very worrying time," said Mr. Kureishi's father, Rafiushan, in an interview during the shooting of "London Kills Me." (Rafiushan Kureishi died last January.) "The English nature is to not say anything openly, but to keep it under. But people became outspoken about race -- they gave you a hassle when you went out." The senior Kureishi, perhaps his son's greatest champion, remembered the young Hanif as being "very difficult and extremely rude at times. He could be very arrogant."

Having come of age in the late 60's, the director has put that era's anti-authoritarian sensibility into much of his work. The land squatters in "Sammy and Rosie" could be living in a 60's commune. Characters speak as if they're in a psychedelic Roger Corman film ("This stuff will chill you, man. Just tip it on your tongue . . . .") And the drug dealers in "London Kills Me" could have been Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters hot off the bus.

Of his new film, Mr. Kureishi said, "There'll be a lot of people who'll be expecting something which is much bigger and more complicated, I suppose, more ambitious."

Faltering ambition has never been a problem with Mr. Kureishi. These days, however, following his father's death and a bout with back problems, he has decided to travel and take it easy for a while. Although he has no new projects planned, he has written a four-hour television adaptation of "The Buddha of Suburbia," which the BBC plans to film in September. This time, though, he is content to let someone else direct.

**Graphic**

Photos: Emer McCourt, left, and Steven Mackintosh in "London Kills Me"--The themes of drugs and homeless young people come together. Hanif Kureishi during the filming of "London Kills Me." (Photographs by New Line Cinema)

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**End of Document**



[***Grading For-Profit Schools: So Far, So Good***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4F10-0005-G15B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME

By PETER APPLEBOME

**Dateline:** WICHITA, Kan., June 19

**Body**

It began with grandiose talk of thousands of private schools reinventing American education, quickly changed course into a radically different concept of public schools operated on a contract basis, and for a time seemed in danger of thudding to an ignominious end before its first school ever opened its doors.

Finally, four schools began operating last fall as the first experiments in the Edison Project, the brainchild of Christopher Whittle, the media entrepreneur. And, out of the national spotlight, something quite remarkable has happened at the schools, which include the Dodge-Edison Elementary School here.

At the end of Edison's first school year, local officials, teachers and parents in all four cities -- Boston; Mount Clemens, Mich.; Sherman, Tex., and Wichita -- are hailing the first Edison schools as rousing successes in educating students. But Edison's brief history has been bumpy enough, and what it is attempting is so ambitious, that almost no one, including oficials at the company, claims that its successes this year prove that this concept will work.

But at Dodge-Edison, for example, 320 families are on the waiting list, excited by extras like computers in each student's home, Spanish classes that start in kindergarten and the availability of extra tutoring, all without having to pay the tuition of private schools. Dodge-Edison's school day and the school year are longer than at other schools.

The School Board has decided to open a second Edison school, a middle school, next year.

The other three Edison schools also have waiting lists, and the company is expanding to 12 schools in its second year. Districts around the country are increasingly giving Edison a long look, and investors who once shunned the company are now showing so much interest that Edison seems destined to become a publicly traded company within a few years.

When Mr. Whittle announced the project in 1991, he talked about raising $1.2 billion to build 200 private schools by 1996. He hoped to have more than 1,000 schools up and running eventually. In 1992, he lured Benno C. Schmidt Jr. from the presidency of Yale University to run the program. But building schools from scratch turned out to be unduly expensive. And while Mr. Whittle was rethinking his Edison plans, his chief company, Whittle Communications, was undergoing disastrous, widely publicized reverses, which forced him to sell all the company's assets by 1995. Many people assumed that Edison, which has a separate corporate structure, would go down with it.

But Edison secured $30 million ($15 million from Mr. Whittle, $3 million from a group headed by Mr. Schmidt and the rest from investors) in financing in March 1995 to augment its $45 million in start-up funds, including financing from the Sprout Group, one of the nation's oldest and largest venture-capital firms. That allowed it to move forward.

These days, Edison's advocates and critics agree that it is far too early to make any judgments about the company's future. It will take several years to assemble definitive test results. And, after spending $75 million in development money, the company may find that operating good schools is easier than generating the profits that satisfy investors.

But Edison's record this year is being viewed by both educators and investors as a remarkable success.

"When I considered bringing in the Edison Project, three things they said interested me," said Larry Vaughn, Superintendent of the Wichita Public Schools. "They promised to educate all kids, to do it to our satisfaction and to do it for the same price we were spending. I can't think of anything they've fallen short on."

Edison's apparent success comes after Education Alternatives Inc., another for-profit firm, stumbled badly in efforts to run schools in Miami, Hartford and Baltimore. Edison's first year is being viewed by investors as a tantalizing indication that perhaps a private company can make a profit by operating some schools better, cheaper and smarter than public school districts.

"For a company that was presumed dead 18 months ago, what they've done is remarkable," said Michael Moe, director of growth stocks with Montgomery Securities, based in San Francisco, who closely follows the education industry. "My belief all along has been that if you can show your product works, this is a huge market. You can't draw conclusions after one year, but I'd say you have to give them an A for what they did this year."

Edison contracts with school districts to operate individual schools for the same amount of money per pupil that is given to each district's other schools; it earns a profit if it keeps the cost of running a school lower than the amount of money it gets from the district.

In Wichita, Edison uses both union and non-union teachers. While unions elsewhere have been hostile to other for-profit ventures, Edison has attempted to cooperate with them and has largely succeeded in doing so.

The Dodge-Edison School, in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of modest cottages and unpaved streets, offers a school day one and a half hours longer than other district schools and a school year 20 days longer. The computer given to each student's family allows parents to get messages from teachers, view homework assignments, converse with other Edison parents in their school or in different cities or sent E-mail to Mr. Whittle or Mr. Schmidt. Students spend an hour and a half on reading every day. Tutors, many of them parents, give extra help to half the students.

This year, Dodge-Edison's attendance record was 96 percent, and the number of students leaving the school during the year dropped to 7 percent, as compared with 36 percent last year. Parents and teachers all but glow with satisfaction.

"I'm happier with a school than I've ever been before," said Rosa Palacio, a mother of three children. She tutors at Dodge-Edison, where 75 percent of the students come from families poor enough to merit free or reduced-price lunches. "The teachers seem to be able to get kids to focus on learning," Ms. Palacio said. "They don't give up on any of them."

Many of the teachers at Dodge-Edison seem a little stunned but enthusiastic over the amount of technology available and the extras most people take for granted but most teachers never see, like a telephone in every room.

"I'm tired -- we all are -- but it's been a great year," said Shawn Springer, who teaches first and second graders. "Teachers are respected and valued here, and you can see the results. Every parent in my class is glad their kid is here."

But many doubts remain. Although all the Edison schools get high marks, Dodge-Edison is regarded as the showcase. From its principal, Dr. Larrie Reynolds, on down, Edison has hired either top teachers or enthusiastic young ones, creating a level of talent most schools cannot emulate.

Keith Welty, president of the Wichita chapter of the National Education Association, said he doubted that Edison could deliver the same product over time.

"They will get into cutting costs, and when they do it, they won't have to answer to the public," he said. "Most of what they're doing is just common sense. We just can't get the legislators to kick out the kind of money Whittle did."

Joan Buckley, associate director of educational issues with the American Federation of Teachers, said that Edison had too many inexperienced teachers, that its innovations were only modest and that its schools were benefiting from resources most schools cannot have.

Janet Hickey, a general partner of the Sprout Group, said she rated Edison's first year overall an "8 or 9" on a scale of 10. She rated its movement toward its financial goals a "5 or 6," average for a start-up company. She said that while each school had operated profitably, the cost of opening each school and the yearly support costs from corporate headquarters had been higher than expected and that revenues at two of the schools -- in Wichita and Boston -- had initially been lower than expected.

"I'm not saying that after one year we can show we have the business model exactly right -- we don't," she said. "But I think we now know that coming up with one is not impossible, as a lot of people thought a year ago."

She said Edison would have no trouble finding investors when, as expected, it raises an estimated $25 million to $30 million for its third and fourth years of operation, beginning in the 1997-98 school year.

Dr. Reynolds said there were so many inefficiencies in the way schools were run that Edison could easily run schools for the same per-student financing as traditional schools while putting more resources into instruction and making a profit. As examples, he cited $68,000 in payroll costs for services that an outside contractor provided for $3,000 and a painting job estimated at $43,000 that parents did for $500.

Mr. Moe and other advocates of for-profit education say that the public is demanding change in an inefficient, $300 billion industry and that schools like Edison's can provide choice within public education.

For the 1997-98 school year, Mr. Schmidt said, Edison is in serious talks with 25 to 30 districts. Forty-five to 50 others have expressed interest, he said. The company reports that each site -- apart from the costs of the parent company -- operated at a profit this year, and Mr. Whittle said Edison could operate profitably with 20 to 25 schools -- a target that, with the current growth rate, would be reached by the 1997-98 school year (Ms. Hickey put the figure at 25 to 30 schools, but an exact figure depends on how fast the company expands). Edison's revenues were about $12 million this year.

"We have to feel very good about how this year went," Mr. Schmidt said. "The biggest single manifestation of that is that all the districts want us to expand."

Mr. Whittle said the nationwide demand for educational options and the growing interest that investors are showing in education reflected an enormous potential market.

"I visited each of our sites 10 times on average, and I'm seeing a great acceptance of the idea that capitalism and caring are not mutually exclusive," he said. "It may take two decades, but I think running thousands of schools is realistic. My original vision about what this company can do has not changed one bit."

**Graphic**

Photo: The Edison Project's for-profit school in Wichita, Kan., has a long waiting list after its first year. Shawn Springer, who taught his first and second graders recently, said that "teachers are respected here." (Steve Rasmussen for The New York Times)

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[***Serial Muse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W41-2HR0-007F-G4KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1995 words

**Byline:** By John Simon;

John Simon is the theater critic for New York magazine and the film critic of National Review.

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**Body**

Diaries 1898-1902

By Alma Mahler-Werfel.

Selected and translated

by Antony Beaumont.

Illustrated. 494 pp. Ithaca, N.Y.:

Cornell University Press. $35.

The Viennese enchantress Alma Schindler (1879-1964) was one of our era's most fascinating and fabled women. Beautiful, smart, talented, ambitious and sexy, she was successively the companion of four celebrated artists: the composer Gustav Mahler, the painter Oskar Kokoschka, the architect Walter Gropius and the writer Franz Werfel, and she married all but Kokoschka. She had intense flirtations with the painter Gustav Klimt and the composer Alexander Zemlinsky; the composers Hans Pfitzner and Gustave Charpentier, the piano virtuoso Osip Gabrilovich and the playwright Gerhart Hauptmann were variously smitten with her.

Alma had other admirers and wooers, but, more important, she was also an artist in her own right. Until Mahler, not one to brook competition, forbade her to compose, she had written some exquisite lieder, which today's concert artists are happily rediscovering. After that spousal interdict she switched to being a muse and impresario, with impressive success. Even her daughters were memorable. Anna became a noteworthy sculptor, and the angelic Manon, who died at 18, inspired Alban Berg's Violin Concerto, possibly the greatest musical elegy of all time.

Too bad that neither Klimt nor Kokoschka left us a full-scale incisive portrait of her. Neither Kokoschka's double portrait of himself and Alma nor his mythicized impression of their lovemaking, "The Squall," quite does the job, leaving us dependent on photographs. In the early ones, we see an imposing, full-breasted young woman with opulent hair and fine, firm features. More handsome perhaps than strictly beautiful, she compels with the alertness and determination of her gaze. To invoke her adored Wagner, she is part Sieglinde, part Brnnhilde.

For her deeper aspects, there is her 1957 autobiography, "Mein Leben" ("My Life"), untrustworthy though it often is. Any number of ghostwriters grappled with Alma's powerful urge to embellish, exaggerate or suppress. The youthful "Diaries" being published now, even if they cover only the period from 1898 to 1902, are an important addition. Although they did not escape the revisions and excisions of an Alma who kept fiddling with them, they strongly illuminate her formative years -- amazing that they lay so long unpublished in the library of the University of Pennsylvania. They fill Alma's exercise books numbered 4-25. The whereabouts of the first three are unknown.

Matters were not simplified for the editors, Antony Beaumont and Susanne Rode-Breymann, by Alma's difficult handwriting and bizarre punctuation, but at least, despite considerable later striking out, only a few words were entirely obliterated. Valuable, too, are the attached letters, playbills, concert programs and snapshots, though these are generally not reproduced in this English-language edition, which is actually abridged selections from the German one, made and translated by Beaumont. But we do get some of Alma's charming drawings, attesting to yet another side of this complex personality.

Alma was the daughter of Jakob Schindler, a decent middle-of-the-road Viennese painter, and his German wife, whose checkered career included being an actress, dancer, singer and nanny. When Schindler died prematurely, Carl Moll, a lesser painter who had insinuated himself into the household as a disciple, married the widow. The adolescent Alma, who had loved her father, disliked her mother and was unfond of her stepfather. How her younger half sister, the very average Gretl, felt, is unrecorded.

Moll was a member of the Secession, the important avant-garde art movement, in whose exhibition building he had an office. Alma paid almost daily visits to the rotating art exhibits. With that family background, it was natural for her to develop an early interest in painting and music, and she also became an avid though unsystematic reader. What she, like other girls of the Austrian bourgeoisie, lacked was a formal education, much regretted by her: "Why are boys taught to use their brains, but not girls? . . . My mind has not been schooled, which is why I have such frightful difficulty with everything." She, however, like other girls of her standing, did play the piano, studying with the respectable blind pianist-composer Josef Labor.

Part of studying with him was composing various pieces, to which Alma took with aptitude and enjoyment. The confessions she made to her diary show an eager, lively, impatient mind, interested and judgmental in observing the people she met at lunches and dinner parties she regularly attended with her family, at home or about town, often playing the piano for the guests.

The "Diaries" divide neatly, though not explicitly, into three parts. In the first year, Alma, still teen-age and innocent, falls in love for the first time with her fairy prince, the 36-year-old premier Secessionist painter Gustav Klimt, at that time still building up his reputation. A handsome fellow, Klimt was by no means unresponsive to Alma, but then he enjoyed numerous involvements with women, especially with his brother's pretty widow and her even prettier younger sister. He had no intention of getting married and, in his relatively short life, he never did.

Alma, however, was anything but das ssse Wiener Madel, the sweet young ***working-class*** girl with whom young gentlemen had their affairs before unhurriedly settling down to serious work and respectable marriages. So she already dreamed of becoming Klimt's beloved wife while still misspelling his name as Klimpt. She steadily frequented the theater, opera and concerts with her family and soon became an ardent Wagnerite. Intoxicated especially with "Siegfried" and "Tristan," she might have deduced from their texts that marital bliss was not generally in a young woman's cards. Instead, transported by the music, she fantasized union with Klimt, even though he never held out false promises.

The idyll did not extend beyond two passionate kisses on a trip to Italy, where the painter briefly joined the Moll family. But they were enough to haunt Alma through much of the next two years, when she fell under the consecutive and overlapping spell of the outstanding Secessionist architect Josef Olbrich; the artistic director of the Burgtheater and comic playwright Max Burckhard; and, above all, Alexander Zemlinsky, to whom she turned for more advanced music lessons.

This phase of the "Diaries" is especially absorbing for Alma's ability to talk herself into and out of love with any one of them (not to mention some lesser others), even as she deplored Olbrich's dandyism and dentures, Burckhard's somewhat brash Casanovaishness and Zemlinsky's dwarfish stature, receding chin and Jewishness (be it noted that Alma's conventional anti-Semitism did not stop her from marrying two Jews). With Zemlinsky she went farthest, alternately playing down and bemoaning his ugliness in wonderfully tormented but always catchy prose. Farther off, and slowly ascending in Alma's firmament, was the admired and resented conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic and Opera, Gustav Mahler, whom she longed to meet, though she was not impressed by his compositions.

Alma was the Lady of Ambivalence, the lover full of reversals, and she was, despite her free spirit, puritanical enough to remain a heavily petting virgin until her marriage or thereabouts. She was, apparently, a stimulating conversationalist, with independent, often highly perceptive views on painters, composers and writers. Her observations about Mozart, Berlioz, Richard Strauss ("a brilliant pig"), Mascagni and Mahler are arresting. Thus, of Mahler's "Klagende Lied" she writes: "The text is excellent, the melody a little impoverished, but the structure firm and effective. I can imagine some passages sounding quite passable."

Her rejection of the highly popular Karl Goldmark and Ambroise Thomas is

as interesting as her ambivalence about Arnold Schoenberg. She is equally individualistic about painters: "I shall always prefer BRated PG-13cklin to Raphael. . . . My taste is too modern." Among writers, she adores Goethe and Dante (despite his religious views), enjoys some Byron and Zola, but has no use for "Madame Bovary." When most distressed with her men, she goes to bed with a volume of Nietzsche or Darwin, and feels restored.

Her chief biographer, Berndt Wessling, begins with this quotation: "No one will ever succeed in completely describing me; not even I myself succeeded. I am full of enigmas that can't be solved. In distant days they'll say of me: She was a sphinx."

I would single out this from the "Diaries," where Alma, already deeply involved with Mahler, attends a "Meistersinger" under his baton and "outrageously" flirts with a physician, Ludwig Adler, seated nearby, when she realizes, "to my horror," that a rich suitor of hers, Felix Muhr, "was sitting next to him and had probably been observing the entire maneuver. I felt ashamed of myself, absolutely ashamed. All the same, I noticed that M. was looking the other way, so I quickly turned my head in his direction, and we exchanged a voluptuous glance -- for a long, wonderful moment -- regardless of onlookers. Such a glance can be stunningly sensual -- and he's the very picture of a man. . . . There's good stock for you. Mahler can't compete with that. But otherwise I remain independent and, at heart, faithful to Gustav."

This faithfulness was hard-earned. The third division into which the "Diaries" naturally fall -- the last five or six of the exercise books -- is the most titillating, as it concerns a young woman previously shocked by seeing dogs copulate but now absorbed in watching two flies do the same. Here she fluctuates between the passionate embraces of Zemlinsky, about whom she feels mostly lustful, and Mahler, toward whose delicate frame and health she has strongly protective, maternal feelings. With both she gets into intimate sexual situations, described in somewhat prudish terms, but explicitly enough.

Now it is Zemlinsky, "this ugly, sweet little man" of whom we read: "I sucked on his mouth. Suddenly I felt him salivate -- again and again -- & I drank eagerly from his mouth -- blessed impregnation!" Now it is Mahler: "So much irritates me: his smell, the way he sings, the way he speaks can't roll his rrrr's ." We learn about "his breath so sweet" and that he "let me feel his masculinity -- his vigor -- & it was a pure, holy sensation." (But he did bite the nails of his beautiful hands.)

Another time: "I let him touch me with his hand. Stiff and upright stood his vigor. He carried me to the sofa, laid me gently down and swung himself over me. Then -- just as I felt him penetrate, he lost all strength. He laid his head on my breast, shattered -- and almost wept for shame. Distraught as I was, I comforted him. . . . Then I broke down, had to weep, weep on his breast." Still, it was Burckhard whom Alma, amid all this, first let kiss her "wildly & with his tongue." But then, she kept reversing herself practically to the altar. Even after their engagement, when Mahler one day "begged me to talk . . . I couldn't find one word of warmth. Not one."

Finally, Alma sees herself as a creature with two souls, and though she chooses Mahler feels the need to defend herself against charges of calculation by adducing his being sickly, professionally insecure, not so young, Jewish and deep in debt. And she concludes the diary with a near-contradiction: "I must rise to meet him," but also "I must . . . let everything happen to me of its own accord." Readers who want to investigate how that marriage worked out should consult Jonathan Carr's "Mahler." The "Diaries," despite Antony Beaumont's often ungrammatical translation, offer an incisive portrait of a young femme fatale and a vivid eyewitness account of endearing and enervating turn-of-the-century Vienna.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***THE COURTSHIP OF MICHIGAN'S MACOMB COUNTY HAS BECOME A 2-PARTY AFFAIR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9270-0007-H316-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1560 words

**Byline:** By MAUREEN DOWD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MOUNT CLEMENS, Mich.

**Body**

Macomb County has a no-nonsense air, a stubborn certainty about its likes and dislikes.

Stores along the road sell lumber and asphalt and granite and truck parts and Kowalski kilbasa. Signs beckon: ''Chain Saws Sharpened,'' ''Welders Wanted,'' ''Weatherby Guns For Sale.''

Driveways sport Pontiacs and Chevrolets. Roman Catholic churches offer masses in Polish and Italian, and many ethnic enclaves can still be identified by their cooking aromas. People work hard here and pay their bills on time; the county government prefers to pay cash for new buildings.

This ***working-class*** county, a suburb of Detroit, is the scene of a colorful tug-of-war between Democrats and Republicans that may contain critical lessons for the nation's political future. Once faithfully Democratic, with idols named Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, Macomb has grown fickle in recent years, splitting tickets and swinging sharply from one election to the next.

The Republicans want to steal away the political heart of Macomb - a paradigm for other blue-collar, ethnic, religious communities around the country that have moved to the right in the heady Reagan years - and become the county's majority party for the first time in half a century.

A Power of Sorts

As the political strategists and theoreticians in Washington drily debate the issue they call realignment, the politicians in Macomb are pushing and tugging voters to the right, the left and the far right.

The residents of this county have been more controlled than controlling over the years; their bosses and union leaders live in tonier suburbs. But now, with their votes no longer under the spell of the unions or the party their parents cleaved to, they have a power of sorts.

''If the Democrats keep sliding with the type of people who live in Macomb, we will become the minority party,'' said David Bonior, the Democratic Congressman who represents most of the county.

Richard Weiner, chairman of the state Democratic Party, agreed. ''We're trying to figure out what makes Macomb tick,'' he said.

Macomb is notable for its uniformity. It has no slums and no swank towns. Most of its residents - its population of 687,800 makes it the third-largest county in the state - work in the automobile industry as lower-level managers and skilled workers. Most are of Eastern European or Italian descent, and the black population is only 1.3 percent.

Ten years ago 57 percent of the county voters identified themselves as Democrats, 23 percent as Republicans and 16 percent as independents, according to Market Opinion Research, a Detroit company. Now the parties are in a dead heat, with 43 percent calling themselves Democrats and 43 percent Republicans.

A Similar National Shift

Nationally, the shift has been in the same direction, but not so fast. In 1976 the New York Times/CBS News Polls showed 52 percent identifying with Democrats and 29 percent with Republicans. This year all Times and Times/ CBS News Polls, taken together, show 47 percent identifying with Democrats and 42 percent with Republicans.

In 1960, Macomb gave Kennedy 62.8 percent of its votes to 36.9 percent for Richard M. Nixon, and the Democrat carried Michigan. In 1984, President Reagan got 66.2 percent of Macomb's votes to 33.3 percent for Walter F. Mondale, and the Republican carried the state.

As Robert Perakis, a 33-year-old Republican state legislator, puts it: ''It's a doggone exciting time to be a Republican.''

In 1984, after having no one in the State Legislature, county Republicans captured three of eight state representative spots, half the Republican seats gained statewide, and the party almost split the total vote in the county. They also won one of the three state Senate seats.

The same year, after two decades when there had been only one Republican at any time serving on the County Board of Commissioners, four Republicans were elected. And even though the party did not mount a full slate for all the township races, 90 percent of the township offices that were contested were won by Republicans.

No Interest in Bingo

''Democrats used to have the image of protecting the hopes of the people for a better life,'' said Ken Simmons, a Republican County Commissioner. ''Now Republicans have that image.''

But, somehow, the Macomb Republicans do not seem ready to take advantage of their Reagan windfall. They have no headquarters; they closed their office in Mount Clemens because they could not pay the rent, and now they occasionally meet in a high school classroom.

They have no money to help candidates; the county party is a couple of thousand dollars in debt because a Lotto-crazed public lost interest in the Thursday night bingo games the Republicans used to hold to raise money.

There is not even a county Republican chairman. Robert Brandenburg resigned last month after conceding he could no longer control the fighting among factions supporting Presidential prospects George Bush, Jack F. Kemp and Pat Robertson. His position was particularly delicate because he was a Kemp supporter who switched to M.r. Bush, and his wife, Nickie, an engaging born-again Christian, was the leader of the winning Robertson forces.

So now, as Mr. Perakis, the state legislator, puts it, ''Individual candidates are sort of on their own.''

A Republican Roster

This year the Democrats are trying hard to defeat Mr. Perakis and the other Republicans running. Despite the current Republican disarray, the Democrats are nervous about the 1984 loss of lower offices because it will mean that, for the first time, the Republicans have a roster of officials who can climb the ladder to higher office and who can create a network for distribution of literature and other campaign chores.

The Democrats say they know things will never be the same in Macomb, that they will never return to the days of slogans like, ''Make It Emphatic, Vote Straight Democratic.''

Sheriff William Hackel fondly recalls that in his youth there were not enough Protestants and Republicans in Macomb to fill up his office. He angrily talks about the ''blunder'' of Mr. Mondale in this tax-sensitive county in proposing a tax increase only weeks before the last election.

''When Mondale did that, most of us went into the bathroom and threw up,'' the sheriff said. ''We thought it was the end of our careers.''

But the Democrats here believe that voters think about the parties differently from the way their parents did and that realignment in the historical sense will never happen.

Questions on Issues

''It would be as naive to say that people will be lifelong Republicans because they voted for Reagan as it would be for us to say they'll ever be lifelong Democrats again,'' said Mr. Weiner. ''What you're going to see is a tremendous competition between the two parties for voters.''

''A few years ago you used to knock on the door and people didn't want details, they'd just ask if you were a Democrat or Republican,'' said Sheriff Hackel. ''Now they want to know where you stand on this issue or that, and they might not even ask your party.''

Last year the Macomb Democrats persuaded the state party to pick up the $100,000 tab for some radio advertisments promoting party achievements in education, jobs and family life. And the Democrats are hoping that Gov. James Blanchard's increasing popularity here will help candidates lower on the ticket.

But candidates are also tailoring their campaigns to suit the temper of the times.

Sharon Gire, a Democrat trying to unseat Mr. Perakis, is conducting a telephone poll to see what each voter thinks is the crucial issue in the county. If the voter says crime, he soon receives a letter on the subject from Mrs. Gire.

Softening an Image

Carl Marlinga, prosecuting attorney, a Democrat, has tried to be visible as a tough crime fighter, hoping to co-opt this issue back from the Republicans. ''Some Democrats think saying you want to fight crime is some sort of a racist code word, but it doesn't have to be,'' said Mr. Marlinga. ''The Democrats' traditional constituencies - blacks, women and the poor - are the ones most often victimized by crime.''

Republicans also seem to feel that, while the mood might be in their favor, they must prove themselves door-to-door and issue-to-issue as well.

They are trying to soften their image as an unfeeling party of the country club set. Mr. Perakis's campaign literature tells how he helped Florence Kulas with a broken furnace and Carmine Ditrapani with a broken wheelchair, and he brags about sponsoring legislation for ''do-it-yourself'' wills.

''People want to know, 'How is the government going to help me without spending money?' '' Mr. Perakis says.

Mr. Perakis and Dave Jaye, another young Republican candidate for state representative, also take a tack favored by Republicans in a county with almost no blacks, attacking the black Mayor of Detroit as a way of taking advantage of the parsimonious residents' disgust about the suburban revenue that goes to finance projects in the city.

''Isn't it time that someone stood up to Detroit's Mayor Coleman Young?'' Mr. Jaye's campaign brochure asks. Sitting in his campaign office in front of a picture of Ronald Reagan, Mr. Perakis amended an earlier observation that realignment is just around the corner. ''Nor do I fool myself,'' he said. ''If I thought there was a solid realignment, would I be knocking on 200 doors every day?''

**Graphic**

photo of Dave Jaye (NYT/Anna Maria Pontoni); photo of Robert Perakis (NYT/Anna Maria Pontoni); map of Michigan highlighting Macomb County

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[***In Buenos Aires, Late Nights and (Very) Low Prices - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CNH-TF00-TW8F-G39B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 2266 words

**Byline:** By DAISANN McLANE

**Body**

''IN Buenos Aires these days, everyone is having problems sleeping,'' said my Argentine friend Cesar as we strolled down a street in Palermo Viejo, the neighborhood of shops, bars and restaurants known locally as the SoHo of Buenos Aires. It was around 3:30 a.m. on a weekend, cool enough for a leather jacket, but the sidewalks were alive with people still reluctant to call it a night, looking for another bar, another sidewalk cafe, in which to linger.

I live in New York, where I'm usually in bed by 11. At 11 you'll be lucky to get a reservation in a Buenos Aires restaurant. I didn't expect that I would adapt to the city's famously late hours when I first arrived there for a stay of about a week in April. Soon, however, I found myself enthusiastically ordering grilled lomo (tenderloin) and morcilla (blood sausage) at midnight -- certainly not conducive to a good night's rest.

But that's not the kind of insomnia Cesar was talking about. I'd asked him how things were going since the Argentine currency crash of March 2002, when the peso was devalued by the government and lost about two-thirds of its value almost overnight. Cesar shrugged, in that Buenos Aires way, a shrug that said: Not good. And hadn't I noticed all the ads on the Buenos Aires subway for melatonin and sleeping pills?

Most people are still struggling, he said. Life is not what it was: Argentines have seen their purchasing power drop drastically. Still, on a Friday night on the town, you wouldn't guess it. At around 8:30 in the evening, along the brightly lighted Avenida Corrientes (Buenos Aires's Broadway), the pretheater crowds buzz with anticipation, thronging the entrances to opulent old Art Deco theaters like the Teatro Opera. Buenos Aires's theater row vies with Madrid's to present the top musicians, actors, dancers and orchestras in the Latin world; many come here just for the theater. (Cesar and I went to see the Argentine dancer Maximiliano Guerra, a muscular and handsome international ballet star, perform an extraordinary program of ballet, tango and rock 'n' roll composed by the Argentine rock icon Charly Garcia.)

After the ballet, it was off to the Club del Vino, a chic cabaret theater and wine bar, where the audience -- another packed house -- quickly succumbed to a comedy troupe's affectionate parody of a Latin lounge-lizard act. The laughter and fine wine flowed, and by the end of the show the audience was on its feet dancing giddily to ''La Bamba.''

Maybe the residents of Buenos Aires, the portenos, were tossing and turning, but they also seemed determined to keep their spirits up, and enjoy their fabulous city.

The flip side of Argentina's economic pain is that the United States dollar goes a long way. Just about everything in Argentina -- from hotel rooms to fine restaurants to local transportation -- costs about two-thirds less than it would in the United States. The five-star luxury hotel is $100 to $175, the two- or three-star hotel $25; the best seat at the show on Avenida Corrientes is $20, the bottle of exquisite Argentine wine $6.50. (And, for those who want to be more than tourists in Buenos Aires, a modest pied-a-terre in a gorgeous classic 19th-century building sells for around $30,000.)

The inequality of this pricked at my conscience, but tourist dollars, I knew, would help the local economy. ''Turismo Es Trabajo'' (''Tourism Means Jobs'') is the slogan on a public-service ad repeated over and over on Argentine TV. The people I met were unfailingly friendly and helpful to a stranger in town. For instance, a cabdriver parked by my hotel and walked me inside to the desk to make sure I'd be O.K. Crime is reportedly on the rise, but I exercised caution and felt more at ease than I have in some other Latin American cities. And although I saw plenty of broken sidewalks and streetlights, reminiscent of New York during its 1970's fiscal crisis, I also saw encouraging signs of the city's revival, especially in the area of Palermo Viejo, where I began my stay.

Palermo Viejo is probably the best known of the new hip enclaves in Buenos Aires. Once a suburb of downtown (it is about 10 minutes by cab and 20 minutes by subway from the Obelisco, the tall Egyptian-style needle that marks the city's center), its rows of two- and three-story early 20th-century houses, many with rococo facades, languished in the 80's. Now they are being renovated, one by one, by young entrepreneurs. Boutiques that sell handmade shoes, designer home accessories or one-of-a-kind evening dresses elbow for space beside new restaurants, clubs and bars. The neighborhood boundaries have expanded -- there is now a Palermo SoHo and a Palermo Hollywood, a district of thriving film and television production companies.

Checking the Internet to find a place to stay in the district, which doesn't have any sizable hotels, I found Che Lulu Guest House, in a narrow cobblestoned lane near the edge of the SoHo side of Palermo that has recently been renovated by a collective of artists as a B&B. Welcomed into the spacious common living room by a stylish young innkeeper and the throb of ambient music, I settled into my little room upstairs. It didn't have a bathroom (I shared one on the hall with another room). And with a renovation going on next door it was a bit noisy during the day, but it was sunny and pleasant. At breakfast, included in the $25-a-night price, I drank coffee and ate sugary-sweet Argentine croissants, medialunas, while sharing stories with tourists from England and Germany.

Although Palermo Viejo is in the midst of a transformation, it is still a ***working-class*** neighborhood, where fruit markets, schools and social clubs provide a solid contrast to the trendiness. So it's a terrific place to stroll. At the edge of Palermo Hollywood is a superb covered flea market (Mercado de las Pulgas) filled with the forgotten treasures of Argentine middle- and upper-class households -- row upon row of Italianate dining sets, tables piled with antique silver and, in one stall, a ceiling hung with Venetian glass chandeliers (I bought one, for $60).

Lunch in this neighborhood is an incredible value. At cool, minimalist Central, after my flea market run, I settled back into a seat on a white couch, and enjoyed a glass of sauvignon blanc with delicious ravioli in a mushroom sauce, organic salad and dessert for about $10. Lunch at Ristorante O was even better. There, each course was a well-thought-out combination of fresh local ingredients and European cooking techniques -- especially the risotto, delicately prepared but rich with the musky flavor of local mushrooms. I asked to see the chef so I could compliment him and discovered he was American, and had started his career at Charlie Trotter's. Oh, and lunch, with appetizer, main course, dessert, wine and coffee, also came to $10.

Despite its pleasures, Palermo Viejo is a bit out of the way, and I wanted to spend some time downtown, so after two nights I moved to a hotel I had stayed in on a previous trip, the Broadway All Suites on the Avenida Corrientes. My room there was large, with a kitchenette and sitting room, and the location was convenient, but I was getting used to the Argentine way of looking at prices, and $65 (plus tax) began to feel like too much money. Cesar told me about a new hotel downtown, the Ibis, which was offering a deal for $25. I was a little dubious, since I'd checked out some hotels of this French budget chain in Europe and wasn't impressed. But my friend was right -- it was great, and brand new, with an enthusiastic staff. I booked a small, quiet room with a big bed covered with a turquoise bedspread and Ikea-style furniture. For another $2, I had breakfast in the lobby cafeteria, alongside lots of Brazilians.

I had hit many of the key sights in Buenos Aires on an earlier trip, but some drew me back for a second round, like the moody Recoleta Cemetery, filled with gargantuan granite and marble monuments topped with cherubim and seraphim. I also returned to the Museo de Arte Latinoamericano de Buenos Aires, or Malba, which opened in 2001, a world-class museum of Latin American painting and sculpture; its exhibitions of works by Diego Rivera and painters like Roberto Matta and Wilfredo Lam as well as a host of modern Uruguayans and Argentines, are on rotation. The Plaza Dorrego street fair, on Sundays in San Telmo, is a tourist parade, but still irresistible. How can you not love spending an afternoon meandering along cobblestoned streets, listening to jazz bands and watching septuagenarians in Borsalino hats dance the tango?

ABOUT the tango. It is, of course, a symbol of Buenos Aires, probably the city's best-known export, and often invoked as a metaphor for the culture. There are dozens of clubs offering tango shows, places where you can watch or participate, afternoon, evening and night, in milongas, or tango dances. (My favorite is upstairs at the historic Confiteria Ideal, in the magnificent ballroom of mirrors and columns used as a location in Sally Potter's film ''The Tango Lesson.'') There is even a 24-hour cable channel, ''Solo Tango.'' I don't know how to tango, but on my first visit to Buenos Aires, I had thrown myself into the scene, spending hours watching dancers swirl and swoop, fending off passes (''I am the tango teacher give me a little kiss'') from tango Lotharios.

This time, though, I wasn't in a tango mood. For it seemed to me the real action in Buenos Aires now wasn't the stagey, mannered passion of the tango floor but rather the everyday struggle to keep going through difficult times. So I skipped dancing, and instead I walked the leafy streets so reminiscent of Madrid or Paris, where the building facades were studded with placards that said ''Se Vende,'' For Sale. I stopped in bookstores -- Buenos Aires has an abundance of them, and they stay open late. In one, I found myself standing for an hour, conversing with the owner about politics, economics, Che Guevara and the movies. As citizens of two complex big cities that have experienced ups and downs, we soon found common ground.

''I love New York,'' the bookseller said as I departed. ''Say hello to Woody Allen for me.''

I promised I would. Then I headed off to meet a friend, to share steaks, wine, conversation and another Buenos Aires sleepless night.

The bottom line

I spent about $64.87 a day on food, lodging, activities and local transportation during eight days and nights, at 2.85 Argentine pesos to $1.

Getting There

Using the United Airlines Web site ([*www.ual.com*](http://www.ual.com)), I found a discounted round trip ticket from New York to Buenos Aires with a connection in Dulles International Airport near Washington for $572.50, with tax.

Hotels

Che Lulu Guest House, Emilio Zola 5185, (54-11) 4772 0289, [*www.luluguesthouse.com*](http://www.luluguesthouse.com), was a good bohemian base from which to explore the up-and-coming neighborhood of Palermo Viejo. My room with double bed didn't have a bath (a shared shower and toilet was next door) but was clean and comfortable. Breakfast was served at a long table in the dining room (croissants, coffee, juice, cereal). One night, with 21 percent tax and breakfast, was $25.

Rooms at the recently opened Hotel Ibis, part of the French Accor chain, Hipolito Yrigoyen 1592, (54-11) 5300 5555, [*www.ibishotel.com*](http://www.ibishotel.com), are small but intelligently designed, and the staff was extremely friendly and helpful. The Ibis, downtown on the leafy Plaza Congreso, is a terrific deal at $25 a night. The price includes tax but not breakfast ($2).

The Broadway All Suites, well situated in the theater district, Avenida Corrientes 1173, (54-11) 4378 9300, [*www.broadway-suites.com.ar*](http://www.broadway-suites.com.ar), has more space (each of the modern-style beige-on-white rooms has a sitting room and kitchenette), and more style, at a higher price: $73 a night, with tax and buffet breakfast.

Restaurants

At Ristorante O, Thames 1626, (54-11) 4833 6991, the set lunches are an astonishing value at around $4 for three courses; dinner, with wine, is around $25 for one.

At La Vineria, Salta 490, (54-11) 4381 2920, in Montserrat, between San Telmo and Congreso, a typical neighborhood grill, or parrilla, a dinner of grilled lomo (tenderloin) and mejillones (sweetbreads) plus a bottle of malbec was $12 a person.

At Chiquilin, Sarmiento 1599, (54-11) 4373 5163, in the downtown theater district off Corrientes, a well-known establishment that used to be the haunt of famous tango singers and composers, lunch for two, with a bottle of wine, was about $15.

Central, Costa Rica 5644, (54-11) 4776 7374, is another excellent place for a bargain set lunch; a three- course meal of mesclun salad, fresh pasta and dessert at this sleek, modern restaurant (at night it turns into a hip cocktail lounge) is $5.

Activities

The Club del Vino in Palermo Viejo, Cabrera 4737, (54-11) 4833 0048, is a wine bar and performance space with jazz to tango revues to cabaret. Admission varies (the show I attended was $5.25); the schedule can be found in the ''Espectaculos'' sections of the daily Buenos Aires papers, La Nacion ([*www.lanacion.com.ar*](http://www.lanacion.com.ar)) and Clarin (   [*www.clarin.com*](http://www.clarin.com)), which provide an excellent rundown of the theater and music scene.

The Museo de Arte Latinoamericano de Buenos Aires, Avenida Figueroa Alcorta 3415, (54-11) 4808 6500, [*www.malba.org.ar*](http://www.malba.org.ar), is open from noon to 8 p.m. daily (9 p.m. Wednesday, when it is free); closed Tuesdays. Admission is about $1.75.

At Confiteria Ideal, Suipacha 384, a large, somewhat faded old Buenos Aires cafe, there are daily tango lessons and dances; the schedule is posted on a large sign just inside the cafe. DAISANN McLANE

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

**Correction**

A listing of restaurants and lodgings with the Frugal Traveler column on June 20, about Buenos Aires, misstated the Spanish word for sweetbreads. It is ''mollejas'' (''mejillones'' means shrimp).

A listing of restaurants and lodgings with the Frugal Traveler column on June 20, about Buenos Aires, misstated the Spanish word for sweetbreads. And a correction in this space on June 27 gave an incorrect translation for the word that had been used erroneously. Sweetbreads are mollejas. Mejillones, the word that appeared mistakenly, means mussels, not shrimp.

**Correction-Date:** July 11, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Sunday street fair in Plaza Dorrego, San Telmo

a tango session at Confiteria Ideal, one of the dozens of tango clubs in the city

the Art Deco Teatro Opera

in the Palermo Viejo neighborhood. Museo Arte Latinoamericano. (Photographs by Daisann McLane for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

The author's room at Broadway All Suites cost $65 plus tax. (Photo by Daisann McLane for The New York Times)(pg. 17)

**Load-Date:** June 20, 2004

**End of Document**



[***MAKING A SCIENCE OF GETTING LAUGHS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9150-0007-H1FW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

When the English comedy star Rowan Atkinson makes his American debut at the Brooks Atkinson Theater Tuesday, it will be the second Broadway production within 10 weeks overseen by the director Mike Ockrent. The two shows offer a dramatic contrast - this week's opening, ''Rowan Atkinson at the Atkinson,'' is essentially a one-man vehicle while Mr. Ockrent's other Broadway show, the hit British musical comedy ''Me and My Girl,'' boasts a company of 40 who turn English drawing-room elegance into a Busby Berkeley fantasy.

Mr. Ockrent, the 40-year-old British director of more than 50 plays, has learned from experience that too much Americanizing of English humor can hurt more than it can help.

''England and America have traditionally supplied very different sorts of comedy to one another,'' he reflected. ''Comedy in England tends to be more fanciful than American comedy, which has a stronger street-level reality. American television audiences find Monty Python as exotically appealing as English viewers find 'Hill Street Blues.' With the notable exception of Benny Hill, Americans don't respond to English farce. But by the same token, a lot of American stand-up comedy tends to fall flat in England.

''Despite these differences, I don't think Rowan will have any problem in translation because he comes from the university school of comedy - of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore and Monty Python - that America has traditionally embraced. He is a master of the whole range of English comedy, both verbal and silent, but above all he is a superb character actor.''

While Mr. Ockrent had established himself as one of Britain's leading comedy directors, he had always dreamed of directing a musical. Three years ago, when offered the chance to stage a splashy revival of the 1937 musical ''Me and My Girl,'' he jumped at the chance. ''Almost without exception, theater directors who have never done a musical or a film are longing to do both,'' he said. ''When it came time to bring over 'Me and My Girl,' I decided the best thing to do would be to hold on to the Englishness of the piece, which is its essence.''

''When I start a project, the first thing I do is 'undercover work,' '' Mr. Ockrent said. In preparing ''Me and My Girl,'' Stephen Fry, who adapted the book, and I started out by analyzing the show. We decided it was about a ***working class*** man who is corrupted by feudal English values - money, power, and especially ancestor worship. For visual style we studied Hollywood musicals of the 30's and 40's. The opening sequence was in fact directly inspired by the big production number from 'The Harvey Girls,' 'On the Atchison, Topeka & the Santa Fe.' ''

''George S. Kaufman used to say, 'a play isn't written - it's rewritten.' And with rare exceptions, I've found that to be true. As soon as a playwright sees his work being performed by actors, new possibilities emerge. 'Me and My Girl' was so broken down and restructured that it was virtually a new work. The process is like putting together a jigsaw puzzle. It's very exciting, and it probably appeals to my scientific background.''

''In 'Me and My Girl' one is concerned about the company as a whole, rather than two people,'' Mr. Ockrent went on, ''and everything is magnified 15 to 20 times. My function with Rowan's show is largely one of editing. But in both cases my job is to find something that makes a unified evening with a shape that goes somewhere and characters that the audience believes in.'' The splashy Broadway musical and Mr. Atkinson's intimate comedy are very different-sized kettles of merriment, but both revolve around the talents of a single charismatic figure.

At 31, Rowan Atkinson is a household word in England, having burst onto the comedy scene on the BBC series ''Not the 9 O'Clock News,'' in 1978. Three years later he became the youngest person ever to have a one-man show on the West End. In 1983 he began working on ''The Black Adder,'' a medieval situation comedy series for the BBC.

Besides a passion for humor, Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Ockrent share scientific backgrounds. Before entering the entertainment world professionally, Mr. Ockrent earned a degree in physics at Edinburgh University. Mr. Atkinson studied electrical engineering at Oxford. ''Rowan Atkinson at the Atkinson'' is their second collaboration. Two years ago Mr. Ockrent directed Mr. Atkinson in Larry Shue's hit comedy ''The Nerd,'' in London and they have been friends ever since.

''I had always been interested in the theater, but until college I had only played serious character parts,'' Mr. Atkinson said. ''Arriving at Oxford in 1975, however, I was very much aware of the Oxbridge comedy tradition, and it inspired me to start dabbling. The Monty Python team was by far my biggest influence in those days.'' At Oxford, Mr. Atkinson met his long-time collaborators, the writers Dick Curtis and Ben Elton, and his comic foil, Angus Deayton.

''Mike is especially creative when it comes to thinking up visual jokes to complement the words and the action,'' Mr. Atkinson continued. ''This show consists of about 20 of my best sketches, some of which go back a decade. Mike was invaluable in helping to choose the material and giving it a shape. For the first time, in one of my shows we've brought in recurrent characters to provide continuity.''

The many personalities Mr. Atkinson portrays over the course of the evening range from a Las Vegas-style lounge singer mouthing nonsense with a hokey sincerity, to a meek Chaplinesque everyman attempting to change into bathing trunks on a public beach without exposing himself, to a genial Noel Coward-like devil welcoming different groups of people to eternal damnation.

One of the keys to Mr. Atkinson's popularity is his skill at giving hilarious bodily expression to the stifled aggression of people who symbolize middle-class propriety, especially clergymen.

''England today is so dominated by middle-class values and run by a middle-class bureaucracy that it has become a society of the bland leading the bland,'' Mr. Ockrent reflected, ''Rowan is brilliant at puncturing that complacency by turning it into high comedy with a brutal edge.''

It was while he was earning his degree in physics at Edinburgh University that Mr. Ockrent entered the theater, almost by accident.

''Since I was a little boy, I had fantasized about being a film director, and suddenly I got a chance through the university dramatic society to direct a play and found I enjoyed it,'' he recalled.

In 1969, he was one of six people chosen by the Repertory Theater Trainee Director Scheme, a program sponsored by English independent television through which aspiring directors are paid to work in regional repertory companies. This plan has helped to train a number of important English directors, including Trevor Nunn and Richard Eyre. For three-and-a-half years, Mr. Ockrent's theater laboratory was the Perth Repertory Company in Scotland.

''I was thrown into the deep end,'' he said. ''The schedule demanded a different play every 10 days. It was gruelling but I learned not only how to direct, but how to run a theater and do everything from budgeting to publicity.''

Mr. Ockrent's Perth production of ''Hedda Gabler'' won a Scottish Theater Award nomination and brought him to the attention of Michael Rudman, then the director of the Traverse Theater in Edinburgh. Mr. Ockrent left Perth to work there, and when Mr. Rudman left, to run the Hampstead Theater Club, he took over as director.

''It was at the Traverse that I discovered what I liked the most - and was also the best at - was working on new plays,'' Mr. Ockrent said.

After three years in Edinburgh, Mr. Ockrent moved to London in the late 70's where he was offered the job of directing Mary O'Malley's convent-school comedy, ''Once a Catholic.'' The play, which opened at the Royal Court Theater, was an immediate hit, and six weeks later it moved to Wyndham's Theater in the West End where it enjoyed a two-and-a-half-year run. Other offers followed in rapid succession. Directing Willy Russell's ''One For the Road'' led Mr. Ockrent to the same author's ''Educating Rita.'' Dubbed ''the 'Pygmalion' of the 80's,'' the play ran for three years on the West End, became a movie, and is still widely performed throughout England. It was followed by another hit, Peter Nichols's ''Passion Play.''

Mr. Ockrent's first London success brought him to Broadway to direct ''Once a Catholic,'' but the play didn't travel well and closed after five performances. He also worked on an Americanized version of ''Educating Rita,'' starring Lucie Arnaz, which was planned for Broadway but never made it. ''In both instances I tried to overcompensate for American audiences by making major changes,'' the director said.

The roaring success of ''Me and My Girl'' in London, where it is still running, and now on Broadway, has made the frizzy-haired, cigar-smoking director a very hot property. Late this spring he will supervise a London workshop of a new musical, ''Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris,'' based on the Paul Gallico novella, and in the summer he is scheduled to direct the West End premiere of Stephen Sondheim's ''Follies,'' with a revised book by James Goldman.

''I've always been very lucky in this business,'' Mr. Ockrent said happily. ''Fortune has smiled on me. At the right moment, I've been asked to do the right thing.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Mike Ockrent and Rowan Atkinson (Marianne Barcellona)

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W2H-W0S0-007F-G1X0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Eyes on Oscar: Brazil's 'National Treasure' . . .***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W2H-W0S0-007F-G1X0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Fernanda Montenegro

By LARRY ROHTER;

Larry Rohter is chief of the Rio de Janeiro bureau of The New York Times.

By LARRY ROHTER;  Larry Rohter is chief of the Rio de Janeiro bureau of The New York Times.

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO

**Body**

THE first time it occurred to Fernanda Montenegro that she could win an Academy Award for best actress was at the Berlin Film Festival early last year, before she and the film "Central Station" had won the festival's top prizes. At breakfast one morning, the movie's producer, Arthur Cohn, turned to her and said: "You know, you're going to get an Oscar nomination out of this."

Since Mr. Cohn has five Oscars of his own for foreign films and documentaries, his opinion is not to be dismissed lightly. At the time, though, his prediction seemed far-fetched, Ms. Montenegro recalled during an interview at her Ipanema apartment here a few days before heading to Hollywood and tonight's award ceremonies. "I regarded it with disbelief, as simply a compliment, a warmer, nicer way of saying 'Have a pleasant day,' " she said.

Even now, the odds would seem to be stacked against her. At age 69, Ms. Montenegro has acted in just nine movies, and until "Central Station," in which she plays an embittered former schoolteacher who becomes a letter writer for illiterate people in order to eke out a living, only a couple had been released in the United States. There, she said, "the only time they are likely turn up is when someone is organizing a Brazilian or Latin American film festival."

Filmed in Portuguese with a limited budget and a semidocumentary style, even "Central Station" is a "small" movie by Hollywood standards. But Ms. Montenegro's performance as the cynical, exhausted Dora is so powerful and commanding, so intertwined with the movie's tale of redemption, that critics and audiences have responded to it with lavish praise and wonderment.

"From the very start, the role of Dora was written with her in mind," said Walter Salles, the 41-year-old Brazilian director of "Central Station." "I had seen a lot of her theater work and all of the films she had done, and what struck me is that she always brings an integrity to the characters she plays, an interpretation with so many layers it is impossible not to be fascinated."

That was important, Mr. Salles said, because Dora was meant to strike the audience as unsympathetic at first but then to become more human as she rediscovers her capacity for love through a relationship with a boy whose mother has died. "I knew Fernanda would feel a sense of solidarity with the character and not judge her," Mr. Salles said. "That courage to dive into the abyss is what makes her one of the best actresses not just in Brazil but in the world."

Long before "Central Station," though, Brazilians considered Ms. Montenegro a national treasure. In a career that has spanned more than 50 years, she has performed not only in films but for the theater, radio and television. "I've been from one end of this country to the other probably 30 times," she said, a practice that has made her almost as recognizable to her countrymen as the soccer star Pele or a pop star like Gilberto Gil.

Since 1959, Ms. Montenegro and her husband of 45 years, the director and actor Fernando Torres, have also managed their own theater company, going door to door trying to raise money from corporations and mounting productions of modern and classic plays, which they take on the road to large cities and small towns. "Everything we have, the theater has given us," she said. "We live in the world of the theater, doing plays our entire lives."

Most recently the couple collaborated on Chekhov's "Sea Gull," which traveled to eight Brazilian cities last year. But over the years, responding to what she describes as "a fever, a flame, a need" to explore the craft of acting, Ms. Montenegro has also performed in works by Edward Albee, Samuel Beckett, Arthur Miller, Eugene O'Neill, Harold Pinter, Moliere, Pirandello, Racine, Shaw and Brazil's greatest modern playwright, Nelson Rodrigues, with occasional forays into the terrain of Neil Simon and Noel Coward.

"Fernanda has an infinite capacity and disposition for work, and never considers any performance finished," said Jose Wilker, the Brazilian actor known to foreign audiences for his roles in "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" and "Bye Bye Brazil." "A play can have run for two years and it's always a work in progress to her, a chance to find a new way to read her character.

That is something rare and admirable," he continued. "After all, many people have talent, but not all have the vocation, that inner call."

ON the frothy television soap operas that are the backbone of Brazilian prime time entertainment, Ms. Montenegro is almost always cast as "the rich woman, the elegant, well-dressed magnate's wife who lives in a big mansion," she said. While many American actors of comparable stature would shun such roles, she does not have that luxury. "We live a different reality here," she said. "Nobody can make a living just from acting for films."

Besides, she added, "if I accept a role, I always do it with maximum effort and position myself honestly.

"I don't disparage it. I throw myself into it. Why am I going to limit myself? If I see an interesting role with a good script and a good cast, why refuse to participate? After all, in the 19th century, Balzac and Dostoevsky wrote serials, which were the equivalent of what television is today."

Ms. Montenegro said she would like to have had more opportunities to act in movies, "since I am from a generation that, from the time we could sit in our mothers' laps, went to the movies three or four times a week to savor the dreams we saw on the screen." But financing is so hard to come by here, and theaters so suspicious of the commercial prospects of local product, that all but the most dedicated filmmakers give up.

So when she was offered the role of Dora, Ms. Montenegro said: "I didn't hesitate a minute. I thought that this was a character so rich, so hard to come across in movies, or even the theater, that I couldn't afford to pass it up. This is a character living a deep internal crisis, a woman at the end of the line, the end of her career, who is scorned and is closing in on herself."

If there is a burden to her prestige here at home, it is that she carries into tonight's Academy Awards ceremonies the hopes of 165 million of her fellow citizens at a time when Brazil is mired in a deep fiscal crisis and desperate for a piece of good news. Ever since the Oscar nominations were announced last month, she said, street sweepers, postal carriers and store clerks have been giving her the thumbs-up sign and shouting, "We're praying for you!" when they see her pass on the street.

To audiences in the United States and even her American peers, however, Ms. Montenegro seems to have appeared out of nowhere, "like a creature arriving from Jupiter," as she puts it with an amused laugh. Struggling to place her in context, critics have compared her looks and technique to those of Giulietta Masina and Anna Magnani, the Italian actresses who were the bulwarks of the post-World War II neo-realist movement. Ms. Montenegro finds the description both flattering and incisive, and not just because "my maternal grandparents came from Italy barely 30 years before I was born," in Jacarepagua, a Rio suburb.

"The Italians showed the third world that you didn't need a big budget to make a good movie, that there was an alternative to Hollywood's way of doing things, and that esthetic infected a whole generation of filmmakers in Brazil," she said. "It was one of our directors from the Cinema Novo period, Glauber Rocha, who talked about needing just an idea in the head and a camera in the hand to make a movie."

Indeed, Ms. Montenegro said she is an adherent of what another Brazilian director, Arnaldo Jabor, calls the "esthetic of hunger." As she puts it, "the country's social problems are always there," creating "a world that is sad but very rich" in potential for storytelling.

Though she now lives quite comfortably, Ms. Montenegro, born Arlette Pinheiro Esteves da Silva, grew up in a ***working class*** family, daughter of a mechanic for the Rio power company. At the age of 15, though, she answered a call to audition for the state radio station here, was selected for radio announcer's training, took the surname of her family doctor as her stage name, and has been working virtually nonstop ever since.

"She's not a Hepburn or a Redgrave, a grand dame," said Ms. Montenegro's daughter, Fernanda Torres, herself an actress. "They call her the first lady of the Brazilian theater, which makes her laugh because she is much closer to being Dora than a diva. She has traveled on those crowded trains you see in 'Central Station' and knows those neighborhoods."

Ms. Torres, who in 1986 won the best actress award at the Cannes International Film Festival for her performance in "Eu Sei Que Vou Te Amar" ("Love Me Forever and Ever"), described her mother as a "strong and wise" parent. Once on stage, however, Ms. Montenegro "is ferocious, a lioness," said Ms. Torres, who played opposite her mother in "The Crash and Flash Days," a 1992 play at Lincoln Center. "She comes into a scene like Mike Tyson ready to bite off Evander Holyfield's ear."

By all accounts, she is also demanding and relentless, on herself and others, in rehearsal. "Everyone will be exhausted, but she will say 'Let's do one more run-through,' " Ms. Torres said.

Nevertheless, "working with her is a lot of fun," said Mr. Wilker, who has performed opposite Ms. Montenegro in several soap operas. "At the same time that she is very cultured, intelligent and well read, she has a great sense of intuition, and as an actor it's quite enjoyable to be challenged to keep pace with that intuition and try to give something back to her."

Ms. Montenegro recognizes that at her age and with her less than perfect command of English -- good enough for her to appear on "Late Night with David Letterman" recently, but not strong enough for her to perform in the language -- job offers from Hollywood are not likely to come showering down on her. But then making a career abroad has never been her top priority. And though "this recognition by critics, audiences and the Academy is something so beautiful and unexpected," neither is it a priority now.

"We have great actors and actresses right here, and wonderful stories to tell," she said firmly. "I wouldn't change my life experience for that of any actor in any other culture. Being an actor in Brazil is like living an adventure that never ends."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Fernanda Montenegro in Los Angeles, where she's an Academy Award nominee for best actress in "Central Station." (Nathaniel Welch for The New York Times)(pg. 13); Vinicius de Oliveira and Fernanda Montenegro as a mother-less boy and a teacher in "Central Station." (Sony Pictures Classics)(pg. 14)

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[***A New Uncertainty About Life After High School;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8790-000P-254R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Students at Horace Greeley Wonder if the Best Years of Their Lives Are Ahead or Behind***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8790-000P-254R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LYNDA RICHARDSON,

By LYNDA RICHARDSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Series:** Into Uncertainty: The Class of '92 -- Second of three articles.

**Dateline:** CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.

**Body**

Jennifer Hitchcock, a star athlete at Horace Greeley High School here who drives a sporty red Jeep, worries that these are the best days of her life.

"You always dream of making more money than your parents, but I don't think that will happen," said Miss Hitchcock, whose Jeep was a sweet-16 gift from her father, a vice president of Revlon cosmetics, and her mother, a real-estate agent. "I feel like I'm living the best time of my life so I'm trying to take advantage of the money now."

The final days before graduation have brought a senior slump, skipped classes and lavish parties at the high school in this wealthy Westchester County hamlet. They have also brought a degree of insistent and growing discomfort among the 215 seniors that they may not get to replicate their parents' wealth.

Measures of Success

Like other members of the class of 1992 throughout the New York region, the seniors at Horace Greeley seem poised between confidence and uncertainty, between childhood and adulthood, as they prepare to leave their high-school days behind. But for them, the measures of success and failure are different than the ones used by their counterparts in inner-city and ***working-class*** neighborhoods around the region. Chappaqua's children grew up in a world of sure things. Now, they feel that world is in peril.

No one is suggesting that hard times have fallen on Chappaqua, a community of 15,000 residents where the average price of a home is about a half-million dollars and the schools are a major selling point for real-estate agents. The high school sends 96 percent of its graduates to college and more than half of Horace Greeley's 850 students take one or more college-level courses.

At least 75 percent are involved in the school's broad array of extracurricular activities. Such devotion, many students say, is driven in part to avoid appearing "uni-dimensional" on college applications.

A closer look reveals some cracks in the school's image of privilege and detachment. At a recent seminar on life after high school, the best-attended session was a workshop on stress reduction, where seniors meditated flat on their backs in a darkened classroom. Students talk of family turmoil over decisions to attend state schools instead of the Ivy League colleges. Requests for financial aid from a $500,000 fund at Horace Greeley, set up in the 1950's by community leaders to help graduates attend the college of their choice, have tripled in the last three years.

"Many of the students mirror their parents; they are very, very busy," said David Warde, the senior guidance counselor. He added: "I don't think they'll ever be able to match their parents' wealth, and I think, way down inside, that's what they realize. As a result, the kids work harder."

Even in the midst of a recession, the outlook remains one of measured optimism for many seniors who will graduate on June 21.

"Security is not really a problem because I feel like I'll always have my parents to back me up," said Miss Hitchcock, who will attend Auburn University. "I'm worried about happiness. Money is a big thing."

While students use grown-up phrases like "politically correct," as well as teen-age slang like "awesome," the social turmoil of the day seems remote from the realities of their lives.

The Los Angeles riots "would never happen here" said 18-year-old Amanda Garda, as schoolmates nodded in agreement. "What would be the reason? In Chappaqua, nothing bad happens. Everybody here's like a normal person. War and money aren't really a concern to us because our parents can take care of it."

In the high school's cafeteria, a brightly lighted room littered with backpacks, seniors are preoccupied with summer plans and the fortunes of the girls' lacrosse team, which is winning this year after a long losing streak. Many seniors are also keeping a close tally on the number of classes they cut to avoid the danger of failing a course.

Ross Leitner, the student council president, did cut class too often but said he was able to talk his way out of trouble. Like many members of the class of 1992, he exudes confidence about his intellectual preparedness for the world.

"I know I will get a job because Greeley has prepared me," he said. "All I worry about is which job."

He does concede that he still has a lot to learn about life. He has never ridden on a subway in New York City and will not ride the Metro-North trains because his parents consider public transportation too dangerous.

Safety concerns also played a role in deciding where he would go to college. His father, president of the Chock Full o'Nuts coffee company, and his mother, a college speech professor, ruled out Yale University and Columbia University, two schools whose campuses are surrounded by gritty urban neighborhoods; instead he will go to Brown University, situated atop a hill in one of the wealthiest neighborhoods of Providence, R.I.

"I'm worried about society in general, but not for myself," he said. "I know I will be happy and able to live."

The Good Life

The good life was the subject of "Spring Finale," a student play presented last month. The satire, based loosely on the television show, "Beverly Hills 90210," poked fun at society's rich kids. The skits for "Chappaqua 10514," included student actors picketing for Evian water in school water fountains and movie-star handsome teen-agers crooning about "looking cool" and driving Saabs.

Glancing at his classmates in the lunchroom, Ben Wells, one of the play's directors, said that the acting did not require much of a stretch.

"When you're driving B.M.W.'s and you have everything you need and everybody is having a good time, why wouldn't you want it to continue," said Mr. Wells, 18, who, unlike many of his classmates, says he is uneasy with the cushioned life of Chappaqua.

For most Horace Greeley students, the recession means abandoning plans to vacation in the Bahamas, said Mr. Wells, who adds that his family is far from going broke. When his father decided to leave his job as vice president of a national retail outlet recently, he opted to attend graduate school at Harvard University rather than plunge into a weak job market. The teen-ager said a trust fund will cover his expenses at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me.

'A Sense of Entitlement'

In the view of Larry Breen, the school's assistant principal for seniors, "There's a sense of entitlement that I find scary."

Mr. Breen, who has worked at Horace Greeley for 28 years, said many students did not recognize that they were born with special advantages.

"They assume that anybody's hardship is the individual's responsibility, that somehow, the people have done something to cause it," he said. "They don't recognize the forces outside of people's control that put people in difficult situations."

Desiree Braithwaite, a vice president of the student council and one of 11 black students at Horace Greeley, is regarded as the embodiment of school spirit. But classmates' reaction to the Rodney G. King verdict and the riots that followed left her dispirited.

Miss Braithwaite said she had voiced surprise at the verdict and was dismayed that some students groped for reasons to defend it, including the assertion that Mr. King was using drugs.

"It was irritating because, like any other big issue that comes to this school, I thought people were forming opinions without any facts at all," she said.

She has tried to do her part to make people aware of one big issue, cultural diversity, by organizing a series of assemblies on the subject. Horace Greeely has a student body that is 1 percent black, 1 percent Hispanic and 12 percent Asian.

"I didn't expect people to embrace it completely," said Miss Braithwaite, struggling to defend her classmates' apparent lack of enthusiasm for her effort. "There's an ignorance rather than an apathetic approach. If you don't know something, how can you care about it if you don't know it exists?"

Miss Braithwaite, whose father is a bank vice president and whose mother is a hospital dietitian, will attend the University of Wisconsin this fall.

Another senior, Leslie Yahia, described Horace Greeley as "a school of subtleties," where some of the most important subjects come up only in the most private conversations. Miss Yahia said the subtleties were often reflected in students' perceptions of people who were not like themselves.

She said she was upset recently when schoolmates launched into thick Spanish accents as they mimicked what they considered a fictional maid. Miss Yahia, whose Argentine mother speaks English with a Spanish accent, said she was so troubled by the stereotypical assumptions that she only got two hours of sleep that night.

Miss Yahia said she feels her life has been spent in "a bubble" at Horace Greeley, and the bubble burst this year because her parents are in a financial pinch. Her father, a psychiatrist, is working three jobs to put three daughters through college. Her family will likely stop driving a third car to save money on insurance.

She said three of her friends have told her that their parents were selling their homes because of hard times, but she added that such details were not widely shared.

"The things that are not talked about are things that disturb the image," she said.

Next: The view from Bedford-Stuyvesant.

**Graphic**

Photo: "You always dream of making more money than your parents, but I don't think that will happen," said Jennifer Hitchcock, a senior at Horace Greeley High School in Chappaqua, N.Y. She took a ride with friends in her Jeep, a sweet-16 gift from her parents. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 17, 1992

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Cobble Hill; A Landmark Area With a Family Bent***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4307-2VV0-0109-T189-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1741 words

**Byline:**  By AARON DONOVAN

**Body**

THE name conjures up images of peaceful 19th-century residential streets, which in many ways are still present. But the only cobblestones near the Cobble Hill section of Brooklyn -- one of the oldest residential neighborhoods in the borough -- can be found in a largely industrial area just west of the neighborhood on a street named Tiffany Place.

The neighborhood was given its name in the 1950's by a real estate agent who sought to increase the market potential of the brownstone-lined streets, which were then included in a larger area known as South Brooklyn. "Somebody ran across an old map of New York in which this area was called Cobleshill," said Dennis Holt, a senior editor of The Brooklyn Heights Press and Cobble Hill News, who recently wrote a series of articles about life in Cobble Hill during the 1880's. "Everyone has forgotten who that person was."

The Dutch name for the area, Cobleshill, referred to a hill centered around the area where Court Street meets Atlantic Avenue. The hill was leveled during the Revolutionary War by the British, who wanted to keep George Washington, who had occupied the hill with his troops in the summer of 1776 during the Battle of Long Island, from having a strategic vantage point over their headquarters in Brooklyn Heights.

Major development began in 1836 with ferry service between the Battery and the foot of Atlantic Avenue. It started at the waterfront and spread inland as a street grid was planned. Eventually, the most desirable houses were along the main north-south routes: Hicks, Clinton and Court Streets. "You can see a dropoff in the quality of architecture the closer you get to the water," Mr. Holt said. "Those that survived were ***working-class*** houses for people who worked on the waterfront or in factories." The waterfront now is industrial and inaccessible.

For much of its history, Cobble Hill has existed in the shadow of Brooklyn's premier residential neighborhood, Brooklyn Heights, just north of Cobble Hill across Atlantic Avenue. But real estate agents say that in recent years Cobble Hill's attractiveness has increased.

"Gradually, people who were aiming at Brooklyn Heights felt they got a better value in Cobble Hill and discovered there were many reasons to prefer Cobble Hill," said Christopher Thomas, senior vice president in the William B. May Company's Brookyn Heights office.

Until three or four years ago, housing prices in Cobble Hill tended to be 10 to 15 percent less than in the Heights, he said, but recently the disparity has shrunk.

Rents and prices for co-ops and town houses have gone up steadily for years as the neighborhood has come into its own but have largely leveled out in the last year or so. Prices for a town house range from $2 million for a large building in mint condition at a prime location to $1 million for a fixer-upper. Often the town houses are broken up into several co-op units that usually run about $800,000 to $900,000 for a duplex and $400,000 to $500,000 for a two-bedroom, floor-through apartment.

Because most of the neighborhood is within Brooklyn's second-oldest landmark district (after the Brooklyn Heights district) and because the neighborhood is also subject to a 50-foot height ceiling, it has retained a 19th-century feel. Most buildings in the neighborhood are four-story brownstone or brick town houses built more than a century ago. Often the owners will take the top three floors of a town house and rent out a ground-floor garden apartment or will take a bottom duplex apartment and rent out two floor-through apartments above.

New construction or alterations to existing buildings within the historic district must be approved by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. "We're one of the few limited height districts in the city," said Roy Sloane, president of the Cobble Hill Association, a neighborhood civic group. "It's been a very powerful protection for our community."

The association has worked to improve the area's parks, fight the Long Island College Hospital's plan for a high-rise tower and create the Cobble Hill Tree Fund, which has planted trees throughout the neighborhood, Mr. Sloane said. "We've been trying to create one of New York's premier urban family neighborhoods."

The family-oriented nature of Cobble Hill can be seen on Court Street, where on weekdays mothers push strollers as they walk from one shop to another. Among the attractions for families with young children is Families First Inc. on Baltic Street, a nonprofit organization that offers workshops for new parents on a range of topics, including C.P.R., discipline and nursery school.

Cobble Hill Park is a half-acre park at the center of the neighborhood. On a warm spring weekend the park is filled with young couples sipping iced or hot coffees purchased at a nearby upscale deli simply called Delicatessen. The park is bordered by four- and five-story buildings that line Congress Street and three-story buildings along Verandah Place, a blocklong alley that once housed servants who worked in larger houses in the area.

The neighborhood's other long-standing park, Van Voorhees Park, is at the area's periphery. In 1953 the park was divided in two by construction of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Recently, an eight-story parking garage was built for the Long Island College Hospital on one piece of the park, while the tennis and basketball courts on the other half are being renovated.

The main commercial streets are Court Street, usually considered the neighborhood's eastern border, and Atlantic Avenue, the northern border. Atlantic Avenue is known for its Middle Eastern restaurants and is the hub of an Arab commercial district. The area's commercial streets, which also include Smith Street, a block east of Court, have been revitalized in recent years with a large number of new mom-and-pop stores and restaurants.

"We used to have to go to Brooklyn Heights or Carroll Gardens for any kind of food, restaurants or shopping," said Judy White, a lawyer who has lived in the neighborhood for seven years, "whereas now it's all in our neighborhood."

The increased commerce has also helped make the neighborhood an easier sell for real estate agents. "It has made the strip look palatable," said Rod Murray, an owner of Cobble Heights Realty on Court Street, who noted that new arrivals in Cobble Hill come from other cities in the United States. "People who in the past would have gone to Hoboken or Fort Lee are now looking at Cobble Hill."

The area's recent success has caught the attention of larger chain stores. The area now has a Blockbuster Video, a Ben & Jerry's ice cream store, a CVS/Pharmacy and even a Starbucks coffee shop.

The Cobble Hill Association is beginning to address worries of residents who oppose the chain stores. "There is a concern about the chain stores that are starting to arrive," Mr. Sloane said. "People really do love the old shops and want them to stay and want to do what they can to foster them. We haven't figured out how to do that yet."

More people have moved in as activity in the neighborhood's commercial areas has increased. Between 1990 and 2000 the neighborhood itself grew by more than 500 people, or nearly 8 percent of its population, to 7,428, according to the census bureau.

The area, largely Italian for much of the last century, is ethnically mixed. It is home to three houses of worship: Christ Church and Holy Family, which is Episcopal; the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter and St. Paul/Our Lady of the Pilar, now undergoing an exterior facelift; and the Kane Street Synagogue, home to Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes, founded in 1856, whose Web site describes it as the oldest continually functioning Jewish congregation in Brooklyn.

There are a variety of options for schooling in the neighborhood. Public School 29, at 425 Henry Street, performs well above the citywide average, with 65.1 percent of children reading at or above grade level.

Neighborhood parents can also consider three private schools in Brooklyn Heights. One is the nonsectarian St. Ann's School at 129 Pierrepont Street, where tuition ranges from $12,750 for 3-year-olds to $18,600 for 12th graders. Another is Packer Collegiate Institute at 170 Joralemon Street, where tuition ranges from $8,380 for a half-day 3-year-old program to $17,620 for Grades 5 through 12. The third is the Brooklyn Friends School at 375 Pearl Street, a Quaker school where tuition ranges from $6,000 for part-time prekindergarten to $16,900 for high school.

Some also send their children to nearby Public School 261, a magnet school at 314 Pacific Street in Boerum Hill or to the Brooklyn Heights Montessori School at Court and Bergen Streets, which serves children from 2 years old through the eighth grade; tuition there ranges from $4,050 for 2-year-olds who attend two days a week to $15,800 for Grades 7 and 8.

DESPITE changes in the neighborhood, residents say it is still a place for families who want to settle in to raise a family. "It has a lot of stability," said Jeanne Isoldi, 59, who moved from Fort Greene to a condominium apartment on Warren Street in 1987. "People who have been here 35 years are considered the newcomers."

A few buildings within the neighborhood stand out among the town houses, including a handful of converted schoolhouses and postwar low-rises and the three-story brick houses surrounding Warren Place, a quiet pachysandra- and ivy-filled courtyard.

There has also been new conversion in areas on the periphery of the neighborhood that are not subject to the landmark-district restrictions, like the Westcott, a newly converted six-story condominium at 25 Bergen Street, and the Iron Works Condominiums, across the street at 44 and 46 Bergen Street.

The Westcott has 15 condos ranging in price from $415,000 for a low-floor two-bedroom apartment to $930,000 for the penthouse, which has two terraces. The Iron Works has nine two-bedroom condominiums in two two-story buildings that have ranged in price from $425,000 to $555,000. Only one is currently on the market.

The St. Paul's Parish School building, formerly a Catholic school at 205 Warren Street, between Court and Clinton Streets, has been converted into a 27-unit co-op.

The neighborhood is popular among people who work in the Wall Street area. One such worker, Doug Jensen, a lawyer from Warren Street, walks to work over the Brooklyn Bridge. "It's a great way to start the day," he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Many buildings in the Cobble Hill neighborhood are brownstone or brick town houses, including those on, above, Tompkins Place and, below, Warren Place.; Cobble Hill Park, which covers a half acre near the center of the neighborhood, plays a major role in providing a family orientation. (Photographs by Jeff Zelevansky for The New York Times); 2-family town house, 2 bedrooms per unit, at 206 Warren Street, $942,000.; 3-family town house with two 1-bedroom units, at 203 Amity Street, $1.1 million.; 4-story, 2-family corner brownstone at 154 Congress Street, $1.7 million. Chart: "GAZETTER" POPULATION: 7,428 (2000 census).MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $62,277 (1997 estimate).MEDIAN PRICE OF TOWN HOUSE: $1.3 million.TAXES ON MEDIAN TOWN HOUSE: $1,900.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $1,250,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $860,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF 2-BEDROOM CO-OP: $430,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $375,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $190,000.MIDRANGE RENT ON 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $2,325.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 5 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: 30 minutes on the A, C, F, N, R, 2, 3, 4 or 5 subway lines.GOVERNMENT: City Councilmen Stephen DiBrienza and Angel Rodriguez (both Democrats).CODES: Area, 718; ZIP, 11201 and 11231.COMING TO THE SMALL SCREEN, MAYBE: Last month, Studios USA, a division of USA Networks Inc., shot scenes in Cobble Hill for the pilot episode of "Born in Brooklyn," a television comedy that may be shown on ABC. Network executives are to decide later this month whether to schedule the series for next September. Cobble Hill Park and the block of Congress Street that faces it were used for outdoor shots of children playing and of the main characters in the series leaving their apartment and interacting with neighbors in the street. "We chose the location because it's so beautiful," Mark Levin, an executive producer of the pilot, said from an editing room in West Hollywood, Calif. "It just captures the essence of the romantic Brooklyn that we're trying to portray." Map of New York highlighting Cobble Hill.

**Load-Date:** May 6, 2001

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[***NAMELESS LOVERS CHASED THROUGH HELL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-94V0-0007-H1S2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1504 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James; Caryn James is an editor of The Book Review.

**Body**

THE STARS AT NOON By Denis Johnson. 181 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $15.95.

FOR Denis Johnson, hell is a world without meaning - or, as the flippant, philosophical narrator of ''The Stars at Noon'' tells us, hell is Nicaragua in 1984. She is a down-and-out American trapped in Managua and through her Mr. Johnson creates a vision bleaker than the madness and murder of his first novel, ''Angels,'' more desperate than the postapocalyptic world of his second, ''Fiskadoro.'' What better setting for such pessimism than the political and moral morass of 1980's Nicaragua? Here, as the narrator says, is ''the hyper-new, all-leftist future coming at us at the rate of rock-n-roll,'' where she finds no usable past or hopeful future, just a torturous present of ramshackle McDonald's and starving children.

An unreliable narrator especially short on veracity, she claims she has come to Nicaragua to discover ''the exact dimensions of Hell,'' but seems bent on losing all trace of consciousness or conscience. We never learn her name; she is appalled by the corruption of both the Sandinistas and ''the stupid CIA.'' And though she arrived in Central America as a Witness for Peace-style observer, she lasted two and a half days before escaping into Managua's shady underworld, where she halfheartedly masquerades as a journalist, sidelines as a prostitute and lives on her cache of black market Nicaraguan cordobas. In the Managua she has discovered, everything is debased - the currency, the minor officials who sleep with her and renege on their part of the bargain, and especially language itself.

The English businessman who starts as her john and becomes her lover is another nameless sort, a weak-jawed Brit caricature who passes industrial secrets to rival countries and calls it humanitarianism. ''A humanitarian in Hell,'' the narrator thinks. ''This guy, at some point in his earthly existence, must have been truly evil, possibly Hitlerian.'' It's true, he's in trouble. His company and the Costa Ricans knew of a possible oil deposit under Lake Nicaragua; in the interest of fair play, he gave the information to the Nicaraguans, who apparently told the Costa Ricans they'd been double-crossed. Now the Costa Ricans are after the Englishman, and from there the plot grows as convoluted as Mr. Johnson can make it. The narrator's assessment of things is what truly matters, though, and with her determined amorality she easily equates industrial espionage and political power plays with the Holocaust.

The hell Mr. Johnson invents for this muddled narrator is no Dantesque vision of sin and retribution, but a more ironic, sinister inferno than any she could imagine. He cruelly grants both her desires - for nihilism and meaning. ''I tried to lock my attention onto the problems ahead of me and mislaid all sense of the goal,'' she says while driving to meet a man who might exchange her illegal cordobas for the dollars needed to buy a plane ticket out. ''The fumes and smells and roaring temperature of Managua's roadways savaged all mental effort.'' Yet, tipped off that the Nicaraguan officials suspect her of something - related, she guesses, to ''the Englishman's activities as a blabbermouth'' -she instinctively tries to warn him. Suddenly, the Nicaraguans are after both of them, and as they head for the border she glides straight toward the emotional bond she so consciously avoids.

Abruptly, the novel takes on elements of an escape thriller. Will the Nicaraguans let them cross the border? Will the Costa Ricans let him live if they do? More important, will she betray him to save herself? An American - presumably a C.I.A. agent, though nothing is certain or admitted in this shadowy world - tracks them and asks her to sell out her lover in exchange for her own freedom. The novel's plot is too tangled, the players' loyalties too obscure, for real suspense here. In this country where good and bad bleed into each other, evil is embodied in the omnipresent, devilish American agent, who seems to collude with everyone - Sandinistas, contras, Costa Ricans - and who talks in ''burned-out words'' about Vietnam. The language of war and protest is as dead as the language of love, which is mocked by the narrator's heartfelt, superficial words about the Englishman: ''I loved him! In my heart, my belly, in my bones, my teeth, I loved him!''

In her careless way, she is relieved to have her choices narrowed by border guards and the American and the pressure of circumstances. And though she later says, ''I had a revelation. Nothing fancy. . . . Either I'm Christ or I'm Judas: it's kill or be killed,'' her discovery is glib, despite its ''nothing fancy'' disclaimer. It points to the novel's most serious flaw - the narrator is a cardboard mouthpiece for the author. With her religious imagery and taste for irony, her philosophical attitudes toward everything from her own prostitution to Managua's oppressive heat, it's not plausible that she could remain so willfully dazed. Mr. Johnson's first-rate soul-searching is trapped in her second-rate mind, which frequently borrows the author's eloquence and intellectual rigor. MR. JOHNSON has always been scrupulous about finding a language to suit his themes; the straightforward prose of ''Angels'' matched its ***working-class*** tale of crime and punishment, and the poetic flights and patois dialogue of ''Fiskadoro'' suited a world that could be approached only through the imagination. In ''The Stars at Noon,'' language slides off its moorings, as style mirrors substance almost too well. Just as often as it is debased, the language is inflated by the empty abstractions of the narrator, who is ''trying to make clear what can't be understood or forgiven'' - whether she is tortured by free-floating original sin or by political murders she has witnessed, the author doesn't say.

The novel's epigraph, from a W. S. Merwin poem -''The stars at noon, / While the light worships its blind god'' - is an encapsulated version of the relationship between these two nameless characters in their unjust world. And like much of Mr. Johnson's own poetry (the most recent volume is ''The Incognito Lounge''), this novel is an encapsulated narrative, begging to be fleshed out. Still, it is daring, this political novel that disdains politics, this philosophical work that rejects all philosophies. Coming just a year after ''Fiskadoro,'' it suggests that Denis Johnson is one of our most inventive, unpredictable novelists.

BRANDED SOULS Managua is like New York City in summer -Manhattan, in a sense, is a Third World nation -although the only Managuan building fat as a New York one is TELCOR. . . . Here and there in this country there were telephones, but if one wanted to call Planet Earth, one put the call through at TELCOR, the small, timeless, dead center of Hell, where souls were being branded with the shapes of their hope. . . . Eventually they call a name that sounds like yours and shout the number of the booth they expect you to enter, and either you get one without a door, so that everybody waiting to make whatever calls the burning circumstances are forcing them to make can now memorize the names of your contacts and trace the character of your desires, or you close yourself up behind the Plexiglas while the chamber fills with your used breath until you really can just no longer speak.

  - From ''The Stars at Noon.''

WRITING IN A FEMALE VOICE Denis Johnson visited Nicaragua and Costa Rica two years ago with the idea of writing a magazine article. But he found after being there ''a minute or two'' that people might take seriously what he had to say in nonfiction, a prospect that didn't sit easily. So he chose what intrigued him most -the Central American atmosphere - as the backdrop for ''The Stars at Noon,'' a spiritual allegory about hell. The female narrator has no name; nor do the characters she runs into. ''I thought it was appropriate that the people in hell wouldn't have any names,'' Mr. Johnson said. ''She refers to a couple of people with names, then withdraws them.'' He acknowledges it is unusual for a man to write in a woman's voice. ''I would have felt uncomfortable, but I had done a number of dramatic monologues in the female voice,'' he said in a recent telephone interview.

The 37-year-old poet and novelist began his career at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. His first collection of poetry was published in 1969. Two volumes have appeared since, and a fourth, ''The Veil,'' is due next spring. At his 29-acre ranch in northern California's Mendocino County, Mr. Johnson alternates between writing poetry and fiction. ''Depends on the day,'' he said. Whatever he writes, he is speedy. The latest novel - a fourth is in the works - came particularly fast, taking eight to nine months. ''I felt rushed because I wasn't really steeped in the locale. The feeling of the locale was leaving me rapidly, so I wrote it fast. I wanted to give it the kind of sensation that it had left in me.''

  - Jane Perlez

**Graphic**

Photo of Denis Johnson with his dog Harold; drawing

**End of Document**



[***As Public Works Languish, Private Cash Sets the Agenda***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RHP-X550-TW8F-G1P7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; AGE OF RICHES

**Length:** 2841 words

**Byline:** By LOUIS UCHITELLE

**Dateline:** NEW HAVEN

**Body**

Conceived as a freeway, the Route 34 Connector still promises to whisk motorists across New Haven as they exit Interstate 95. But in less than a mile, the three broad lanes abruptly end, forcing traffic onto side roads that skirt the unbuilt right-of-way -- a wasteland of elongated asphalt parking lots and scrub grass.

Mayor John DeStefano Jr. calls the aborted project a tragic example of public infrastructure gone awry. He has drawn up detailed plans to rip up the highway and parking lots and restore the neighborhood of homes and stores that once existed. But lacking money, the mayor's project only inches forward.

A few streets away, there is no such obstacle. On either side of New Haven's highway to nowhere, city streets throb with construction activity. A different kind of infrastructure spending -- unrelated to roads or rapid transit, airports or levees -- is under way.

Yale University is rebuilding itself -- drawing on its huge, rapidly growing endowment and on multimillion-dollar gifts, mainly from alumni -- to renovate 54 buildings and construct 16 new ones. Not since the 1930s has Yale undertaken so ambitious an expansion.

The message in this outburst of activity, here and in other places across the country, is that private spending, supported handsomely by a growing number of very wealthy families, is gaining ground on traditional public investment. In the case of New Haven, once the recipient of more federal dollars per person for urban renewal than any other city, private investment now far surpasses public outlays.

''For us,'' the mayor said, ''infrastructure spending has come to mean growing the university. Yale has the money, and what they get from us is the approval to grow.''

But for all the wealth going into private philanthropy, its reach is limited. Richard C. Levin, Yale's president, is not committing money to the mayor's reconstruction plan or to other items on Mr. DeStefano's wish list, like high-speed rail service to Manhattan or lengthening the runway at Tweed New Haven Regional Airport so more airlines will fly here.

Philanthropic spending adds mainly to the nation's stock of hospitals, libraries, museums, parks, university buildings, theaters and concert halls. Public infrastructure -- highways, bridges, rail systems, water works, public schools, port facilities, sewers, airports, energy grids, tunnels, dams and levees -- depends mostly on tax dollars. It is hugely expensive and the money available, while still substantial, has shrunk as a share of the national economy.

The American Society of Civil Engineers estimates that government should be spending $320 billion a year over the next five years -- double the current outlay -- just to bring up to par what already exists.

A few decades ago, after the Depression and World War II, the nation rapidly added infrastructure and ''maintenance was a less pressing issue,'' Casey Dinges, a society spokesman, said. The entire interstate highway system, for example, was built in just 35 years.

But now 14 years are likely to pass before a widening of just one bridge in that system, spanning the Quinnipiac River here on I-95, is completed. The traffic-congested bridge is to become six lanes in each direction, from the present three.

Nearly six years into the expansion, the approaches are gradually being widened, but the bridge itself is untouched. The first pilings have yet to be sunk to support the additional lanes. The state transportation department, which is handling the $2 billion project, blames the slow flow of money, mainly from the federal government. That flow has averaged less than $45 million a year, according to Albert A. Martin, the department's deputy commissioner.

''If we had had the $2 billion in hand right from the start, that would have reduced the construction time by half, to seven years,'' Mr. Martin said. ''The problem is, we don't have the dollars readily available. That is one of the big differences between us and Yale.''

Yale's Expansive Makeover

Yale's reconstruction proceeds at warp speed. Scaffolding and gauzelike scrim, to protect pedestrians from falling debris, cover buildings on nearly every block of the urban campus. The emphasis is on those devoted to science and medicine, to enhance Yale's stature in these fields. But every other department is a beneficiary, too, and all of the 12 residential colleges are being renovated. To keep this work going year-round, Yale built a four-story brick dorm, almost large enough to fill a city block, as temporary student housing.

The 90-year-old football stadium, the Yale Bowl, got a share of the largesse. A mansionlike field house is soon to be built alongside it, which, among other things, will allow the opposing teams to spend halftime in greater comfort. For years they have rested in roped-off exit tunnels beneath the stands; the locker rooms are too far away.

''The field house is a luxury item in a way,'' Laura A. Cruickshank, an architect employed by Yale as university planner, acknowledged. ''But when you have a stadium that is so old and iconic, you have to do things differently. And how much of a luxury is it when you have players who play the way they do and you have to tape them up at halftime in the tunnels?''

Propelled by the construction on campus, Yale has become a big owner of commercial real estate in the surrounding downtown, engaging in a form of urban renewal not unlike what Mayor DeStefano wants for Route 34. But while the mayor has to extract state and federal subsidies, Yale goes forward with its own money.

Biotech start-ups, restaurants and stores now occupy Yale-owned buildings. Wanting its new campus in upscale surroundings, the university even employs two people full time to recruit boutique retailers in New York and Boston as tenants on spruced-up streets.

''The mayor was far-sighted enough,'' said Mr. Levin, who has been Yale's president since 1993, the same year that Mr. DeStefano first won his office, ''to recognize that working with us, with our capital, we could actually revive the downtown, which we're doing.''

The person in charge of improving the neighborhood around Yale is Bruce Alexander, 64, a former real estate entrepreneur who helped develop the Inner Harbor in Baltimore. Mr. Levin recruited him in 1998 and, during a recent tour of the city, Mr. Alexander pointed out one of his favorite achievements -- the purchase of a group of contiguous buildings occupying a square block in the heart of the city.

The owner had gone bankrupt, and to avoid having the buildings auctioned piecemeal, Yale bought them all, at the mayor's request, and filled them with stores and restaurants at street level, and apartments and offices on the upper floors.

''When you own a block of property,'' Mr. Alexander said, ''you can create an identity.''

Infrastructure Spending Lags

The shift from public money to private wealth in shaping the nation's cities is evident in national data. Government outlays on physical infrastructure have declined to 2.7 percent of the gross domestic product, from 3.6 percent in the 1960s. Philanthropic giving, in contrast, has jumped to nearly 2.5 percent of G.D.P., from 1.5 percent in 1995 and 2 percent in the '60s.

Most of this money goes into endowments and foundations, or comes in the form of individual gifts, and then is increased through leverage. Of the $3 billion that Yale has spent so far on its vast building program, for example, slightly less than two-thirds came from gifts and from the endowment, which now totals $22.5 billion. The rest was borrowed, Mr. Levin said.

Yale now spends more than $400 million annually on its renaissance, nearly six times its outlays for construction and renovation in the mid-1990s. New Haven, by contrast, budgeted $137 million in the current fiscal year for all its capital projects, including those subsidized by state and federal governments. That is less than twice the amount budgeted in the mid-'90s.

Government investment nationwide has lagged for several reasons, say business leaders, academics and public officials. Tax cuts have helped to hold down overall government spending. So has the view, widespread in recent decades, that public investment is often inept and wasteful. And politics intrudes, with the widely criticized earmark process in Congress cited lately as a prime example of misdirected spending.

''Governments are accountable to the democratic process, which has many, many virtues; I would not trade it for anything else,'' Mr. Levin said. ''But it is not particularly good at focusing resources and driving things efficiently.''

Perhaps most important, big businesses no longer put as much clout and attention behind public infrastructure investments. In an earlier era, corporations, many with deep roots in local communities, lobbied government for the railroads, highways and many other facilities they needed to operate successfully. And they served as a crucial fountain of local tax revenue.

But companies are more mobile today. And many of the urban manufacturers most dependent on public infrastructure have moved or gone out of business. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, once New Haven's largest employer, is among the departed. Yale, which pays some taxes and escapes others that most corporations pay -- particularly property taxes -- is now the city's biggest employer.

Anthony P. Rescigno, president of the Greater New Haven Chamber of Commerce, is struggling to revive the commitment of his members. He is trying to drum up stronger support among local businesses to lengthen the airport runway to 5,000 feet from the present 4,000 so that commercial airlines will bring in more flights. His members favor the longer runway, but not passionately.

''We had an example of a biotech company in New Haven bringing people here all the time,'' Mr. Rescigno said. ''Because he couldn't bring them here easily by air, he would bring them to New York. The meetings and conferences took place there, not here. He had an option.''

Some government-business alliances still carry weight. In the Seattle area, for example, Microsoft has pushed its headquarters city, Redmond, to spend millions to upgrade roads for its expanding campus, along with the millions that the software giant has spent.

Now Microsoft wants the state to replace a 40-year-old, two-lane bridge on a highway that connects Seattle and Redmond. ''We joined the city in arguing for the new bridge,'' said Lou Gellos, a Microsoft spokesman, ''and that was instrumental in bringing the issue to the forefront.''

But such examples are increasingly rare these days.

''If you had 30 C.E.O.'s saying, 'Damn it, we need new bridges or faster trains,' then that would happen,'' said Peter R. Orszag, director of the Congressional Budget Office. ''The fact of the matter is that public infrastructure spending does not have much momentum behind it at all.''

Money Tight, Progress Slow

Mayor DeStefano, 52, an intense man who grew up here, has chosen to spend most of his limited capital budget to renovate New Haven's public school buildings and add three high schools.

His goal, he says, is to raise the quality of the education so that families will choose to use the public schools, even moving back from the suburbs. His argument is not unlike Mr. Levin's: Newer buildings, better equipped, make for a better education.

''The high school dropout rate has been cut in half,'' the mayor said, arguing that the multiyear reconstruction project is showing results. ''Eighty-two percent of the kids go on to two- and four-year colleges. That is higher than the state average.''

Mayor DeStefano's efforts to rebuild New Haven as a city of middle- and ***working-class*** neighborhoods represent a reversal of the large urban renewal projects that once dominated public infrastructure spending. New Haven was at the forefront of that movement. Under an earlier mayor, Richard C. Lee, federal tax dollars poured in for slum clearance, highway construction, big public housing projects, a coliseum and a huge downtown shopping mall.

Most of this is gone now. A community college rises where two department stores stood, and the mall is closed. The 10,000-seat coliseum, a Mecca for wrestling matches and minor-league hockey, was torn down last January.

The Route 34 Connector would have linked I-95, south of the city, to the existing Route 34 in the north. Environmentalists helped to halt the project, objecting in particular to a section of the freeway that would have crossed wetlands. More recently, low-income families living near the right-of-way petitioned the mayor to return the land to streets, stores and homes.

''They want to recreate the neighborhood in which they grew up, or where their parents and grandparents grew up,'' said Karyn M. Gilvarg, executive director of the New Haven City Plan Department. She estimates the cost of doing so at $150 million, a relatively small sum for Yale, but too expensive for the mayor to proceed quickly.

There are other delays. The mayor would like Metro-North Railroad's New Haven line to offer a high-speed service to Manhattan, cutting the 80-mile run to an hour, from an hour and 40 minutes.

''The largest cluster of hedge fund managers after New York and London is in Fairfield County,'' the mayor said, arguing that New Haven would get some of that business ''if it were a half-hour or an hour closer'' by train to Midtown Manhattan.

The state government, which owns the New Haven line, is indeed gradually building up an infrastructure to make faster train service possible. Three hundred new rail cars, built to run at high speeds, will start arriving in 2010.

''We are in the process of repairing bridges and upgrading power lines,'' Mr. Martin, the transportation official, said. ''And we are looking at installing concrete ties as replacements for the wooden ones.''

Given the limited pool of federal and state money, however, the project moves at a snail's pace. Under the best-case schedule, high-speed service will not arrive in New Haven for a decade.

''We don't have the big companies pushing the government to get the work done, because they don't need it,'' Ms. Gilvarg said. ''They are all going to China or wherever, and the business sector is smaller in New Haven than it was.''

Blurred Lines in New Haven

For New Haven, that leaves Yale.

''There are no corporate citizens left in New Haven except Yale,'' Mr. Levin, the university president, said. He, too, would like to see the airport runway lengthened and high-speed rail service to New York. But they are not central to what he considers his mission, which is to make Yale pre-eminent among universities, not just in science and the arts, but in the students' daily lives.

Eight of the 12 residential colleges have already been rebuilt, at a cost of at least $40 million each. In appearance, the colleges are the same elegant gray sandstone Gothic structures dating from the early 20th century. The new comforts and efficiencies, though, are evident on closer inspection.

Visiting Trumbull College, next to Sterling Library, Ms. Cruickshank, the university planner, points to the leaded glass windows, which are double paned now, eliminating the unsightly plexiglass that had been screwed to the windows to keep down heating bills.

The bedrooms are still small, but they are organized for the first time in clusters of four or five around a common room, creating a much more social environment. ''You cannot walk from one place to another without passing students,'' said Janet B. Henrich, the master at Trumbull.

Reconfiguring rooms and passageways is costly without being as noticeably expensive as the changes in the basement, which long housed a small theater for student productions, a gallery for their art, a music practice room and a snack bar. But exposed pipes ran along the ceiling, limiting the space.

That was solved by enlarging the basement and encasing the intrusive mechanicals, so that the basement no longer seems like one. The theater in particular benefited. It has 60 cushioned seats, banked steeply over the stage, and equipped with the latest lighting and sound devices.

''I am not sure it makes for better performances,'' Ms. Henrich said, ''but it is probably safer and easier to learn the basics.''

As Yale invests, pursuing its goals, Mayor DeStefano falls increasingly into step, blurring the line between public and philanthropic infrastructure spending. Yale has acquired land to build two more residential colleges, and the mayor contributed by closing off and giving portions of two streets to the university.

In return, Yale has agreed to spend $10 million to repair bridges, streets, lights and sidewalks in the neighborhood -- in effect, picking up a bill that would strain the city's budget.

''The streets of their campus are the streets of the city,'' Ms. Gilvarg, the city planner, said. ''They are part of the public infrastructure, not private roads.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: NEW AND OLD: Neighboring buildings are reflected in the windows of Yale's new Sculpture Building, one product of a surge in construction at the university.

ROAD TO NOWHERE: A road connecting Route 34 and I-95 in New Haven was never completed. But on either side, building is booming at Yale. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES) MAP: A SHIFT IN MONEY: Government spending on physical infrastructure, as a percentage of gross domestic product, has declined over time, while private giving has risen. (Sources: Bureau of Economic Analysis

Moody's Economy.com

Giving USA)

**Load-Date:** January 6, 2008

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[***Washington at Work;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6RT0-000P-20B2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***His Vineyard in Shade, Africa Hand Stays Cool***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6RT0-000P-20B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1489 words

**Byline:** Herman J. Cohen

By NEIL A. LEWIS

By NEIL A. LEWIS

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 22

**Body**

When Herman J. Cohen was a young Foreign Service officer in some of Africa's most unpalatable posts, one of the enjoyments of the diplomatic game was matching wits with his Soviet counterparts.

The newly sovereign states of Africa were a sprawling playing field for the boisterous and intense ideological rivalry of the 1950's. Mr. Cohen worked to win the loyalties of up-and-coming local leaders with such blandishments as trips to America; the Soviet Union countered with trips to Moscow.

Mr. Cohen is now the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, and unlike his predecessors, he has lately been able to deal with the continent without being restricted by the template of Soviet-American relations. As an often-frustrated toiler in the shadows of the East-West rivalry, he delights in the vast changes of the 1990's.

"There were always priorities related to the cold war that kept us from doing what I wanted to do in Africa," he said in a recent interview. "If we wanted to do something in the Horn of Africa, the first question was how it related to our need for bases there. Now we don't need bases there."

Mr. Cohen, who is called Hank, joined the Foreign Service shortly after graduating from the City College of New York and made a point of choosing Africa as a specialty. There were Soviet experts all over the continent, he said, and "I saw it as a faster way to advance."

Indeed, the center ring of American foreign policy is still the Middle East and the republics of the former Soviet Union, and with senior officials so focused there and Soviet influence gone from the field, Mr. Cohen has a rare degree of independence. This is so even though he is not among the handful of longtime aides to Secretary of State James A. Baker 3d who dominate policy, Baker aides said.

"The senior policymakers spend less time on Africa," Mr. Cohen said. "They have to have confidence in us to handle it because their main interests are elsewhere."

And so Mr. Cohen has been able to act as chief midwife for a seemingly democratic government in Ethiopia, and Washington has led Western nations in withholding aid from Kenya to press for change in its human rights policy. The Bush Administration has all but abandoned President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire, widely viewed in the State Department and Congress as one of Africa's most dazzlingly corrupt "big men," who was courted for years solely because of his support during the cold war.

"Until recently, everything we did in Africa was dependent on some external factor," Mr. Cohen said. "Everything was related to some non-African issue. Now we don't have that anymore."

A Useful Background

As a student at City College, Hank Cohen didn't even know what the Foreign Service was. "It wasn't something that people of my background knew about," said Mr. Cohen, who grew up in Brooklyn the son of a truck driver.

After he entered the Foreign Service at the urging of a favorite professor, he became a labor attache to American embassies in Africa, charged with courting local labor officials.

"I came from a ***working-class*** background and it was entirely natural," the 60-year-old official said. "Both my parents were active union members." In addition, his Brownsville neighborhood was a caldron of leftist political activity.

"The whole business of the Soviet Union and labor unions was played out in my neighborhood," he said. "We had a big Communist Party faction and big Socialist Party faction. Ever since then, I've been fascinated by the competition between the Western model and the Marxist model."

He found the labor movements in Africa often more democratic and less corrupt than the governments. "Labor was where some of the biggest cold-war battles were fought in Africa," he said.

Hard Line Comes Easier

Another major change from those early days, he said, is that the United States need not be as indulgent as it once was of some African despots.

"During the cold war," he said, "we would tolerate many things among our friends because we had other things in play.

"Now we can show greater impatience, telling them their behavior is wrong. that it's going to result in trouble with Congress," he said, citing the Kenyan example. Withholding aid because of human rights complaints was conceivable, Mr. Cohen said, because President Daniel arap Moi can no longer threaten to move closer to the Soviet bloc.

A more pointed example is Zaire, the former Belgian Congo. Congress and many human rights organizations are eager to have the United States "show Mobuto the airline guide" -- diplomatic parlance for informing him which planes are available for a quick departure.

In a Senate hearing last month, Mr. Cohen jousted gently with Senator Paul Simon, Democrat of Illinois, and others over the fate of the man the United States had supported for 26 years. Mr. Cohen recognized that Mr. Mobutu must go, but in a vestige of loyalty to one who had served Washington for so long, he suggested that the President be given a role in the transition.

Leaving South Africa to Itself

As for the transition farther south, the United States spends far less time on South Africa than it used too, since the changes there seem to have their own momentum.

But as a member of President Ronald Reagan's National Security Council, Mr. Cohen was a stalwart supporter of the since-discredited policy of "constructive engagement" and, to the dismay of some members of Congress, a staunch opponent of sanctions against South Africa. Under constructive engagement, Washington muted its criticism of apartheid in hopes of coaxing the South African Government to change.

The most anguished event of Mr. Cohen's tenure has been the collapse of the Ethiopian Government last May. The episode displayed his unusual style and how he meshed with the the Baker command team.

Athough he appears the most benign and soft-spoken of officials, officials and analysts said that he showed himself not only a nimble tactician but, even more unusual, willing to take risks on his own.

Tough Line on Ethiopia

As the Government of Lieut. Col. Haile Mengistu Mariam neared collapse last spring, Mr. Cohen arranged for talks in London between the warring parties, asking for and getting a guarantee from rebel forces that they would not invade Addis Ababa.

But as he was about to convene the talks, the rebel factions were barrelling down the road toward the capital.

"By that time the Ethiopian Army itself had collapsed," he said. "You had guys running around with guns, looting and pillaging." He said the only way to get the city under control was to allow rebel forces to enter the city.

In the back of his mind was the scene in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, exactly a year earlier. He and American officials were criticized for dithering about what to do while the city was engulfed in a blood bath.

"Our policy should have been more activist in Liberia," he acknowledged. "I kept telling my staff we didn't want another Monrovia. We needed some gimmick to avoid a battle for Addis."

It was inevitable that victorious rebels from Tigre province would enter the city, he said. "I knew the people of Addis were scared to death of the Tigreans," he said, "and if I announced they were going in at our request, it might minimize the fright of the population."

Some officials in the United States Embassy were appalled at Mr. Cohen's tactic, believing that it would leave the United States responsible for any atrocities that resulted. His call also resulted in violent anti-American demonstrations with calls to "kill Cohen." (Although assistant secretaries for Africa are little known in the United States, they are famous throughout the continent, featured constantly in the local press).

But the rebels behaved well and restored order. Mr. Cohen said he had reason to be confident of them, but he acknowledged that he was also lucky.

Backing Freedom for Eritrea

In another risky move, he told the rebels from the northern province of Eritrea that the United States would look favorably on their desire to secede from Ethiopia. The Eritreans had been warring for 30 years to gain their independence.

That concession quickly produced an anxious telephone call from Mr. Baker back in Washington. Officials close to Mr. Baker said he was troubled by Mr. Cohen's stance not only because it violated traditional United States policy of not encouraging such border changes but also because it made the Administration's policy against the breakup of the Soviet Union look inconsistent.

Mr. Baker was prepared to rebuke his assistant secretary, the officials said, but Mr. Cohen argued that the United States should not be bound by such formalism. The matter was put aside at the time.

Mr. Cohen's luck may have been operating again. Within a few weeks, no one was able to argue that the Eritrean policy was inconsistent: Washington had decided to recognize a similar reality in the Soviet Union and softened its stand on independent states.

**Graphic**

Photo: Herman J. Cohen, center, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, is now able to deal with the continent without being restricted by Soviet-American tensions. Before giving testimony to a Senate panel last week, Mr. Cohen talked with two staff members, Robert J. Houdek and Kathleen Moody. (Jose R. Lopez/The New York Times)

Chart: "Herman Jay Cohen"

Born: Feb. 10, 1932

Home: Raised in New York City; now lives in Washington.

Education: Thomas Jefferson High School (Brooklyn); B.A., City College of New York.

Career Highlights: 1965, appointed Foreign Service officer; 1961-76, served in embassies in Paris, Uganda, Zimbabwe and Zambia; 1977-80, Ambassador simultaneously to Senegal and Gambia; 1987-89, National Security Council, director of African Affairs; 1989-present, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs.

Interests: Classical music; old films.

**Load-Date:** March 23, 1992

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[***Jihadist or Victim: Ex-Detainee Makes a Case***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K64-HYY0-TW8F-G2XJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2543 words

**Byline:** By TIM GOLDEN

**Body**

When President Bush ordered Moazzam Begg's release last year from the Guantanamo prison camp, United States officials say, he did so over objections from the Pentagon, the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. -- all of which warned that Mr. Begg could still be a dangerous terrorist.

But American officials may not have imagined the sort of adversary Mr. Begg would become in the war of perception that is now a primary front in the American-led campaign against terrorism.

''The issue here is: Apply the law,'' Mr. Begg told an audience earlier this spring at the Oxford Literary Festival in England, one of many stops on a continuing lecture tour. ''If I've committed a crime, we say, take this to court. After all of that, if they can't produce something in court, then shame on them!''

With a new book about his experiences and a small blizzard of media attention, Mr. Begg, a 37-year-old Briton of Pakistani descent, has emerged over the last few months as a minor celebrity in his home country.

Human rights groups have hailed his courage. University students have invited him to speak. Journalists have generally taken at face value his claim that he is an innocent man, unlawfully seized and arbitrarily held. After the three suicides at Guantanamo last Saturday, Mr. Begg instantly became a sought-after commentator for British newspaper and television reporters.

The respectful reception for Mr. Begg -- whom the Pentagon still portrays as a terrorist -- is one of many markers of the waning credibility of Washington's detention policies overseas, and particularly in European countries that are closely allied with the United States in fighting terrorists.

A British feature film that is to be released in the United States on June 23, ''The Road to Guantanamo,'' depicts another group of former detainees as innocent, good-natured men cruelly mistreated by their American captors. The British attorney general, Peter Goldsmith, recently called the prison ''unacceptable'' and said it should be shut down.

Whether Mr. Begg is the potential threat the Pentagon claims or the harmless man he professes to be cannot be fully resolved from the available evidence. But the mystery makes Mr. Begg one of the more intriguing case studies in the trans-Atlantic divide on detention policy.

He and another Briton, Feroz Abbasi, were among the first six Guantanamo detainees designated by Mr. Bush in 2003 as eligible for trial by military commissions there. Pentagon officials say Mr. Begg trained at three terrorist camps, ''associated'' with an array of operatives of Al Qaeda and was ready to fight American-led forces in Afghanistan but fled into the Tora Bora mountains when the Taliban lines collapsed.

The British government's refusal to accept the Guantanamo tribunals, in which rights of due process are sharply limited, eventually forced American officials to set aside the prosecutions of Mr. Begg and Mr. Abbasi. Officials said they and two other Britons were finally sent home, in January 2005, after Mr. Bush overruled most of his senior national security advisers as a favor to Prime Minister Tony Blair, who was then being harshly criticized for his support of the Iraq war.

Now, the Bush administration finds itself in the awkward position of insisting on the danger of a man it set free. ''He has strong, long-term ties to terrorism -- as a sympathizer, as a recruiter, as a financier and as a combatant,'' said a Defense Department spokesman, Bryan Whitman.

In interviews in Britain and in his memoir, which is to be published in the United States on Sept. 11 as ''Enemy Combatant: My Imprisonment at Guantanamo, Bagram and Kandahar,'' Mr. Begg denied that he ever supported terrorism, knowingly associated with Qaeda members or took up arms against the United States. Rather, he offers himself as evidence that the wide American net had trapped many Muslims who never threatened United States interests.

A Professorial Air

A small, soft-spoken man with a professorial air, Mr. Begg has distinguished himself from other former prisoners partly by his tone.

While others have told (and, in some cases, sold) the British press lurid tales of American interrogators' tempting them with prostitutes and torturing them to confess, Mr. Begg avoids the word torture. He was sometimes badly mistreated, he says, and kept in prolonged isolation. But he makes a point of telling audiences of his friendships with some of his military police guards, and he espouses a tolerance that seems incompatible with the hatred of militants to whom American officials link him.

One British interviewer described Mr. Begg as ''devastatingly reasonable.''

Of nearly 20 American military and intelligence officials who were interviewed about Mr. Begg, none thought he had been wrongly detained. But some said they doubted that he could be tied to any terrorist acts. At Bagram, where he was held for 11 months, Mr. Begg's interrogators nicknamed him Hemingway.

''I don't think he was the mastermind of 9/11, but nor do I think he was just an innocent,'' said Christopher Hogan, a former military interrogator who oversaw some of Mr. Begg's early questioning there but said he did not have access to top-secret American or British intelligence files on him. ''We compared him to somebody who went off to Spain during the civil war -- more of a romantic than some sort of ideologically steeled fighter.''

Like other military and intelligence personnel familiar with Mr. Begg's interrogations, Mr. Hogan also described him as having been unusually forthcoming. ''He provided us with excellent information routinely,'' he said.

Yet if Mr. Begg is a more ambiguous figure than the Bush administration now describes, the story of his life before he was seized in Pakistan in January 2002 is also more complicated than the account he has put forward, and full of questions.

Like many from Europe who fell in with Islamic militants in the 1990's, Mr. Begg was a son of immigrants who settled in a ***working-class*** environment where economic struggles fueled racial prejudice.

During high school in Birmingham, the industrial capital of the English Midlands, he joined a gang of mostly South Asian teenagers who banded together against skinheads, punk rockers and other anti-immigrant legions of the day. Mr. Begg, who now stands 5-foot-3, was the smallest member of the gang; he said he rarely joined in the fights.

But much of his upbringing did not fit the pattern. His family was relatively comfortable and liberal. His father, a Muslim born in India, was a bank manager who wrote poetry in Urdu. He sent Moazzam and his brother to a Jewish primary school, where they wore blazers with the Star of David.

Inspired by Mujahedeen

Moazzam's interest in Islam was awakened during a trip with relatives to Pakistan and Saudi Arabia in his late teens. On a second visit to Pakistan in late 1993, he writes, he crossed into Afghanistan with some young Pakistanis and visited a camp where mujahedeen rebels were training to fight the Soviet-backed Afghan government.

Inspired by the guerrillas' commitment, he threw himself into helping besieged Muslims in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He said he traveled to the Balkans 9 or 10 times with a small aid agency, Convoy of Mercy. But the group's founder, Asad Khan, said he had no recollection of Mr. Begg.

Defense Department officials said one of Mr. Begg's former associates was Omar Saeed Sheikh, who volunteered on a Convoy trip in 1993. Mr. Sheikh was later convicted of kidnapping Western tourists in India and is facing execution in Pakistan for the murder of the Wall Street Journal correspondent Daniel Pearl. Mr. Begg insisted he did not know Mr. Sheikh.

There are some notable gaps in Mr. Begg's memoir. The book does not mention that while working as an interpreter at a government welfare office in 1994, he and a friend were arrested and charged with defrauding the agency. The police found a night-vision sight, a bullet-proof vest and what news reports called ''extremist literature'' at Mr. Begg's home.

The charges against him were later dropped for lack of evidence, but his friend, Shahid A. Butt, pleaded guilty and served 18 months in prison. Mr. Butt was later convicted with seven other Britons of plotting a terrorist bombing in Yemen, where he served a five-year sentence.

In early 1998 Mr. Begg, by then married, with two small children, moved his family to Peshawar, Pakistan, on the border with Afghanistan. He describes the period as idyllic, with evening strolls through a local park and a quick trip to visit another training camp in Afghanistan, this one run by Iraqi Kurds. He and his wife socialized primarily with members of the town's small Palestinian community, as well as some Arab and Afghan veterans of the anti-Soviet jihad.

But the book does not mention one Palestinian friend, Khalil Deek, who also lived in Peshawar at the time. The United States 9/11 commission described Mr. Deek, a naturalized American, as an associate of Abu Zubaydah, a senior Al Qaeda lieutenant of Palestinian descent who was also in Peshawar then, recruiting new operatives and sending them to train at Afghan camps.

An American counterterrorism official who began tracking Mr. Begg in 1999 said the Central Intelligence Agency and MI5, Britain's domestic intelligence service, suspected Mr. Begg of working with Mr. Deek to create a CD-ROM version of a terrorist manual, ''Encyclopedia of Jihad,'' which Mr. Deek gave to two Palestinians who plotted with Mr. Zubaydah to bomb tourist sites in Jordan.

American intelligence officials also said Mr. Deek helped arrange transportation to Jordan for some operatives in the foiled plot, but after being held in Jordan for 17 months, he was released without charge.

Mr. Begg acknowledged in an interview that he had met Mr. Deek in Bosnia and later invested with him in a small business deal to sell traditional Pakistani clothing. But he said he had never met Abu Zubaydah -- something Pentagon officials said he had admitted to his American interrogators.

He also denied an assertion by Mr. Whitman, the Pentagon spokesman, that he spent five days in early 1998 at Derunta, a notorious Al Qaeda-affiliated training camp in Afghanistan, learning about poisons and explosives.

Two Defense Department officials read to a reporter from what they said were lengthy sworn statements Mr. Begg made to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, admitting that he had supported jihad in Chechnya and Kashmir, knew a half-dozen Al Qaeda figures and had trained at Derunta and two other Afghan camps.

Mr. Begg said that he had never told the F.B.I. anything of the sort, but that he did sign some documents in custody because he feared for his life.

After he returned to Birmingham in the summer of 1998, he and a friend opened an Islamic bookstore, which he described as a meeting place for young Muslims, including some who later fought in the separatist struggle in Kashmir.

Mr. Begg received a first visit from an officer of MI5 soon after the shop opened. A year later, in late 1999, dozens of police agents searched the book shop and Mr. Begg's home. They were raided again in February 2000, and Mr. Begg was arrested under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, but was quickly released without charge.

'It Was Going Too Far'

Mr. Whitman, at the Defense Department, said the British government cited Mr. Begg's ''proven or suspected links to persons who have been arrested or convicted of terrorist offenses worldwide,'' including Richard C. Reid, who was later convicted of trying to blow up a trans-Atlantic flight with a shoe bomb. Mr. Begg said he had never met Mr. Reid or two other men, Ibn al-Shekh al-Libi and Abu Qatada, whom Pentagon officials linked to him.

''Up until this time I had thought it was all just a silly mistake or a fishing trip,'' Mr. Begg wrote of the security services' interest in his activities, ''but now I knew it was going too far.''

He said in an interview that he had never even heard of Al Qaeda before 9/11. He knew something about Osama bin Laden, he said, but generally agreed with those who saw Mr. bin Laden's conflict with the United States as counterproductive for Muslims. He said he opposed attacks against civilians but saw justification for jihadi assaults on ''military targets'' in ''times of war.''

In July 2001, little more than a year after his brief arrest, Mr. Begg moved his wife and children to Afghanistan. Despite the Taliban's status as an international pariah for its treatment of women and its hospitality toward Al Qaeda, the Beggs saw it as a fine, inexpensive place to raise a family. The memoir describes Mr. Begg's work on charity projects and his fascination with the atmosphere of Kabul. But without television, he writes, he did not grasp the enormity of the Sept. 11 attacks. Only when bombs and cruise missiles began to strike on Oct. 17 did he realize ''it was time to go.''

But, he said, he became separated from his family and reunited with them only after he crossed the border to Pakistan. They had been in Islamabad only a couple of months when, on Jan. 31, 2002, Pakistani intelligence agents and C.I.A. officers burst into their home, pulled a hood over his head and took him away.

Mr. Begg's memoir recounts a three-year odyssey from a safe house in Pakistan to a prison camp in Kandahar, Afghanistan, to the main military prison at Bagram Air Base and finally to Guantanamo. He describes endlessly repetitive interrogations, with soldiers sometimes demanding information about events that took place after his capture.

Even now, he says, the accusations against him remain maddeningly vague.

''There is no specific allegation; there are no specific charges,'' he said in one interview. ''Whom did I recruit? When did I recruit them? Who told them this? What is the corroborating information -- names, times, places?''

After repeated questions about Mr. Begg by The New York Times, Pentagon officials offered some information they said had been declassified from intelligence files. Mr. Whitman said the files showed Mr. Begg to be ''a sympathizer, a recruiter and a financier'' for terrorists. But officials offered almost nothing to corroborate such assertions other than excerpts they read from the F.B.I. statements.

Still, Mr. Begg has hardly been ignored by the administration. Earlier this year, a State Department public diplomacy official, Colleen P. Graffy, challenged his supporters, saying, ''Guantanamo is not a spa, but nor is it an inhumane torture camp.'' The department's little-known Office of Countermisinformation has also sought to refute Mr. Begg's claims.

But other American officials said their secrecy about the detainees was partly responsible for having Mr. Begg's version of events accepted as credible.

''This has been the story of our lives here in trying to convince the world about the propriety of keeping people in Guantanamo,'' said one senior administration official in Washington, who asked not to be named because he was criticizing government policies. ''It's been difficult to persuade all U.S. government agencies to release enough information publicly to show that individuals like Begg represent a significant threat.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Moazzam Begg, a former Guantanamo detainee rich in ambiguities. (Photo by Paolo Pellegrin/Magnum, for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Moazzam Begg, right, with a lawyer, Clive Stafford Smith, in London in November. Mr. Begg was held for two years at Guantanamo, top. Whether President Bush should have released him is still an open question. (Photo by Hugo Philpott/European Pressphoto Agency)

(Photo by Mark Wilson/Getty Images)(pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** June 15, 2006

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[***MADONNA GOES HEAVY ON HEART***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9XC0-0007-H05M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

''I like challenge and controversy - I like to tick people off,'' Madonna boasted, tossing her head and flashing a mischievous half-smile. The 27-year-old pop star was sipping a diet cola in a conference room at the New York offices of Warner Bros. Records. She appeared almost demure in a pink-and-blue flowered dress and a very short haircut inspired by the late-50's gamine look of Jean Seberg, Audrey Hepburn and Leslie Caron. Gone along with most of her hair was the heavy makeup and jewelry that made last year's Madonna resemble a contemporary street version of Marilyn Monroe in ''Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.''

''After awhile I got sick of wearing tons of jewelry - I wanted to clean myself off,'' Madonna said flatly. ''I see my new look as very innocent and feminine and unadorned. It makes me feel good. Growing up, I admired the kind of beautiful glamorous woman - from Brigitte Bardot to Grace Kelly - who doesn't seem to be around much anymore. I think it's time for that kind of glamour to come back.''

If Madonna's new upscale look represents a dramatic swing away from the provocative sex symbol who wore lingerie as outerwear and crucifixes like diamonds, it does not signal an end to her courting of controversy. ''Papa Don't Preach,'' the second single from her third album, ''True Blue'' (Sire 25442; LP, cassette, compact disk), is bound to rile some parents of teen-age girls. The protagonist of the song, which was written by Brian Elliot, is a pregnant adolescent who begs her father to bless her decision to keep the baby and marry her boyfriend. Madonna sings it in a passionate, bratty sob that makes the plea immediate and believable.

The song has also been turned into a compelling slice-of-life music video. Filmed on location in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Staten Island, with Danny Aiello playing the father, it features a virtuoso performance by a waifish, saucer-eyed Madonna, who looks all of 15 as she quivers anxiously, awaiting her father's response. Like Michael Jackson's ''Billie Jean,'' the song and its video have an iconographic resonance that could push Madonna's career to an even higher plateau than the household-word status she attained last year with her 6 1/2-million-selling second album, ''Like a Virgin.''

'' 'Papa Don't Preach' is a message song that everyone is going to take the wrong way,'' Madonna proudly predicted. ''Immediately they're going to say I am advising every young girl to go out and get pregnant. When I first heard the song, I thought it was silly. But then I thought, wait a minute, this song is really about a girl who is making a decision in her life. She has a very close relationship with her father and wants to maintain that closeness. To me it's a celebration of life. It says, 'I love you, father, and I love this man and this child that is growing inside me.' Of course, who knows how it will end? But at least it starts off positive.''

''Papa Don't Preach,'' for which Madonna contributed a couple of minor lyrical revisions, is the only song on the album that Madonna didn't have a strong hand in writing. The song was sent to her by Michael Ostin, the same Warner Bros. executive who discovered ''Like a Virgin.'' Most of the album's eight other songs Madonna co-wrote with Patrick Leonard, the musical director for her 1985 tour, or with her sometime songwriting partner, Stephen Bray. The three also co-produced the LP.

While ''True Blue'' lacks the gleaming ultra-sleek aural surfaces of ''Like a Virgin,'' both its songs and Madonna's singing show a lot more heart. ''Live to Tell,'' written for the soundtrack of ''At Close Range,'' the movie starring her husband, Sean Penn, was released in advance of the album and recently spent a week perched at No. 1 on the pop charts. It proves that vocally Madonna isn't limited to catchy novelties and disco tunes - she can carry off a weightier ballad. The rest of the album consists of highly commercial dance-pop whose lyrics convey an upbeat message along with casual autobiographical references. ''True Blue'' takes its title from a favorite expression of Sean Penn, and is a tribute, according to Madonna, ''to my husband's very pure vision of love.'' Musically, it also pays homage to Motown and to 60's ''girl-group'' hits like ''Chapel of Love'' that are the direct antecedents of Madonna's sound.

The happy, Latin-flavored ''La Isla Bonita'' is Madonna's celebration of what she called ''the beauty and mystery of Latin American people.'' The itchy dance tune, ''Jimmy Jimmy'' commemorates her youthful fascination with James Dean. ''I used to fantasize that we grew up in the same neighborhood and that he moved away and became a big star,'' she admitted. ''White Heat'' is dedicated to another mythic rebel, James Cagney, whose voice opens the track in a snatch of dialogue from the movie of the same name. ''Where's the Party?'' Madonna explained, ''is my ultimate reminder to myself that I want to enjoy life and not let the press get to me, because every once in a while it does.'' ''Open Your Heart'' is about ''wanting to change somebody.'' And the album's final cut, ''Love Makes the World Go Round,'' preaches a cheerfully simplistic humanitarianism: ''Don't judge a man 'til you've been standin' in his shoes/ You know that we're all so quick to look away/ 'Cause it's the easy thing to do/ Make love not war.''

Obviously, Madonna is still much more significant as a pop culture symbol than as a songwriter or a singer. But the songs on ''True Blue'' are shrewdly crafted teen-age and pre-teen-age ditties that reveal Madonna's unfailing commercial instincts. And her singing, which has been harshly criticized as a thin imitation of the 60's girl-group sound, has strengthened.

''I grew up loving innocent child voices like Diana Ross, while she was with the Supremes, and Stevie Wonder, when he was young, and I practically swooned when I heard Frankie Lymon's records,'' she said. ''I don't know why, but I was always instinctively drawn to those voices. I don't think I sing like a woman. I sing like a girl, and it's a quality I never want to lose.''

But even more than a girlish voice, the quality that defines Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone is an instinct for rebellion that she traces to her parochial school girlhood in Pontiac, Mich.

''When you go to Catholic school, you have to wear uniforms, and everything is decided for you,'' she recalled. ''Since you have no choice but to wear your uniform, you go out of your way to do things that are different in order to stand out. All that rebellion carried over when I moved to New York eight years ago to become a dancer. At dance classes, all the ballerinas had their hair back in a bun, and so I chopped my hair off and ripped my leotard down the front and put little tiny safety pins all the way up just to provoke my teacher. After all, where is it written that in order to be a better dancer you have to wear a black leotard and pink tights and have your hair in a bun? Going out dancing with my girlfriends in New York clubs, we would dress for provocation. What I was wearing at the time I was signed to a record contract became my look.

''What kids see in me is another rebel kid who says what she wants and does what she wants and has a joy in life,'' Madonna went on. ''The girls that dressed like me all got the joke - it was their parents who didn't. You didn't see those girls going off and doing awful things because they bought my records. What I've learned from all the controversy is that you can't expect everyone to get your sense of humor. But I've also learned that people eventually do catch on to what they didn't get at first. It's a nice surprise in the end when they, go, 'Hey, well, you know. . .I like that.' ''

A disciplined, immensely self-confident woman who doesn't eat meat, rarely touches liquor and rigorously trains her body every day, Madonna is a woman in charge of her life and career. She appeared to be uncowed by the voyeurism of a celebrity press that has dredged up vintage nude photos of her and made her recent marriage to Mr. Penn a running battle with the paparazzi. Madonna's title role of a freewheeling bohemian vagabond in the Susan Seidelman film ''Desperately Seeking Susan,'' along with her music-videos, has established her as a natural screen presence, and a larger movie career seems inevitable. In her next film, ''Shanghai Surprise,'' she plays a staid young missionary from Massachusetts who falls in love with a petty swindler, played by Mr. Penn. The film, which is set in pre-Revolutionary China, was shot in Hong Kong and is scheduled to be released this fall.

''I always thought of myself as a star, though I never in my wildest dreams expected to become this big,'' Madonna said bluntly. ''But I knew I was born to it. I don't know why. I think people are named names for certain reasons, and I feel that I was given a special name for a reason. In a way, maybe I wanted to live up to my name.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Madonna (Deborah Feingold)

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9RR0-0007-H374-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HAMDEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9RR0-0007-H374-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1557 words

**Byline:** By ELEANOR CHARLES

**Body**

FROM almost anywhere in Hamden, Conn., an enormous figure can be seen lying on its back atop a 600-foot mountain in Sleeping Giant State Park. Formed by volcanic eruptions millions of years ago, the profile of its head and body can be seen for miles, snoozing in everlasting comfort above what has come to be called The Land of The Sleeping Giant.

In a way it typifies this town of 53,000 residents, sprawled across 33 square miles, with a history of quiet, steady growth since its beginnings as an outpost of the New Haven Colony in 1638. In 1786 it was incorporated under the name of John Hampden, an English statesman.

Twelve years later, Eli Whitney established an arms factory, where he pioneered mass production techniques for the manufacture of firearms with interchangeable parts. The original buildings and artifacts at what is now Whitney Avenue and Armory Street have been restored as a museum, performing-arts center and technical school.

By the early 1800's the first Irish, Italian and German immigrants came to work in the saw mills, grist mills and stone quarries. Today about 300 small industrial plants employ Hispanic, Asian and West Indian immigrants.

There is still plenty of open land here and real-estate prices are comparatively reasonable, but outside pressures are beginning to undermine the status quo. ''It cannot stay undeveloped,'' said Chris Rendeiro, a member of the conservation commission. ''We are experiencing the first ripple of a coming wave.''

In the last two years, falling interest rates, an improved economy and resistance to the high cost of real estate in Fairfield County have brought a rush of new development. ''Houses, condos and businesses are going up at a record pace,'' said Mayor John De Nicola. ''Suddenly we are faced with making decisions on where the town is going.''

More than 200 houses and 200 condominiums are added each year to an existing stock of 14,000 homes and 2,500 condos. Still, buyers outnumber sellers. ''Nothing lasts a week unless there is something wrong with it,'' said Betsy Gorman of Kamp and Neilson Realtors.

''We are getting the fallout from Fairfield County,'' said Edward Della Valle of Beazley Realty. ''A home that sold for $78,000 in 1984 costs $120,000 today. Houses are going for as much as $15,000 over asking.''

Hamden is divided into distinctive residential neighborhoods. In the northern hills is Mount Carmel, with large wooded sites bordering Cheshire and Wallingford. Spring Glen and Whitneyville to the east are bounded by North Haven and contain most of the fine, older homes on lots of less than an acre. They are considered expensive at $250,000 to $350,000. Thornton Wilder, the Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright, lived there until his death in 1975.

Highwood, southwest to the New Haven line, is the old ***working-class*** section, and Hamden Plains, bordering Woodbridge and Bethany on the west, has open space and four-bedroom ranch homes for around $130,000.

''Our housing is attractive because of its diversity as well as low cost,'' said the town planner, Shirley Gonzales. Eighteenth-century Colonials, 19th-century Victorians, 1920's Tudors and Art Deco homes, 1950's split-levels and avant-garde contemporaries are scattered all over town. Half of a neat two-family house on a 6,000-square-foot lot may be found for $90,000, while large homes on several wooded acres will cost up to $400,000. New half-acre colonials on Leatherman Way in Mount Carmel are priced around $245,000.

Along ''Apartment Row'' on Mix Avenue are four- and five-story buildings ''with agents right on the premises,'' said Anthony Raccio, a local realty broker. ''The apartments rent so fast they don't advertise.'' Four rooms in a new building on North Street rent for $600. Smaller units in older buildings start at $400. Houses are for rent at $800 and up, and condominiums with two bedrooms and two baths sell for an average of $100,000 and resell at $150,000.

''Property taxes have risen minimally,'' said Charles Sweeney, the assessor. At a rate of 50 mills, or $50 for $1,000 of assessment, ''a house that sells for $140,000 will have a $2,000 tax bill, assessed at 70 percent of market value'' he said.

Hamden commuters to New York City can drive to the New Haven station and get a Metro North train to Manhattan. The trip takes an hour and 45 minutes and costs $10.75, or $196 for a monthly ticket. Stamford is an hour's ride and costs $4.25 or $102 a month. Driving time on Interstate 95 or the Wilbur Cross Parkway is about equal to train time.

In the absence of a town green, Town Hall serves as a hub at the busy intersection of Whitney and Dixwell Avenues, and what is happening around it is indicative of the town's accelerating growth. The first large office complex is nearing completion across the street, and a conference center has been proposed at a former junior high school nearby.

The Fire and Police Departments want to move their headquarters to the south of Town Hall and a condominium development has been proposed behind it, adding to the traffic generated by a mile of established shopping plazas lining both sides of Dixwell Avenue.

A commentary on Dixwell Avenue's mobile orientation was made in 1977 when a sculpture of sorts was built at the Hamden Plaza Shopping Center called ''The Ghost Parking Lot'' - 20 automobiles lined up at the road's edge and covered with a blanket of black asphalt. TOWN services include a 101-member police force, five fire houses manned by 112 regular firemen and 80 volunteers, and a public-school system of one high school, one middle school, and eight elementary schools serving a total of 5,371 pupils, 64 percent of whom go on to higher education.

Average scores on the Scholastic Achievement Tests of 425 verbal and 447 math are below state and national levels. ''They have risen by six points in the last two years,'' said Julius D'Agostino, superintendent of schools. ''In response to a consensus that we must improve student performance, we have stiffened requirements for high school graduation to 20 credits instead of 18, requiring three years of social studies and math instead of two, and moved toward full year rather than half-year courses.''

There also are three Catholic elementary schools, one Catholic high school for girls, the Elizabeth Ives Primary School for Special Children, and Hamden Country Day School, a private, 75-year-old college preparatory institution. Tuition ranges from $5,225 to $5,950 from kindergarten through twelfth grade. Quinnipiac College, founded 50 years ago, and the Paier School of Art are also in town.

Yale-New Haven Hospital and St. Raphael's Hospital in New Haven supply Hamden's medical services, and New Haven also offers a wide range of cultural activites. Long Wharf Theater, Yale Repertory Theater, Yale's art museums, concert and lecture halls, the Shubert and Palace Theaters, the New Haven Symphony Orchestra and numerous art galleries are a few minutes' drive away.

Local entertainment is produced at the Thornton Wilder Auditorium of the Miller Library complex on Dixwell Avenue, and dozens of restaurants, including Topper's, Valentino's and Victoria Too are liberally patronized. A large, generously garnished chicken salad with cole slaw, rolls and iced tea, overlooking a duck pond at Anthony's Sanford Barn, cost $6.50 with tip.

Ice-skating, swimming and tennis courts are available to residents at the high school, as well as courts at five town parks, two dozen baseball and softball fields, hiking trails and a children's zoo. Two municipal golf courses offer a $270 seasonal, or $8.50 daily charge. The New Haven Country Club, founded in 1900, costs $3,500 to join and $1,932 annual dues.

Each April during the Golden Bells Festival, Hamden glows with forsythia. One thousand additional bushes are planted each year, organized by Mr. Rendeiro. A thirty-year resident himself, he believes that Hamden's pleasant, crime-free environment and affordable housing have become a liability.

''They have attracted too many elderly people,'' he said. ''We have more of them than any other category. We need more young people in town.''

CONDOS PLANNED FOR LAST TOWN CENTER SITE

Local investors who wanted to build a shopping center on the last 140 acres of vacant land in the center of town have lowered their sights to 452 condominium units on 40 acres and plan to sell the rest.

The syndicate won several court appeals taken against the original proposal by residents and existing shopping centers, said Dennis Garvey, a spokesman, but ''by that time, the major stores had moved to North Haven Mall, we had lost our developer and got into the high interest years so that we couldn't even sell it.''

Now that new zoning would allow shops, theaters, offices, apartments and utilities on the site, prospects for the new plan seemed brighter. But at a hearing this month, 200 people opposed the condominiums, and no one spoke for it.

''It's within a half-mile of the Whitney-Dixwell intersection, the worst in town,'' said Edward Pallanti, resident of a street bordering the site. ''Our streets would become freeways and the runoff would worsen a flooding problem that has inundated the area more than once.''

Officials have concluded that condominiums offer the best use of the land, and expect that an engineering study will suggest a method of correcting the flooding.

**Graphic**

Photos of Hamden, Conn. (NYT/Steve Miller); map of Hamden

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[***BIGGIES, BUREAUCRATS AND THE WORLD DRUG TRADE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9XH0-0007-H0BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Nicholas Lemann; Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

**Body**

THE UNDERGROUND EMPIRE Where Crime and Governments Embrace. By James Mills. 1,165 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $22.95.

IN every reporter there is a desire to know everything - to be set free of having to perceive the world through interviews and press briefings and to be able instead to watch the real action as it unfolds in private. More than six years ago James Mills was given such an opportunity: the head of a small Federal antidrug strike force called Centac decided to grant him a spectacular degree of access to its operations. Mr. Mills was apparently even allowed to accompany agents into the field, not to mention being privy to nearly everything that went on back at headquarters.

This was the chance of a lifetime, and Mr. Mills, who has made his reputation with vivid and sympathetic writing about law enforcement (he is the author of the nonfiction books ''On the Edge'' and ''The Prosecutor'' and the novels ''Report to the Commissioner'' and ''The Panic in Needle Park''), was obviously determined not to let it be said that he failed to make the most of it. ''The Underground Empire'' is long beyond the normal standard of thrillers, somewhat taxing though never at all slow or confusing. In describing in labyrinthine detail three major drug cases, it covers five continents and practically every stratum of society. The subject matter makes Mr. Mills's occasional lapses into potboilerese (''He is dressed in power - gold, sapphires, diamonds affixed at every point permitted by the Asian criminal fashion code'') seem almost unavoidable. ''The Underground Empire'' is some kind of technical record-book achievement in reporting.

Nobody gives a reporter carte blanche purely out of the wish to see a good book written. Dennis Dayle, the up-from-the-***working-class***, former-concert-violinist chief of Centac, no doubt felt that it would be nice for Centac's staff to be portrayed as glamorous secret agents, not dull bureaucrats living in suburban Maryland. Also, as a Government agency, Centac knew its real enemies weren't sinister drug biggies but competing bureaucracies, especially the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the rest of the Drug Enforcement Administration (of which Centac, or Central Tactical Unit, was a part). A laudatory book makes excellent cover for a bureaucracy.

If that was Mr. Dayle's idea, he was too late - the book ends with Centac's reorganization into meaninglessness through the efforts of the F.B.I. Had Centac lived until publication day, though, it would almost certainly now be invulnerable to bureaucratic ambush. In ''The Underground Empire,'' its agents are not only fearless and smart but also appealingly idiosyncratic, in the great tradition of spy fiction. The other antidrug agencies, which go after loads of cargo rather than the heads of smuggling organizations, are full of cautious hacks; Centac's targets are fantastically rich, powerful, brilliant and diabolical. The greatest of all the tributes Mr. Mills has paid Centac is adopting its world view, as is evident in the title he has chosen. He believes, with Mr. Dayle, that all drug investigations will eventually run up against the complicity of governments, including ours and our allies', with the most powerful figures in the drug business.

The thesis is persuasive, but it's the weakest part of the book. Some of Mr. Mills's revelations have become commonplace in the daily press. Everybody seems to know by now that some Mexican officials cooperate with the drug industry in return for bribes or that the United States would rather keep Colombia as an ally than do what would be necessary to stop the cocaine traffic. Mr. Mills makes other revelations based only on the allegations of informers (for example, he says the former Panamanian leader Omar Torrijos Herrera was in the drug business). Anyway, it was Centac, not the underground empire, that gave Mr. Mills access, so Centac is the book's heart and soul, the subject about which he never has to speculate or use vague locutions. This is a book about cops and robbers in action, at a very high level.

Mr. Mills follows Centac in pursuit of three big fish - Lu Hsu-shui, a Chinese living in Bangkok; Alberto Sicilia-Falcon, a Cuban based in Tijuana, Mexico; and Donald Steinberg, a young man from the Chicago suburbs with a drug business headquartered in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. After the initial blaring of trumpets about each case, what fascinates the reader is the small-timeness of even big-time drug dealers. Somehow it's in the endless accumulation of details about airports, hotel rooms, clothes, drinks, money, phone calls and rented cars that the book's claims to greatness reside. Although ''The Underground Empire'' presents itself as the story of a clash between good and evil, it is also an account of a chase that has its own peculiar momentum and rules. THE drama in the Lu Hsu-shui case mostly concerns an agent who is baby-sitting a flashy informer playing so many angles that one wonders whether he himself knows whose side he's on. In the Sicilia-Falcon case, what is most memorable is Mr. Mills's long interviews with two hoods, one a hit man hired to kill the other, who, after the attempt fails, opens a taco stand with his girlfriend. The Steinberg case is the best, because it is the most dramatic, has perfect David Mamet dialogue and captures the drug world's peculiar moral ambiguity. Mr. Steinberg is no angel, and his Centac pursuers are portrayed as good guys, yet there is a strange bond between hunter and quarry, verging at times on genuine fondness. On the other hand, Mr. Mills's heroes turn out to be less heroic than they seemed at first. Mr. Dayle, who is presented throughout as a devoted family man while the criminals he chases are portrayed as sickos, leaves his wife for a woman he has been sleeping with and then blandly tells Mr. Mills that the real reason for the divorce was his frustration with his wife's part-time job selling Mary Kay cosmetics.

One might feel guilty ignoring the book's message about the enormity of the drug business to take pleasure in such novelistic details, except that there's ample precedent. Like all the best writing about crime, ''The Underground Empire'' lingers in the mind not as an expose of shocking corruption and misdeeds - though it is that - but as a seedy, action-packed, wonderful read. $1 MILLION TO 'FACILITATE' THINGS Often in disguise, wearing a beard one week, a mustache the next, Dennis vanished for days, undercover in back alleys and mountain hideouts.

He worked directly with the chiefs of the security forces of Lebanon, Turkey, and Syria. He met an array of secret agents, free-lance informants (''investigators without portfolio,'' Dennis called them), and soldiers of fortune that could have stepped from the black-and-white screen of a 1950s spy film.

A spindly, silk-suited Lebanese millionaire named Samil Khouri, who had made his fortune smuggling cigarettes to Tangier and drugs to Europe and the States, invited Dennis to his beach house on the Mediterranean coast north of Beirut.

''He was among the top international traffickers of all time. . . . Khouri offered me a bribe. How much? Name your own price. What do I have to do for it? Anything I ask. What are you going to ask? I'm going to ask that things I do be facilitated.

''I knew what he was worth and I knew he was sincere. He was talking about an endless amount of money. A million dollars? Two million? I think it intrigued him that I didn't take the bribe.''- From ''The Underground Empire.''

CONSPIRACIES OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE

In Bangkok in 1975, when he was working on a novel about narcotics trafficking in Asia, James Mills met a Drug Enforcement Administration agent named Paul Brown. Four years later Mr. Brown introduced him to Dennis Dayle, the plump, rosy-cheeked chief of a Federal antidrug strike force. From that meeting came ''The Underground Empire.''

Mr. Mills, who is 54 years old, made a reputation as a reporter for Life magazine in the 1960's and then moved to Europe. He passed through New York recently and over breakfast at the Brasserie recalled that he first learned about drugs when he enlarged a series of Life articles into his novel ''The Panic in Needle Park'' in 1966. But at that time, he said, he knew about drugs ''only at the street level and the next highest up.''

''The Underground Empire'' took Mr. Mills to four continents, where he observed agents' operations, sat in on interviews with informants, examined reams of classified documents and made tapes that would require 11 months to transcribe. When he finished he faced a manuscript that ''looked like nine Mahattan telephone directories.'' From that he fashioned a book of 1,165 pages. ''I think it's the size it has to be,'' he said. ''I'm telling about conspiracies within conspiracies involving a thousand people, and I've reduced them to 10.'' To Mr. Mills, the efforts by the United States to stop drugs at its borders ''are ridiculous. The only thing that will work is to come down hard on the drug-producing nations.'' In contrast to the involvement of many governments in the drug trade, Mr. Mills said he found ''no American complicity arising out of corruption. Rather, it arises out of a desire by the United States to preserve intelligence and diplomatic relations. I'm not sure that's always wrong, but it's a fact of life.''- M.A. Farber

**Graphic**

Photo of envelopes containing heroin being opened by an agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1974 (UPI); Photo of James Mills (NYT/Ken Henen)

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B730-0007-H2S8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TUCKAHOE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B730-0007-H2S8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JAMES FERON

**Body**

WHEN the New York and Harlem Railroad extended its line north nearly 150 years ago, one of the first new stops was Tuckahoe. That was for the convenience of quarry owners who had sought the new rail transportation to ship huge blocks of white marble.

Tuckahoe's brilliant dolomite product became famous, adorning the New York Public Library and St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building, and scores of other structures being built in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

The quarries are filled in now, except for one lake-like rustic reminder of the past behind a high fence along Fisher Avenue, but the convenience of the rail line remains, with the Tuckahoe station and another stop at Crestwood, less than a mile north in the village, now serving thousands of commuters daily.

But Tuckahoe is more than a bedroom community for Manhattan. Two-thirds of those who go to work each day, the largest single group of them in professional or related services, are employed within Westchester County. The village even has its own thriving industrial areas.

Tuckahoe carries its ***working-class*** past proudly. While many of the 6,000 residents of the village, which is less than one square mile in size, live in comfortable single-family houses, there are also clusters of two-family homes, unusual for most Westchester County suburbs.

There are condominiums and co-ops selling for $90,000 to $130,000, but there is also subsidized housing. On Columbus Avenue, a busy downtown street, a 200-unit, 8-story condominium complex with 24 town houses is being built across the street from Marble Hall, a 9-story Mitchell-Lama middle-income structure.

Philip D.Tobin, the Mayor, said that the history of Tuckahoe dates to the quarries, which began operating about 1815 and expanded with the new rail line. ''That brought an influx of Irishmen who had been working on the Erie Canal,'' Mayor Tobin said, ''then the Scots and the Italians, who stayed.'' Roughly two-thirds of the residents are of Italian ancestry.

''We also have a stable black population,'' Mr. Tobin said. ''It used to be 18 to 20 percent, but now it's 12 or 13 percent,'' he noted, tracing the decline to a major urban redevelopment project that displaced many downtown tenants. Some black residents can trace their history for four or five generations in Tuckahoe.

Tuckahoe, which is in south central Westchester, is bounded on the north and east by the unincorporated areas of the Town of Eastchester, of which it is a part, on the south by the Village of Bronxville, and on the west by the city of Yonkers. Shaped like an upside down ''T,'' Tuckahoe's stem runs parallel to the Bronx River, the tree-lined Bronx River Parkway and the Harlem Division of the Metro-North Commuter Railroad, which for a monthly ticket consting $99 takes commuters on a 35-minute, 16-mile trip to Grand Central Terminal.

The river serves as a backdrop for some of Tuckahoe's nicest parks, especially in the southwest corner, where one spacious park has room for picnicking, Frisbees or some casual softball.

Another recreation area, Parkway Oval, has two baseball diamonds and an interesting history. It was the site of a world light heavyweight championship match in 1899, between ''Terrible'' Terry McGovern and Pedlar Palmer of Britain. Nine thousand spectators saw McGovern win by a knockout in two minutes.

There are six houses of worship in Tuckahoe - three Roman Catholic, two Protestant and one Jewish.

Republicans outregister Democrats by nearly 2 to 1, but local elections do not always follow this pattern. Mayor Tobin is a Democrat, but two Republicans recently won election to the Village Board of Trustees, which the Democrats still control.

Rita Blanco, one of the new Trustees and a real-estate broker on Fisher Avenue, said that few homes in Tuckahoe sell for less than $200,000. The largest and most gracious homes are in the Governor's Road section, at the south end of the village, bordering Bronxville.

Prices range from $350,000 to $400,000 and even higher for Tudor styles, large colonials and custom ranches in the heavily treed, hilly section. In fact, many parts of Tuckahoe are hilly, offering an interesting terrain for construction.

Also in the southern section, but straddling White Plains Road, or Route 22, is the Gifford Park area of Tuckahoe, a neighborhood of comfortable, medium-sized homes on slightly smaller lots and selling for about $250,000. Seven new homes are planned for the area near Crawford Place, at estimated prices of $300,000, according to Mrs. Blanco. The Parkview Heights section, almost directly in the center of the village, is another desirable area, part of it zoned for two-family homes. Residential lots here generally have 50-foot fronts and seem somewhat closer together than those along Tuckahoe's border with Bronxville.

A well-groomed brick home in Parkview Heights will sell for $230,000, a roomy Mediterranean is worth $350,000 and a smaller colonial goes for $219,000. Tuckahoe's northernmost sector, the Crestwood neighborhood, is adjacent to Parkview Heights but is less self-contained. Prices here also run in the $200,000-and-up category, with some worth $300,000 or more for three-fourths of an acre.

The Armourvilla Avenue area adjoins the railroad in the southwest corner but remains desirable. Mrs. Blanco said a narrow colonial that sold for $45,000 five years ago was recently purchased for $180,000 ''although it backs up right against the tracks.'' Mayor Tobin said the village also has 20 rental structures of six or more units.

Tuckahoe children enroll in two school districts, Tuckahoe or Eastchester, depending on where their families live. There is also a parochial school run by the Immaculate Conception Church, from an all-day pre-kindergarten program through the eighth grade. Roughly one quarter of its students, or about 100, are from the village.

The Tuckahoe schools, taking students from the southern portion of the village, have an all-day kindergarten, a 15-to-1 student-to-teacher ratio in the high school (22-to-1 in the lower grades) and send about 85 percent of their graduates to four-year colleges, according to Dr. Anthony L. Mazzullo, the Superintendent. He said the average Scholastic Aptitude Test scores last year were 462 in verbal ability and 494 in mathematics out of a possible 800. This compared with national averages of 431 and 475, respectively. Most of the school's 700 students in his district are from the village.

Dr. Charles Murphy, Superintendent of the Eastchester School District, said that between 20 to 25 percent of his 1,800 students are from Tuckahoe. Class size is roughly 20 students in the district, he said, and S.A.T. scores average 464 for verbal skills and 480 for mathematics.

As for taxes, the owner of a Tuckahoe home worth $215,000 - typical for the village and, coincidentally, for Westchester County - would pay $4,900 in real-estate levies if the residence was in the Eastchester School District and a bit less, $4,796, if the home was in the Tuckahoe School District, according to Larry Hoffman, the Eastchester Town Assessor.

The house, assessed at $12,900 in Tuckahoe, would pay a village tax of $1,487 while the town tax, paid to Eastchester at an assessment rate of $11,900 for the same house, would be $1,327. The school tax would be $2,095 for those Tuckahoe residents in the Eastchester school district and $1,991 in the Tuckahoe school district.

Many of the village's restaurants specialize in Italian cuisine. They include Salerno's on Main Street, which also features seafood; Mamma Assunta's on Columbus Avenue, with northern Italian accents, and Roma's, also on Columbus, which is known for its pizzas.

Tuckahoe has two shopping districts, at each railroad station, and is close to Lawrence Hospital in Bronxville. It is served by the Eastchester Fire Department, has its own police force and picks up its own garbage three times a week. There is no village pool, but Tuckahoe residents can join the nearby Lake Isle County Club, run by the Town of Eastchester.

IMMODEST PROPOSAL

A few months ago the Penn Central Corporation made an informal offer to Tuckahoe for a 17-story building over the railroad line near the busy downtown bridge that spans the tracks. The proposed project would include property owned by Al Kawer, president of Tuckahoe Paint & Glass Company.

''The idea of a pinnacle was received with abhorrence by villagers used to a low profile,'' said Mayor Tobin, and the plan was withdrawn.

''That's dead,'' said John Anderson, who is the director of property development for Penn Central, ''but what's not dead is our interest in something that will be perceived as positive.''

''Tuckahoe is an excellent location, close to Manhattan and with the station area convenient to a lot of services,'' Mr. Anderson said. ''We're still pursuing it, and we'd like to work with local citizens on a much more modest proposal.''

The village has since established three-story zoning over the tracks. Mr. Kawer said that may be too modest. ''Any construction has to be practical, in economic terms.'' Mayor Tobin said the village may wait to see what Penn Central develops over the tracks in Scarsdale, a project currently under negotiation.

**Graphic**

Photo of stroller in a park in Tuckahoe; Photo of a house on Governor's Road; Maps of Tuckahoe

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[***DOLORES WON'T TAKE IT ANYMORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B8V0-0007-H0B6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1426 words

**Byline:** By James Carroll; James Carroll's novel ''Supply of Heroes,'' will be published in September.

**Body**

TABLE MONEY By Jimmy Breslin. 435 pp. New York: Ticknor & Fields. $17.95.

IT is impossible to approach a work by Jimmy Breslin without a preconceived notion of it. His voice, gruff and glib at once, has been familiar now for decades. In his newspaper columns, for which last month he won a Pulitzer Prize, and in his books (''The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight,'' ''World Without End, Amen'' and ''How the Good Guys Finally Won,'' to name his most popular), he has chronicled the experience of his New York as deftly as Woody Allen or Louis Auchincloss have theirs. No one speaks for ethnic American urban working people, particularly Irish, with more authority than he does. From this dean of big-city blue-collar columnists, we almost always get that peculiar mix of old-fashioned Democratic liberalism, reflexive compassion for underdogs and victims, a naif's contempt for figures of authority who abuse their trust, combined with a worldly-wise cynicism that expects them to - all served up with savvy, offhand spontaneity in which seriousness is sometimes sacrificed to wisecracks. We know, in other words, what to expect from Mr. Breslin.

And that is why ''Table Money'' comes as such a surprise, such a pleasure. What we never expected from Jimmy Breslin is what we have here - a serious literary novel, a superior work of fiction. ''Table Money'' is set in Queens in the early 70's, and it concerns Owney Morrison and his wife Dolores, two of the most compassionately drawn characters I have encountered in a novel this year. The story is about their love for each other and how it promises to redeem their circumscribed, dreary lives. But their love is crippled early by Owney's weakness and by Dolores's strength.

At one level ''Table Money'' is about what it has come to mean to be an American male. Owney Morrison is one of those good-looking guys we see in the beer commercials, a denim-shirted beau ideal. He was a hero in Vietnam. He is a faithful son, a good buddy, a natural leader revered by his co-workers on a grueling, dangerous job - digging tunnels in the earth hundreds of feet beneath the streets of New York. He is at his best when a physical calamity occurs. Mr. Breslin's descriptions of men like Owney risking their lives in war or in work or in defiance of hoodlums are gripping examples of action writing at its best. And because we, as readers, have been moved by the sight of ordinary men behaving heroically, we too think they deserve it when they hit the tavern after work in their meager ritual of daily celebration. In the beginning, no one is happier at happy hours than Owney Morrison. Everyone seems to raise a glass to him, and one can almost hear a smooth voice over jaunty music saying, ''For all you do this one's for you.'' And Owney, to his great regret, believes it.

If Morrison's work takes him below the surface of things so does Mr. Breslin's. ''Table Money'' looks under those beer commercials, those war stories, those great deeds, that precious camaraderie, and what it sees is an abyss. This hero's story, like that of many all-too-American males, becomes the painful story of an alcoholic. Mr. Breslin tells it with an unsparing, almost cruel detachment - sheer truthfulness - that leaves the reader wincing each time Morrison veers into yet another friendly neighborhood bar. But at the same time, in one of this novel's achievements, the author relates the experience of alcoholism as if from inside it, and the reader is left in the grip of an infinite sorrow. Instead of the snappy beer commercial music, one begins, while reading this novel, to hear strains of ''There is a Tavern in the Town.'' But eventually one recalls that, despite its upbeat tunefulness, that song's story - ''Fare thee well, for I must leave thee'' - is one of grief and loss.

What may be lost to Owney is the love of his wife Dolores. ''Table Money'' brings together a man increasingly at the mercy of his self-doubt and a woman who with great courage lays claim at last to her own self-esteem. Suddenly the survival of the marriage to which she was supposed to dedicate her life becomes far less important than her own survival. Dolores loves Owney, but she is not going to destroy herself for him. That becomes the given of their marriage, the fact, the basic truth between them, and it is as hard as the bedrock through which Owney and his fellow sandhogs tunnel. And as reliable. On New York's bedrock the greatest city in the world has been built; and on Dolores's, perhaps a new life for both of them can be. THUS ''Table Money'' is not the usual story in which a woman's self-discovery comes at the expense of her prior commitment. In an act of profound fidelity, Dolores invites Owney, in effect, to rebuild himself on the foundation of her fierce will. Whether he can or not provides ''Table Money'' with its excruciating tension. Oh, how we want these lovers to triumph over what would keep them apart.

But what keeps them apart is not war or work or danger, not class oppression or absurdities of the age or the arms race. It is something buried deep in the psyche of Owney Morrison, for he has his idea of what it is to be a man. And that idea is what threatens to keep him, finally and ironically, from being one.

You don't have to be on a bar stool in Queens to have Morrison's problem and you don't have to be in a failing marriage to dread his kind of loneliness. Mr. Breslin has set this story in a world he knows better than most, and he has told it with both eyes on its details, on the crackling talk and the gritty feel of these streets and these rooms, which are unlike streets and rooms elsewhere in New York or anywhere. But this particularity explodes to include everyone of our generation and of our culture. Jimmy Breslin has written an important novel about what it is to be men and women trying to build and rebuild lives and meanings in America today. If we have stopped living in beer commercials, or stopped wanting to, this one's for us.

A MAN OF STRONG WOMEN

What's this? The blue-collar bard of the Borough of Queens writing a strongly feminist novel!

''I don't think it's very surprising at all,'' said Jimmy Breslin, the Pulitzer Prize-winning Daily News columnist and novelist, as he sprawled in a booth in O'Donnell's, a bar on Eighth Avenue near 43d Street, where the only things that go thirsty are the three dusty plants in the window, and four hours of beer-drinking can come to $16 and change.

''I was married to one very strong woman [Rosemary Dattolico] for 26 years. She died. And now I've been married to another very strong woman [Ronnie Eldridge, a former Cuomo administration official] for four years.''

''Table Money,'' his fifth novel, focuses on a Queens sandhog, Owney Morrison, but it is Owney's strong-willed wife, Dolores, who - by struggling to free them of the masculine-feminine roles assigned by a ***working-class*** heritage - becomes the central character.

When Mr. Breslin, who is 56 years old, began the novel in Queens 10 years ago, it centered on Owney. But ''my wife contracted an illness and I wound up for some time taking care of the house'' - and six children - ''and getting closer to a woman than I ever had been before - unfortunately so, in illness. I came out of it with a lot of wreckage in my hands, but I learned from it.'' Dolores was borrowed from both wives and the women he has interviewed over 38 years as a newsman.

Mr. Breslin pounded out ''Table Money'' every day for the last three years and still wrote his thrice-weekly column - abstaining from even a glass of wine. He insists he has cut back. During his period as a househusband, he had an epiphany.

''The oven door was broke. And somebody had shown me how to put something in the oven, so I had a chair up against it to try and keep it closed. And then the kids came home from school, and they're fighting, and it's that hour - like about 5 o'clock at night where everything goes on - and I'm looking out the window. And it was a cold, dreary day, and I say, 'Imagine now if I'm the housewife, and I'm here with these kids and this dinner, and the guy calls me from the office and says, ''I'm sorry, but I'm gonna be late. I've got a meeting after work.'' And I know the meeting consists of going into a bar where he'll have a few drinks and blow some money.' I was almost waiting for the phone call. I say, 'Let that [expletive] call me.

I'll put his eyes out when he comes home.' ''

He laughed. ''When you get on the other side of that phone call, I think it's a great lesson.'' - George James

**Graphic**

photo of Jimmy Breslin

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[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8WX0-000P-24MH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Why Forster's Novels Have Star Quality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8WX0-000P-24MH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By Caryn James

**Body**

"She is going to marry someone she met in an ho*tel!"* says Mrs. Herriton, with an air of restrained alarm at the news that her widowed daughter-in-law is about to drag the family's good English name through the Italian mud. In "Where Angels Fear to Tread," this Edwardian lady sits at the dining table with her two grown children -- the slightly priggish Philip and the exceedingly priggish Harriet -- who are equally shocked. Lilia, it seems, is planning to marry the penniless son of an Italian village dentist, a man who is actually a dozen or so years younger than herself. She might as well have run naked through the House of Lords.

Mrs. Herriton's contemptuous tone says everything about the rigid rules of her social class, whose very existence is challenged by such passion and willfulness as Lilia's. And this compressed scene suggests why E. M. Forster's novels are so successful and alluring on screen.

His fiction captures a distant era that is enticingly, deceptively beautiful, at least for the author's leisured class. It is an easeful world of teatime discussions in sitting rooms with brocade sofas and Oriental carpets, of long walks in flowering meadows at one's country house, a world defined by order and elegance -- with danger and chaos lurking in the soul of some sympathetic, explosive character. What could be more cinematic than putting an attractive, articulate rebel in a luxurious setting and letting the drama build?

Two new films based on Forster novels take full advantage of their rich sources. "Where Angels Fear to Tread," based on Forster's deft first novel, published in 1905, is a droll comedy of manners that ends in tragedy. Directed by Charles Sturridge and produced by Derek Granger (the team behind the hugely appealing "Brideshead Revisited"), this is so lavishly photographed and acted that in any other season it might be considered a small gem.

But "Where Angels Fear to Tread" has the bad luck to be appearing at the same time as the Merchant-Ivory production of "Howards End," based on Forster's 1910 masterpiece. Mingling emotional and material legacies, and contrasting pedestrian with philosophical personalities, it takes up issues commonly called unfilmable.

Ruth Wilcox bequeaths her house, Howards End, to Margaret Schlegel, a casual acquaintance. Margaret marries the widowed Henry Wilcox, unaware of his late wife's bequest. Meanwhile, Margaret and her sister, Helen, try to help an intelligent ***working-class*** man named Leonard Bast, with devastating consequences.

The Wilcoxes and the Schlegels are the greatest of Forster's characters, and the film that recreates them is as sumptuous, delicate and deeply intelligent as anyone could hope. "Howards End" overshadows every other Forster movie.

That is a considerable shadow to cast, for the two new films join three released in the past decade. All together, they reveal Forster's uncanny cinematic power.

He has always been fortunate in his adapters. "A Passage to India" (1984), the last film directed by David Lean, merged the extravagant Indian setting with the inner confusion of two English heroines, vividly portrayed by Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

The 1985 film "A Room With a View" was, like "Howards End," written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, directed by James Ivory and produced by Ismail Merchant. In this delicious comedy of manners, Lucy Honeychurch (Helena Bonham Carter) is kissed by George Emerson (Julian Sands) while visiting Florence. How can she fall in love with someone so improper? Yet how can she marry the stuffy, supercilious Cecil Vyse (Daniel Day-Lewis)?

It is revealing that the one unsuccessful adaptation, Merchant-Ivory's 1987 film "Maurice" (with a screenplay by Mr. Ivory), is based on Forster's only failed novel. Published posthumously in 1971, "Maurice" is so intent on gaining sympathy for its homosexual hero that Forster fails to give him a distinctive personality. Ultimately, the film is as flat as the discursive fiction on which it is based.

In his other novels, though, Forster displayed a genius for capturing the complex personalities expressed in the social manners of his day, and the best screen adaptations have done the same. That is not as simple as lifting the drama and the dialogue from the page. Forster's adapters have found precise visual equivalents for his descriptions and resonant bits of dialogue to take the place of his narrator's frequent lyrical and philosophical passages.

"Where Angels Fear to Tread" begins, as the novel does, at a train station, which turns out to be the crossroads in the life of the flighty Lilia (Helen Mirren). She is going abroad with her spinsterish chaperone, Caroline Abbot. Ms. Bonham Carter (who seems to be making a career out of Forster; she is also in "Howards End") is cast effectively against type as the plain Caroline. Mrs. Herriton (Barbara Jefford), Philip (Rupert Graves) and Harriet (Judy Davis in another unexpected bit of casting) are also at the station, expressing relief that the troublesome Lilia will soon be out of the country and out of their hair.

Steam from the engine clouds the scene. From then on, England is presented in crisp, sharp detail, while Italy is lushly photographed as a land of misty, mountainous landscapes and colorful opera halls. Lilia's young husband, Gino, first appears wearing a garish plaid suit that defines his good intentions and bad taste at a glance. His wardrobe says more than pages of dialogue.

Like Forster himself, the film makers are sympathetic to all their characters, even when Philip, Harriet and Caroline go to Italy to fight over the possession -- and it does seem a material possession -- of an infant. The film falls short of Forster only at the end, when it glides over the chilling way that a person who caused another's death swiftly resumes normal life. Forster could be brutal about his own class.

Still, in "Where Angels Fear to Tread" and "A Room With a View," published in 1908, Forster was concerned with minor, individual rebellions. In his two great novels, the rebellions reflect a culture that was itself on the verge of disintegration. The 1924 book "A Passage to India" sounded a prescient death knell for the Raj. "Howards End" foresaw that the leisure class would not survive World War I intact.

While the screen version of "Howards End" displays the trademark Merchant-Ivory prettiness, it has more than surface beauty. The characters embody the social elements that shaped them but remain individuals rather than symbols.

Vanessa Redgrave creates a haunting Ruth Wilcox, a woman who is meant to be both mundane (compared to the younger, better-educated Margaret) and deeply instinctive. In the film's one serious misstep, Mrs. Wilcox is made to be too cracked, too ill and disoriented, so that her legacy to Margaret might be considered a deranged deathbed wish. Forster's story depends on the fact that her extravagant gesture is the single outrageous act of this eminently wise, sensible woman's life -- and therefore maybe not so outrageous after all. Still, Ms. Redgrave sets the graceful tone of an old order being passed on.

All the other actors find the right tone. As Helen, Ms. Bonham Carter projects a lethal combination of the thoughtless romantic and the fierce social reformer. But "Howards End" finally relies on the viewer's total belief in Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson, as Henry Wilcox and Margaret. They have the most challenging and successfully realized roles.

Mr. Hopkins gives the kind of performance that seems effortless as he makes Henry a well-meaning, blundering businessman and paterfamilias, totally unaware of his own obtuseness. It is an oddly affecting performance, one that makes viewers understand why Margaret could love him, wrongheaded though he is.

Of course, Margaret has other reasons for falling in love. Her loneliness is unexpressed on screen, except for two brief, silent moments when she looks at Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox together. The visual clues to character are everywhere in "Howards End." Some are as obvious as the house itself, others as subtle as the softer, prettier clothes Margaret wears after she falls in love.

It is Margaret who connects all the characters, who tries to understand and sort out all points of view, who mingles the worlds of romanticism and realism, as Forster did himself. And the script, perhaps the best Mrs. Jhabvala has ever written, allows the film to walk that line between romanticism and realism with unfailing balance.

During one of those teatime chats Forster loved, Henry says condescendingly about Leonard, "I know the world and that type of man."

"He's not a type, he's an individual," Margaret replies. "He has a sort of romantic ambition."

"It is your view of him that is romantic," says Henry, and they are both partly right.

This brief bit of dialogue, largely invented for the film, is as true to Forster as anything he might have written himself. It cuts through pages of the novel's dialogue and exposition while recreating its lyrical tone. The film version is filled, end to end, with such exquisitely wrought scenes.

Early in her acquaintance with the author, Virginia Woolf wrote, "I saw Forster, who is timid as a mouse, but when he creeps out of his hole very charming." Even on the page, Forster's writing voice has a quiet composure that would make him seem an unlikely movie star. But when his stories creep out of their books and onto the screen, they are charming and cinematic after all.

**Graphic**

Photos: Judy Davis in "Where Angels Fear to Tread" -- Forster's fiction captures a distant era that is enticingly beautiful. (Fine Line Features/New Line Cinema); James Ivory, left, Vanessa Redgrave and Ismail Merchant during the shooting of "Howards End" -- Precise visual equivalents for the novelist's descriptions. (Derrick Santini/Orion Classics)(pg. 11); Julian Sands and Helena Bonham Carter in "A Room With a View" -- A delicious comedy of errors full of individual rebellions. (Cinecom International Films)(pg. 18)

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**End of Document**



[***Rising Poverty Threatening Elite 'Projects'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8XN0-000P-20B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Body**

Evelyn McClendon practically beamed as she surveyed her meticulously neat two-bedroom apartment in the St. Mary's Park Houses in the South Bronx. She has lived there, in apartment 8A, since the day the project opened 34 years ago.

"People in New York hear the word 'projects' and they think rundown and nasty," she said recently. "But it's not that way here at St. Mary's. It's terrific and I've always enjoyed it.

"Until last night."

That night, several weeks ago, a man was shot to death in the stairwell just outside her apartment.

Mrs. McClendon's ambivalence reflects the two faces of New York's public housing, home to 590,000 people, more than the populations of Buffalo and Rochester combined.

Throughout its 58-year history, the New York City Housing Authority has provided stable homes for hundreds of thousands of ***working-class*** citizens, and its 325 projects have never suffered the same degree of blight, danger and hopelessness as projects in other big cities.

But as a new chairwoman, Sally Hernandez-Pinero, takes over the authority, the largest in the country, she confronts increasing complaints of crime and disrepair, compounded by the prevalence of drugs and aging housing. The authority is also under pressure to reduce a waiting list of 200,000, the largest ever.

"New York City has had a history of being at the forefront of public housing -- both in terms of its decision more than 50 years ago to build it, and it is the most professional and the best managed staff in the country," said Joseph B. Rose, executive director of the nonprofit Citizens Housing and Planning Council. "But public housing throughout the country has been extremely hard-hit during these hard economic times."

Ms. Hernandez-Pinero, a 39-year-old lawyer with extensive financial and housing experience, was sworn in to her job yesterday. She lived at the Twin Parks West project in the Bronx with her family from age 16 to 26.

Some Problems 'Intractable'

"I know about elevators that don't work," she told a City Council committee recently. "I know delayed repairs. I know especially about the need for a secure and amenable place to live.

"Suffice it to say that New York City public housing has its troubles -- difficult, sometimes even intractable," she said. "But we also have the bragging rights to the best public housing program in America."

Unlike those in other cities, New York's projects -- ranging from small, two-story rehabilitated tenements to sprawling mini-cities of tall towers -- are almost always 100 percent occupied. Detroit, in contrast, has about a 44 percent vacancy rate. Empty apartments are an invitation to gangs and drug dealers, housing experts say.

The New York authority "has to my knowledge never abandoned or lost a unit of housing, unlike Newark or Chicago or St. Louis," said Peter Marcuse, a Columbia professor who is writing a book on the authority. "The waiting list still far exceeds the number of units available, and that's some indication of the way it is regarded in the community."

Economic Balance

New York's public housing, always intended primarily for the working poor, differs from that of other cities in its demographics. The share of families on some form of public assistance is now 28 percent, a proportion that has been slowly but steadily increasing. But in other cities the rate is as high as 90 percent, said Joseph G. Schiff, an assistant secretary of the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development. That means higher costs to the authorities for social programs and more Federal aid to support each apartment.

The authority works hard to maintain an economic balance among families on public assistance, working families with very low incomes and families with somewhat better incomes. The income limit for a family of four is $29,500 a year; the average income in 1991 was $12,173.

But because the Federal Government has required housing authorities to take in more and more people in greater need, like the homeless, the population of New York's public housing will become more dependent on the government, Mr. Schiff said.

Families Doubling Up

One growing problem for the authority, which has a budget of $1.5 billion and 15,000 employees, is doubling up, largely because of a citywide lack of low-cost housing. Of 590,000 residents, the authority estimates that 130,000 are living illegally with relatives or friends.

That shortage has also kept families in the projects longer. Just over 4 percent of tenants move out each year, making the average wait for an apartment 8 to 10 years.

At the same time, crime and physical deterioration are eroding the projects' stability.

There are many projects where drug dealers have taken over entire stairwells, lobbies or elevators, where graffiti completely cover some walls and the elevators reek of urine.

Tenants tell of being mugged in elevators. Others complain about rodents, no hot water, walls mildewed from leaking pipes and elevators that constantly break down.

Tenants in the Edgemere Houses in Far Rockaway, Queens, recently went to Ms. Hernandez-Pinero's office, complaining that stoves and refrigerators in many apartments had broken but had not been replaced. Some families cannot keep food fresh, said Helene O'Brien of the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now, or Acorn, which brought the families together.

"Families are getting sick from spoiled milk and rotten meat," she said. Plaster is falling and pipes and roofs are leaking, she said.

Fear of Rising Crime

Jeanne Nathan, a spokeswoman for the authority, said records for 1991 show that all emergency complaints, like gas leaks or burst water pipes, were corrected or abated within 24 hours. Of nonemergency complaints -- they rose by 4.8 percent last year, to 2.1 million -- 1.6 percent went unattended for at least a month, but that number has been steadily dropping, Ms. Nathan said.

By far the most frequent complaint from tenants is about rising crime. Housing authority officials have long boasted that crime is lower in the projects than in the rest of the city, but statistics show it is increasing more quickly in the projects.

The number of murders in public housing has more than doubled in a decade, and the murder rate is now about the same as in the rest of the city. Last year, 200 people were killed in the projects and 944 random shootings were reported. In 1980, 89 people were killed.

Rosa Hunt, who has lived at Claremont Village Houses in the Bronx for 35 years, said fear defines the life of tenants in her project. Three bodies were found in the parking lot outside her building last summer, she said. It wasn't always like that, she said.

"That's when the Bronx was the Bronx," she said about the era three decades ago when Claremont Village was new. "It was nice then."

Now, she said, "you're afraid going out and you're afraid coming in."

Through her church, Mrs. Hunt has become involved in the Tenant Union for Public Housing, organized by the South Bronx Churches. So far, 12 projects have joined. The group plans to ask officials to assign armed security guards to every building.

The Scourge of Drugs

The Housing Authority's own police force of 2,200 patrols the projects, but the officers themselves concede that the increase in drug-related crime is difficult to control.

Officer Eugene F. Madden and his partner, Officer Kenneth C. Finn, see it in the area they patrol in Brooklyn, which includes East New York and has one of the highest concentrations of projects and one of the highest rates of police calls.

One day recently, the two officers' 4 P.M.-to-midnight shift began with a call about a sniper shooting from the roof of the Louis H. Pink Houses on Linden Boulevard. A man and his young son were injured; the police never found the sniper.

"It's usually drug dealers who come up here to test their firearms," Officer Madden said, pointing to a heater pockmarked with bullet holes.

Ms. Hernandez-Pinero knows that being landlord to one of every 12 New York City residents will not be easy.

Tenant Participation

She said in a recent interview that she would make maintenance her top priority. She wants to set a deadline of 24 hours to fix broken front door locks, and is considering a policy for cleaning graffiti within a few hours.

"We can't 100 percent solve the security issue, because there are crime problems; there is a crack problem," she said. "We can't unilaterally solve those. But the maintenance issues are much more within our control. So that's why I've made that our primary focus."

That is not to say she is conceding some projects to drug dealers and other criminals. The authority is working with the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration and has stepped up its own police patrols at about 40 different sites, she said.

But Ms. Hernandez-Pinero said that tenant participation was the most important factor in making any project more livable, and that she would work to encourage it "Without the tenants it can't work," she said. "That is the absolute prerequisite for turning around a project, because they are there every day."

**Graphic**

Photos: The New York City Housing Authority, largest in the country, provides public housing to 590,000 people and has a waiting list of 200,000. The income limit for a family of four is $29,500 a year. Children played ball at the Van Dyke project in Brooklyn (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times) (pg. B1); "You're afraid going out and you're afraid coming in," said Rosa Hunt, a resident of Claremont Village Houses in the Bronx for 35 years. (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times) (pg. B8)

Graphs: "Housing Authority," shows breakdowns for city housing budget, F.B.I. crime index, tenants, welfare recipients, ethnic background in housing projects and city-wide (Source: New York City Housing Authority; Census Bureau) (pg. B8)

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[***For Ambitious Entrepreneurs, All Europe Is Just One Nation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VCY-TKG0-007F-G0XJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALESSANDRA STANLEY

By ALESSANDRA STANLEY

**Series:** The New Europe: Living Without Borders

**Dateline:** THE CHUNNEL, England-France

**Body**

Palm Pilot in one hand, cellular phone in the other, Jean-Marc Routiers, 26, was juggling business calls halfway between London and Paris. When his phone went dead as the high-speed Eurostar train pulled into the underwater tunnel that links England to the Continent, the London-based French banker loosened his Italian silk tie and introduced himself.

"I definitely describe myself as a European," he said in the fluent English he perfected working at an Australian bank. "I may get sentimental when they play the Marseillaise, but for all the practical things, I see myself as a citizen of Europe. I like the life style in France, but I don't make my living there."

The year 1999 is the official start-up date of the euro, the common European currency that will unite 11 countries monetarily. But throughout Europe, a different kind of integration has already taken root.

Mr. Routiers, who was spending a day in Paris to meet with his bank's French clients, is at the vanguard of a new generation of Europeans who do not have to brace themselves for a shock in the new year. Mobile, fluent in several languages and aggressively non-nationalistic, they are already living the kind of borderless, cosmopolitan existence that the single European currency is supposed to advance.

They do not share their parents' memories of World War II or their parents' sense of national identity.

"People worry when they hear talk of a common European defense policy because it suggests that at the end of the day, we have one government," said Kleon Papadopoulos, a Greek banker based in London. "Countries are afraid to lose their sovereignty, but I don't see it as a bad thing. If a government is good, stable and efficient, who cares if it is based in Berlin or Athens?"

Mr. Papadopoulos, 36, who studied business in the United States and Britain, could serve as a model for the new Europeans. He works for a Swiss bank in London, speaks Greek, English and French, and in the past year has traveled, among other places, to Belgium, the United States, Cuba, Switzerland and Italy.

Like hundreds of thousands of other Europeans, he chose London -- and its busy financial markets -- as the best place to work.

He said he does not feel like he lives in England. He lives in London, the clubhouse of financial Europe. And membership has its privileges. Mr. Papadopoulos lives in the fashionable Knightsbridge area, drives a Porsche he bought in Brussels and works out at the fashionable gym of the Carleton Towers.

"I went to the London School of Economics in 1984, and the only other 'foreigners' I met were from the Middle East," he says. "Now friends and co-workers are Italian, French, Greek, Spanish, German, even Russian. You feel it everywhere. The streets are jammed with foreigners. Not tourists -- people who live and work here."

Baby boomers in Europe often describe themselves as the 1968 generation, weaned on the protest and social turmoil that convulsed European societies 30 years ago. Less dramatic but equally significant was a 1968 law guaranteeing freedom of movement within what were then the six countries of the Common Market. A Frenchman could work in Holland, an Italian could work in Germany without a permit.

Back then some economists dourly predicted huge migrations, particularly of unskilled laborers moving from southern countries to the more prosperous north. Actually, as huge industries like steel shrank in the 1970's and 80's, so did the job opportunities for ***working-class*** Europeans.

There are 15 countries within what is now the European Union, but only a small percentage of their citizens have moved to other countries, according to estimates prepared by Eurostat. Those who do mostly find jobs in the service industry as waiters, maids or garbage collectors. There are still legal barriers preventing most doctors, lawyers and academics from finding work in other countries.

So far the European Union has been most profitably put to use by white-collar business executives who eagerly followed career opportunities across national borders, time zones and language barriers.

Twenty-five years ago that kind of mobility was the preserve of a far smaller elite, the top executives of major companies or multinational corporations. Technology, from high-speed trains to the ever-evolving apparatus of business -- lap-top computers, cell phones, fax machines -- has made European mobility accessible to mid-level managers, young entrepreneurs and even students.

Cable television, which allows Germans to watch Italian game shows or Swedes to watch French news programs, has spread the Zeitgeist to the masses.

Italians Know Chirac; Kohl Is a Familiar Face

This year Superga, an Italian brand of sports clothes and shoes, opened a major advertising campaign with a series of magazine ads that show fashionable young people saucily cavorting with European leaders -- a leggy young woman pushes her bicycle up the steps of the Elysee Palace to greet President Jacques Chirac, a young man playfully sticks his tongue out the window of the plane of the former German chancellor, Helmut Kohl.

"This kind of ad would not have been possible 5 or 10 years ago," Aldo Cernuto, executive creative director of the Milan office of Pirella Gottsche Lowe, an international advertising agency. "Now European unification is on the TV all the time; it has seeped into people's unconscious. Even people who do not care about politics recognize the faces of a Tony Blair or Jacques Chirac. Ten years ago, very few people did."

According to the European Union, Britain has twice as many E.U. citizens as France, but it is not the country with the highest concentration of residents from other European countries. According to estimates based on surveys prepared by Eurostat, nearly a third of the residents of tiny Luxembourg, which has low unemployment and a high standard of living, are from other European countries. Belgium, which has the European Commission and NATO headquarters, is second, with 5.4 percent.

Paradoxically perhaps, Britain, the one major European nation that has held off from joining the euro, is widely viewed as the nerve center of the new cosmopolitanism, the headquarters for the New Europeans -- bankers and business executives drawn by London's financial district, a more flexible bureaucracy and the universality of the English language.

Perhaps just as surprisingly, London also serves as an example of another less obvious aspect of European cosmopolitanism -- the breakdown of certain social barriers.

Studying abroad was once a privilege reserved to the sons and daughters of Europe's elite. Now the European Union has a 12-year-old scholarship program, called Socrates-Erasmus, that this year allowed 200,000 European university students -- 5 percent of the E.U.'s entire university population -- to study in other countries within the Union for up to a year, free.

In the last 20 years, business schools in Europe have multiplied, and most offer American-style M.B.A. programs that teach an American approach to business. This too has allowed a measure of meritocracy to creep into European business.

"Jurgen Schrempp, the head of Daimler, started as a car mechanic," noted Stephen Szabo, a professor of European Affairs at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies in Washington. "That would have been unthinkable in Germany 20 years ago."

Social mobility, moreover, is fueled by movement. When people transfer to another country, they find it easier to shed the psychological or cultural trappings of home.

"I could never have the kind of job I have had I stayed in Paris," Mr. Routier explained. "France is still very hierarchical: bosses want to know where you went to school, what your father does. In London, none of that matters as long as you make money."

Many Britons still view their country as weighed down by heavy class distinctions.

For example Tony Smith, 36, the editor of several Portuguese magazines in Lisbon, seized an opportunity to study in Vienna 14 years ago, and never looked back.

He has lived all over Europe, and is fluent in Portuguese, Spanish, German, French and Serbo-Croatian. His father, a car mechanic, had not traveled out of Britain until 1992. Mr. Smith said he could never have succeeded as well had he stayed home. "I didn't go to public schools or Oxbridge," he explained. "I'm not saying it's impossible, but it would have been much more difficult in England."

Yet continental Europeans who flock to London find themselves bypassing English society and joining a cosmopolitan world where birth and breeding do not matter as much.

Ildiko Iliffe, 30, chose to work in London to escape the sexism she encountered on the continent. Mrs. Iliffe, who is Hungarian, speaks fluent English, German, French and Italian, and met her Canadian husband, Roger Iliffe, 30, while both were attending the University of Bocconi business school in Milan in 1995.

Like his wife, Mr. Iliffe speaks four languages and has lived and traveled all over the world. She works on the Eastern European desk of an British bank; he works for a major international consulting firm.

Originally they planned to work in Italy, but Mrs. Iliffe said the prevailing attitude toward working women there made it impossible for her to find as good a job.

"I went to job interviews at Italian banks and they only asked me about my husband's job," she said with a grimace. "And they made it clear that they were afraid I would get pregnant and ask for maternity leave."

Even the Cell Phones Need to Use 3 Languages

Philippe Haspeslagh, 48, a professor at Insead, the prestigious international business school in Fontainebleau, outside Paris, called Mrs. Iliffe's choices cherry-picking -- choosing the best deal for herself. As he put it, "If they cannot find what they want in one country, they can pick up and seek it elsewhere."

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Haspeslagh was a pioneer when he did the same thing. A Belgian who studied business at Harvard, he lives and teaches in France and does consulting work all over Europe, from Sweden to the Czech Republic. The message on his cell phone is in three languages -- French, Flemish and English. His students, a generation behind him, see nothing exceptional in his transnationalism.

These Europeans form an advance guard that is still relatively small in numbers, but experts say they carry a disproportionate influence on their societies.

"In Germany, for example, it is the business people who are pushing ahead with change and pulling politicians along behind them kicking and screaming," Professor Szabo said. "They are looking at a larger market and feel the competitive pressures of globalization. Politicians are responding to a domestic constituency; they are answering to an international one."

The New Europe

Later articles will report on other aspects of Europe and its conversion to a new currency, the euro.

**Graphic**

Photos: Roger and Ildiko Iliffe -- London-based consultant from Canada and banker from Hungary, both 30. The couple work in London to escape sexism on the Continent, she says. "I went to job interviews at Italian banks and they only asked me about my husband's job." (Carlos Lopez-Barillas for The New York Times); Kleon Papadopoulos -- Greek banker, 36, based in London. "Countries are afraid to lose their sovereignty, but I don't see it as a bad thing. If a government is good, who cares if it is based in Berlin or Athens?" (Carlos Lopez-Barillas for The New York Times)(pg. A10)

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[***The Shadow of the Valley***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5CPR-5411-JBG3-628V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL SOKOLOVE

**Body**

On the day the police arrived at the home of Jerry Sandusky, the former Penn State assistant football coach, to arrest him on multiple counts of child sexual abuse, Graham Spanier was beginning his 17th year as Penn State's president. It was an extraordinary tenure, and one that had seemed most likely to continue for many more years. A man of ceaseless energy and considerable ego, Spanier led the university as it grew from a remote outpost of American higher education into a top-tier public university.

His imprint was everywhere. Some of the world's most-decorated architects designed the dozens of new buildings constructed on his watch, and Spanier had the last word on everything from the shape of the windows to the color of the brick. He performed magic tricks as the opening act at student events, played washboard in a Dixieland band and sometimes climbed into the costume of the school mascot, the Nittany Lion. At various times, he led the boards that governed the N.C.A.A., the Big Ten conference, the Bowl Championship Series, the Association of American Universities and the National Council on Family Relations. His TV show on the Big Ten Network was called ''Expert Opinion With Graham Spanier.''

Four days after Sandusky's arrest in November 2011, he was out. Penn State's board of trustees either dismissed Spanier or, as he contends, he resigned first. A year later, after Sandusky was convicted, Spanier, a sociologist whose academic background is in family and marital studies, was charged with eight criminal counts, including child endangerment, perjury and conspiring to cover up Sandusky's crimes. The charges were as shocking in their own way as those brought against Sandusky. Spanier had ruled over an empire: about 45,000 students on a stately, sprawling main campus in State College; another 40,000 at locations around the state; an annual budget exceeding $4 billion. In order to protect the reputation of the university and its vaunted football program, according to the charges against him, he let a pedophile roam free.

The case against Spanier is at best problematic, at worst fatally flawed. More than 20 months after the state branded him a criminal, he still awaits a trial. He continues to live in State College but in limbo. Where once he strode confidently along campus pathways, saying hello to everyone in sight, he now stays within a narrow band of comfort, mixing mostly with close friends and a few trusted former colleagues. ''At first I was just so stunned by it all, I couldn't do anything,'' he told me in one of our conversations this spring. ''I was depressed. I couldn't sleep. I lost 25 pounds. When I got up the courage, one of the first things I did was go back out on the racquetball courts. I found that everybody was so supportive. I was still one of the guys.''

Over the four days that I visited with Spanier, who is 66, I sensed that he probably spent more time out in public than he had since his arrest. It was important to him to demonstrate he was still highly regarded. At a Waffle Shop for breakfast, an elderly woman stopped at our table. ''You were a great president,'' she said. ''I'm praying to St. Jude for you, and I'm not even Catholic.'' Several players on Penn State's women's volleyball team, whose coach is a longtime friend of Spanier's, came over to the sideline to give him a hug as he watched their practice. Elsewhere, friends and acquaintances inquired as to how he was doing, in quiet tones, as if he were battling a serious disease.

One afternoon, Spanier drove us down a long tree-lined driveway to Schreyer House, the president's residence, where he and his wife, Sandra, raised their two children. After he was ousted, they were given two months to vacate and clear out their belongings, which included Sandra Spanier's scholarly materials. She is an English professor at Penn State and general editor of the multivolume Hemingway Letters Project. ''We'll just ride by really quickly,'' he said. We coasted past a basketball hoop and a playhouse before he stopped near a gazebo.

''Look at that,'' he said. ''They cut the shrubbery way back. It's different. But it doesn't look bad that way.''

The following day, he proposed that we take in Old Main, an imposing limestone edifice, said to sit at the geographical center of Pennsylvania, that was his workplace from 1995 to 2011. He had been inside just once since he was forced out, for a private meeting after the university proposed revoking his faculty tenure. We came to a side door, and I could hear him take a deep breath before he reached to open it. With a big smile on his face, he popped into several offices, greeting people whom, in almost all cases, he had hired. He asked after their families and made clear that he was up to date on the latest office news -- job changes, new babies, wedding engagements. Several people looked back at him as if they had just been visited by a ghost. We left very quickly.

The wreckage in State College extends out, concentrically, from the child victims to Spanier and two other former high-ranking Penn State administrators awaiting trial on the same charges and finally to the university itself. After Sandusky's arrest, Penn State's board took control of the university and moved with haste. It dispatched Spanier and replaced him with Rodney Erickson, who had been provost. It fired Joe Paterno, after 46 seasons as head coach (and 61 years total on the football staff). It commissioned an investigative report that implicated the entire university community in Sandusky's crimes. Penn State agreed to pay a $60 million fine to the N.C.A.A. -- on what basis, exactly, is still being debated -- that state officials have gone to court to retrieve.

Some of the most questionable and contested decisions made in the wake of Sandusky were driven by a desire to protect the football program from the N.C.A.A.'s harshest sanction, the so-called death penalty. More broadly, those in control seemed to want to quickly turn the page -- an understandable instinct but one that has had the opposite effect. Penn State is awash in lawsuits and rancor, with no end in sight. Its board is in upheaval. Spanier was never as beloved at Penn State as Paterno, who died of lung cancer at 85, less than three months after his unceremonious dismissal. But he has become a stand-in for him, a rallying point for those who believe that a panic-driven response brought further disrepute to an already reeling university.

When you get close to Spanier, his face looks rearranged, as if he may have once been a boxer. His nose is crooked, the space between his eyes and cheekbones sunken. ''I didn't always look like this,'' he told me at the condominium where he and his wife now live. ''I've had to have four operations to correct serious deformities inside my head from beatings that my father gave me. They had to rebuild me from the inside out.''

Spanier has spoken about this aspect of his past on a couple of occasions, but never in much detail. I pressed him for more because the experience so weirdly evokes the troubles that have found him later in life. He is a victim of child abuse who is charged with tolerating and abetting the same.

Spanier said that he had researched his father's life and ''interviewed'' him before his death in 1985, to try to understand the roots of the brutality. Fred Spanier came from a prosperous Jewish family in the north of Germany that owned a cigar factory. In the mid-1930s, with Jews in his small town facing increasing threat from the Nazi regime, he was sent off alone to South Africa at the age of 15. He never attended another day of school. He worked at menial jobs, then fought in World War II with a South African regiment before returning to Cape Town and marrying.

Graham Spanier, the firstborn, spent his first birthday aboard a ship that sailed from Cape Town. His father had already emigrated to Chicago and found work in the warehouse of a factory that made nuts and bolts. The reunited family, which soon included two more children, settled into a small apartment on the city's South Side. ''He was a frustrated man,'' Spanier said of his father. ''I would never excuse what he did. And I have never forgiven him. But I understand it. He's poor, he is doing a job that -- I don't want to say was beneath him -- but it is not what he expected. He has no self control.''

We had been talking for an hour or so. The Spaniers' condo is spacious and plush, with panoramic views of the campus and surrounding countryside. The building is full of affluent retirees, but the Spaniers are more like exiles. I asked him what in particular provoked his father to strike him.

''Everything caused him to fly into a rage,'' he said. ''If my sister made an 'eek' noise, she'd be beaten. Or it could be a slight infraction. We had very strict rules in the house. At 5:30 everybody had to be in their seat at the table for dinner. Not 5:31. And not just in your seat. The curtains had to be closed, the slippers needed to be put out, the table needed to be set. . . .

''Or it could be there was something left on your plate. Food was so important in our home that if you didn't eat something or didn't like something, you would be beaten. You didn't talk while you were eating. Eating was eating.'' Spanier said that his father sometimes hit him with his hands or fists, ''but 90 percent of the time, it was what's called a strapping. He would undo his belt, double it up and would strap you with it. You'd be cowering in the corner, and he would continue doing that until I assume he got tired. He just couldn't do it anymore.'' The abuse was not a secret, he said, because his bruises were often visible. ''Back in the '50s, someone like my father would be described as a strict disciplinarian. Nowadays, you'd be in jail for what he did.''

Spanier's sister, Anita Koszyk, a special-education teacher, told me that all three children were beaten but that her father gave the worst of it to his oldest child. ''I have a visual image of Graham on the floor, with his hands up, trying to protect himself from the thrashing,'' she said. She remembers him being sent to bed without dinner. Their mother, who sometimes tried but rarely succeeded in stopping the beatings, would sneak food to him.

The family ultimately moved to the comfortable suburb of Highland Park, Ill., to a small house on the ***working-class*** side of town. Fred Spanier's involvement in local politics led to a job as the town's postmaster. The beatings finally stopped, Spanier said, when he was 15 or 16.

It is easy to imagine that his father's cruelty was emotionally devastating and left its own kind of disfigurement. But Spanier hints at this only obliquely. The story he tells is about his ability to break away and take charge over his own life. It is triumphal, a testament to the control he came to exercise. ''I had such an aversion to being at home,'' he said. ''We all hated each other. The only legitimate reason my father would allow for not being at home at 5:30 at night is if you were working, so I developed the world's strongest work ethic. Basically I started working at 9 years old. I worked all through school. Super-responsible positions. I worked like crazy.''

The habit of work set him on a lifelong course. Spanier paid his own way through Iowa State. By 24, he had earned a Ph.D. at Northwestern, secured a faculty position at Penn State and published his first book. At 43, he was named chancellor at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, and four years later he took the Penn State job.

His hometown embraced Spanier as a proud son with a plaque honoring him in the lobby of Highland Park High. After Sandusky was arrested and the scandal became national news, the plaque was removed and Spanier's name erased from a roster of distinguished alumni on the school's website. The school superintendent in Highland Park implied that even just the vestiges of Spanier posed a danger. The measures to expunge them, he said, were ''an attempt to protect our students.''

State College sits in the Allegheny Mountains, almost three hours from Pittsburgh, and farther from Philadelphia and New York. Like many college towns, it is a place apart, a cocoon for students and faculty, so pleasant that it is known as Happy Valley. One of the most popular attractions on campus is the Berkey Creamery, which manufactures and sells ice cream made from the milk of the university's herd of 225 dairy cows. Spanier told me about a story that made the front page of the local paper not long after he started as a young faculty member. ''It was about a bear that climbed up a tree,'' he said. ''I'll never forget that.''

Spanier is both outgoing and a little stiff. He learned to do magic in his early 20s, and I could see why it might have appealed to him: A magician is at the center of attention, yet at a remove. Spanier can overwhelm you with information. When we stopped by the creamery, he told me so much about each flavor that I could barely identify for myself what I was in the mood for. I think he was sincerely trying to be helpful, but it was too much.

When he returned in 1995 to become Penn State's president, after 13 years away, it was to a community in which he and his wife had ''grown up professionally,'' he said, with faculty friends who all sent their children to the same public schools and stood along the sidelines at the same youth sporting events. On Saturday afternoons in the fall when the Nittany Lions played at home, the Spaniers hosted tailgate parties at Schreyer House for donors and friends, and then everyone bused over to Beaver Stadium. Their daughter, who was 11 when he became president, liked to circulate at university dinners they hosted and give guests their place cards.

Penn State was a university on the rise, and Spanier considered his to be ''one of the biggest jobs in American higher education.'' He was a chief executive, a fund-raiser and a headhunter for faculty talent; he still taught courses, in the field of leadership. He kept score partly by how much money he raised: $3.5 billion in private philanthropy over his 16 years, much of which went into bricks and mortar. When I toured the main campus with him, he pointed out new academic buildings, dormitories, pedestrian walkways and even parking structures, telling me the story behind each one. He described the career-development center as ''maybe the best in the country.'' Various academic departments were either ''the best,'' ''one of the best'' or ''in the Top 10.''

Over the last two and a half years, a series of storms has seemed to rip through the valley. In March 2011, The Harrisburg Patriot-News broke the story that a grand jury was looking into allegations of sex abuse involving ''Penn State football legend Jerry Sandusky.'' Rumors about Sandusky and the investigation were already circulating on Internet message boards devoted to Penn State football. Spanier has been criticized for not informing the university's board about the investigation more fully, but the board, which had a reputation for passivity, did not aggressively seek information even as leaks trickled out.

At the time, Spanier was in the midst of a fund-raising campaign that would ultimately bring in $2.2 billion. He was busy with a broad range of matters external to Penn State too, including his role as chairman of something called the National Security Higher Education Advisory Board, serving, basically, as a liaison between America's colleges and universities and the F.B.I. and other agencies.

On the day Sandusky was charged, Nov. 5, 2011, a Saturday, prosecutors also charged Gary Schultz, the university's senior vice president for finance and business, and Tim Curley, the athletic director, with perjury and having known about complaints of sexual abuse and failing to report them to the proper authorities. Between them, they had worked more than 70 years at Penn State. Both have pleaded not guilty to the charges.

Spanier told me he was stunned at the breadth of the charges against Sandusky. He had known that the former coach was being investigated for an incident involving one child in a university locker room. Now he saw it was much more. But neither Spanier nor anyone else seemed to realize, at least at first, that the indictment of the two administrators broadened the narrative -- it brought the university into the story. You could chalk this up to Penn State's insularity and to a lack of sophistication on the part of Spanier and other decision makers -- or perhaps to their wishful thinking that this would all somehow quickly blow over. ''On the first day, the magnitude of this was not completely felt,'' Spanier said. ''We had no idea that two or three or 400 reporters would descend on State College, and we would have to close off streets to accommodate satellite trucks.''

Spanier believed that he was good at navigating the university through trouble, and he thought he could do so here. He issued a statement in support of Schultz and Curley. ''I thought it would all get cleared up, and they would be put back on the job,'' he said. ''That's what I really believed was going to happen.''

Even as the situation began to spin into chaos, he continued to try to manage it. He told Curley that he had to go on paid leave and Schultz, who had come back from retirement once, that he had to retire again. He told his staff in Old Main to carry on. Over the next several days, Spanier met with the trustees -- at first in a conference call, though many of them would soon arrive on campus. On Sunday night, the trustees told him that he should not issue any statements without their approval. An ally on the board, Spanier said, told him he might be forced out, which he did not believe at first.

By Tuesday, realizing that he had been sidelined, he hired a lawyer to deal with his separation from the university. The next morning, Spanier said he submitted a resignation letter to the trustees, which they did not release. That night, the trustees announced that Spanier was out.

Spanier's children were at the president's residence, having been summoned by his wife. In relating this to me, he began to cry and could not continue for a moment. It was the only time this happened in our many hours of conversation.

The trustees commissioned Louis Freeh, the former director of the F.B.I., to investigate how Sandusky, who was still awaiting trial, had been able to exploit children, some of them on campus, for more than a decade. The mission Freeh was given seemed to presuppose that Sandusky's crimes were not his alone and that people who had reason to suspect him had looked away.

The ongoing scandals involving sexually abusive Catholic priests and their superiors who moved them from parish to parish loomed in the background. But that was a systemic failure, an intricate web of deceit, that had persisted for decades. No one was suggesting that Sandusky was part of some nationwide trend of college football coaches who molest children. The impulse at Penn State, however, was to try to determine if Sandusky's pathology was connected to something larger.

Freeh, who was a prosecutor and later a federal judge before he led the F.B.I., was in private practice and in demand for these types of independent investigations, and the reports he issued carried the weight of his stature. He assembled a team of investigators that included, as he would point out, a lawyer who was a former Navy Seal. The university paid Freeh's law firm a fee of $8.2 million.

The practice of commissioning independent reports, like Freeh's, goes back decades. The investigations rarely follow the rules that pertain to criminal prosecution in U.S. courts; for example, individuals implicated in wrongdoing, who would be called defendants in a courtroom, do not usually get to mount a defense. The resulting reports are often more akin to indictments than verdicts.

On July 12, 2012, Freeh issued his 267-page account of what occurred at Penn State. Some of the writing was of the type meant to impress, or perhaps overwhelm, a reader with the firepower that his team brought to the job. The report states that investigators conducted 430 interviews of ''key university personnel and other knowledgeable individuals'' and that ''over 3.5 million pieces of pertinent electronic data and documents'' were analyzed. (This would have required examining an average of 15,000 items a day over the course of the investigation, which lasted nearly eight months. It seems likely that many of the documents were merely scanned electronically for keywords.)

The Freeh Report was blistering in its tone and stunning in its reach. ''The most saddening finding by the Special Investigative Counsel is the total and consistent disregard by the most senior leaders at Penn State for the safety and welfare of Sandusky's child victims,'' the report stated. It then named those leaders -- Spanier, Paterno, Schultz and Curley -- and said they had ''failed to protect against a child sexual predator harming children for over a decade.'' Schultz and Curley had already been charged; Spanier had not, but Freeh's report probably led to his indictment. The fourth man held culpable, Paterno, was dead.

The criminal charges against Spanier stem largely from emails between Schultz, Curley and Spanier. One set of emails related to an episode in 1998 in which Sandusky was said to have showered with a boy in a Penn State locker room and hugged him. Spanier was copied on one email from Curley, the athletic director, that was elliptical and did not include Sandusky's name. A second said that the incident had been resolved satisfactorily.

Spanier did not reply. He had met Sandusky, who left the football staff a few years into his presidency, but he did not know him well. Spanier told me that he religiously returned emails addressed to him, but not always those he was copied on. In his grand-jury testimony in 2011, he said that he had no memory of any allegations in 1998 against Sandusky, and after the emails came to light, he discovered that he had been traveling on university business in Europe when the second one landed in his inbox.

It is not clear what Spanier's active involvement in the 1998 case would have achieved. The allegations against Sandusky that year were investigated -- by campus and the local police and a caseworker from the state's Department of Public Welfare -- and he was not charged.

Spanier could face a more difficult challenge explaining an email from 2001. It relates to the best-known chapter in the Sandusky affair, involving a Penn State assistant coach, Mike McQueary, who reported witnessing Sandusky in a shower with a young boy. McQueary has given differing accounts about what he saw and what he told others in the days that followed. But he has been consistent in saying that he did not stay long enough to look more closely, and did not try to intervene, because he was too upset after hearing a ''a skin-on-skin smacking sound.'' Seeing Sandusky behind the boy and ''slowly moving his hips,'' McQueary testified at Sandusky's trial in 2012, ''was more than my brain could handle. I was making decisions on the fly. I picked up the phone and called my father to get advice from the person I trusted most in my life, because I just saw something ridiculous.''

McQueary went to Paterno's house the next day to report what he saw. Soon after, Paterno talked to Schultz and Curley. Spanier said he never spoke to McQueary, but the two administrators informed him about what they were told. The key question, if Spanier and his co-defendants come to trial, is likely to be not what McQueary witnessed, but how he later described what he witnessed. Did he use a sufficiently descriptive term for what he apparently believed he had seen -- anal rape -- or did his squeamishness cause him to use less stark language? And was that same language passed up the chain of command to Spanier?

According to emails and Schultz's notes, Spanier and the two administrators agreed on a plan: They would inform the board chairman at Second Mile (the charity that Sandusky founded), alert child-welfare authorities and tell Sandusky that he could no longer bring children into Penn State's locker rooms. Not long after that, Curley wrote to Schultz and Spanier to say that he had changed his mind about going to the child-welfare authorities. Instead, he would urge Sandusky to get help.

''This approach is acceptable to me,'' Spanier wrote in response. ''The only downside for us is if the message isn't 'heard' and acted upon, and we then become vulnerable for not having reported it. But that can be assessed down the road. The approach you outline is humane and a reasonable way to proceed.''

Spanier told me that his meetings about Sandusky were brief, came amid the crush of other university business and coincided with another troubling issue -- allegations that a Penn State employee had embezzled money.

''The life of a university president is you have things coming at you all day long,'' he said. ''It's one crisis after another, one issue after another.''

When Spanier told me about his own abuse, he was at his most animated and easiest to know. He was less expressive about its aftereffects, the things he still carries with him from this part of his childhood. ''There's a part of me that always held this background of mine at a distance,'' he said. He knows that it probably drove him toward his academic specialty. It made him vow to have a good marriage and gave him an ''an aversion to violence of any kind.''

Shouldn't this background have made him more alert to Sandusky even if the reports he heard were nonspecific or couched in euphemism? Shouldn't he have at least pressed for more information? He said he would have if he had been told more to begin with. ''I'm an intervener,'' he said. ''If I see something going on in the street, in the community, I intervene. . . . If Gary Schultz or Tim Curley had said to me anything about child abuse, sexual abuse, anything criminal, even had hinted about that possibility, of course we would have said something.'' The encounter in the shower, he said, was described to him as ''horseplay,'' which he believes came from Paterno, relating what he heard from McQueary. ''I can hear Joe Paterno using that word,'' he said. ''I don't think Tim and Gary made that word up. I think Joe used it.''

He said he had no memory of writing the email in response to Curley in 2001, but now regrets that he used the word ''vulnerable,'' which many have taken to mean that he already knew that something inappropriate or criminal had occurred. ''I didn't,'' he said. ''I think what it meant was that if he didn't get the message and stop bringing boys into the locker rooms, we could be open to criticism. Obviously, in retrospect, using the word was a bad choice. But who would think that 13 years later someone would focus in on that one word?''

The shower took place in a coaches' locker room; Spanier said he was told that it had occurred in one of Penn State's more public locker rooms. Even so, he said: ''We decided we don't want him bringing kids into the shower again. It doesn't look good. It doesn't feel right.''

Spanier is still incredulous that he has been charged criminally. ''What does this have to do with me?'' he said at one point. ''I never saw anything. I never spoke to a kid, a witness, a parent, Sandusky, McQueary, Paterno.''

Freeh concluded that Spanier, Paterno and the two others kept quiet about Sandusky ''in order to avoid the consequences of bad publicity.'' He then cast blame widely, throughout Happy Valley and well beyond. ''One of the most challenging of the tasks confronting the Penn State community is transforming the culture that permitted Sandusky's behavior,'' the report said. It defined the university community as current students, faculty, staff, the administration, board of trustees and alumni -- which would include approximately 630,000 living Penn State graduates scattered throughout the country and world. (My wife is a Penn State grad, albeit one who never attended a Nittany Lions football game.)

Less than two weeks after the release of the Freeh Report, the university signed its ''consent decree'' with the N.C.A.A., a guilty plea to everything Freeh claimed.

Penn State is one of the bulwarks of American public higher education, with a history that dates back to a decade before the Civil War. Like that of almost all of the big college football powers, its identity, to an unhealthy extent, is wrapped up in its team, which under Paterno graduated players at higher-than-average rates and stayed clear of major N.C.A.A. rules infractions. By accepting blame for Sandusky, Penn State implicitly admitted to being an outlier among even football-crazed universities, with a culture so sick it was capable of nurturing and harboring a serial child molester.

Freeh's references to the Penn State community and culture were not received as some airy metaphor. ''When that report talks about a corrupt culture, that's me,'' John S. Nichols, an emeritus professor from the College of Communications and former chairman of the faculty senate, said when I spoke with him in State College. ''I take it personally. It says there was a conspiracy to cover up child sexual assault to protect the image of football, and that it was carried out by these four people and that the community had culpability as well. That did not happen.'' Referring to the pending criminal cases, he said, ''Call me old-fashioned, but I still believe in the presumption of innocence.''

Sandusky retired from Penn State in 1999. Some of the charges he was convicted of occurred after that. It was highly unusual, if not unprecedented, for the N.C.A.A. to issue sanctions for infractions so far removed from a current team or its coaches. The $60 million fine, to be paid to the N.C.A.A. in five annual installments, was to fund unspecified programs related to child sexual abuse. Penn State's football team was banned from playing in bowl games, and the number of scholarships it could offer was reduced. Its victories between 1998 and 2011 were ''vacated'' -- wiped from the record books and from Paterno's career win-loss record.

About 30 former chairmen of Penn State's faculty senate signed a statement denouncing the school's surrender. They noted that the consent decree actually went beyond the Freeh report in its censure. Football at Penn State, the decree said, was ''held in higher esteem than the values of the institution, the values of the N.C.A.A., the values of higher education, and most disturbingly the values of human decency.''

There is no mystery why Penn State signed the document -- it was under duress. The N.C.A.A. was threatening to shut the football program down for as long as four years, a rare punishment colloquially referred to as the death penalty. Rodney Erickson, Spanier's successor, told the ESPN news program ''Outside the Lines'' that he signed the decree to save Penn State football. ''I think the death penalty would have been far, far worse for the program and the university over the long run,'' he said.

It was a remarkable admission. Penn State had been held to account for being so focused on football that it was blinded to more important human values. It then agreed to a document crafted to save football.

Dick Thornburgh, the former U.S. attorney general and two-term governor of Pennsylvania, was hired by the Paterno family to review the Freeh Report. His own report, released last year, noted that Freeh quoted some witnesses anonymously, leaving no way to assess their credibility, and made liberal use of grand-jury testimony, which is elicited by a prosecutor and not cross-examined. Many key witnesses were not interviewed by Freeh's team, including McQueary. The report quoted from his testimony.

Freeh, who did not respond to my interview requests, did talk to Spanier, but less than a week before he issued his report. ''By then, I'm sure that the report was already written,'' Thornburgh said. ''Anyone who has ever participated in one of these investigations would know that to be the case.'' While expressing respect for Freeh, Thornburgh considers the report so flawed as to call into question all of its findings relating to the individuals it names as well as the supposed guilt of the Penn State community. ''The language that I find most objectionable is the charge that Paterno and others, in order to avoid the consequences of bad publicity, repeatedly concealed facts relating to Sandusky's child abuse,'' Thornburgh said when I interviewed him at his Washington office in May. ''There is no factual basis in the record for that whatsoever. I challenge anybody to find it. It's outrageous.''

Thornburgh added energy and ammunition to a movement -- one that now includes a bloc on Penn State's board -- that seeks to disavow the Freeh Report and the N.C.A.A. consent decree. Nine trustees on the 32-member board are alumni representatives, chosen by elections open to all Penn State graduates; all nine, elected over the last three years, oppose the university's post-Sandusky response.

One of the new board members elected this spring is a former lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania. Another is a clinical psychologist and professor at St. John's University in Queens. A third is Al Lord, a former chief executive of the student-loan firm Sallie Mae, whose voice struck me as one that would not be easily hushed in State College.

I asked Lord what kinds of questions he planned to ask the board's leadership. ''For starters, why are we paying 60 million bucks to the N.C.A.A.?'' he said. ''Why are we paying anything? What did we do wrong? We had a C.E.O. who knew about this? Well, we haven't proven that.'' (Spanier has filed notice in state court that he intends to sue Freeh for defamation. Lord told me that he has been assisting in that effort, and when I asked how, he said, ''Financially.'')

Lisa Powers, director of Penn State's department of public information, said that no member of Penn State's current administration would consent to an interview. The university has already paid a steep financial price: Including Freeh's fee, it has spent nearly $37 million on various public-relations firms, lawyers and crisis managers to guide it through Sandusky-related issues. It has agreed to pay $60 million in compensation to Sandusky's victims. The university is paying most of the legal fees of Spanier, Schultz, Curley and a range of others who were indemnified as employees -- about $8.6 million so far. Penn State's position is that it wants to look forward rather than back.

Many faculty members and alumni say the past decisions must first be reconsidered. ''Everything that's been done is right out of the corporate playbook,'' Nichols, the former faculty senate president, said. ''Take a huge write-down. Fire a few people. Express maximum contrition. And move on. But a university is not a corporation. Not to sound too high-minded, but the purpose of a university is to seek truth and advance knowledge, and we're a long way from having done that.''

It's fair to say the legal proceedings involving Spanier have been tangled, inexplicably delayed and bizarre. His lawyers have filed motions to have the criminal charges dismissed, beginning in March 2013, and those motions have been sitting in the docket for a year and a half without a ruling.

The key point of contention involves a lawyer who Spanier believed was representing him but later testified against him. In 2011, when he appeared before a grand jury sitting in Harrisburg, he was accompanied by Cynthia Baldwin, Penn State's general counsel at the time, a former justice on the state's Supreme Court and a past chairwoman of Penn State's board. In chambers, and outside Spanier's presence, the supervising judge, Barry Feudale, asked, ''Cindy, just for the record, who do you represent?''

''The university,'' she responded, according to a transcript of the proceeding.

''The university solely?'' he asked.

''Yes, I represent the university solely,'' she said.

A few minutes later, in the grand-jury room, the prosecutor asked Spanier to identify his counsel before he began his testimony. ''Cynthia Baldwin, sitting behind me,'' he said.

It is not uncommon for corporate lawyers to sit in grand-jury proceedings to represent witnesses who are testifying as ''agents'' of the corporation. This is what Baldwin's lawyers have argued she was doing. Baldwin would later give grand-jury testimony against Spanier. According to the transcript, she revealed details of conversations with Spanier as she prepped him first for an interview with investigators looking into the Sandusky case and later for his grand-jury testimony. She said Spanier had withheld information that she had been asked to gather by investigators targeting Sandusky, and that she did not consider him an honest man.

Two key figures in Spanier's case are no longer in their positions. Frank Fina, the initial prosecutor, left after clashing with the state's new attorney general over a sting operation in Philadelphia that he led. The grand-jury judge, Feudale, who was already at odds with the state's attorney general, was relieved of his duties after he brandished a 10-inch Gurkha knife in front of a secretary in the attorney general's office. He protested he was just showing it off for interest and had been tarred as ''some wing nut with a Gurkha knife.''

That Graham Spanier would appear before a grand jury without his own criminal lawyer would seem to reveal a surprising lack of guile -- or perhaps the overconfidence of a man who figures he can handle anything on his own and control the outcome. ''This is going to sound really stupid,'' he said. ''It is stupid. Naïve and stupid. But I was looking forward to meeting with them. I thought I was helping. I was excited about having the experience of going to a grand jury and helping them with their investigation, whatever it was.''

Prosecutors make decisions all the time on whether to bring charges. Some are obvious -- body on the street, a man standing over it with a gun. The Spanier case seems less so. He did not ask questions or show any curiosity, and only he knows why. No one went looking for the boy in the shower in 2001 or even tried to find out his name. Maybe Spanier, Schultz and Curley were as squeamish as McQueary and just as afraid to look more closely. Whatever the reasons, they did not cover themselves in glory. Whether that equates to criminal behavior is yet to be determined.

Wes Oliver, a law-school professor at Duquesne, in Pittsburgh, provided television commentary on the Sandusky trial and has been following the proceedings against Spanier. ''I don't even know what guilt means in this case,'' he told me. ''What exactly does it mean to fail to supervise a former coach who you happen to know brings kids to your campus? What kind of duty exists there? If anything, it's a sin of omission. There are sins of omission for which people are punished, but I don't know if that will happen here or if it should happen.''

When I was in State College, Sandra Spanier was just back from Cuba, where she has been involved in restoring Hemingway's house. ''In some ways, my life is still good,'' she said. ''But you wake up in the morning and you look outside and think, It's a beautiful day. And then it hits you. It's still here. This is all still happening. You can't get away from it.''

Graham Spanier was eager to be interviewed for this article and persuaded his lawyers it was a good idea (or at least won their acquiescence). He wants to tell his story and clear his name. On the first day we were together, he said: ''In all of my sleepless nights, really every night for a couple of years, when I was lying in bed, all I was doing was imagining being on the witness stand. I was telling the truth and laying it out there.''

He spends a lot of his days emailing and talking to his lawyers. He keeps in touch with a web of supporters around the country and still mentors some upperclassmen who were on campus during his presidency. One night, eight students who had been in his Presidential Leadership Academy, a select group of top achievers, came over to the condo. He served cookies he baked himself, asked about their future plans and put on a brief magic show -- card tricks and sleight of hand. The students took turns coming forward, and he pulled coins from their ears and so forth. It was sweet, strange and a little sad. None of them asked about his legal troubles. He sent them off with leftover cookies.

Penn State did not follow through on revoking his tenure, but Spanier is not teaching. Officially, he has been suspended. He can't sign up for a flu shot or access the library's databases. For a time, the court required him to provide a detailed itinerary when he wanted to travel out of state. He was denied permission to attend a conference in Saudi Arabia. ''As if I was going to hide out there,'' he said. ''A Jewish guy, in the desert.''

Spanier had imagined that after he stepped down as president, he would take a sabbatical and then return to the faculty. ''That's what former presidents do. They disappear for a while, give their successors some room, then come back. They're elder statesmen.''

He tries not to think about his future or worry if he'll ever work again. ''I know I'll never be a university president again.'' Every once in a while he hears something that feels like someone is thinking about him for a job. ''As these things come up, I allow myself to get excited, and then I realize it's not going to happen.'' Spanier just turned 66. ''The clock,'' he said, ''is ticking.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/07/20/magazine/the-trials-of-graham-spanier-penn-states-ousted-president.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/07/20/magazine/the-trials-of-graham-spanier-penn-states-ousted-president.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Graham Spanier on the Penn State campus in July. (MM24-MM25)

A mural in State College depicts notable figures affiliated with the university, with Joe Paterno, the former football coach, at the center. The artist, Michael Pilato, removed a halo from over Paterno's head in 2012. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRYAN SCHUTMAAT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM27)

Spanier, left, and Joe Paterno at a 2011 Penn State football game. (PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE PUSKAR/ASSOCIATED PRESS) (MM28)

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[***From '80 Crime, White-Sioux Tension Today***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5JX0-0005-G1J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DON TERRY

By DON TERRY

**Dateline:** MOBRIDGE, S.D.

**Body**

The main bridge over the Missouri River here stretches nearly a mile before it connects this overwhelmingly white farming town of 4,200 people to the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, where Sitting Bull is buried on a bluff and the vast prairie dips and rolls into the horizon.

It is also a bridge across time. Mobridge, a ***working-class*** city where the best stores and most of the jobs are, is on the eastern side of the river, and sets its clocks by central time. On the western side, where unemployment exceeds 60 percent and the mud after a thaw is ankle deep around the tiny houses scattered across the 900,000-acre reservation, people officially function in mountain time, one hour behind.

Indeed, these reluctant neighbors have rarely been in sync; stubborn prejudice and bloody history have seen to that here as in other parts of the country, especially where reservations abut predominantly white residential areas. And now, the possible answer to a 16-year-old murder mystery could make the distance between them even greater.

"There's always been prejudice and tension between whites and Indians around here," said Becky Rice, an 18-year-old white woman who works as a cashier at a downtown grocery store. "I'd do anything to change it. It's stupid. But I don't see it changing no time soon, not with this trial coming up."

In April, Nicholas A. Scherr, a burly, 31-year-old white man from one of Mobridge's well-known families -- the Scherr name adorns the city's sports arena, its social centerpiece -- is scheduled to go on trial for the rape and murder of an 18-year-old Sioux, Candace Rough Surface, who lived on the reservation.

People on either side of the bridge say the trial could divide neighbors along racial lines and challenge long-held perceptions of truth and justice. To hear some tell it, that is already happening. Most Indians interviewed believe there is a strong chance that Mr. Scherr will be found not guilty because he is white and well-connected, and the victim was a Sioux. But most whites are confident that an impartial jury can be impaneled and will "do justice" regardless of racial considerations.

Ms. Rough Surface's badly decomposed body was found in a bed of mud and twigs in a Missouri River inlet in May 1981, after she had been missing for nine months. Local police officers and Ms. Rough Surface's friends had searched the area for some time after reports of her disappearance -- to no avail.

"We didn't know where to start," said Sheriff Jim Spiry of Walworth County. "In the back of our minds, we had this fear of foul play. When someone just disappears off the face of the earth, somebody has to know something. But we kept running into dead ends."

Federal officials were called in when her body was found with five bullet holes in her head and back.

Law-enforcement officials say that with neither physical evidence nor eyewitness testimony, they have reached an impasse. Periodically, they have renewed their investigation, they said, but Indians insist that after the initial activity, the police let the case die.

Then last fall, Mr. Scherr's cousin, James E. Stroh, confessed to taking part in the rape and slaying when he was 15 and Mr. Scherr was 16.

"She was petrified; she was whimpering," Mr. Stroh testified at a preliminary hearing in November.

In a plea agreement, Mr. Stroh, who is now 30, implicated Mr. Scherr as the instigator of a night of partying that ended with gunshots echoing across an isolated pasture.

According to the police, Mr. Stroh himself was betrayed by a family member during a bitter divorce in Wisconsin, where he was living. Over the years, he said at the hearing, he had shared his secret with a number of people, including his wife.

Mr. Stroh has been charged with manslaughter and assault even though he admits taking a turn raping and shooting Ms. Rough Surface -- out of fear, he said, of his cousin. Mr. Scherr has been charged with murder and rape and could face the death penalty if convicted.

Reed A. Rasmussen, Mr. Scherr's lawyer, says his client is innocent. "It's been very difficult on his family," Mr. Rasmussen said. "People have already convicted him with only hearing the state's case."

In the last 16 years two people have been killed here: Ms. Rough Surface and, in 1986, her father, who was beaten to death by a family member. That man was quickly arrested, tried and convicted.

Why it took so long to charge someone in Ms. Rough Surface's slaying is uncertain.

"It's been a case we've wanted to solve for a lot of years," said Daniel J. Todd, the Walworth County State's Attorney. "But I've wondered why we couldn't come up with information before now" -- especially in Mobridge, where "people on one side of town know what's going on in someone's house clear across town."

It is not hard to find Indians who say they know the answer: race.

"She was just an Indian," said Ms. Rough Surface's niece, Polly. "Her life didn't count as much."

To show Mobridge residents that her life counted to them, in the weeks after Mr. Stroh's confession, Ms. Rough Surface's family and more than 300 advocates for Indians marched and rode horses across the bridge last December demanding "justice for Candi."

Another demonstration is planned for April 22, the trial's opening day, and for a while there was talk of a boycott of downtown businesses, where many Indians said they have never felt comfortable shopping.

"Indians often get followed through the store when they go shopping in town," said Rob Renville, a Sioux and Vietnam War veteran who administers a vocational training program on the reservation. "I'd like to believe that race doesn't play any role in justice for Candi, but this is a white man we're talking about. If it was an Indian man accused of killing a white girl, he'd already be cooked."

"But things have gotten better around here," he added. "We've moved into the 1970's."

In Mobridge, many whites said the city was being unjustly blamed for the slaying and that progress in race relations was being ignored. They note that although there are only one or two Indian-owned businesses here, Indian employees can be found up and down Main Street.

Acknowledging that there are still many problems, Sister Teresita Schaefbauer said: "I've been here since 1980 and you didn't see a Native American working in a store. Now, there's quite a few."

Whites and Indians attend school together. They gamble together at the reservation casinos. They sometimes marry one another. Ms. Rough Surface's older sister, Clara, is married to a white man.

"The Indian is accepted here," said Pepsi Lawrence, the Indian owner of the Fireside Supper Club. "I hope this whole thing doesn't get to be a racial thing. It might mess up a good thing."

Mobridge is the trading center for people living in a 60-mile radius of the city. In the summer the streets are crowded with fishermen. The city likes to call itself the "walleye capital of the world."

Life here is good, said Rick Cain, the Mayor who, like all Mobridge officials, is white. He blames "the few Indians in town who feel they are constantly being discriminated against" for any racial tension.

J. R. Buchholz, a 17-year-old white youth who works at a local grocery store, said the Indians "think we're all bad guys and that we're trying to take over everything." He added: "Maybe sometimes we are. But I think what we're really trying to do is just maintain what we have."

What many people in Mobridge still have, said Patty Seiler, a white woman who works in a photography studio, are racist views of Indians. "Whenever something bad happens," she said, "the first question people ask is, 'Was it an Indian?' "

In a move that angered many Indians, more than 100 people signed a petition seeking to lower Mr. Scherr's bond of $200,000. It was not lowered, but Mr. Scherr, who had been working at a local trucking company, came up with the money anyway.

Still, the petition seems to have gobbled up much of the neutral ground in this case. For example, members of the Scherr and Rough Surface families worship at the Roman Catholic Church here. But when Mr. Scherr's mother asked the priest, the Rev. Richard Ortmeier, to sign the petition, he said he did so with little thought.

Then he realized how angry and hurt the Indians were about the petition drive, and asked that his name be removed from the list. "It never dawned on me it would stir up the others," Father Ortmeier said. "I'm just afraid that somehow, they're both going to be against me now."

For many Indians, justice in the case means nothing less than a guilty verdict. For many whites, it means a fair trial, although they acknowledge that the chances of having an Indian on the jury are slim. The jury pool is drawn from the local voter registration list, and the overwhelming number of voters listed are white.

Bea Medicine, an anthropologist who grew up on the reservation, said Mobridge is like "a Southern town in the 60's." Whites "have a symbiotic relationship" with Indians, she said: "they hate us, but love our money."

Even the Scherr-Howe Arena, the yellow-and-red brick building that draws people from 100 miles away to attend everything from basketball games to farm shows, has been dragged into the case.

The building was renamed in 1990 in honor of an Indian artist, Oscar Howe, whose murals line the arena's walls, and Jim and Bill Scherr, white twins who were members of the United States wrestling team in the 1988 Summer Olympic Games. Bill Scherr won a bronze medal, and Jim Scherr placed seventh. They are Nicholas Scherr's older brothers. Ms. Medicine is trying to have Mr. Howe's name removed so, she says, it will not be sullied by the Scherr's.

But Ms. Rough Surface's 71-year-old mother, Alberta, said that was going too far because the two brothers are not involved in the case. She added that whatever happens in the trial, Indians and whites must still live together and not allow the past to poison the present.

"We want justice," she said. "We don't want violence. We want the men who did this to be put away so they never hurt anyone else's daughter. We don't want to hurt innocent people. We don't want to be like them."

**Graphic**

Photos: Candace Rough Surface's mother, Alberta, left, and sister, Clara, at her grave last week in South Dakota. (John Doman for The New York Times) (pg. A1); Candace Rough Surface, the victim of a 1980 rape and murder, in a photograph taken about 1978. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Transforming City's Housing: Act 2***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C93-8T20-TW8F-G293-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DENNIS HEVESI

**Body**

TWENTY-TWO years after New York City launched a federally financed $50 million plan to create 25,000 units of affordable housing, the program is winding down, successful beyond the imagination of even many of those involved. The stock of 10,000 buildings that formed the backbone of the plan -- buildings seized by the city for tax delinquency -- has been reduced to fewer than 800, and well over 200,000 housing units have been created or restored.

Now the city and the affordable housing community must struggle with the question of what's next. It is a problem at the core of Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's $3 billion New Housing Marketplace program to build or preserve 65,000 more homes and apartments over the next five years.

''There's no single answer, no silver bullet,'' said Shaun Donovan, the city's new commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development. ''It's not just the dollars and the units, which are critically important. It's also about setting a framework for where the new pipeline for development is coming from.''

The proposals and plans -- some are already works in progress -- include extensive rezoning of manufacturing and waterfront property for residential use, remediation of brownfield sites and building on vacant land that is either on city housing projects or adjacent to them. Other notions call for a shift from the construction of two- and three-family homes (a standard model for affordable housing) to higher-density co-ops or condominiums; teaching developers used to rehabilitating buildings how to perform ground-up construction; and retooling financing instruments to cover the cost of acquiring property, now that foreclosed properties are so scarce.

Already, Mr. Donovan said, ''Just the rezonings currently on the boards will create room for thousands of new units.''

The assumption that city initiatives can lead to the creation of large numbers of desirable homes for ***working-class*** people dates back, at least, to Jan. 14, 1982, when President Ronald Reagan, Mayor Edward I. Koch and 100 top business leaders, recruited by David Rockefeller, gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to announce the start of the New York City Housing Partnership. Over time, the partnership would be seen as a keystone in the creation of a structure by which major lenders, government subsidies, the expertise of local housing advocates and, increasingly, community-based developers would be harnessed to build homes for lower-income New Yorkers.

In the last 15 years alone, 212,000 new or rehabilitated homeownership and rental units -- in broad swaths of full blocks and in-fill scatterings of two or three here, four to eight there -- have infused new life and commerce into still-struggling communities.

Extensive Privatization

Areas Restored Via Foreclosures

The sites that have been rehabilitated were seized through a legal procedure known as ''in rem foreclosure,'' and in the shorthand of the housing industry they are widely called in rem properties. (''In rem'' is Latin for legal action taken ''against the thing.'') Since 1986, the city's inventory of in rem buildings has dropped by 92 percent and in rem units by 96 percent.

The transfer of those properties to for-profit and nonprofit developers, Commissioner Donovan said, ''is quite simply the largest privatization of housing anywhere in the country.''

And in a welcome offshoot of the process, a cadre of small community-based builders has seized the opportunity to reseed their old neighborhoods.

Ten years ago, Desmond Emanuel, president of Landmark Projects Inc., was a subcontractor doing the hammer-and-nail work assigned by established developers. ''Then we got introduced to the partnership,'' he said. ''They were interested in small contractors redeveloping communities they either lived in or were familiar with.''

Mr. Emanuel grew up in a railroad flat with three brothers and seven sisters on Kelly Street in the Morrisania section of the Bronx. ''I played stickball on the block,'' he said.

One of his first projects through the partnership was the development of 50 two-family homes around the corner from Kelly Street. ''That was 1996,'' Mr. Emanuel said, ''and at the time they sold for $147,000. Now they go for $300,000, minimum.'' Since then, his company has built 650 homes, mostly in the Bronx and Upper Manhattan.

The Housing Partnership is certainly not the only, and not even the first, of what are sometimes referred to as intermediaries -- organizations bringing together public agencies and private lenders, developers and contractors. But its basic financial model of transferring title of city-held properties to local developers and organizations has become standard in the affordable housing sector.

''The city provides land that's been taken in rem and turns it over to the Housing Partnership for a minimum price,'' said Kathryn Wylde, a former president of the partnership -- sometimes for as little as $1.

A developer designated by the partnership and the Department of Housing Preservation and Development then designs the site and secures a construction loan. The negligible cost of the land and public subsidies cover the difference between construction costs and the home's market price.

''Typically, the gap between what the market would bear and the house price was 20 percent,'' said Ms. Wylde, who is now president of the Housing Partnership's parent organization, the New York City Partnership, a leading business and civic group. ''So if you built a home for $100,000, the most you could sell it for would be $80,000. And the public subsidy would make up the difference in the cost to the builder.''

''In most of the neighborhoods where we built,'' she added, ''this was the first private financing for residential construction in 50 years. It had all been public construction.''

Over the years, that basic formula would transform dozens of neighborhoods. ''It worked as well on Staten Island's north shore as it did in the South Bronx or central Brooklyn,'' Ms. Wylde said. ''It received tremendous support from the City Council, the Legislature, governors and mayors.''

Denise Scott, director of one of the original intermediary organizations, the Local Initiative Support Group, or LISC, is similarly impressed. ''Koch created this affordable housing program, and it's actually continued with every mayor since,'' Ms. Scott said. ''I don't think there's any other city that has invested as much in housing development as New York. And it's a credit to the city, phenomenal, in fact, that this kind of commitment has spanned many mayors, Democrat or Republican.''

The New York office of LISC, an organization serving 35 cities nationwide, opened in 1979. And through its portfolio of 50 community development corporations, most not-for-profit, it has worked with the housing preservation department to rehabilitate 20,000 units in apartment buildings in central Brooklyn, the South Bronx and Harlem. At the same time, it has helped create about 1 million square feet of commercial and retail space in those communities.

Doing 'Great Things'

Sick Blocks, Made Better

When Deborah Wright wants to remind herself of what is possible, she goes to 140th Street between Adam Clayton Powell and Frederick Douglass Boulevards in Harlem.

''It was dubbed the sickest block in the city,'' said Ms. Wright, who served as housing commissioner from 1994 to 1996 and is now president of the Carver Federal Savings Bank. ''There was a two-page article in The Daily News and that was the headline, with a graphic showing the indices of distress: building code violations, sick children -- it may have been TB -- the percentage of people unemployed, drug incidents.''

Back then the city owned all but three buildings on the block. ''Most of the tenants weren't paying rent,'' Ms. Wright said, ''and, in my view, appropriately so because our service was so poor. Many buildings didn't have front doors, certainly no operating intercoms; trash bags all around. It was the poster child for what was wrong with our policy of holding onto these buildings.''

Eventually, through the Housing Partnership, the city handed over all its buildings to a combination of local private property managers and a nonprofit group, the Harlem Churches for Community Improvement. These days, the complete internal renovations of the fully occupied buildings, their stylish facades and canopies, their delicate detail work and the landscaped garden that once had been a garbage-strewn lot, offer a joyful contrast to the past.

''We brought together the city's most prominent banks and small local entrepreneurs, business people who were not typically on a first-name basis with major lenders,'' Ms. Wright said. ''You get local actors in the same room with major private resources and government as a third partner, and great things happen.''

Now, with the city's in rem stock largely dissipated, but its affordable development structure firmly in place, housing officials and advocates are examining a panoply of possibilities to continue their work.

Rafael Cestero, director of the New York office of the Enterprise Foundation, another leading intermediary, sees the need for a finely tuned piecemeal approach. ''The tricky part of what's next is that the problem isn't so visible,'' Mr. Cestero said. ''It's putting even more of an onus on us to hit all the nooks and crannies where poorly run property still exists.''

The Enterprise Foundation, which opened its New York office in 1987, was the creation of the late James Rouse, a Baltimore developer of planned communities who, in his later years, turned toward producing homes for poor people. Enterprise has created 15,000 units in New York City.

''A major challenge,'' Mr. Cestero said, ''is to purchase poorly run properties so they can be refinanced and rehabilitated as affordable projects. The idea is to work with financial institutions to develop early intervention strategies for acquiring properties facing foreclosure.''

''If you get in early and work with the banks, you can save the cost and pain of foreclosure to the bank and, frankly, to the landlord,'' Mr. Cestero said. ''You either work with the existing landlord who really wants to do a good job or with the bank to negotiate the purchase of the property prior to foreclosure.''

''There are literally thousands of units like that around New York,'' he said.

Larger Scale Actions

Using Rezonings And Other Means

Commissioner Donovan is thinking on a larger scale. Under the mayor's housing plan, he said: ''We have already, in partnership with City Planning, begun the most aggressive rezoning the city has ever seen.'' The process, so far, calls for a combination of upzonings -- which increase density -- and use changes for abandoned manufacturing sites in East Harlem, Park Slope, Morrisania and parts of Staten Island.

''We believe that just the rezonings recently completed or under way make room for between 30,000 and 50,000 new housing units,'' Mr. Donovan said. ''And we will be looking at many more in coming years.'' Some sites, he said, will require varying degrees of environmental remediation.

At the same time, the commissioner continued, ''We have already worked with the New York City Housing Authority to start revitalizing a number of their properties.''

It is a notion that boggles the mind of Ms. Wright, the former housing commissioner. It speaks of ''the remarkable success that the city, the private sector and the community groups had in revitalizing what were considered tough neighborhoods,'' she said.

''One constant in those neighborhoods is public housing,'' Ms. Wright said. ''Thirty years ago, no one believed you could sell a brownstone for $1 million literally a block from public housing. Today, a $1 million brownstone in Harlem is unremarkable.''

''Thirty years ago, nobody would have believed that land adjacent to Housing Authority property would be attractive for homeownership,'' she added. ''The time is right to blow away that myth.''

It could be co-ops or condominiums for lower-income people on those kinds of sites, said Naomi Bayer. Ms. Bayer is both director of the New York office of Fannie Mae, the mortgage-purchasing corporation, and chairwoman of the Housing Partnership.

''I think we're transitioning from the traditional two- and three-family homes that have been the model for the partnership over the past two decades into multifamily homeownership options like condominiums and cooperatives,'' Ms. Bayer said.

Two- and three-family homes have been the bellwether of the affordable housing movement because they allow the home buyer to use the rental income from the other units to help pay the mortgage. ''Condos and co-ops provide the opportunity for more units on a single site,'' Ms. Bayer said. ''Each buyer would benefit. So if it's a 200-unit property, there's 200 new homeowners on that site. And there would be a similar subsidy model to what has been used on the two- and three-unit properties.''

Whatever the complex formula, no one expects it to fully solve the city's chronic housing squeeze. From 1990 to 2002, according to City Planning Department statistics, the number of newly built units increased by 123,200. Over the same period, however, census data indicates, the city added more than 154,000 households.

At the same time, according to the 2002 New York City Housing and Vacancy Survey, 22.7 percent of all renters, or 460,000 households, pay more than half their income in rent, and 14.3 percent of all homeowners, or 143,000 households, pay more than 60 percent of their income for housing.

It took a lot for Carmen Liburd, 46, to afford her dream.

Ms. Liburd, a single mother of two daughters, worked day and night -- as a teacher's aide and caring for children with cerebral palsy -- scraping together the $20,000 down payment on a two-family partnership-built home on South Road in Jamaica, Queens. ''It ended up being my birthday present,'' she said. ''We closed two days before my birthday.'' That was in 1998.

While renting in the area, Ms. Liburd said, ''I saw the houses building up.''

''So,'' she said, ''I did the Joshua walk, like in the Bible when he walked around the walls of Jericho. I put down some footsteps. That's how I claimed that one day I would own one of these properties.''

Ms. Liburd is from the tiny Caribbean island of Nevis where ''people usually don't pay rent,'' she said. ''They stay home with their family and save up to buy, even if it's just a two-room house. That was the mentality, save to get your own.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: 212 West 140th Street in 1994, and in 1996 after renovation. Almost all buildings nearby have been restored after being in wretched condition. (Photographs by L. Racioppo/New York City Department of Housing Preservation and Development)(pg. 1)

Morton Place in the Bronx, before (1992) and after (1999) construction took place through the new homes program of the New York City Housing Partnership. (Photographs by L. Racioppo/New York City Department of Housing Preservation and Development)

Carmen Liburd and her daughter Larissa at their two-family home on South Road in Jamaica, Queens, purchased in 1998 for $250,000. (Photo by Stephanie Keith for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

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[***RITUALS: Families and Traditions;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5RV0-0005-G1WF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Quinceanera: A Girl Grows Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5RV0-0005-G1WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DONATELLA LORCH

By DONATELLA LORCH

**Dateline:** HOUSTON

**Body**

UNTIL Karla Chavez walked down the church aisle on her parents' arms, the entire Chavez family and the priest at St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church here had struggled to stay calm. First, traffic delayed the family's arrival; then, the six-member mariachi band they had hired turned out to have only two players. Even the Rev. David Zapalac, a Texan with Czechoslovak roots, was anxious -- about his proficiency in Spanish.

But as Karla reached the altar on a recent Saturday, Cinderella-like in her hooped pink frilled gown with puffed sleeves and skintight sequined bodice and topped with a pink tiara, she beamed with triumph. She twirled toward the congregation, turned serious again and listened intently as Father Zapalac began a Mass in Spanish to honor her quinceanera, her 15th birthday.

The quinceanera (pronounced KEEN-se-an-YEH-ra) made Karla queen for a day that began with the Mass and culminated in a huge fiesta: dinner for some 150 people, more mariachis, a disk jockey and a professionally made video.

"My mother asked me did I want a quinceanera or a trip?" Karla recalled. "You can have a trip anytime. I had good grades. I had no boyfriends. I was good. This is my reward. I am very happy."

If this centuries-old Latin American tradition both marks a young girl's passage into womanhood and celebrates her innocence, it also highlights the powerful role that age-old rituals play in modern American society. The quinceanera, celebrated wherever Hispanic families live, is as much a family statement, a reaffirmation of its cultural identity and its unity in a new world as it is an overblown birthday party.

It also underscores a struggle of the Roman Catholic Church, which is intent on maintaining a foothold among young Hispanics, who are increasingly wary of religion.

The tradition makes a teen-age girl face contradictions in her life. She is at an age when beer parties may seem more attractive than dancing a waltz with her father (a quinceanera tradition). Reaffirming baptismal vows and making a commitment to chastity might compete with the pressures faced by any young woman: boyfriends, having a baby, drugs or, in some neighborhoods, joining a gang.

Yet, the quince, as it is called here, endures. In Houston, where more than 30 percent of the population is Hispanic, priests say there are more quinceanera blessings than weddings. And there is marketing to match. Some shops focus entirely on outfits, and families fall into debt to pay for a celebration that can cost $50,000. Critical of the extravagance of quinceanera parties and of the widespread tendency to ignore the religious part of the tradition, the Catholic Church now promulgates guidelines through its dioceses but leaves it to each parish to adapt the guidelines to tradition. In Texas, some parishes perform quinceanera blessings by the dozens with no requirements, while others require lengthy religious preparations and still others refuse to do them altogether. Some families shop around to find a priest willing to perform a ceremony for a daughter unwilling to have religious training.

"We're trying to make sure the religious significance is maintained," said the Rev. Frank Rossi, chancellor of the Galveston-Houston Diocese. "With the church blessing comes the expectations of Christian living."

As for the huge sums that families spend on quinces, he said, "It's difficult for us to become the fashion patrol."

"It's a very vulnerable age," he said of the girls. "That's why the church is open to quinceaneras: because it provides us the opportunity to talk with our girls about the issues important to their lives."

Quinces are particularly popular among the first- and second-generation Hispanic immigrants. The tradition tends to dissipate by the third generation.

Karla's quince was tender with symbolism for the entire family. Born in El Salvador, she was raised there for nine years by her father's mother after her parents escaped the civil war and struggled to make a new life as American citizens. Her mother, Josy, now 31, never had a quince because at 15 she was pregnant with Karla.

Karla and her older brother, Mauricio, joined their parents in Houston in 1991. Now in 10th grade, a top student and a cheerleader, she dreams of becoming a dancer or a journalist. Next fall, she hopes to become an American citizen.

It was Josy Chavez who first insisted that Karla have a quince. For Mrs. Chavez, a bookkeeper, and her husband, Carlos, 34, the grill manager at the Houston Racquet Club, it was an opportunity to recreate a part of their culture and to honor their daughter, whose first decade they had missed. And it was a chance to bring together their extended family for the first time in 15 years.

The importance of the quinceanera for the Chavezes is an example of the enduring potency of public ritual in the United States.

"Ritual paces our lives," said Gina Bria, an anthropologist and kinship specialist who is a fellow at the Institute on Family Development, a social-sciences research group in New York. "It tells us what next step to take. It is a social process that allows us to have a public identity."

She added, "It helps people coalesce around a culture that is spreading out."

In the week before the celebration, the two-bedroom Chavez apartment filled with guests. Mr. Chavez's parents arrived from El Salvador, their first trip to the United States. His brother Ruben came from New Jersey. In all, 17 cousins and 6 aunts and uncles stayed in friends' apartments.

While rich families have always had lavish quince parties, ***working-class*** families in the United States now also splurge on such extravagances as limousines and elaborate dresses.

Karla's family saved for the last three years to give her a $10,000 party complete with a parade of damas and caballeros -- friends and relatives who escort the girl up the church aisle, each representing a year in her life. Then there was the jewelry: a ring, a necklace, a pair of earrings and a bracelet, as well as a Bible and rosary beads.

Certain Hispanic communities ask the godmothers and godfathers of the girl to share the cost. Karla's parents paid for all of it themselves. Although Karla did not do this, some young women are escorted down the church aisle by a male escort, a move that is frowned upon by the church, which insists that the celebration not resemble a wedding.

The church is concerned that the quince not be perceived by young women as a green light for becoming pregnant or viewed as another occasion for heavy drinking. The religious education the girls receive includes a reaffirmation of baptismal vows and a catechism class and stresses the need for sexual abstinence.

If having a quince officially transformed Karla into a young woman, it did not change her mother's mind on certain topics.

"She can have a boyfriend when she is in college," Mrs. Chavez said, only to be interrupted by Karla.

"My mother is scared because she was 15 when she got pregnant," Karla said. "But I don't want to do the same."

Yet, not every 15-year-old Hispanic girl may want a quince, cautioned Sister Juanita Martinez, who taught Karla in quinceanera classes at St. Ann's. It is often the mother who pushes a girl to have a quince, said Sister Juanita, who has worked in the parish for 12 years. Her modern and straightforward approach allows her to act as a bridge between teen-age girls and their parents (often single mothers) -- digging out the girls' fears, listening to their concerns.

Sister Juanita also teaches a class on sex education and on "how to say no." Sex is a topic that many parents in the parish have neglected to broach with their children, she said, so she invites parents to her lectures as well.

In each year's quince classes, Sister Juanita sees girls who drop out, run away from home, become pregnant. "These girls never stop to look at their lives," she said. "They just keep on going until something pops up, like a baby or a boyfriend. Some girls have a quinceanera and then immediately want a wedding.

"Another thing that happens is that the parents invest a lot of money. After the quince you discover the phone is disconnected and they're over here in the social ministries for help to pay rent and bills."

For months before the big day, Karla went to Sister Juanita's religion classes and helped teach catechism to children. She also worried about not eating too much. She wanted to be able to fit into the $600 dress the Chavezes ordered a year ago.

The morning of the ceremony, the whole family was up before dawn. First came the hairstyling and application of makeup at a friend's house.

"I'm worried about the church," Karla said. "What if I stumble?"

But anxiety really took over when she was late arriving home and there was only 15 minutes to dress. Mr. Chavez helped tie the hoops for her skirt. Mrs. Chavez slid the gown over the precarious hairdo. Mauricio helped her put on her zirconium earrings. There was barely time to grab a piece of gum and dash through the rain to the waiting white stretch limousine. The church ceremony, at 1 P.M., went off without a hitch.

At 6 P.M. the guests began pouring into the ballroom at the Houston Racquet Club. There was an ice sculpture, two huge cream cakes, pink knives to cut the cake and an extensive Mexican buffet including margaritas. The mariachis performed. (It was easier to find mariachis than Salvadoran singers.) Karla turned down a glass of champagne, preferring soda.

At the dance she was very much her own woman. She mingled with the guests. She asked the boys to dance. The disco lights began to flash and the merengue rhythms kicked in. The floor filled up, a forest of spike heels and sensuously moving hips. Karla's grandparents sat and watched as her pink dress swept across the dance floor.

"In Salvador, the parties are so much smaller, more humble," her paternal grandmother, Marta Chavez, said somewhat wistfully. "There was the war for so long. But this is very special. I raised her, too. In a way, she was like a daughter. I look at her now and I see a young woman."

**Graphic**

Photos: 7 P.M. -- Facing her guests and serenaded by mariachis, Karla Chavez basks in a day that is truly hers. 9:15 P.M. -- The big family moment of the quinceanera tradition: Karla's waltz with her father, Carlos Chavez. (Photographs by F. Carter Smith for The New York Times)(pg. C4); 9 A.M. -- Please, no bad hair day! A friend sprays every strand into place. 11:50 A.M. -- Panic! Dressing with her mother, Josy Chavez, in 15 minutes. 1:30 P.M. -- Receiving a blessing from the Rev. David Zapalac. 6:20 P.M. -- Centuries of tradition have led up to Karla Chavez's entrance to her dance at Houston Racquet Club, on the night of her coming-of-age. 9:30 P.M. The evening's still young: at least three hours of dancing to go. (Photographs by F. Carter Smith for The New York Times)(pg. C1)

**Load-Date:** February 1, 1996

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[***The Nine Lives of a Topless Bar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K2Y-1S00-TW8F-G1YV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL BRICK

**Body**

When the metal door bangs shut, the daylight is gone. Distorted guitars climb a mountainous drumbeat and a voice snarls Spanish. Thin strands of neon shine dim pink on women in worn lace and on the mirror, where the sign says, ''Shut Up and Drink.''

Outside, a cursive inscription promises 200 girls onstage at the Sweet Cherry, a corner bar the size of a railroad car on 42nd Street in Sunset Park, Brooklyn. All down the gravelly paved road, the husks of wasted dragsters and bashed police trucks await salvage or dissection.

In this corner of Brooklyn, where the corporate forces of business and tourism have banished the purveyors of seediness and smut, the last of the low-rent strip parlors have achieved something like indestructibility -- even if they are routinely the scenes for crimes; even if their neighbors want them gone. Their tiny survival stories evoke the sometime futilities of a huge municipal force battling a small, notorious menace.

''I wish I could be more optimistic,'' said Felix W. Ortiz, an assemblyman from Sunset Park who has campaigned to close the Sweet Cherry, ''and tell you that we're coming to closure.''

But he can't.

In a matter of decades, New York has recast itself as a new American polestar, where crime rates are low, welfare is closely policed and smoking and honking carry fines. Long after Disney claimed Times Square, after the peep shows took to the side streets and stocked subtler offerings, the last of the dive strip parlors survive by keeping to the industrial zones and parrying in court.

Among them, Sweet Cherry is a great champion, brazen and near untouchable. The authorities have documented an in-house narcotics trade, pronounced the club a brothel and charged the manager with rape. (He has pleaded not guilty.) Once, patrons repeatedly stabbed an off-duty police officer, who lost partial use of his right hand. Once, a manager of bouncers for Sweet Cherry was shot dead in his apartment.

But despite two civil actions by the Police Department, voluminous criminal charges and neighborhood protests, the club has been closed for a total of just six days this year. Eleven days after its latest reopening, two dancers were charged with breaking a beer bottle over somebody's head.

In 1993, the city counted 68 topless bars. By 2000 there were 57. The Law Department now counts 21 that could be closed if certain zoning rules are approved in court. About 10 more -- including Sweet Cherry -- remain within the zoning bounds.

For all the city's efforts, these last clubs have the law on their side. Unable to use the zoning laws as a bludgeon, the city's various attempts to close Sweet Cherry for the crimes it says have occurred there have all failed.

''If they are in the right zone, they can have a girl or girls dancing in the club and not be shut down, because the United States Supreme Court has said you can't be shut down completely,'' said Herald Price Fahringer, a First Amendment lawyer who has represented many of the clubs. ''They're abiding by the law.''

But zoning laws aren't the city's only weapons. The police and district attorneys employ the tools of traditional law enforcement, alongside newer strategies, like civil nuisance-abatement lawsuits.

The survival of the Sweet Cherry, told in court documents, interviews, legislative correspondence, business reports and public hearings, traces the vestiges of a presumed bygone in New York: Down by the waterfront, an unreconstructed house of sex, drugs and violence fights City Hall. Its weapons are its obscure address and a decent Court Street lawyer.

A decade into the city's clean-living campaign, the metal door bangs open and shut long past midnight. Sales were $1.05 million last year.

Bucking the City's Plans

The Sweet Cherry counts as its chairman Louis Kapelow, a Manhattan Beach businessman whose court affairs have included an unpaid $10,000 promissory note and a disputed homeowner's liability policy, which Lloyd's of London claimed he obtained after his tree fell onto a neighbor's property. His company was registered on Aug. 10, 1995, and granted a liquor license Jan. 5, 1996.

That summer, Joseph and James DeNicola acquired the property at 202 42nd Street. The architecture, a two-story shotgun with a diagonal door frame to face 42nd Street and Second Avenue, was of the classic corner bar style more common to South Philadelphia than to South Brooklyn, and the certificate of occupancy called for an ''eating and drinking place without restrictions on entertainment.''

That description suited the Sweet Cherry, though the prospects for the venture were uncertain. New rules championed by Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani set an October 1996 deadline to close peep shows, video stores and clubs within 500 feet of schools, homes, churches and one another. The altered landscape left room in tired manufacturing zones behind the barriers of expressways.

In Sunset Park, Club 37, Corrado's and Wild Wild West clustered inside a half-mile stretch. Entering this field, the Sweet Cherry made no pretense of grandeur. The club was outfitted with a D.J. booth, three amplifiers and an equalizer. The left side became a fully stocked bar, the right an elevated stage cordoned with strip poles and an arcade machine.

A walled section in back obscured a chamber for private dances and a storage space for beer. A staircase led to a basement dressing room for dancers like Diamond, whose real name was Jennifer, and Chastity, whose real name was Chastity.

The compacted striptease market sought a regional audience, but the city had other plans for the waterfront. An enormous Costco store opened beside the Gowanus Expressway on Nov. 21, 1996, with plans for an Ikea, a cruise ship port and luxury condominiums in nearby Red Hook to follow.

Trade was returning in the form of artisans' shops, and Chinese and Latino immigrants settled in Sunset Park a short walk from the former Brooklyn Army Terminal. A manufacturing wasteland was becoming a thriving industrial zone fringed by young families. The strip parlors began to draw complaints.

''It's a ***working-class*** community, a community with a lot of churches,'' said Elizabeth Yeampierre, executive director of the United Puerto Rican Organization of Sunset Park. ''They're particularly incensed that there are so many of these facilities along Second and Third Avenues.''

'Litigational Sumo'

The stranger waited by the bar. It was April 17, 1999, a mild, dry Saturday. After a while, two people brought a green Ziploc bag of cocaine from the back room and the stranger paid $20. The currency was recorded. The stranger, Undercover Officer 31931 of the Brooklyn South Narcotics Division, later repeated the transaction four times over the next three months.

In a sworn statement, the officer neither named nor described the drug dealers. The target was the setting, the Sweet Cherry. The police were documenting a pattern of crime, planning to seek sanctions under civil nuisance abatement laws.

''This is litigational sumo wrestling,'' said Robert F. Messner, assistant commissioner for the Civil Enforcement Unit of the department's Legal Bureau. ''It's very quick, it's very fast, it's very brutal.''

Three months after the first drug purchase, Detective Kurt Vikki entered the club with a search warrant and arrested 12 people on drug charges. The police sent a letter to Joseph DeNicola.

''You have an obligation,'' the letter said, ''to ensure that your property is not used for criminal activity.''

The club turned to a legal team including Lance G. Lazzaro, a St. John's School of Law graduate who keeps an office on Court Street in Brooklyn and shares the workload with Randy Lazzaro, his brother. The lawyers argued that management was not necessarily aware of the drugs.

The officer had visited on weekends, when as many as 70 people filled the 300-square-foot club. The music was usually loud. The undercover officer's behavior gave no cause for suspicion.

''Because one goes to a topless bar to observe semi-naked women,'' the lawyers wrote, ''it is natural to assume that anyone sitting at the bar has his back to the employee or employees behind the bar.''

On Aug. 5, 1999, in Brooklyn Civil Court, Justice Joseph F. Bruno ordered the club closed, but only temporarily, as a warning. He set a $25,000 fine and told the management to fire some employees and install metal detectors.

''A lot of times, judges use it like jail time,'' Mr. Messner said. '' 'Look, this is a serious charge, I'm going to get your attention by shutting you down for a couple of days.' ''

Forty-one days later, the Sweet Cherry was back in business.

Police Officer Stabbed

Joseph Continanzi double-parked on Second Avenue just before 3 a.m. It was Dec. 8, 1999, three months after the Sweet Cherry's reopening. Mr. Continanzi, 29, had been a police officer for nine years, but he was not on duty that night. His girlfriend, Michele Miranda, rode in the passenger seat.

A doorman was guarding the club, and three men were standing on the sidewalk holding beer bottles. Ms. Miranda went inside to get a friend, but when she returned the loiterers grabbed at her. Officer Continanzi got out of the car.

''At which point three or four more came out from the bar with bottles, began hitting me with bottles, punching me, kicking me,'' he later recalled. ''I was stabbed several times and I was on the floor going in and out of consciousness.''

Two of the attackers pleaded guilty to assault, but a lawsuit seeking damages failed. The Sweet Cherry's lawyers argued that the doorman's responsibilities ended at the door.

Around Sunset Park, pressure was increasing. Assemblyman Ortiz asked Mayor Giuliani to extend the perimeter between sex clubs and homes. The borough president asked the Buildings Department to look for zoning violations. The outcry grew in 2002 when an off-duty police officer left the Wild Wild West club drunk and ran down two women, one of whom was pregnant, and a 4-year-old boy, killing all of them.

''Sweet Cherry was one of the strip clubs that we had prior to the zoning law,'' said Jeremy Laufer, district manager for Community Board 7, which includes Sunset Park. ''This is really a sore point in the community.''

The next campaign against the Sweet Cherry drew the attention of the district attorney, Charles J. Hynes, who assigned the Money Laundering and Revenue Crimes Bureau, the Special Investigations Unit and the Rackets Bureau to the case. It all began with a job interview.

A Rape Complaint

Gabriel R. Bertonazzi stands 6 foot 3, 285 pounds, with sideburns to his jowls, a ponytail to his shoulder blades and a dark brown goatee. He favors knee-length leather coats.

Mr. Bertonazzi, 45, was once listed as liaison for the Michael Bertonazzi U.S.A. Foundation, which says in a philanthropic directory that it exists to ''aid the children of all the world.''

But on March 8, 2004, Mr. Bertonazzi was employed as manager of the Sweet Cherry, and his task was evaluating the talents of a teenager born in June 1987. By the girl's account, he asked to see her breasts, hips and legs and then asked her to dance. She got the job.

Seven months later, vice detectives raided the club to check ID's. The new dancer, at 17 still under age, told them her job interview had included forcible rape. The detectives arrested Mr. Bertonazzi, who made $5,000 bail. His rape case is pending. He kept his job, but he brought more scrutiny to the club than his employers knew.

Over the next six months, a prosecution unit devoted to organized crime and violent gangs orchestrated a series of drug purchases at the Sweet Cherry. This time the operation was more complex. Undercover officers worked with confidential informants, starting small and building trust.

On March 10, 2005, officials said, investigators bought two bags of cocaine and one of marijuana. By April, the authorities said, bouncers and managers were offering them 10 bags of cocaine at a time, or 16 of marijuana or a handful of ecstasy. On May 2 that year, the police raided the club, taking financial records and arresting five people, including Mr. Bertonazzi. The next day, the authorities publicized the new crackdown.

''This should serve as a warning,'' Mr. Hynes said. ''If you seek to profit from drug sales and under-age dancers, not only will you be prosecuted, but we will do everything in our power to shut you down.''

Relentless Legal Defense

A rotating cast of judges, assistant district attorneys and Police Department lawyers handle cases against the Sweet Cherry and its workers, but the defense is unified.

Nearly any problem prompts a call to Mr. Lazzaro. His practice has included rapists and loan sharks, but for variety, few clients can match Sweet Cherry.

As the city increased its efforts, the club seemed incapable of keeping a low profile. In November 2005, over the objections of the community board, the State Liquor Authority renewed the club's license through Halloween 2007.

Later that month, Irving Matos, 42, who arranged jobs for bouncers, failed to show up for work and was found slumped over a couch in his basement apartment, dead from a bullet to the head. Last week, when the police arrested another bouncer, Stephen Sakai, on charges of shooting patrons at a Chelsea nightclub, law enforcement officials said he had briefly worked at Sweet Cherry, had known Mr. Matos and was being questioned in his killing.

The force of the city's reinvigorated campaign landed on Jan. 5. In response to a new lawsuit, a judge ordered the Sweet Cherry closed, but the authorities did not rest on the victory. That same day, an undercover officer paid a dancer $60 to agree to have sex. The officer had to pay the manager $10, too.

Six days later, Mr. Lazzaro disputed the closing order in court. The city's witnesses never showed up, even when the hearing was delayed until after lunch, and Justice Sylvia Hinds-Radix vacated the order.

Two weekends later, after midnight on a Saturday, the police were called to the Sweet Cherry to rescue a dancer who was bleeding from the head after being hit with a beer bottle. Officers arrested Christina Dellaperuto, a green-eyed dancer with an angel tattoo, and Abigail Batista, a brunette who dances in black work boots. The next week, the city filed a statement describing the Sweet Cherry as a house of prostitution and asked for another closing order.

''Police raids, arrests and criminal proceedings,'' wrote Tzivyah Weber, a Police Department lawyer, ''have not stopped the illegal activity.''

In court, city lawyers have argued that the drug sales alone justified shutting the club, but they have not called their confidential informants and undercover officers to testify to the drugs, violence or prostitution. On May 11, a young city lawyer appeared in Justice Hinds-Radix's courtroom opposite Randy Lazzaro, who was substituting for his brother on behalf of the Sweet Cherry.

''The burden is on you,'' Justice Hinds-Radix told the city lawyer, ''to tell me if they're in violation of my order.''

With no new witnesses to discuss, the lawyers began setting a schedule for trial at the end of the summer.

In criminal court, Lance Lazzaro has won delays in the drug and rape cases against Mr. Bertonazzi, who has pleaded not guilty.

At a hearing before Justice John P. Walsh, Lance Lazzaro argued that prosecutors were not disclosing evidence from their sprawling investigations of the Sweet Cherry, Mr. Bertonazzi, the dancers, the bouncers and the other workers.

Justice Walsh set another hearing.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sweet Cherry, at 42nd Street and Second Avenue in Sunset Park, Brooklyn. Despite legal efforts to shut it down, it has been closed just six days this year. (Photos by Angela Jimenez for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

A customer leaves Sweet Cherry. Law-enforcement authorities have tried to link the bar to drug dealing, rape, assault and prostitution, but it has survived the legal battles. (Photo by Angela Jimenez for The New York Times)

Gabriel R. Bertonazzi, the manager of Sweet Cherry. (pg. B8)Chart/Map: ''Strip Clubs Under Fire''These 21 topless bars could be closed if certain zoning rules are approved in court. About 10 others not on the map, including Sweet Cherry in Brooklyn, comply with zoning rules.Map of Manhattan and Brooklyn highlights the aforementioned topless bars:Bare EleganceLacePrivate EyesStilettoVIP ClubNY DollsPussy Cat LoungeScoresUnicornFun CityHQ Gentleman's CabaretTensPhenomenonFoxesVixenHoneysGoldfingersWigglesCirclesRivieraGolden Lady(pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** May 31, 2006

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[***STAGE VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B8K0-0007-H03F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***INNOVATION BLOSSOMS ON THE FRINGES OF PARIS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B8K0-0007-H03F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Rosette C. Lamont; Rosette C. Lamont is a visiting professor at the Institute of Theater Studies of the Sorbonne Nouvelle.

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

Just as Off Broadway is the locus of experimental theater in New York, so too in France one must generally venture out of Paris to view innovative stagings or discover new plays. It is outside the city limits that one finds the artistically venturesome ''theatres peripheriques,'' the suburban theaters strategically located in the ***working-class*** districts that encircle the city: Bobigny, St. Denis, Nanterre, Aubervilliers.

The existence of these so-called Off Paris theaters can be traced back to the early 1960's, when Andre Malraux, President de Gaulle's Minister of Culture, began to implement a policy of decentralization to lessen the gravitational pull of Paris. To effect this program, Malraux created ''les Maisons de la Culture,'' local centers with spaces for theater productions, film projections, gallery shows, readings and lectures. These houses of culture were handsomely subsidized and entrusted to some of France's leading young theater directors. The effectiveness of these centers, however, depended on the organizational skills and artistic imagination of their administrators.

The ''Maison de la Culture'' in the Paris suburb of Bobigny, northeast of the city, was supposed to be directed, starting a year ago, by the dissident creator of Moscow's Taganka theater, Yuri Lyubimov, but the community resisted the idea of having a Soviet dissenter in its midst. The Bobigny theater, now in the hands of Rene Gonzales, the former director of the Gerard Philipe theater at St. Denis, seems entirely apolitical in its programming.

The most striking production of Mr. Gonzales's first season was an operatic rendition of Peter Weiss's ''Marat-Sade'' by the Compagnia dell Collettivo di Parma. The work was directed by Walter Le Moli, whose idea it was to have the text recited to Vivaldi's ''Four Seasons.'' Gone was the expressionist approach to portraying madness that characterized the landmark performances of ''Marat-Sade'' by the companies of Konrad Swinarski and Peter Brook. However, the feeling of being invited to the Charenton mental hospital to view de Sade's ''Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat'' was somewhat strengthened by the constant presence of a chamber orchestra upon a platform. The recitativo style of acting, a great challenge to the actors, added a sacerdotal touch to the proceedings, and the tapestry of foreign accents by an international cast, which included David Warrilow as Marat and Daniel Emilfork as de Sade, lent a rich, disquieting feeling of estrangement. Madness as a political metaphor was still an integral part of the spectacle, but it was held in check by the musical form, bursting out only on occasion.

Bobigny's gain has been the loss of the Theatre Gerard Philipe at St. Denis, north of Paris. The theater has been renamed the T.G.P. Daniel Mesguich, in honor of its newly appointed director, the movie and television actor Daniel Mesguich. Mr. Mesguich takes pride in breaking up classical masterpieces by reordering the sequence of the scenes, or sneaking into a play a medley of characters from other well-known dramatic works. Thus Mr. Mesguich's ''Romeo and Juliet'' was haunted by Racine's Phedre, Richard II, Hugo's Ruy Blas, Hamlet, Cyrano and Moliere's Don Juan, all of whom actually make appearances on stage.

The theater's 1985-86 season opened with Musset's ''Lorenzaccio,'' one of the most poetic and political dramas of the 19th century. Before the opening, the director jolted the press with the statement: ''I'm staging Arthur Rimbaud's 'Lorenzaccio' - the 'Lorenzaccio' Rimbaud or Nerval might have written - not Musset's. This is my personal reverie upon the text.''

As a result, the picture of political tyranny - the historical re-creation of the 1537 assassination of Alexander of Medici, Duke of Florence, by his cousin Lorenzaccio -vanished. All that was left was a dramatization of the pathological love/hate of the young Lorenzaccio for the duke, whom he assists as panderer in his orgies. Among the ever-present elements of Mr. Mesguich's stage language are black leather garb, kisses between victim and murderer at the moment of assassination, hysterical laughter and overblown, Grand Guignol gesturing.

Like the new theater at St. Denis, Patrice Chereau's Theatre des Amandiers at Nanterre, west of Paris, attracts both the intelligentsia and a chic Parisian audience. Although listed among the ''theatres peripheriques,'' the magnificent space of the Amandiers is no suburban operation. It is equipped with all the latest state-of-the-art technical facilities (portions of the stage can be raised, lowered and flooded to form pools, lakes and flowing streams, and sets can travel across the stage both right and left). Except for the Theatre de la Ville in the center of town, at the Chatelet, no Paris theater can boast of such possibilities. However, this embarrassment of riches often proves a liability as a play disappears, swallowed up by the ballet of mobile walls and shifting surfaces, chiaroscuro lighting and such allusive sound effects as the roar of the tide and the barking of wild dogs.

These days, in France a show is typically the joint creation of the director and the stage, set, sound and lighting designers, with the dramatist and actors taking second place. At the Amandiers, the duo of Mr. Chereau, director, and Richard Peduzzi, his regular stage designer, sets the somber, grandiloquent tone of the productions.

Mr. Chereau, who has directed such works as Edward Bond's ''Lear'' and Ibsen's ''Peer Gynt'' at the Theatre National Populaire near Lyons, has been leaning in the direction of the operatic gesture. That predilection found its proper expression in his staging of the ''Ring'' at Bayreuth in 1976 and Berg's ''Lulu'' in 1979 at the Paris Opera, but it obscures and overwhelms the thinly poetic text of the young house dramatist, Bernard-Marie Koltes.

The concluding show of the 1985-86 season at the Amandiers was Mr. Koltes's ''Quai Ouest,'' set in a shipping warehouse full of rotting crates and rusty metal containers at the edge of a nameless river near a port. The play's characters meet in this wasteland, which suggests New York's Hudson River waterfront, despite program notes that specifically deny this connection. The text, however, conveys the European mythic vision of America's love of money, raw violence and racial strife. Monique, a character who has driven a despondent friend to this spot, evokes it as it once was: ''This used to be a middle-class neighborhood with coffeehouses, shops, parks, trees, with children playing, artisans practicing their crafts, retirees; an ordinary, innocent world. Not so long ago! Now anyone getting lost here could be murdered in broad daylight, his body tossed into the river with no one venturing to look for it.''

The drifters, business failures, political refugees and uprooted ethnics who meet among the sliding crates and high, mobile walls of this space indulge in pipe dreams, brief couplings, petty larceny and murder. They speak a strangely accented language, the Esperanto of the hopeless. The play ends with a silent young black shooting his best friend, a white boy, who claims to live for the day when he will make his way out of the lower depths.

In this star-studded co-production (with the Comedie Francaise), the arresting presence of Maria Casares lends depth to what might have been merely an elegant production. The Spanish-born Miss Casares is one of Mr. Chereau's regulars and was the leading actress in many dramas by her friend Albert Camus. Her diatribe in Spanish and in the Indian language of Quechua - no translations are provided for either tongue - conveys the sense of loss that permeates the drama.

Earlier in the season, Miss Casares figured prominently in a production at Aubervilliers, a theater just north of Paris that attracts both young local residents and sophisticated Parisians in search of freshness and innovation. Miss Casares's portrayal of a terrorist bomb thrower served to highlight the ironic surrealism of ''La Nuit de Madame Lucienne'' (''Madame Lucienne's Night''). The work is a mock-Pirandellian melodrama (the author is in search of his characters during a rehearsal that might actually be real life), complete with hand puppet of a rat. ''La Nuit de Madame Lucienne'' was written by Copi, an Argentine dramatist/cartoonist who lives in Paris, and directed by another Argentine, Jorge Lavelli, who made his mark in Paris by staging Ionesco's somber farce, ''Killing Games.''

This jewel box of an Italian playhouse, patterned after the one at Parma, is under the imaginative leadership of Alfredo Arias, yet another Argentine. (The Latin American presence is strong at this theater.) ''Whether one interprets the classics or creates new works, the important thing to remember is not to break the mirror,'' Mr. Arias explains. ''Theater is magic, an architecture of dreams and illusions, but if you do it right - as I hope we will -then your audience will be diversified, as it was in Shakespeare's time.''

As all these efforts indicate, the decentralized theaters surrounding the city are providing a variety of options for those endowed with the spirit of adventure or afflicted with a jaded appetite, and have attracted a Parisian audience to the city's periphery. Just as New York's Off Broadway serves as a magnet for unusual and stimulating theatrical offerings, so too do the theaters outside Paris provide offbeat and provocative fare that theatergoers would not be likely to find elsewhere. Vivent les differences!

**Graphic**

Photo of Maria Casares (Agence de Presse Bernand)

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[***Lost Knowledge***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DSK-7HV1-DXY4-X509-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The examination to become a London cabby is possibly the most difficult test in the world -- demanding years of study to memorize the labyrinthine city's 25,000 streets and any business or landmark on them. As GPS and Uber imperil this tradition, is there an argument for learning as an end in itself?

At 10 past 6 on a January morning a couple of winters ago, a 35-year-old man named Matt McCabe stepped out of his house in the town of Kenley, England, got on his Piaggio X8 motor scooter, and started driving north. McCabe's destination was Stour Road, a small street in a desolate patch of East London, 20 miles from his suburban home. He began his journey by following the A23, a major thruway connecting London with its southern outskirts, whose origins are thought to be ancient: For several miles the road follows the straight line of the Roman causeway that stretched from London to Brighton. McCabe exited the A23 in the South London neighborhood of Streatham and made his way through the streets, arriving, about 20 minutes after he set out, at an intersection officially called Windrush Square but still referred to by locals, and on most maps, as Brixton Oval. There, McCabe faced a decision: how to plot his route across the River Thames. Should he proceed more or less straight north and take London Bridge, or bear right into Coldharbour Lane and head for ''the pipe,'' the Rotherhithe Tunnel, which snakes under the Thames two miles downriver?

''At first I thought I'd go for London Bridge,'' McCabe said later. ''Go straight up Brixton Road to Kennington Park Road and then work my line over. I knew that I could make my life a lot easier, to not have to waste brainpower thinking about little roads -- doing left-rights, left-rights. And then once I'd get over London Bridge, it'd be a quick trip: I'd work it up to Bethnal Green Road, Old Ford Road, and boom-boom-boom, I'm there. It's a no-brainer. But no. I was thinking about the traffic, about everyone going to the City at that hour of the morning. I thought, 'What can I do to skirt central London?' That was my key decision point. I didn't want to sit in the traffic lights. So I decided to take Coldharbour Lane and head for the pipe.''

McCabe turned east on Coldharbour Lane, wending through the neighborhoods of Peckham and Bermondsey before reaching the tunnel. He emerged on the far side of the Thames in Limehouse, and from there his three-mile-long trip followed a zigzagging path northeast. ''I came out of the tunnel and went forward into Yorkshire Road,'' he told me. ''I went right into Salmon Lane. Left into Rhodeswell Road, right into Turners Road. I went right into St. Paul's Way, left into Burdett Road, right into Mile End Road. Left Tredegar Square. I went right Morgan Street, left Coborn Road, right into Tredegar Road. That gave me a forward into Wick Lane, a right into Monier Road, right into Smeed Road -- and we're there. Left into Stour Road.''

We were there, on Stour Road. It was a cold day, with temperatures hovering just above freezing, and snow in the forecast. For McCabe, on his bike, the wind chill made it feel considerably colder. He was dressed for the weather: a thermal shirt, a sweater, an insulated raincoat, Gore-Tex pants pulled over his jeans, gloves, work boots, a knit cap under his motorcycle helmet. McCabe is a tall man, about 6-foot-2, and he is solidly built, like a central defender on a soccer team. He's handsome, with a wide smile and blond hair. He speaks in short sentences, snappy and definitive, especially when talking about London. We were in Hackney Wick, an industrial area adjacent to Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park, where the 2012 Olympic Games were held. Stour Road sits in a particularly remote corner of the neighborhood -- a few wind-lashed streets, lined with warehouses, hemmed in by canals and a highway flyover.

''They call this area Fish Island,'' McCabe said. ''I'm not much of a fisherman, but many of the roads here are named for fishes -- freshwater fishes, I believe. So just here you've got Bream Street.'' He gestured down a road where a lumberyard was set back behind a corrugated metal fence. ''Follow that to the end, you'll come to Dace Road. You've got Roach Road. All names of fishes.''

McCabe had spent the last three years of his life thinking about London's roads and landmarks, and how to navigate between them. In the process, he had logged more than 50,000 miles on motorbike and on foot, the equivalent of two circumnavigations of the Earth, nearly all within inner London's dozen boroughs and the City of London financial district. He was studying to be a London taxi driver, devoting himself full-time to the challenge that would earn him a cabby's ''green badge'' and put him behind the wheel of one of the city's famous boxy black taxis.

Actually, ''challenge'' isn't quite the word for the trial a London cabby endures to gain his qualification. It has been called the hardest test, of any kind, in the world. Its rigors have been likened to those required to earn a degree in law or medicine. It is without question a unique intellectual, psychological and physical ordeal, demanding unnumbered thousands of hours of immersive study, as would-be cabbies undertake the task of committing to memory the entirety of London, and demonstrating that mastery through a progressively more difficult sequence of oral examinations -- a process which, on average, takes four years to complete, and for some, much longer than that. The guidebook issued to prospective cabbies by London Taxi and Private Hire (LTPH), which oversees the test, summarizes the task like this:

To achieve the required standard to be licensed as an ''All London'' taxi driver you will need a thorough knowledge, primarily, of the area within a six-mile radius of Charing Cross. You will need to know: all the streets; housing estates; parks and open spaces; government offices and departments; financial and commercial centres; diplomatic premises; town halls; registry offices; hospitals; places of worship; sports stadiums and leisure centres; airline offices; stations; hotels; clubs; theatres; cinemas; museums; art galleries; schools; colleges and universities; police stations and headquarters buildings; civil, criminal and coroner's courts; prisons; and places of interest to tourists. In fact, anywhere a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.

If anything, this description understates the case. The six-mile radius from Charing Cross, the putative center-point of London marked by an equestrian statue of King Charles I, takes in some 25,000 streets. London cabbies need to know all of those streets, and how to drive them -- the direction they run, which are one-way, which are dead ends, where to enter and exit traffic circles, and so on. But cabbies also need to know everything on the streets. Examiners may ask a would-be cabby to identify the location of any restaurant in London. Any pub, any shop, any landmark, no matter how small or obscure -- all are fair game. Test-takers have been asked to name the whereabouts of flower stands, of laundromats, of commemorative plaques. One taxi driver told me that he was asked the location of a statue, just a foot tall, depicting two mice sharing a piece of cheese. It's on the facade of a building in Philpot Lane, on the corner of Eastcheap, not far from London Bridge.

If you go to LTPH headquarters, where the examinations are conducted, you will behold a grim bureaucratic scene, not much different than the one you might find in an office devoted to tax audits: nervous test-takers, dressed in suits, shuffling into one-on-one sessions with stone-faced examiners. But for more than a century, since the first green badge was issued to a hackney cabman piloting a horse-drawn carriage, the test has been known by a name that carries a whiff of the occult: the Knowledge of London.

The origins of the Knowledge are unclear -- lost in the murk of Victorian municipal history. Some trace the test's creation to the Great Exhibition of 1851, when London's Crystal Palace played host to hundreds of thousands of visitors. These tourists, the story goes, inundated the city with complaints about the ineptitude of its cabmen, prompting authorities to institute a more demanding licensing process. The tale may be apocryphal, but it is certain that the Knowledge was in place by 1884: City records for that year contain a reference to 1,931 applicants for the ''examination as to the 'knowledge' [of]...principal streets and squares and public buildings.''

In 2014, in any case, the Knowledge is steeped in regimens and rituals that have been around as long as anyone can remember. Taxi-driver candidates -- known as Knowledge boys and, increasingly today, Knowledge girls -- are issued a copy of the so-called ''Blue Book.'' This guidebook contains a list of 320 ''runs,'' trips from Point A to Point B: Manor House Station to Gibson Square, Jubilee Gardens to Royal London Hospital, Dryburgh Road to Vicarage Crescent, etc. The candidate embarks on the Knowledge by making these runs -- that is, by physically going to Manor House Station and finding the shortest route that can be legally driven to Gibson Square, and then doing the same thing 319 more times, for the other Blue Book runs.

But the Knowledge is not simply a matter of way-finding. The key is a process called ''pointing,'' studying the stuff on the streets: all those places ''a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.'' Knowledge boys have developed a system of pointing that some call ''satelliting,'' whereby the candidate travels in a quarter-mile radius around a run's starting and finishing points, poking around, identifying landmarks, making notes. By this method, the theory goes, a Knowledge student can commit to memory not just the streets but the streetscape -- the curve of the road, the pharmacy on the corner, the mice nibbling on cheese in the architrave.

Decades ago, most Knowledge boys did their runs on bicycles. Now, nearly all test-takers buy or lease motorbikes. In 2014, there are thousands of men and women plying the city's streets on two wheels, at all hours, in all weather, doing runs and gathering points. It's a ubiquitous London sight: a Knowledge boy on a bike, with a map or notepad strapped to his Plexiglas windscreen. When the candidate has completed his 320 Blue Book runs -- and his accompanying 640 quarter-mile radii point-gathering expeditions -- he will have covered the whole of central London. At which time he takes a brief written exam, proceeds to the first stage of the oral examination process, and the test begins in earnest.

The testing takes place at the LTPH office in a series of ''appearances,'' face-to-face encounters between Knowledge candidate and examiner. The test-taker is asked to ''call a run'': to identify the location of two points and to fluidly recite the shortest route between the points, naming all the streets along the way. A Knowledge boy is first given 56 days between appearances to study; then, as he progresses, 28 days, and 21. The questions, meanwhile, get harder, with candidates asked to locate more obscure points and to recite longer, more byzantine journeys across London's byways. Each appearance consists of four runs, and each run is scored according to an elaborate numerical system. Your total score earns you a letter grade, from AA to D. (AA's are exceedingly rare; D's aren't.) Candidates who acquire too many bad grades are bumped backward -- ''red-lined'' from appearances every 28 days back to every 56 days, or from 21s to 28s. There is no such thing as ''failing'' the Knowledge. You can either quit, or persevere and pass: proceed all the way through to the end of your 21-day appearances, gaining sufficient points to earn your ''req'' -- to meet the ''required standard,'' and complete the test.

For Matt McCabe, that goal was within spitting distance. He was''on 21s, on six points,'' making appearances just three weeks apart, with six points on his tally, and only six more needed -- just two solid appearances, perhaps, away from getting his req. It was a pointing mission that brought McCabe to Fish Island that morning in January. He'd visited the neighborhood before, but had heard that a new point had come up in a candidate's appearance a couple of days earlier. So he'd returned to take another look at the area -- in particular, at H. Forman & Son, a wholesale fishmonger on Stour Road.

''Forman's is quite famous,'' McCabe said. He was standing outside the H. Forman & Son warehouse, a shedlike structure the size of a small airplane hangar. ''They supply fish to the top restaurants in London. But now they've opened their own restaurant.'' McCabe scrutinized the menu posted on a wall outside the building. He took a note on a small pad: ''Chef: Lloyd Hardwick.'' Hardwick, McCabe discovered by checking Google, had been the executive chef at the sleek restaurant on the top floor of the Tate Modern museum. ''You have to look into these things. You know, the examiner could turn around and say, 'Name me two Angela Hartnett restaurants,' or 'Name me four Gordon Ramsay restaurants.'â€‰'' McCabe showed me a sign indicating that the restaurant also housed an art gallery. ''You've got to note that. Instead of Formans restaurant, the examiner might give you Forman's Smokehouse Gallery. That could be enough to throw you off.''

McCabe said: ''This is an up-and-coming area. It looks like nothing, you know -- but you put a bit of paint on the brickworks, smarten the place up, and all of a sudden it becomes a spot for little boutique stores or the up-and-coming D.J.s. You've got warehouse conversions; you'll see guys coming out of the buildings in the morning -- suit-and-tie, briefcase. If you're driving a cab, you could pick someone up in the City at the end of the day heading back this way.''

McCabe had spent his entire professional life in the building trade. He'd worked alongside his father, an electrical engineer, and then as the owner of his own small firm specializing in roof maintenance, steel work and asbestos removal. He liked the work, but it was grueling -- 15 hours days, seven days a week -- and the Â£50,000 ($80,000) he took home wasn't enough, to his mind, to justify the sacrifices. A job as a taxi driver seemed an attractive alternative. London cabbies are self-employed businessmen who set their own schedules. The metered fares of taxis are high, and drivers keep what they earn. The overhead -- the cost of gas and of owning or leasing a taxi -- can be steep, but cabbies who put in the hours can make a good living. There are no official statistics, but drivers themselves will tell you that London cabbies can earn around Â£65,000 per year, about $100,000, while maintaining an enviably flexible schedule. As a cabby, McCabe figured, he could work seven, 10, 15 days straight -- and then take four days off to spend time with his wife Katie, a hairdresser, and their children, Archie, 4, and Lulu, 3. He sold his engineering outfit and devoted himself full-time to the Knowledge, living off the savings he'd gained from the sale of his business.

It was now 37 months since he'd paid the Â£525 enrollment fee to sign on for the test and appearances. ''The closer you get, the wearier you are, and the worse you want it,'' McCabe said. ''You're carrying all this baggage. Your stress. Worrying about your savings.'' McCabe said that he'd spent in excess of Â£200,000 on the Knowledge, if you factored in his loss of earnings from not working. ''I want to be out working again before my kids are at the age where someone will ask: 'What does your daddy do?' Right now, they know me as Daddy who drives a motorbike and is always looking at a map. They don't know me from my past, when I had a business and guys working for me. You want your life back.''

The Knowledge is notorious for snatching away lives, and for putting minds in a vise grip. ''Everything becomes about the Knowledge,'' McCabe said. ''My wife will be talking to me about plans or the kids, and it's not even registering what she's saying. Because all I'm thinking is, 'I can't turn right into that road in Hammersmith, can I?' If you read the paper, or watch the news or a film, you're looking at the background. 'Oh, I know that road there.'â€‰''

McCabe said that he dreamed about the Knowledge: sometimes exhilarating visions of zooming through London streets, more frequently nightmares about unfamiliar roads or disastrous LTPH appearances. Often, McCabe would wake in the middle of the night and hurry downstairs to study the map. In his dining room, there were three maps: two jumbo London street plans -- one laminated on the dinner table and one tacked to the wall -- and an enlarged view of the W1 postcode, the bustling zone which stretches south from Marylebone to Piccadilly and east to Soho. McCabe had ledgers he'd filled with jottings on topics like ''Small and Awkward Squares.'' There were also flashcards that McCabe had made up, listing a point on one side (''Tooting Mosque, SW17â€³) with information about its location and navigation on the other (''Gatton Road, one way, access via Fishponds Road''). McCabe stacked the cards in piles of 300; he had 40,000 in all. His home, he said, had become a library of the Knowledge.

But book-learning gets you only so far. ''You've got to get out on the bike,'' McCabe said. When he was doing Blue Book runs, McCabe would ride the streets all night, leaving when his wife got home from work at 9 p.m. and returning at 4 in the morning. Pointing, McCabe told me, can be ''very cold, very lonely, very dangerous.'' One night, McCabe was out pointing on his motorbike when a driver slammed into him from behind. McCabe went over the roof of the car, but suffered just a few scrapes and bruises. The bike was totaled. ''I'm stationary in the filter lane, and the car just came around the bend and hit me,'' McCabe said. ''This was on a road called Pound Lane. Right across from the fire station at the corner of Harlesden Road.''

As McCabe progressed through the Knowledge, his pointing technique had become more refined. ''At the beginning you might go to the Savoy Hotel on the Strand,'' he said. ''That's a famous point; everyone knows it. But you start to think: What's a more obscure point on the Strand? So you'll pick up the Coal Hole Public House a few doors along. You start looking at George Court and find a little bar called Retro, a gay bar that plays '80s music. You start thinking about the bits and pieces. I'm at the stage now where I'm looking at a new bar that just opened -- inside a cinema. I'm picking up handbag shops, bowling alleys. You learn to kind of savor them little gems.''

It is tempting to interpret the Knowledge as a uniquely British institution: an expression of the national passion for order and competence, and a democratization of what P.â€‰G. Wodehouse winkingly called the feudal spirit, putting an army of hyperefficient Jeeveses on the road, ready to be flagged down by any passing Bertie Wooster. But the Knowledge is less a product of the English character than of the torturous London landscape. To be in London is, at least half the time, to have no idea where the hell you are. Every London journey, even the most banal, holds the threat of taking an epic turn: The guy headed to the corner newsagent makes a left where he should have gone right, blunders into an unfamiliar road, and suddenly he is Odysseus adrift on the Acheron. The problem is one of both enormity and density. From the time that London first began to spread beyond the walls surrounding the Roman city, it kept sprawling outward, absorbing villages, enlarging the spider-web snarl of little roads, multiplying the maze. Take a look sometime at a London street map. What a mess: It is a preposterously complex tangle of veins and capillaries, the cardiovascular system of a monster.

All metropolises are quirky, but in most of them efforts have been made to mitigate the idiosyncrasies, to make the cities legible, navigable, beautiful. In Manhattan and Chicago, planners tamed chaos with gridded street schemes; Baron Haussmann obliterated twisty medieval Paris with his sweeping grands boulevards, transforming the city into a linked chain of vistas, plazas and parks. London, though, makes no sense. It was the capital city of the greatest empire in history, yet it doesn't look or feel imperial. There are miles of monotonous ugliness, disrupted not by splendor, but by gentility -- the pretty whitewashed homes and stately squares in the well-heeled districts of West and North London. St. Paul's Cathedral sits at the back of a small semicircular plaza that is pinned-in by the office towers and bendy streets of the financial district. It is difficult to get a decent view of the most beautiful building in town.

The genius behind St. Paul's, the architect Christopher Wren, nearly became London's Haussmann. Just days after the catastrophic Great Fire of 1666, Wren produced a plan to rebuild London as an Italian-style city, with wide boulevards that terminated in piazzas and raised stone quays. But the plan never gained traction. The explanation usually given is economic: If Chicago is an expression of American pragmatism, and Paris an ode to symmetry, then London is a monument to English mercantilism and love of private property, to the power of the bourgeois freeholders and shopkeepers, who clung too tightly to their little patches of land to permit the clearing of space for Wren's plan. In London, lucre trumps grandeur.

The result is a town that bewilders even its lifelong residents. Londoners, writes Peter Ackroyd, are ''a population lost in [their] own city.'' London's labyrinthine roadways are a symbol -- and, perhaps, a cause -- of the fatalism that hangs like a pea-soup fog over the Londoner's consciousness. Facing the dizzying infinitude of streets, your mind turns darkly to thoughts of finitude: to the time that is flying, the minutes you are running late for your doctor's appointment, the hours ticking by, never to be retrieved, on the proverbial Big Clock, the one even bigger than Big Ben. You can see it every day in Primrose Hill and Clapham, in Golders Green and Kentish Town, in Deptford and Dalston. A nervous man, an anxious woman, scanning the horizon for a recognizable landmark, searching for a street sign, silently wondering ''Where am I?'' -- a geographical question that grades gloomily into an existential one.

Which is where the Knowledge comes in. It is a weird city's weird solution to the riddle of itself, a municipal training program whose graduates are both transit workers and Gnostics: chauffeurs taught by the government to know the unknowable.

If you follow your London A-Z Street Atlas halfway up Caledonian Road, in Islington, you'll find Knowledge Point, the largest of London's 10 schools dedicated to the test. The school occupies a nondescript two-story building, but you can't miss it: At all hours of the day, Knowledge boys' motorbikes line the sidewalk out front. For several years in the 1990s, there was something else parked alongside the bikes: the steed of a mounted Metropolitan Police officer, who did the Knowledge on horseback, after, and during, his working hours.

The school offers specialized lectures on dozens of topics: ''Hotels Outside Central London,'' ''South West London Turnarounds,'' ''Barracks & Military Establishments,'' ''Lambeth & Waterloo.'' Pupils pick up trade secrets, the aides-mÃ©moires and acronyms that have been passed between generations of Knowledge boys. There's ''Cat Eats Well Then Shares Her Beef Gravy,'' a mnemonic denoting a path north from the Aldwych -- the crescent-shaped road that loops above the Strand -- along a sequence of one-way streets: Catherine, Exeter, Wellington, Tavistock, Southampton, Henrietta, Bedford, Garrick. To access C.A.B. -- the Chelsea, Albert, and Battersea bridges -- you take C.O.B.: respectively, Chelsea Bridge Road, Oakley Street and Beaufort Street. A series of streets running north to south through Soho -- Greek, Frith, Dean, Wardour -- are Good For Dirty Women.

But the majority of a student's time at Knowledge Point is spent in two cramped rooms on the school's ground floor, where maps are arranged on flat tables and angled easels. These rooms are devoted to ''calling-over'': sitting with a partner, taking turns reciting runs, in an effort to replicate the conditions of oral examinations at the LTPH office. Anytime you step into Knowledge Point you will find students, faces pinched in concentration, calling-over runs in the specialized jargon mandated by Knowledge examiners. A skilled caller -- a ''woosher,'' in Knowledge slang -- can sound like a slam poet or a rapper, whipping off street names and turnings in a pleasing syncopated rhythm as he races through London streets in his mind's eye: Leave on the right Lillie Road, left Eardley Crescent, left Warwick Road, forward Holland Road, comply Holland Circus, leave by Uxbridge Road, forward and right Shepherd's Bush Green. More often, what you will hear at Knowledge Point is the sound of strain: groans, hems and haws, cursing.

Matt McCabe had been coming to Knowledge Point since he started on the test. A stickler for routine, he arrived each morning at 8:45. When the doors opened at 9, he would sit down across a table from his call-over partner, Steven Vine. I met McCabe and Vine at Knowledge Point one morning and watched them call-over. They spent hours switching off, settling into a patter of run-calling punctuated by mumbled expletives and other exclamations: ''good pull'' (when you correctly identify a tricky point), ''bad drop'' (when you forget a point or road that you should know), ''nice line'' (when your call sketches a nice straight path across the map).

To call-over effectively is to find a golden mean between geography and geometry. The aim is not just to navigate cleanly, naming the right roads, but to make the shortest and most elegant line between points. While McCabe called-over a run, Vine followed along, tracing his partner's route with a marker on the laminated map. When McCabe finished, he and Vine stretched a ball-bearing chain over the map to assess the straightness of his call. This practice is known as ''cottoning the run,'' a phrase that dates to the days when Knowledge boys would use lengths of cotton twine to measure their runs. ''They have a saying, 'Don't let the cotton strangle you,'â€‰'' McCabe said. ''It's a reminder: Don't get too tied up in having the perfect line. You're always trying to calculate: 'Which one would look the prettiest on the map?' But sometimes you just gotta let it flow.''

The London landscape throws up constant impediments to the ideal of traveling in a straight line: parks, railway yards, one-way streets. The Thames presents another challenge. Because the area below the river is referred to as South London, most people assume that the dozen central London bridges spanning the water stretch north-to-south. In fact, the Thames's flow is meandering; in places, the river crossings run along the opposite axis. (A Knowledge boy mnemonic instructs: ''East to West, Lambeth or Westminster Bridge is best.'') At Knowledge Point, McCabe leaned over the map and pointed to the King's Road in Chelsea. ''If you were going from here, say, all the way out to Canary Wharf, you might cross the river twice to make it the shortest line. So you might run it across Westminster Bridge and bring yourself back across Tower Bridge. That will be a straight line, because you're understanding the bends in the river.''

At his late stage of the test process, McCabe found himself facing a novel problem: too much Knowledge. ''London now feels very small. At the beginning, you would be standing in Piccadilly and someone says to you, 'Take me to Kilburn,' and you would say: 'Oh my God, that feels miles away.' Now, I can take you endless amounts of ways. And that's the dilemma you've got now: you see too many options.''

Seeing, for a Knowledge candidate, is everything -- at its heart, the Knowledge is an elaborate exercise in visualization. When McCabe called-over, he closed his eyes and toggled between views: picturing the city at street level, the roads rolling out in front of him as if in a movie, then pulling the camera back to take in the bird's eye perspective, scanning the London map. Knowledge boys speak of a Eureka moment when, after months or years of doggedly assembling the London puzzle, the fuzziness recedes and the city snaps into focus, the great morass of streets suddenly appearing as an intelligible whole. McCabe was startled not just by that macroview, but by the minute details he was able to retain. ''I can pull a tiny little art studio just from the color of the door, and where it's got a lamppost outside. Your brain just remembers silly things, you know?''

The brains of London taxi drivers have attracted scholarly attention. Eleanor Maguire, a neuroscientist at University College London, has spent 15 years studying cabbies and Knowledge boys. She has discovered that the posterior hippocampus, the area of the brain known to be important for memory, is bigger in London taxi drivers than in most people, and that a successful Knowledge candidate's posterior hippocampus enlarges as he progresses through the test. Maguire's work demonstrates that the brain is capable of structural change even in adulthood. The studies also provide a scientific explanation for the experiences of Knowledge students, the majority of whom have never pursued higher education and profess shock at the amount of information they are able to assimilate and retain.

Historically, taxi driving has been a white ***working-class*** industry, dominated by East Londoners: first, the Irish, and later, cockneys and Jews. For a century at least, the London black taxi has been a vehicle of upward mobility, steering a path into the middle class. Today's Knowledge candidates include a new generation of London strivers. At Knowledge Point, there are nearly as many black and brown faces bent over maps as white ones, and in the clamor of voices calling runs you hear a variety of accents -- South Asian, West African, Caribbean -- mingling with the broad vowels and glottal stops of Estuary English.

The students are united by shared suffering, and by a common adversary. For a Knowledge boy, the LTPH examiners have a kind of mythic status, inspiring a mixture of fear, resentment and awe. Appearances are highly ritualized. Candidates heed longstanding Knowledge traditions, wearing suits and ties to appearances and addressing the examiners formally. McCabe said: ''It's: 'Yes, sir, three bags full, sir.' You can sit in there and before you've even done anything, you've said 'sir' 15 times.''

Examiners insist that the formality is important, designed to inculcate a professional code and to prepare future cabbies for the ornery London public. But there is also humor, of a sort, in the testing room. For generations, Knowledge examiners have seized on the poetry of London nomenclature to craft cheeky runs: Snowman House to the ICE Train, Hamlet Gardens to the Globe Theatre, the Eye (the giant Ferris wheel on the South Bank of the Thames) to the Nose (a tiny sculpture, reputedly modeled on Lord Nelson's nose, embedded in Admiralty Arch). One examiner, Tony Swire, likes to quiz candidates about their lives and use that information to concoct runs, off the top of his head, that flaunt his own vast London Knowledge. When Swire learned that Matt McCabe's wife was a hairdresser and that his children were named Archie and Lulu, he gave McCabe a run from the Mayfair salon of celebrity hairstylist John Frieda, the ex-husband of Scottish pop singer Lulu, to Archie Street, a tiny dead-end road in Bermondsey.

At Knowledge Point, McCabe explained the quirks of various examiners. There was Mr. Gunning, who favors runs with difficult strictures: He likes to impose road closures, or to ask candidates to do runs while steering clear of streets with traffic lights. Ms. Gerald, one of two women examiners, specializes in runs with lots of novel points. ''There's another examiner, Mr. Hall,'' McCabe said. ''He's a tricky one. They have a nickname for him. Everyone calls him the Smiling Assassin.''

David Hall is, in fact, quick with a smile. He's 53 years old and bald-headed. He wears rimless glasses and dark suits and ties. I met him one afternoon at the LTPH office. He was sitting at the desk where he conducts examinations, with a large London map and various notes spread out in front of him. ''It isn't so bad in here, is it?'' he said. He nodded slightly toward the area down the hall where Knowledge candidates wait to be called in for appearances. ''You can't believe everything you hear.''

Hall knows what it's like to sit on the other side of the examiner's desk. Like all examiners, he is a cabby, a Knowledge graduate with many years of taxi-driving on his CV. He left school at age 16, and got a job in the confectionery department at Harrods before becoming an electronics engineer. At age 27, he decided to try for a career as a cabby. Hall had a keen sense of direction and had always loved maps. He passed the Knowledge in less than two years.

Hall became an examiner in 2008, and soon developed the reputation that earned him the Smiling Assassin moniker: He was a kind man, with a warm, welcoming manner, who asked very difficult runs. It is common knowledge among test-takers that Hall supports Crystal Palace, the football team based in South East London, and that he lives somewhere nearby. He is known, and feared, for giving vexing South London runs. Matt McCabe had Hall in two appearances, when he was on his 28s. McCabe said: ''He's fair, but very hard. He'll take you from Kensington or Chelsea and he'll get you to run it down to Peckham or to Dulwich. He'll put you in the dilemma: Do I take Vauxhall Bridge or Battersea Bridge? He's very technical. And he's very into South London.''

Hall is also known for doing his homework. Examiners have to burnish their own Knowledge to keep a step ahead of examinees, reviewing road closures and traffic patterns, and, in their spare time, hitting the streets to pick up new points. Hall is a dedicated pointer. When I told a Knowledge boy that I was planning to interview Mr. Hall, he said: ''I heard he went out pointing on Christmas Day.''

One afternoon, I met Hall outside Palestra House, the office tower in Southwark that houses LTPH. He was carrying a digital voice recorder and a clipboard with notes and maps, which he'd drawn himself. We walked north, crossing the Millennium Bridge, which links the South Bank of the Thames with the City of London, and then turned east, following the thrumming traffic along Queen Victoria Street. At a corner, Hall started scribbling notes. ''You have to work out: How do the roads go? Is Queen Victoria Street curving there? Is Friday Street going north? At the end of Friday Street -- yep, you've got a forced left with a blue arrow. A Knowledge candidate needs to take a mental picture of the road or the arrow there.'' Hall drew an arrow on his map, indicating the forced left.

Just west of the intersection, on the north side of Queen Victoria Street, stood an elegant old church, with a spire that jutted above the surrounding buildings. Hall said: ''That's St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. It's a Wren church. In fact, the church predated Wren by several centuries, but it was destroyed in the Great Fire, and Wren rebuilt it. That's a point I'll ask occasionally-- I have done before. I'm very fond of City of London churches.''

It is said that the Knowledge is as much about learning history as learning your way around. After completing the Knowledge, Hall undertook a years-long course of study to earn the ''blue badge'' of an official London tour guide. While Hall strolled around the City pointing -- logging road works and making notes about new restaurants and bars -- he led me on an impromptu walking tour: more Wren churches, medieval livery companies and guild halls marked with elaborate coats of arms, the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, the Innholders Hall, a carved likeness of Winston Churchill's face in the center of a clock above the doorway of an office building. Toward evening, we made our way back along Queen Victoria Street, passing a massive three-acre building site, the future home of Bloomberg L.P.'s European headquarters. The construction project had revealed further remains of the Temple of Mithras, a Roman ruin first discovered in 1954. The temple once stood on the banks of the Walbrook, a now-buried river that brought fresh water to Roman Londinium. Hall said: ''In the religion practiced here, they used to have seven ordeals. If you were a Roman soldier, one of the ordeals was to put you over a fire pit. If you could withstand that particular ordeal, you went to the next stage in that religion.''

Hall said: ''The thing about London is, it's forever changing. The old city is preserved, of course, but there's always a new city coming forth. There really is no end to the Knowledge. It's infinite.''

The test-takers of a century ago who tottered their way to the Knowledge on bicycles earned a heady reward: not just a green badge, but something close to a guaranteed living. Today's Knowledge candidates are banking on that pattern holding, but history seems to be veering in a different direction. These days, a person can walk into the LTPH office and, with relatively minimal effort, acquire a license to drive one of London's nearly 60,000 minicabs, a fleet that vastly outnumbers the approximately 25,000 black taxis. Minicab drivers do not have to demonstrate familiarity with London; an applicant is merely required to pass a background check and take a ''topographical test.'' Minicabs can also offer cheaper fares than taxis, whose metered pricing schemes are strictly regulated.

For years, the black taxi industry has decried minicabs as an inferior service that poaches business rightfully belonging to Knowledge graduates. But many consumer advocates regard minicabs as a welcome corrective -- a reasonably priced alternative to black taxis, whose hefty fares are beyond the reach of most Londoners. (A 2013 survey by the travel website TripAdvisor deemed London's taxis the world's most expensive, with an average cost per trip of Â£27, about $43.)

In theory, there are rules in place that offer advantages to traditional London cabbies: Theirs are the only rides that can legally be hailed on the street. But times are changing, and curbside hailing may soon be as quaint a relic of old London as the clubman striding through Mayfair in his bowler hat and boutonniere. Recently, the London taxi trade has been roiled by the rise of Uber, the smartphone app-based ride-sharing company. On June 11, thousands of drivers staged a one-hour-long ''strike,'' gridlocking streets to protest what they view as Uber's illegal evasion of London's metering laws. The Licensed Taxi Drivers Association, a black-cab advocacy group, has brought series of lawsuits against Uber drivers. But at the demonstration, the cabbies' anger was directed less at Uber, per se, than at Transport for London and Boris Johnson, London's mayor, whom taxi drivers regard as a zealous deregulator, friendly to big business at their expense. (At the rally, cabbies held placards that read: ''Uber: Under Boris Exempt from Regulation.'')

In his public statements on the matter, the mayor has walked a fine line. ''London's black-cab trade is crucial to the fabric of the city,'' Johnson said. ''There must, however, be a place for new technology to work in harmony with the black cab, and we shouldn't unnecessarily restrict new ideas that are of genuine benefit to Londoners.'' Others are less hedging. In July, Forbes ran an editorial by staff writer John Tamny, extolling Uber as a ''disrupter'' of the taxi business and casting London's cabbies as passÃ©: ''Just as automation, free trade and general economic progress have allowed us to shed previously important skills such as sewing, farming, and yes, addition/subtraction, so does it allow us -- indeed, it requires us -- to shed once-relevant knowledge. .â€‰.â€‰. As for London, the GPS has, much to the chagrin of some cabdrivers with telegraphic memory, rendered their knowledge of one of the world's great cities largely irrelevant.''

Taxi drivers counter such claims by pointing out that black cabs have triumphed in staged races against cars using GPS, or as the British call it, Sat-Nav. Cabbies contend that in dense and dynamic urban terrain like London's, the brain of a cabby is a superior navigation tool -- that Sat-Nav doesn't know about the construction that has sprung up on Regent Street, and that a driver who is hailed in heavily-trafficked Piccadilly Circus doesn't have time to enter an address and wait for his dashboard-mounted robot to tell him where to steer his car.

Such arguments may hold for a while. But given the pace of technological refinement, how long will it be before the development of a Sat-Nav algorithm that works better than the most ingenious cabby, before a voice-activated GPS, or a driverless car, can zip a passenger from Piccadilly to Putney more efficiently than any Knowledge graduate? Ultimately, the case to make for the Knowledge may not be practical-economic (the Knowledge works better than Sat-Nav), or moral-political (the little man must be protected against rapacious global capitalism), but philosophical, spiritual, sentimental: The Knowledge should be maintained because it is good for London's soul, and for the souls of Londoners. The Knowledge stands for, well, knowledge -- for the Enlightenment ideal of encyclopedic learning, for the humanist notion that diligent intellectual endeavor is ennobling, an end in itself. To support the Knowledge is to make the unfashionable argument that expertise cannot be reduced to data, that there's something dystopian, or at least depressing, about the outsourcing of humanity's hard-won erudition to gizmos, even to portable handheld gizmos that themselves are miracles of human imagination and ingenuity. London's taxi driver test enshrines knowledge as -- to use the au courant term -- an artisanal commodity, a thing that's local and homespun, thriving ideally in the individual hippocampus, not the digital hivemind.

You could also call the Knowledge the greatest tribute a city has ever paid to itself, a love letter more ardent than ''I â¤ N.Y.'' or anything else a Chamber of Commerce might cook up. The Knowledge says that London is Holy Writ, a great mystery to be pored over, and that a corps of municipal Talmudists must be delegated to that task. To the extent that the mystifying clichÃ©s hold -- that taxi drivers are London's singers of songlines and fonts of folk wisdom, carrying not just the secrets of London navigation but the deep history of the city and its streets -- the disappearance of the Knowledge would be an assault on civic memory, a blow, if you will, to historic preservation. Smartphone apps and Google Maps may ensure that Londoners will never again be lost in their own city, but if the Knowledge disappears, will something of London itself be lost -- will some essence of the place vanish along with all those guys on mopeds, learning the town's roads and plumbing its depths?

Like most cabbies and Knowledge boys, Matt McCabe worries about the future of the taxi business. But in January 2013, he had more pressing concerns. A few days after his visit to Fish Island, McCabe went on an appearance and scored a B, leaving him with 10 points, just two shy of his goal. Barring a calamity, a brain-freeze, it seemed a foregone conclusion that his next appearance would be his last.

Three weeks later, on a Friday, McCabe rose, as usual, early, with his children, and went through a routine he'd established over many months. He made sure he was cleanly shaven, that his shoes were polished, his suit pristine. He took the train into London, disembarked at London Bridge station, and walked to the LTPH office at a measured pace, trying to keep his heart-rate steady. He arrived with time to spare and took his seat in the waiting area with a dozen or so other Knowledge candidates.

At around 2 p.m., McCabe's name was called, and he was ushered into the office of a man he'd never met before. David O'Connor is a veteran examiner with a reputation as a hard marker. McCabe knew that O'Connor liked to test whether candidates had been getting around on the bike, and liked to give runs that worked the center of the map.

McCabe sat down and breezed through his first three runs. He was nervous, but his calls, he thought, were solid. Surely it was a done deed now? For the session's final run, O'Connor asked McCabe to take him from the Sun and Doves to Emirates Stadium. McCabe closed his eyes. He could see the Sun and Doves: It was a pub on the corner of Coldharbour Lane and Caldecot Road, down in Camberwell. Of course he knew Emirates Stadium, the home of Arsenal, the Premier League football team. McCabe said: ''Sun and Doves, Coldharbour Lane. Emirates Stadium, it's Drayton Park. That's the North Bank entrance.'' O'Connor nodded: the Knowledge boy had identified the points correctly. McCabe closed his eyes again, to make sure he saw the line clearly. Then he called the run:

Leave on the right, Coldharbour Lane

Left into Denmark Hill

Forward Camberwell Road

Forward Walworth Road

Comply Elephant and Castle

Leave by Newington Causeway

Forward Borough High Street

Forward over London Bridge

Forward into King William Street

Forward Lombard Street

Forward Bank Junction

Forward Prince's Street

Forward Moorgate

Forward Finsbury Pavement

Forward Finsbury Square

Forward City Road

Comply Old Street roundabout

Leave by City Road continued

Right Provost Street

Right Vestry Street

Left into East Road

Forward New North Road

Forward Canonbury Road

Comply Highbury Corner

Leave by Holloway Road

Right Drayton Park

Set down on the left

It was a nearly seven-mile-long journey, due north, from Camberwell to Holloway, in Islington, north-central London. When McCabe finished the call, he and O'Connor sat in silence for what seemed to McCabe an eternity. Finally, O'Connor stood up and extended his hand. He said: ''Well done, Matt. Welcome to the club. I'm pleased to say that you're now one of London's finest.'' It was the first time in the more than three years McCabe had been coming to LTPH that an examiner had called him by his first name.

''It was an emotional moment,'' McCabe said. ''It was hard to hold back the tears. Three years of complete financial stress, family stress -- studying for 13 hours a day, seven days a week. Suddenly, the whole thing was very casual. It was quite, you know, 'Sit back, relax, loosen your tie.' And then Mr. O'Connor was telling me what to expect doing the job. He was giving me his inside knowledge after being a London cabby for, like, 20-odd years.'' McCabe went home to his family. He and his wife, Katie, ordered take-out from a Thai restaurant, put on loud music, and danced around the house with their children. When the kids went to bed, the McCabes drank a few beers and dismantled the Knowledge library: stored the flashcards and pages of notes, took the maps off the wall. Katie, McCabe said, ''cried for about two days solid.''

McCabe has been driving a taxi for just over a year and a half. He is still new at the job, relatively speaking; in London cabby lingo, he's a ''Butter Boy'' -- but a boy, a recent Knowledge graduate. He has the leanings of a traditionalist, though. Many cabbies today are opting for new minivan-style Mercedes taxis, or cabs decorated with ''full wrap-liveries,'' advertisements in eye-popping hues. McCabe owns a TX4 Elegance, a car with the classic London black cab look. ''I like the iconic shape,'' he said. ''To me, if you're gonna be a London cabby, that's what you should be driving.''

In June, McCabe took part in the demonstration against Uber. He said, ''We're trying to be the best in the world, and trying to stay competitive as well. And, you know, the way Uber seems to operate in London -- when it's quiet, they do the work for next to nothing, when it's busy, the rates are three times dearer than a London cab.'' For now, McCabe is making a good living. ''The rewards are there. You have to do the hours. I mean, a normal day for me is a 12-hour day.''

He said: ''What I've done is a trade. A minicab driver, an Uber driver -- they won't do the undertaking I done. They won't put in the three years.''

''I had a gentleman in the cab recently,'' McCabe said. ''He told me that a couple of nights earlier he'd been eating in a restaurant in Chelsea, and the Uber car turned up. He said, 'We want to go to Wapping.' And the driver said, 'Where's Wapping? Is it in London?' And it's, like, a massive borough. He's never heard of it! So, I picked this guy up. He said, 'Wapping.' I went, 'Yes, sir.' And he said, 'Kennet Street.' I went, 'Yes, sir.' He got in the back, and we were off. And he told me, 'That's why I'm reverting back to London cabs.'â€‰''

McCabe said, ''The moment a person tells me at the window where they want to go, we're going. There's no mucking about. I want to get you from A to B as quickly as possible. Because as nice as the person may be, I want to get them in and out. So I can get the next person in the back of the cab, and I'm earning more money.''

McCabe is still doing the Knowledge, after a fashion. He's embarked on the three-year course to become a licensed London historian -- an official tour guide, like David Hall. ''I'm fascinated with the quirky little bits of London history,'' McCabe said. ''The famous lamps at the Savoy. The secret tunnels that link up to St. James's Palace.''

When he's in his cab, McCabe keeps his eyes peeled for another London curiosity: the Knowledge examiners, his erstwhile tormentors, now colleagues, who may be out driving their own taxis, or gathering new points. Each workday, McCabe makes his way into the city's center via South London, guiding his taxi through the streets that have flummoxed many a Knowledge boy attempting to call one of Mr. Hall's runs. McCabe hasn't spotted Hall yet, but he hopes he will sometime. It would be nice, he says, to have a beer with the Smiling Assassin.

Back in the winter of 2013, shortly before McCabe's final appearance, I asked him how he was handling the pressure. He said: ''If you overcome the nerves, your training will take over. When I get into that room, I try to think: 'This guy is an examiner, but when he's not sitting here, he's behind the wheel, driving a cab.' He could pick me up tomorrow, you know, or pick my wife up. That calms me down. I think to myself, 'This guy is just a cab driver, same as what I want to be. He's just a London cab driver. He doesn't know everything.'â€‰''

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/11/10/london-taxi-test-knowledge/*](http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/11/10/london-taxi-test-knowledge/)

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[***BREEZY, BOOZY AND BYELORUSSIAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BW30-0007-H108-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1578 words

**Byline:** By Robert Towers; Robert Towers is chairman of the writing division of the Columbia University School of the Arts. His most recent novel is ''The Summoning.''

**Body**

A FAMILY MADNESS By Thomas Keneally. 336 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $17.95. THE prolific Australian writer Thomas Keneally obviously likes to give himself tough assignments. Undeterred by the accidents of nationality or the hard facts of embryology, he has, in his recent fiction, chosen the American Civil War as the subject of one novel (''Confederates'') and a preternaturally sophisticated fetus as the narrator of another (''Passenger''). Still more ambitiously, he has written a gripping ''nonfiction novel'' of the Holocaust, ''Schindler's List,'' in which he tells the true story - embellished with an abundance of historical and imagined detail - of a Sudeten German industrialist and bon vivant, Oskar Schindler, who ingeniously and recklessly managed to snatch several thousand Jews from the very gullet of the Nazi death machine. ''Schindler's List'' won the Booker Prize in England, where it was published as a novel, and brought Mr. Keneally a wide audience in this country, where it was published as nonfiction. His new work, which seems to be in part a spinoff from the research undertaken for its predecessor, is again bold in its scope and its choice of subject.

Approximately half of the chapters of ''A Family Madness'' are set in the present and concern a young ***working-class*** Australian, Terry Delaney, who becomes involved with a family of Byelorussian origin, the Kabbels (originally Kabbelski), who immigrated to Sydney in the late 1940's. The other half deals with the terrible modern history of that family, a history reaching back to the early days of World War II.

Terry Delaney is presented as a good-natured fellow, bright enough but of limited education, who plays on a professional Rugby League team. ''Rugby League,'' he explains to an inquisitive waitress, ''is a game for gentlemen played by thugs and Rugby Union a game for thugs played by gentlemen.'' Though hopeful about his future in the sporting life, Delaney cannot yet make his living from it; to support his wife, Gina, and to make the payments on their house, he also works as a security guard for a range of commercial properties constantly exposed to crime and vandalism. His closest buddy and fellow guard is Brian Stanton, a former police officer inclined to get into scrapes.

Late one night Delaney and Stanton encounter Rudi Kabbel, a tall, Germanic-looking man, ''bullet-headed, with spiky blond hair turning in places to a gray poll.'' Rudi has his own security operation and maintains that security ''is the wave of the future.'' Delaney and Stanton go to work for Rudi Kabbel - a move that has serious consequences. For one thing, Delaney has an affair with Rudi's daughter, Danielle, and falls crazily in love with her, much to the distress of Gina. More ominously, he becomes aware of Rudi's strange obsession: the Byelorussian is convinced that a monstrous, mysterious wave will inundate all of the low-lying areas of Australia. Against the day of the wave, Rudi has assembled a family arsenal and become an expert in explosives; moreover, he plans to sell out his business and retreat with his family to an island property that he will defend against all comers when the catastrophe occurs. His children share his obsession and are prepared to act on it - this is the ''family madness'' to which the title of the novel refers.

The complex and violent acting-out of the madness forms the plot of the Australian present. But the Australian story is simplicity itself compared with the Byelorussian material. Presented in the form of a journal kept by Rudi's father, Stanislaw, a family history written by Rudi (originally Radislaw) himself and letters from Rudi's sister in Paris, the Kabbelski past is inextricably bound up in those tumultuous events occurring in the Eastern European wing of the Nazi empire between 1941 and 1944. Like many Ukrainians, Byelorussian nationalists saw the German invasion of the Soviet Union as an opportunity to set up an autonomous state free from domination by the Moscovite Russians, whom for centuries they had regarded as linguistically and culturally alien.

To accomplish this end, the Byelorussian patriots collaborated with the Gestapo and the SS in the massacre of the Jewish population and the suppression of partisan activity behind the eastern front. Rudi's father, the chief of police in the city of Staroviche, was one of these patriots; his journals record a number of atrocious episodes in which he assisted the local Nazis.

Mr. Keneally shuttles rapidly back and forth between his two stories, thematically counterpointing the relative ''innocence'' of the Australian present with the labyrinthine nightmare of the European past. In his fleshing-out of this hardly original but perfectly cogent theme, Mr. Keneally writes with customary briskness and ease, assembling the disparate elements of his story with an old pro's dexterity. The atmosphere of contemporary Sydney is nicely evoked: an American reader will feel immediately at home in that sprawl of suburban developments and shopping malls, of beaches and bars - and at home too, alas, with an ethos that tolerates murderous violence in sports and a casual acceptance of crime as simply one of the costs of doing business in a consumer-oriented society. Mr. Keneally is also effective in suggesting the kinds of anxiety and tension that underlie such an extroverted, breezy and frequently boozy way of life. The Byelorussian sections are, inevitably, of a very different order: they provide an often fascinating mini-course in the history of an area and an era with which most Westerners are scarcely acquainted.

The documentary interest of ''A Family Madness'' is therefore considerable. Its achievement as a work of literary fiction is much less secure. Mr. Keneally's characters - and this has been true of his earlier work as well - are curiously lacking in inwardness, in the suggestion of psychological depth. In the case of Delaney, his pal Stanton and Gina, this relative shallowness is perhaps not a crucial defect; Delaney is, after all, meant to be a fairly simple, ordinary fellow who gets into trouble. Even so, we have to take his wild passion for Danielle Kabbel entirely at the author's word; nothing that we have been shown in either character makes it fully credible, much less inevitable. IN Rudi Kabbel's case, however, the lack of an adequately realized psychological dimension is much more crippling to the novel's aspirations. Everything is so externalized that the reader, while often interested, is never moved. The mystical, out-of-body states that Rudi experiences - once when he is nearly killed during the assassination of a local Nazi, again when he is buried alive in a latrine - are never made real for us, though they seem to be crucially related both to later quasi-epileptic seizures and to his mad obsession with security. This lack of inwardness also means that the various ''voices'' of the novel - not merely the dialogue but Stanislaw's journal, Rudi's family history and his sister's letters - all sound explanatory, all sound, in fact, much the same. There are structural problems as well: the constant shifting back and forth between past and present is so rapid that scenes are seldom allowed to gain real momentum before being interrupted.

I finished ''A Family Madness'' glad that I had read it but feeling that Mr. Keneally's often admirable fluency and dispatch had, in the long run, let him down. While both the externalized approach to character and the stop-and-go narration might well have been effective, mutatis mutandis, in a more expressionist sort of novel, they can count only as flaws in a work so clearly realistic in its intentions. Mr. Keneally needed to have been much more patient, more exhaustive in his approach, more imaginatively and empathetically involved in his creation, for its fictional - as distinct from its documentary - ambitions to have been achieved. THE ASSASSIN'S FACE I saw the senior assassin, the one who was already in my mental vocabulary ''The Soldier,'' lift the corner of the tablecloth and peer under the table at the child [me] beneath. . . . ''The Officer'' looked in under the table at the child panting animal-like on its four limbs, and the child could not manage a word.

''The Officer'' said, like an echo of the ''unclesome'' voice, ''Keep still! . . . It's the Kabbelski kid.'' The word he used was in fact halfway between the English ''kid'' and ''brat.'' There was no animus in the way he used it. The wonder was that in all the carnage he had time to know my tag, whose kid I was at all. ''Stay still there,'' I saw him tell the child beneath the table. . . . I maintained my high point of view . . . as Police Chief Kabbelski arrived . . ., stepped over the Rubicon of gore from the Kommissar's body, lifted the tablecloth, and saw the child. The grunt of delight he uttered was quite as animal as every sound he had made since entering the apartment. He grasped up the child, forced its head into the crook of his shoulder as if he would willingly prevent it from seeing anything more of the butt end of politics, and galloped out through the living room, the lobby, hurdling the bodies of two middle-aged Wehrmacht privates on the stairs and reaching the pavement. He sat the child on the pavement, stood back from it gasping with delight, bending with his hands on his knees. ''Thank Christ,'' he intoned. ''Thank Christ!'' - From ''A Family Madness.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Thomas Keneally (AP/Russell McPherson)

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[***Cuts in Public Jobs May Hurt Blacks Most***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XSH0-000D-G127-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DON TERRY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Dec. 9

**Body**

On a winter morning 17 years ago, James L. Smith, a father of eight, began working for the city of Chicago and inching his way, ever so slowly, toward the middle class.

Over the years, Mr. Smith moved out of a crumbling and dangerous public housing project and saw all his children off to college. He himself had never gotten further than high school.

"I was pulling myself up by my own bootstraps," he said. "And all my kids have good jobs. That's because I was able to work. I was able to take care of my own. I thought I had it made."

Then two weeks ago, the 57-year-old Mr. Smith was notified that the city was laying him off because of budget cuts.

"It's hard enough for a young black man to find a job, let alone a black man my age," he said. "I feel like the system hit me in the head with a baseball bat."

A Sad, but Common, Tale

His is a common story these days, a sad tale that can be heard in black, white and Hispanic homes across the country as recession-shrouded governments order hundreds, even thousands of employees laid off. Nearly 1,000 Chicago city workers, for example, are to lose their jobs by Jan. 1.

But several public policy experts fear that blacks will now suffer disproportionately from government layoffs because they have historically found more job opportunities in government than in private industry. And others say the Ronald Reagan and Bush Administrations have helped create an atmosphere of such hostility toward affirmative action that government officials may feel that they can reduce the opportunities for blacks, at least at the Federal level.

That unease was illustrated late last month when C. Boyden Gray, the White House legal counsel, circulated a draft of a statement calling for the abolition of all affirmative action programs and regulations built up since 1965. The White House later disavowed the statement, and on the same day President Bush signed the civil rights bill.

'Critical Route of Mobility'

Gary Orfield, a professor of education and social policy at Harvard University and an author of "The Closing Door: Conservative Policy and Black Opportunity," published this year by the University of Chicago Press, said that government employment has been "an absolutely critical route of mobility for blacks."

He said many blacks were able to take advantage of the rapid expansion of government, especially on the local level, in the 1960's.

At about the same time, private industry, pushed by the civil rights movement and Federal affirmative action policies, began to open its doors to increasingly significant numbers of black workers and to give them jobs with more responsibility and salaries large enough that they could step up into the middle class.

But, Mr. Orfield said, "all kinds of changes have been working since the beginning of the 1980's that have slowed progress. And now with the recession, we're going through another set of savage cuts."

Martin Kilson, a professor of government at Harvard University, said he believed that the black middle class would survive the storm of layoffs. "The black middle class is resilient," he said. "Racial marginalism has always forced a resiliency on it. They run harder to stay in the middle."

"In the meantime," he went on, "many people will be hurt. A sharp ceiling comes down during times like these on 15, 20 years of progress. And for a group that only got a foot on the middle-class ladder in the last generation, that's a nasty blow."

Bottom Rung of Ladder

Even before the 1960's, there were government jobs available to blacks, but typically they were on the bottom rung of the ladder: janitors, clerks, postal workers. Still, it was a ladder, and blacks climbed it in disproportionate numbers because there was often no place else for them to go.

It has been in America's cities where blacks have made their deepest inroads in government employment. But the gains could be overshadowed by statistics like those that came out in October in a survey of 50 cities by the United States Conference of Mayors.

The survey found that nearly 60 percent of the cities had either laid off employees, were considering it or had made cuts through attrition or by leaving positions vacant.

Baltimore, for example, has reduced its work force by 1,037 since July 1989. Bridgeport has laid off about 500 of its 4,200 workers and cut another 200 or so job through attrition over the past two years. And Detroit laid off 502 of its 19,500 employees in April, 300 of them police officers; roughly two thirds of the officers were black.

In the 1991 and 1992 fiscal years, New York City has laid off or planned to lay off about 5,000 of its 234,000 workers. Leland T. Jones, Mayor David N. Dinkins's press secretary, said that at least half of the laid-off workers were either black or Hispanic.

Risks for Blacks

Roger Wilkins, a history professor at George Mason University, said the layoffs and cuts in Federal programs, which not only gave benefits to the poor and ***working class*** but also employed them, could knock many blacks off the already slippery road to the middle class.

"It's always been said when the economy gets a cold, blacks get pneumonia," he said. "I think a substantial portion of blacks who lose their government jobs will truly risk falling out of the middle class and may never return."

Blacks, of course, are certainly not the only ethnic group ever to use government employment as a boost up, said Jonathan Leonard, an expert on affirmative action and a business professor at the University of California at Berkeley.

"In Boston, city employment was a major avenue for Irish-Americans to start upward mobility," Mr. Leonard said.

Before the 1960's, about 10 to 15 percent of blacks were middle class, said David Bositis, a senior research associate at the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, a research organization in Washington that specializes in issues involving blacks. Today, about 33 percent of blacks are middle class, he said.

According to figures compiled by the Federal Office of Personnel Management, minority members made up 27.5 percent of the Federal work force as of Sept. 30, 1990, as against 21.8 percent of the civilian work force. For blacks alone, the figures were 17.1 percent of the Federal work force and 10.3 percent of the civilian work force. Blacks make up 12.1 percent of the United States population.

In Chicago, the layoffs are the first significant ones since 1985. The number and percentage of minority workers affected in the latest round is unclear. A spokeswoman for Mayor Richard M. Daley said the city did not yet know precisely who would be laid off.

But Roberta Lynch, director of public policy for the American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees in Chicago, said, "The layoffs are almost certain to have a disproportionate impact on the minority community because the public sector has a greater concentration of minority professionals."

"Even if minorities and whites were to lose their jobs in equal numbers," she said, "it would have a bigger impact in the minority community than it would in the white."

Others disagree. Mr. Bositis of the Joint Center said current governmental cutbacks were due to the recession. Once the recession eases, he said, governments will expand their services, and their job rolls, as they have for more than two decades.

For some black families, working for government has become a kind of family recipe for a better life, a recipe that until recently had helped Ramona Samuels, of Chicago, climb well into the middle class.

Then last July, she was laid off from her $40,000-a-year job as a personnel expert in the city's housing department.

"I know at least 35 black professionals who worked for the city and are now laid off," she said. "A lot of us were first-generation professionals."

Local governments, in particular, have provided employment opportunities for blacks. This is not just because of Federal pressure, or a desire to do good, but it often a matter of simple arithmetic. As more and more blacks migrated from the South to the cities of the North, their voting strength increased, forcing the local governments to pay more attention to their needs.

"Private employers deem themselves responsible to only the market place," said Mr. Wilkins, of George Mason University. "But public employers are responsible to the public. They have more pressures on them to be fair."

A Longtime Dream

For Mr. Smith, who has worked for 17 years for the Chicago Department of Human Services, first as a street worker and most recently in the central office processing forms, becoming part of the middle class has been a longtime dream. His job with the city got him "pretty close," Mr. Smith said.

He was making $25,000 a year, not a great sum but enough to move out of public housing into an apartment complex with a swimming pool and young doctors and nurses as neighbors.

Then in October, the city sent him a layoff notice. Because of his senority, however, he was able to transfer to another job. Although his salary was cut by 12.5 percent, "at least I was still bringing home a paycheck," he said.

Then three days before Thanksgiving, he received another layoff notice. His last day was today.

His wife, Arnethia, said that when her husband called her with the news, "we were both in shock."

"He started there from scratch," she said. "Now that he's making a decent salary, they want to take it away from him. That's not right."

**Graphic**

Graph: Shows percentage of Federal and private jobs nationwide filled by blacks and other minorities, 1984-90. (Source: Office of Personnel Management)

**Load-Date:** December 10, 1991

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[***Affirmative Action: The Fact Gap***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5WY0-007F-G2F7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Alan Wolfe;

Alan Wolfe's most recent book is "One Nation, After All."

By Alan Wolfe;  Alan Wolfe's most recent book is "One Nation, After All."

**Body**

The Shape of

the River

Long-Term Consequences of

Considering Race in College and

University Admissions.

By William G. Bowen and Derek Bok

in collaboration with James L.

Shulman, Thomas I. Nygren, Stacy Berg Dale and Lauren A. Meserve.

472 pp. Princeton, N.J.:

Princeton University Press. $24.95.

The Black-White

Test Score Gap

Edited by Christopher Jencks

and Meredith Phillips.

523 pp. Washington:

The Brookings Institution Press.

Cloth, $44.95. Paper, $18.95.

In "The Shape of the River," William G. Bowen and Derek Bok -- former presidents of Princeton and Harvard Universities -- seek "to build a firmer foundation of fact" under America's affirmative action debate. Amen. Facts have been sorely missing in accounts of the role played by race in admissions to institutions of higher education. To some degree the fact gap exists because both those who defend affirmative action and those who oppose it argue from positions of high principle: a commitment to diversity on the one hand or a defense of individual merit on the other. When principle is at stake, facts become conveniences to be cited when helpful and to be explained away when harmful.

But the absence of hard information is also due to the policies of educational institutions themselves, which keep secret the kinds of data which would shed light on who gets admitted to them and who does not -- and why. (Even Bowen and Bok are obligated not to reveal the names of the five institutions whose admissions policies they examine in detail.) With the publication of their book, and of "The Black-White Test Score Gap," edited by Christopher Jencks, the Malcolm Wiener Professor of Social Policy at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, and Meredith Phillips, an assistant professor of policy studies at the University of California, Los Angeles, the fact gap has closed considerably. Both volumes are masterly in their technical use of data and sensitive to the limits of what data can reveal. It detracts nary a whit from the accomplishments of either to say that even with the facts they present, the roles race should and does play in college admissions will remain hotly contested.

As Thomas J. Kane, who teaches public policy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, points out in his contribution to the Jencks and Phillips collection, roughly 60 percent of America's institutions of higher education admit nearly all who apply and therefore do not give preference to any particular race. At the best schools, by contrast, efforts to diversify the student body translate into a 400-point bonus for minority students on the SAT tests. The bonus is so large because, in 1995, 70 African-Americans scored over 700 on the verbal portions of the SAT; 221 more scored over 650. (The corresponding numbers for whites were 8,239 and 16,216.) The five or six most competitive colleges, in other words, fight over the 300 or so African-Americans with the highest scores; the next 20 or 30 colleges, still top ranked, have to drop down to those scoring in the 1200's or below if they want their student bodies to reflect the percentage of the population that is black or Hispanic -- all the while rejecting many white applicants with much higher scores.

One effect of taking race into account into account in the admissions process is that among applicants with combined SAT scores in the low 1200 range, a black applicant is three times as likely to get into an elite college as a white applicant. Bowen and Bok argue that both the colleges and the black students who attend them still benefit. We ought not to forget, they write, that although whites with very high scores may be "spectacularly well qualified" for college, blacks with somewhat lower scores are anything but unqualified. In addition, SAT scores, while important, are not a one-to-one stand-in for merit; not only do they predict academic performance poorly, they also say little about who will contribute most to other students or will become eventual leaders in their fields.

Critics of affirmative action say that it is unfair to black students to be forced to compete against whites who are better prepared for demanding academic work. Some of the evidence collected by Bowen and Bok confirms this; in less selective institutions, black graduation rates six years after entering college are significantly lower than white graduation rates. Black students nearly always perform less well than white students, and also perform below the levels predicted by their SAT scores. A chapter in the Jencks and Phillips collection calls this "disturbing" and adds that "most sobering of all, the performance gap is greatest for the black students with the highest SAT's." A co-author of that chapter is William G. Bowen. Still, Bowen and Bok conclude that the overall picture proves that minority students are not "overmatched" in comparison with whites admitted with much higher SAT scores to the nation's top schools. The picture improves even more if one examines the years after college. Despite their lower SAT scores, black graduates of the nation's selective colleges are active participants in civic life. They report high degrees of satisfaction with their experiences in college.

In their most impressive finding, Bowen and Bok show that of the 700 or so black entering students from the class of 1976 who would not have been admitted to one of the nation's more selective institutions had strictly race-neutral criteria been applied, 225 obtained professional or graduate degrees, 70 became doctors, 60 became lawyers, 125 became business executives; and as a body, they earned an average of $71,000 annually. Bowen and Bok interpret these facts to mean that an increase in the size of the black middle class justifies racial preferences. They may well be correct. There is no more important step to be taken along the road to racial justice than building and strengthening a black middle class. Every African-American who enters a profession or buys a house in the suburbs gives the lie to two pervasive cynicisms -- one that blames black Americans for their own inequality and the other that in blaming white racism for all the ills of America ends up excusing self-defeating black isolationism.

But it would be wrong to conclude from "The Shape of the River" that affirmative action works. What Bowen and Bok have proved is that going to a top college works. Their book unintentionally fuels rather than quenches the passions over affirmative action. For if a degree from a top college benefits those who receive it as much as Bowen and Bok clearly demonstrate, then those passed over for admission to those colleges really do have cause for complaint.

And because Bowen and Bok's data are limited to the more selective institutions, they have little to tell us about the fates of minority students who never make it to the level of applying to those colleges. The material assembled by Jencks and Phillips helps explain why that group is so large. A gap between blacks and whites on intelligence tests appears when children are 4 years old. By the age of 6, black vocabulary scores match those of whites who are 5. By the age of 17, black scores are equal to those of white 13-year-olds. This means that African-Americans who show up in the Bowen and Bok study have already won some of life's biggest battles. By scoring in the 1200 range on SAT tests, they are most likely either middle-class already or will push themselves into the middle class through their determination and effort.

The real problem arises among those black high school graduates who never fully recover from their initial disadvantage in testing and who therefore wind up scoring in the 800-1000 range on SAT's. The best of these students will attend colleges that are somewhat selective, and which therefore still exercise some degree of racial preference in admissions. But while the preference is smaller than at the most selective colleges, the impact on many students is larger (Thomas Kane's data indicate that black and Hispanic students receive an 8 percent to 10 percent preference at the most academically selective fifth of four-year institutions, but only a 3 percent preference at schools ranked in the fourth of the five tiers). Getting into and graduating from one of these colleges may well play a more significant role in the life prospects of a medium-range SAT scorer of either race than graduation from a top college plays for a high scorer of either race, for these are the colleges that historically made it possible to move from the ***working class*** into the middle class. The benefits gained by minority students at the top colleges, in other words, could come at the price of greater conflict between black and white applicants to those less selective colleges where middle-class aspirations meet head on.

An even greater number of minority high school students will score so low on the SAT's or equivalent tests that they will not go to college at all or will attend technical schools and community colleges. Should they lose out because they test so badly? Are the tests biased? There is, as Jencks points out, a "labeling" bias: "People hear statements like . . . 'blacks have less academic aptitude than whites' as claims that blacks are innately inferior." The pervasive use of such tests, he adds, constitutes a "selection system bias," because relying on the tests rather than performance will invariably discriminate against blacks and Hispanic applicants.

Nonetheless, Jencks writes, "the skill differences that the tests measure are real." They also matter. In their chapter in "The Black-White Test Score Gap," William R. Johnson, who teaches economics at the University of Virginia, and Derek Neal, a professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, show that wage differentials between black and white male workers can be attributed largely to differences in the acquisition of basic verbal and mathematical skills. Between 1971 and 1996, according to Meredith Phillips and her colleagues, the gap between black and white test scores narrowed considerably, even though minorities were still underrepresented at the very highest levels. This closing of the gap, moreover, was due to rising black scores, not falling white ones, indicating that something -- perhaps the War on Poverty, perhaps increased black expectations, perhaps improved schooling, especially in math -- was working. If such improvements dramatically undercut genetic explanations of intelligence, the fact that the gap appears once again to be growing is a great puzzle for social policy.

Chapters in "The Black-White Test Score Gap" explore the influence of parents, teachers, peers and society as a whole in explaining why blacks and whites perform differently on such tests. Firm conclusions are hard to come by, and some of the authors disagree with the hypotheses suggested by others. Still, the bulk of the material in this book leaves the reader with the sense that the causes are deep and difficult to overcome. As Phillips and her colleagues point out, we could eliminate at least half, and probably more, of the black-white test score gap at the end of the 12th grade by eliminating the differences that exist before children enter first grade. Such is the disparity between the races that a frightening number of African-Americans lose a good shot at entering the middle class even before they enter kindergarten. There are nonetheless good reasons to do our best to overcome this gap. "Eliminating racial differences in test performance," Jencks and Phillips write, "would also allow colleges, professional schools and employers to phase out the racial preferences that have caused so much political trouble over the past generation." Of all the facts presented in these two sobering books, the most important is this: When we debate using racial preferences to admit more black and Hispanic students to the nation's best colleges, we are considering the fate of a shockingly small number of people.

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***A Long Way From Tacoma***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42B9-RB80-0109-T0F1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By Robert Gottlieb; Robert Gottlieb is the author of "Reading Jazz" and the co-author of "Reading Lyrics."

**Body**

Bing Crosby

A Pocketful of Dreams.

The Early Years, 1903-1940.

By Gary Giddins.

Illustrated. 728 pp. Boston:

Little, Brown & Company. $30.

Four men dominate the history of popular singing in the 20th century (if you want to double the number, throw in the Beatles). They were Al Jolson, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley, and during the period of their ascendancy they not only led the way, they were the way. We think we know them. Jolson, the cantor's son, headlining in blackface and ushering in the era of sound; Sinatra, the tough Italian kid from Hoboken who transformed himself into the revered Ol' Blue Eyes; Elvis, the hip-wriggling, dirt-poor truck driver from Tupelo whose life sputtered out so stupidly. But what do we know about Crosby? Throughout his decades at the absolute pinnacle of his profession, he was just Bing -- decent, casual, modest, above all normal; a guy whose baritone voice happened to be better than ours or we could have been him. (We certainly never thought we could be Jolson or Sinatra or Presley.)

His reputation hasn't fared well. Today he may be admired by singers and critics, and remembered with respect and affection by those who go back 50 years, but he's generally brushed aside by younger people, who associate him with their parents' (or grandparents') old-fashioned taste. What's left of him? "White Christmas" and "Silent Night" during the holidays. Possibly the "Road" pictures. Less likely, his Oscar-winning Father O'Malley in (ugh) "Going My Way." Maybe "High Society." As for his life story, if it's known at all it's because of the pathetic death of his alcoholic first wife, Dixie, and the revelations of his son Gary's book, "Going My Own Way." The world's most successful singer, ever, is neglected as an artist, and Mr. All-Time Nice Guy has been turned into Daddy Dearest.

Years ago, the eminent jazz critic Gary Giddins set out to tell the full story of the life and to analyze and reassess the career. In 1993, he provided the introduction for a new edition of Crosby's autobiography, "Call Me Lucky," written 40 years earlier; a publisher's note said, "His long-awaited biography of Bing Crosby is slated for publication . . . in the fall of 1995." At last, the long wait is over -- or partly over. The more than 700 pages of "Bing Crosby: A Pocketful of Dreams" tell only half the story, the years from 1903 to 1940 -- no "White Christmas," no Father O'Malley, no Frank Sinatra on the horizon. And no big dramatic crisis to neatly split the story in two. Indeed, once Crosby got rolling, there were no crises: he shot to the top before he was 30, "having fallen upward every step of his career," Giddins remarks, and he stayed there until rock 'n' roll supplanted his music and the 60's undid the America he epitomized.

Perhaps what has taken Giddins all this time -- apart from working on his award-winning "Visions of Jazz" and on the Ken Burns project "Jazz" -- has been the difficulty of grappling with a subject who so successfully presented himself as simple, even transparent, yet who actually was enigmatic, even opaque. Previous biographies have been either idolatrous or (as Giddins calls one of them) "scurrilous"; this new account may at moments overinflate Crosby's significance, but when the facts are unpretty we aren't spared them. Most of all, though, Giddins is in love with Crosby the singer, and here his knowledge of popular singing gives his book the weight and value that no other account commands.

The career is unparalleled. Giddins marshals the evidence: in 1925, the 22-year-old Bing, fresh from the 20's equivalent of garage bands and local appearances, sets out with his even younger sidekick and partner, Al Rinker, in a legendary drive down from Spokane to Los Angeles in a legendary old jalopy with no prospects and practically no connections. In less than a year, they're signed by the No. 1 entertainer in America, Paul Whiteman, to sing in his band and are wowing people in vaudeville and at Hollywood nightclubs. By mid-1927, Crosby's voice is heard on his first Whiteman hit, "Muddy Water." Crosby and Rinker, joined by Harry Baris, become the Rhythm Boys; hit follows hit; and in 1931 Crosby goes solo. Some 40 No. 1 records follow (compared to 24 for the Beatles and 18 for Elvis), and an unbelievable 225 Top 10 records. (One of these is "White Christmas," which has sold well over 35 million copies.) As a movie star, he tops the Quigley box-office poll for an unheard-of five years in a row. His radio shows rank among the top dozen for decades. And finally he moves into television, yet again warming America's heart with family Christmas shows. His new family, that is; Dixie is dead, their four sons are in the doghouse, but there is young, pretty wife No. 2, Kathryn Grant, and their three young kids.

Through his movies we can watch him develop from the jaunty, likable, sometimes rascally Joe College type of the 30's, to the jaunty, likable, sometimes rascally co-star, with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, of the "Road" pictures, to the jaunty, likable, but never rascally priest of "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's." "Develop" may not be the word: he ages and he grows more proficient, but he doesn't really change.

Through his records we can follow him as he develops into a superior jazz musician -- influenced, in the Whiteman band, by Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer -- then into our most famous crooner (a word he disliked). Giddins underlines again and again that Crosby's singing is virile, not "effeminate," "effete" or "like a Floradora girl" -- in other words, not like the high-pitched Irish tenors who had preceded him. And unlike imitators such as Perry Como and Dick Haymes, he never lost his swing, despite the countless middle-of-the-road songs he recorded through the 30's. Giddins readily acknowledges the downside of Crosby's popularity. "His major achievement was to plait the many threads of American music into a central style of universal appeal. . . . To achieve universality, he had to dilute individuality."

This is the Bing who was indiscriminately singing superior Depression-era songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" and "Pennies From Heaven," along with faux-Hawaiian, faux-Mexican, faux-Western, Stephen Foster, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," "When the Organ Played 'O Promise Me' "and "Does Your Mother Come From Ireland?" -- hardly the Great American Songbook. Crosby thought that his singing grew more secure through the years -- that he had been sloppy in the early 30's. It didn't matter: the rich intimacy of the voice, the beautiful phrasing, the perfect elocution and pitch and, crucially, the mastery of the microphone and of radio prevailed over carelessness and weak material. Crosby is both revolutionary, in that no earlier singer sounds anything like him, and assimilative, containing the Jewish Jolson, the African-American Armstrong, his own Irish musical heritage. He's both a melting pot and uniquely himself.

Crosby the man is a mix as well -- of his happy-go-lucky, charming, mandolin-playing father, Harry, and his dominating, demanding, disciplinary mother, Kate, perhaps the one person of whom Bing was afraid. (At least four of his siblings admitted that "they felt no love for their mother at all. They were scared of her.") She was the kind of Irish mother who would have liked one of her boys to become a priest, and indeed Bing attended a Jesuit high school in Spokane, studying Latin and mastering the art of elocution, to which he later said he owed his remarkable phrasing, and went on to Gonzaga University, even doing a year of law. ("I studied law in college and I can truthfully say that the bar of the state of Washington is the only bar I was ever kept out of.")

In fact, Giddins sums up, this promising mirror of a rigorous Jesuit education "was slipping out of Gonzaga's grasp." He slipped fast and far. Into his mid-20's, Bing was a love-'em-and-leave-'em Don Juan and a serious drinker. About his women he was close-mouthed -- in a 1931 interview (published not long after he got married) he tactfully protests, "They say I left a trail of broken hearts behind me. . . . Now I wouldn't do a thing like that. The fact is I left a trail of broken bottles and unpaid bills." His drinking led not only to a jail sentence for drunken driving but to increasing unreliability. The genial Paul Whiteman remarked, "No, he was never hard to handle. But sometimes he was hard to find."

And then, in the spirit of St. Augustine (of whom Giddins reminds us a few too many times), comes reform -- marriage to the starlet Dixie Lee, four kids, money piling up, work habits rigorous enough to satisfy even the Jesuits. You could say that Bing Crosby spent his life outwardly embodying the casual charm of his father while inwardly obeying the demands of his mother. It was a formula that worked: the world both loved him and approved of him.

Yet the people closest to him found him not just casual but remote, even cold. He had no talent for intimacy -- almost no real friends. Dixie was left to her own devices, and to alcohol. The four boys were disciplined as harshly as he had been disciplined by Kate. He was accused of shutting people out of his life, most dramatically Al Rinker and Harry Baris, when he decided to go it alone. Yet in many ways he was generous, not least to other actors and singers, and most of all to Louis Armstrong: "He is the beginning and the end of music in America." (Louis returned the compliment: "Ever since Bing first opened his mouth, he was the Boss of All Singers and still is.")

Crosby's modesty, his lack of vanity, were real. He insisted that his success was due to luck ("Call Me Lucky"). He knew his looks were nothing remarkable, and he never tried to glamorize himself: at Paramount, he refused to have his big ears pinned back and resented having to hide his receding hairline. Most remarkably, he insisted on the famous Crosby clause in his contracts, by which he refused to be billed alone above the picture title: minor actresses were elevated into co-stars. This was shrewdness as well as modesty, of course; if the picture failed, it wasn't his fault alone.

By 1940, Bing had, Giddins tells us, invented his own image as "an all-American character: a plucky, eternally boyish, self-made millionaire with a common touch and uncommon voice." No wonder that in a national poll taken in the late 40's, he was voted the most popular man alive. Women found him appealing, even sexy, yet unthreatening; men were drawn to what Giddins calls his "***working-class*** man's-man insouciance." For Gary Crosby, the adulation "blurred the boundaries between 'God and dad, because everybody revered both of them.' "He was "quintessentially American," says Giddins, "cool and upbeat, never pompous, belligerent, or saccharine, never smug or superior. He looked down on no one and up to no one." Above all, he was natural -- an extraordinary ordinary guy." But how ordinary is a man who dominates the entertainment industry for decades, amasses a fortune, masks his ambition even from himself and achieves universal popularity?

It's hard to think of a comparable figure. The young Bing suggests a Huck Finn who quickly turns into Tom Sawyer -- it's Huck who floats down the West Coast in that jalopy, but it's Tom who immediately starts falling upward into the tremendous career. Perhaps the man who most resembles Crosby in his natural charm, his hidden strengths and ambitions, his boyish appeal is the equally all-American Eisenhower. Can it be accidental that the two most famous nicknames of the century were Bing and Ike? (How many people even know that Bing's real name was Harry Lillis Crosby?)

Gary Giddins has performed a great service in tracking Crosby's life and career so scrupulously. He's not only superb on the music, but he has lovingly considered the films of the 30's -- he's particularly perceptive about the vaudevillian "Road" pictures (Crosby and Hope "are anarchists with sweet souls"). Sometimes his prose gets a touch fancy or peculiar -- a song treatment is "supernally relaxed," his work "failed to sate Bing's energy," Bing "had haplessly incarnated the excesses of Prohibition" -- and one can argue with certain judgments: Is Crosby really a "far more important artist" than John McCormack? But these are hardly blemishes on a masterly performance. Some readers may feel that this book tells them too much. But those of us who have been waiting all these years to learn everything there is to know about Crosby can only be grateful for Giddins's depth of detail and soundness of judgment. Now, where is Volume 2?

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bing Crosby in the early 1930's.; Bing Crosby with Mary Martin in "Rhythm on the River" (1940). (Paramount Pictures)

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[***MY MANHATTAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V07-H1T0-007F-G4J7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Unpretentious Mirror For the Metropolis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V07-H1T0-007F-G4J7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PHILLIP LOPATE;

Phillip Lopate, novelist and essayist, is the editor of "Writing New York" (Library of America), a collection of writings about the city.

By PHILLIP LOPATE;  Phillip Lopate, novelist and essayist, is the editor of "Writing New York" (Library of America), a collection of writings about the city.

**Body**

New York is too nearly infinite to have a center, too hot-and-cold to locate its putative heart. But if one place can claim a measure of overall symbolism for the metropolis, it is City Hall and its adjoining park. City Hall itself is both grace note and anomaly, surrounded by Park Row, which once housed the legendary newspapers of James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst, and now plays host to hipper media like J & R Music/Computer World; by that majestic cathedral-skyscraper, the Woolworth Building, with its beige and taupe terra cotta cladding; by the muscular Municipal Building, a McKim, Mead & White wedding cake of Stalinist-architecture bulk, abutting the on-ramp to the Brooklyn Bridge; by Ellen's Coffee Shop, a New York institution run by an ex-Miss Subways, its walls covered with other Miss Subways winners, and by the masses of civil service workers on lunch break, shoppers frequenting bargain-discount outlets and criminals paroled by the nearby jail, all strolling up Chambers Street.

An 18th-century petit-palais built at the inception of the 19th-century (1803-1812), City Hall stubbornly offers up its neoclassical charms, looking nobly trim, without an ounce of imperial pomposity, its scale suggesting the perfect administrative headquarters for a city of, say, 200,000. There is something comic about the fact that this toylike structure, this doll house set amid skyscrapers, still serves as the command post for the Mayor and City Council of contemporary New York.

I remember the first time I saw City Hall. I was being honored there, along with other sixth graders, for my composition on fire prevention. At 12, what did I care about fire prevention? I was a hack, like most early achievers, turning out facile prose to meet my masters' needs. The call would come down from the Board of Education for an essay competition on some civics topic -- brotherhood, the Four Freedoms -- and I would oblige, usually to no avail. This time I got lucky. On a hot June day I sat on a folding chair with the other district winners, all goody-goodies, and listened to the Fire Commissioner's speech, and went up the City Hall steps to receive my "Little Hot Spot" silver medal. Then (I like to imagine) I looked up at the graceful relic and my heart swelled with pride. But I know better.

You step back today and think, "My God, it's stood up well!" However, this, you discover later, is not the original facade: age, weather and chemical pollution had weakened the surface to such an extent that, in the early 1950's, every stone, column, capital and carving had to be duplicated in sturdier materials. An amazing labor of love, testifying to the irreplaceable nature of this building in New York's mythos.

The interior is less restored, closer to its earlier character. And it is the interior that is really the dazzling part, with its flying marble staircases drawing the eye upward to the building's cupola. Inside, all is curved, sinuous, coquettish, in contrast to the exterior's bluff rectangularity, so that the effect is of achieving the impossible: placing a round peg in a square hole.

One tends to forget that New York is not so young; it is older than Russia's St. Petersburg. But most of 17th- and 18th-century Manhattan has been destroyed, by fire or the cost of real estate, leaving City Hall as perhaps the island's oldest structure still functioning as originally intended (i.e., not retired to museum status).

City Hall was supposed to anchor the northernmost point of New York's development, which is why the building faces south. Today, it seems to be perversely ignoring the majority of its constituents as it eyes the narrow bunion of land, the original Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, from which the city grew. Washington Irving, in his parodic "History of New York" (1809), related that the city's streets sprang willy-nilly from the meanderings of grazing cows. Curiously, Irving wrote this at the same time the new City Hall was being built. Its French style, its symmetry and siting, marked the beginning of a more formal vision of town planning, and augured the abandonment of the "cow-path" approach for the geometric grid structure that New York would ultimately follow.

A decade earlier, around 1790, New York had lost its status as the young nation's capital to Washington. In return, freed from the stodgy atmosphere of national politics and bureaucracies, it would develop a more intensely focused sense of identity: mercantile and cultural, polyglot and speedy. The city fathers' choice of such a sophisticated architectural contest entry (by Joseph Mangin, a French architect, in association with the Scotsman John McComb Jr.) for their City Hall already shows a certain awareness of, and confidence in, the destiny ahead.

A century later, Henry James marveled in "The American Scene" (1907) that a citizen could still go anywhere inside this City Hall, with an American confidence that "the civic building is his very own." He compared such "penetration" with the "romantic thrill" of "some assault of the dim seraglio, with the guards bribed, the eunuchs drugged and one's life carried in one's hand."

These days one's approach to City Hall's interior mysteries seems barred by the burly guard at the door and the threatening metal detector, suggesting some erosions of democracy since James's day. Yet the curious may still enter. A sign greets your eyes: "Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani Congratulates the New York Yankees 1996 World Series Champions. Please Sign In Here." The trophies for 1996 and 1998 are both on display. This is tacky on several counts: the Mayor is trying to take credit for the success of one local baseball team, which offends the delicate sensibilities of rival Mets fans (like myself) and which introduces a gratuitous billboard ugliness into a historical landmark of surpassing elegance. I refuse to sign in (my big rebellion), I pay my respects to the Governor's Room portrait gallery and leave.

The 12 steps in front of City Hall retain their function as the place where mayors are sworn in, ceremonial speeches made, distinguished visitors receive the key to the city, heroes of the fire and police departments are awarded medals and baseball heroes, like the Mayor's Yankees, are honored. In the past, political protests, uniformed union picketers, garbage strikers, school decentralization battles, all came to rest here. Although professed concern over terrorism has currently made the steps off limits to such phenomena, City Hall Park remains a flashpoint for such social struggles as last week's march against police brutality -- or at least a symbolic stage from which to launch appeals to the media.

The Mayor holds his news conferences at City Hall; the City Council, with its beautiful gallery for spectators, convenes here as well, often putting forward a position at odds with the Mayor's. One cannot help thinking, however, in our age of global interdependency, that some of this political posturing has become a dumb show, since, in fact, no one is governing New York City, or can.

In spite -- or because? -- of my skepticism that the mayors of New York are still in charge, I find these men ruling the city's imagination like Shakespearean monarchs or buffoons. Just as I divide my private adult life into eras ruled by this or that woman, so I categorize the public arena of the last 40 years not by the terms of United States Presidents (they are too remote, too abstract) but New York mayors: Vincent R. Impelliteri, Robert F. Wagner, John V. Lindsay, Abraham D. Beame, Edward I. Koch. David N. Dinkins, Rudolph Giuliani. These names have an indescribable savor; these are my madeleines.

Today I loiter on the City Hall steps and watch the lawyers in gray suits and yellow ties, holding attache cases, conversing with female colleagues in brown or black suits while their underlings carry expandable folders crammed with affidavits, legal papers, etc. Anyone climbing to the top step and imagining himself orating to the citizenry would quickly have his fantasy undercut by noticing, just beyond a shallow strip of pavement big enough for a modest crowd, a parking lot for official cars.

In other words, the space in front of City Hall, once allotted for civic congregation, has been chopped up and ceded to the powers that be. It is only after you get beyond this offensively private car lot, which bisects City Hall Park, that the feeling of public space takes over again and you experience something like the original "commons" that was intended for the park.

It is a pleasure to see how amicably the park is used by so many different types: office workers, vagrants, tourists, mothers with strollers. The formula seems so simple: if you want people to sit in a public space, all you need do, as the urbanist William H. Whyte sagely observed, is provide seats. City Hall Park has a plenitude of benches. The trees help immensely in creating a comfortable atmosphere. For public space to function as naturally and successfully as City Hall Park, it takes a historical "walking" city, a tolerable climate and a habit of malingering.

Chinese families cut through the park on their way to East Broadway; a troop of black youngsters on a field trip pause in their march and spread over several benches, Hasidic Jews hurry to their destinations. Some Puerto Rican children are splashing ecstatically at the fountain's edge. A middle-aged, overweight man sits reading a tourist guide to the Greek Islands. On the next bench, a drunk lies sprawled, sleeping it off.

The flower beds have been nicely planted. Still, there is a ragged, scruffy quality about this park. It is never immaculate; the grass always has its share of wrappers, cellophane, coffee cup lids -- a small price to pay for popularity. With the sounds of sirens, car alarms, Broadway and Brooklyn Bridge traffic swirling around, you can't call the park an "oasis of tranquillity." It's something else again: a feast of urbanism, without apology.

I would be derelict in my duty as cicerone of City Hall Park if I did not mention another, more notorious building in the park, not far from the beloved landmark. This is the Old New York County Courthouse, a handsome Victorian structure which took 20 years (1858-1878) to build, and became the opportunity for enormous graft, kickbacks and pocketing of public funds. Indeed, the Tweed Ring, a political machine under the aegis of Boss Tweed, was said to have made off with $10 million of the $14 million construction cost. The building is currently under scaffolding restoration. Tweed himself is undergoing something of a rehabilitation by revisionist historians who argue that the patronage system he presided over, however nepotistic and corrupt, at least gave the ***working class*** and new immigrants a leg up.

So "this imperfect triangle of City Hall Park" (W.P.A. Guide to New York City, 1939) can be read as an allegory, embodying the metropolis's three basic types of democratic expression: a formally elected, representative democracy, as exemplified by the dignified self-containment of City Hall itself; a more corrupt arrangement (and what is more typically New York than corruption?) but more approachable, direct access to power, in the symbolic presence of Tweed's courthouse; and finally, the Whitmanesque democratic spirit, characterized by pedestrian flow and the erotics of eye contact in the expanse of City Hall Park where the people exercise their sovereign prerogatives of leisure.

**Graphic**

Photo: City Hall and its park, center, with the Municipal Building at the right. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

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[***Charity Comes Too Close to Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y010-000D-G3K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID GONZALEZ

By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

Every day, as he cruises Manhattan in his taxicab, Samuel Cohen sees the toll homelessness exacts on the indigent, addicted and infirm. He solemnly nods and says the city should help those souls find their way into a home.

But standing in his driveway and glancing down the block at an empty lot where the city has proposed building a shelter for homeless men, he chafes at that notion of charity so close to home. He worries that a shelter would bring noise, crime and outcasts to his middle-class neighborhood in the Flatlands section of Brooklyn, and drive away people who settled in these boxy brick homes after fleeing shakier areas elsewhere.

"I'm for caring about them," Mr. Cohen said. "But there are lots of places where they can do it. There are lots of empty spots. Now I guess I have nowhere to run, except Israel. At least there you know your enemies, and they give you a gun to defend yourself."

After years of criticism that impoverished and politically powerless neighborhoods were forced to accept shelters and other unpopular services for the homeless, the Dinkins administration has proposed 35 sites for a network of 24 small shelters, most of them in middle-class areas. Now, as the City Council prepares to hold the first of a series of citywide public hearings tonight in Queens, residents are rising to fight against what they see as an assault on their way of life.

Clutching petitions in door-to-door appeals, angrily calling their elected officials and flocking to standing-room-only meetings, many residents say they are aghast at the idea that, having paid their share of taxes to support the homeless, they now have to share the burden of housing them.

In dozens of interviews throughout the city recently, a handful of people welcomed the small neighborhood shelters as a humane alternative to the current network of cavernous, chaotic dormitories. At the other extreme, a few white residents cast the issue in racial terms, condemning the plan and its beneficiaries as little more than a black Mayor's conspiracy against their communities.

Many more cautiously supported the idea in the abstract, as long as it was in somebody else's neighborhood, or better yet, in some remote locale like the South Bronx, Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant.

"It won't help the neighborhoods that are bad and it won't help the neighborhoods that are good," said Josephine Liparuli, as she stood in a municipal parking lot in Flatbush that is one possible site. "Everyone has something to lose on this one."

The Dinkins administration, which devised the plan in accordance with new City Charter requirements that public programs be distributed evenly, admits it will lose on some sites. Saying publicly they are not wedded to specific sites, officials say privately that perhaps as few as six could be built. Nonetheless, they remain committed to the idea that smaller shelters with educational and social services will be more effective and no threat to communities in the long run.

That is small comfort to Nancy and Dominick Brandonisio, who have a leafy haven for their family in the wooded expanse of Princess Bay on Staten Island. They live a few blocks from a proposed site and they worry for their children's safety.

"Dinkins says he cares for the children in this city, so why is he doing this?" Mrs. Brandonisio asked.

The remoteness that made the area attractive to its residents now leads them to criticize the plan as impractical, since the homeless would be cut off from jobs and transportation.

"This is just a racial opinion on Dinkins's side," said Mr. Brandonisio. "He's just getting back at white people."

His wife said the mayor was playing a shell game with the homeless while evading responsibility for tackling the root causes of mental illness and drug addiction. "He should put the money back into drug programs and mental hospitals and really try to help these people," she said.

Lourdes DePena, who has lived in Astoria for 15 years, signed a petition against the shelter, saying she was concerned about a shelter being so close to the area's many schools.

"Years ago I heard there was a place in the Bronx called Fort Apache," she said. "Why don't they renovate the houses there and use them for the homeless?"

That might have happened before the city instituted what it calls its Fair Share criteria, but the renovated housing in the city's frayed communities will blend the formerly homeless with low-income and ***working-class*** tenants. To rebuild communities, the homeless cannot be heaped into already impoverished areas, city officials said.

"People say put them in the South Bronx like no people live in the Bronx," said Anne Teicher, acting co-editor of the Mayor's office on homelessness.

"Homeless people come from every borough, whether the community acknowledges it or not."

Sinister Holding Pens

She added that mistrust may stem from their perception of the city's current homeless efforts, which have relied on large emergency shelters that have become little more than sinister holding pens. She said the shelters would house fewer than 100 residents for under a year and provide drug treatment, job training and counseling, modeled on current shelters run by community organizations.

"Past efforts were massive efforts done on an emergency basis," she said. "Here we have an opportunity to think through what the needs are."

Caring won out over conceit among some residents of Christopher Street in the West Village, another proposed site. "This country is known for its compassion," said Franklin Gordon, whose apartment is next to the proposed site.

"It's time for us to act."

Nonetheless, a few residents worried that the area's sizable HIV-infected population, including those who live in nearby AIDS hospices, may be put at risk by shelter residents who suffer from tuberculosis.

In the North Bronx, where one proposed site is on Tillotson Avenue between a street of private homes and the New England Thruway, residents argue that their efforts at improving their community will be disregarded by the city's policies. In recent months they have rallied against the drug dealers and prostitutes who linger by the highway's service roads and loiter on the shelter site.

'This Is Bad Enough'

"This is bad enough as it is," said Miriam Velez, who did not know that the lot near her house may have a shelter built on it. The lot is a dumping ground for garbage, tires and the occasional corpse, she said.

"It would be totally corrupt," she said. "The homeless would only take advantage of the opportunity and commit crimes."

Youths playing inside the muddy, overgrown lot proposed for a shelter site in the Flatlands section of Brooklyn vowed to protect their turf.

Frankie Castro, a tiny 11-year-old with a brush cut let loose with a torrent of racial invective, then said: "Mayor Dinkins ought to put it in the crummy neighborhoods. He wants to make our neighborhood like his."

Darren Valinotti, 19, vowed the shelter would not be built. "They put it here, it'll be broken down," he said.

The future is less clear to Sally Dmet, a psychic who works on Kings Highway, around the corner from the proposed Flatbush site.

"I have no idea what's going to happen here," she said.

Flustered by her inability to foretell the outcome, she suggested that whoever is planning the shelter come visit her studio.

"Right now if he comes in I'll see the future," she promised.

**Graphic**

Photo: Middle-class neighborhoods that have been chosen as possible sites for homeless shelters are criticizing the plan. Neighborhood children played in a vacant lot that is a proposed site in the Flatlands section of Brooklyn. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Chart: "IMPACT"

Where Shelters Could Be Built

MANHATTAN

1. Riverside Dr., Payson Ave., City Council district 7.

2. West 63d St., West 64th St. and West End Ave., Dist. 6

3. 171-175 Christopher St. 296-298 W. 10th St., Dist. 3.

STATEN ISLAND

4. Joline Ave., Dist. 51.

5. Drumgoole Rd. East and Brandis Ave., Dist. 51.

6. Hylan Blvd. and Vail Ave., Dist. 51.

7. Page Ave. and Murray St., Dist. 51.

8. Maryland Ave. and Reynolds St., Dist. 49.

9. Ervin, Penn, Gower and Garden Sts., Dist. 49.

10. Holland Ave. and Benjamin Pl. Dist. 49.

BROOKLYN

11. Ave. P. & Kings Highway, between E. 14th & 15th Sts., Dist. 48.

12. Ave. M, Ave. N, E. 72d St., Dist. 46.

13. E. 69th Street, Ave. X., Dist. 46.

14. Richards, Verona, Delevan, Dwight Sts., Dist. 38.

15. Wolcott, Richards, Van Brunt, Dikeman Sts., Dist. 38.

16. Neptune Ave., W. Sixth St., Shell Rd., Dist. 47.

17. Ditmas Ave., E. 58th St., Clarendon Rd. and Ralph Ave., Dist. 45.

BRONX

18. East end of block bounded by Reeds Mill Lane, Steenwich Ave. and the New England Thruway, Dist. 12.

19. Tillotson; Hunter, Palmer, New England Thruway, Dist. 12.

20. Northwest corner of Harper Ave. and Marolla Pl., Dist. 12.

21. New England Thruway, Co-op City Blvd. and Rombouts Ave., Dist. 12.

22. Brush and Randall Aves., Hutchinson River Pkwy., Dist. 18.

23. Arlington, Fairfield Aves. and 230th St., Dist. 11.

24. Webster Ave. Between 204th and 205th Sts., Dist. 11.

QUEENS

25. 38th St., 20th Ave. and Steinway St., Dist. 22.

26. 31st Ave., 47 St., 36th St., Dist 22.

27. Northwest corner of Justice Ave. and 55th Ave., Dist. 25.

28. Admiral Ave. and 65th Lane., Dist. 30.

29. North side of 70th Rd., between 112th and 113th Sts., Dist. 24.

30. Albert Rd., Huron St., North Conduit Ave., Dist. 32

31. East of Oceania St., between Northern Blvd., 45th Rd., Dist. 19.

32. 186th St. between 140th and 141st Ave., Dist. 31.

33. 167th St. between Baisley Blvd. and 120th Ave., Dist. 27.

34. West of the Brooklyn Queens Expressway and 25th Ave., Dist. 22

35. Vernon Blvd., between 43d Ave. and the Queensborough Bridge, Dist. 26.

(pg. B2)

Map of New York showing locations where shelters could be built. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** November 13, 1991

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[***AN ARMY THAT MARCHES ON MUSIC AND PRAYER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8CX0-0007-J3TC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By WILL CRUTCHFIELD

**Body**

You tend to rush by them in the frenzy of holiday shopping: Uniformed bell-ringers and horn-blowers standing round a kettle for contributions. Perhaps you throw in a dollar - Salvation Army, good cause. Eye contact is not likely, let alone stopping to wonder who these people are.

You could, though, be hurrying unaware past a free concert by a principal of the New York Philarmonic. And the man burbling away on the euphonium might be a cardiologist, and the tuba player an investment counselor.

Or they might be reformed addicts or prostitutes; the Salvation Army has remained faithful to Gen. William Booth's original charge: ''Go for souls, and go for the worst.'' The Army's most visible activities are its wide range of social services - soup kitchens, distribution of surplus goods and the like - aimed at the needy.

But it is also a church that has existed for more than a century, and over the years many of its families have moved into the middle class or beyond. Their musical tradition, the brass band, runs through the diverse organization as a unifying thread.

The Army is divided into corps, and each of the 33 in the Greater New York area has a band, ranging from a handful of players to a full concert complement of 30 to 35. In December, they play Christmas carols for shoppers; year round, they take traditional hymns and music by Salvationist composers to hospitals, prisons and other institutions. The kettles are everywhere, but not always attended by live players. In Manhattan, the instrumentalists are most in evidence in the Rockefeller Center and Times Square areas; elsewhere, shopping malls are the principal venue for holiday activity.

Behind all this is a network of concerts, competitions, junior bands and summer camps for youth. The Salvation Army is increasingly a seedbed for the cultivation of professional musical talent: Brass players in major orchestras, influential music educators, even a composer of scores for ''Dallas'' have emerged from the Salvationist ranks.

The Philharmonic player among them is Philip Smith, the orchestra's co-principal trumpet, who does his shopping-center stints in Montclair, N.J., and plays duos with the likes of Wynton Marsalis on stage at Lincoln Center. His father is Derek Smith, bandmaster of the Army's front-line concert ensemble, the New York Staff Band, and his three siblings also are active in the church. They are typical of the strong family ties and the traditional values that run strong in the Salvation Army.

''Our discipline is a bit different in England,'' says the elder Mr. Smith, who left there for Canada in 1956 when Philip was 4, and moved to the United States three years later. ''I was brought up very strictly, and I suppose it rubbed off on me. When it came to Philip's practice time, that was discipline. I practiced with him - I made him play up to me. It often started with tears rather than a happy moment. But I believe it paid off for him.''

''I think I would bring up my children the same way he brought me up,'' says the younger man. ''Traditional discipline can bring trauma at the time, but the child is going to know he's loved. Mine are still too young to play - three and six - but already they sing.''

The Family Is All

The family cohesion represented by the Smiths is reinforced at every level in the organization. Officers - of whom there are 1,115 active in the Eastern territory, one of the four United States subdivisions of the church - may marry only other officers. Any prospective spouse who is not already an officer must undergo the two-year full-time training program to become one.

The officer-family system is a unique force for perpetuation of Army activity, both in itself and as an example for the lay membership. Craig Evans, the director of information, is from a Salvationist family; he also plays baritone horn in the New York Staff Band and the corps band of Montclair - where his brother, the director of development at Bloomfield College, plays trombone and leads the choir. The bandmaster there is Charles Baker, the principal trombonist of the New Jersey Symphony, in which he sits with another Salvationist-raised brass professional, Vernon Post.

''These people,'' says Ronald Waiksnoris (territorial music director for the East, son of officers, Salvationist cornet player from the age of 7), ''who have gone beyond the church to seek professional training, are putting back into the church, training our younger ones.'' In Philip Smith's congregation, the trumpeter says, ''we have a particular wealth of young married couples, and of kids 13 and younger, so over the last couple of years we've been putting together a junior band.'' The flow of top-level brass players from Salvationist ranks seems likely to grow even stronger under those conditions.

The tradition in which they stand, though, is as old as the Army itself. Brass bands were cultivated among the ***working-class*** English at the time of the Industrial Revolution, so General Booth's soldiers - and the derelict souls they set out to capture -were likely not only to respond to the music, but also might play an instrument at some rudimentary level. Besides, the General noted, brass bands were highly effective for shouting down hecklers. The music has changed a bit with the population; fewer listeners know the words of the old hymns. ''We've tried some Bach,'' said Mr. Waiksnoris, ''which would have been impossible 20 years ago. Some people object because it isn't evangelical - but evangelism is getting attention. We've even had arrangements that are something like rock for brass band.''

Stays in One's System

A player in the Montclair band with a different background is William Kerr, a Manhattan engineering consultant who is a direct product of musical evangelism. ''I came into the Army,'' he recalls, ''when I was about 10, in Michigan. I had asthma as a child and my allergist suggested I learn to play a wind instrument. The Army had an active youth band, but you had to go to Sunday school as a condition of playing.'' It stuck. ''You can't get it out of your system. My parents were nominal Presbyterians,'' he says, ''but the Army had something that appealed to a kid.''

Mr. Kerr stuck with tuba-playing through college, and was a junior bandleader in Cambridge, Mass., while getting his doctorate at M.I.T. He never pursued professional music, but kept up both his church commitment and his ''chops'' well enough to feel perfectly comfortable playing beside a Philharmonic member: ''Phil does a great job with his part and I have no reason to feel I don't hold up my end with mine.''

The strong family tradition is represented also by Bruce Broughton, composer of the scores for ''Young Sherlock Holmes,'' ''Silverado,'' ''Dallas'' and some 20 instrumental and choral items in the published Salvation Army repertory. Mr. Broughton's parents and grandparents were Salvationists, and by the age of 5 or 6 he was studying piano and, for use in family brass quintets, trumpet.

''I learned the rudiments of music at Salvation Army band camps -rather well, I must say. When I got to college they didn't want to let me skip first-year harmony, but I had learned it already at the age of 9. It was quite substantial.

Salvation Army music, Mr. Broughton said, ''comes from a combination of Church of England hymns and music hall songs, so there is a wide range of formal music and a very free approach to melody. Some of the younger composers here today, I think, haven't had the sheer exposure to good tunes and correct harmony that I had.'' Anyone who listens closely to the scores that have brought him his four Emmys, he says, ''will realize that it is all rooted in that kind of music.''

Extramusical Facets

Although his musical interests eventually demanded outlets beyond the Army, Mr. Broughton still identifies strongly with the extramusical facets of his upbringing. He is a veteran of many hours' street work: ''I've done everything - been called names, had things thrown at me - I am now very hard to embarrass; when you go through that experience you're ready for anything. The up side of it, the side I carry with me,'' he says, ''is that the Salvationists are very decent and well-meaning people, with a simple and very direct approach to big problems. It's a good way to grow up. I've found that's extremely valuable - to be able to go back to that at times when your own life becomes something other than very direct.''

In this the composer echoes a theme that runs through nearly every conversation with Salvationists about their music. It reveals the extent to which the most readily identifiable image of the Army - the brass band at Christmas time - is also a deep current of faith, a great swath in the church's fabric of belief and a personal force in the members' lives.

''There is a holding power to the music,'' says Mr. Waiksnoris. ''There are many of us who have gone through questioning times and wondered about our commitment, but you get the music in your blood, and often it carries you through. When you play 'The Old Rugged Cross' or 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus' - you can't hear the Salvation Army Band without hearing the Gospel.''

**Graphic**

photo of Derek Smith (NYT/Fred R. Conrad) (page C34); photo of Salvation Army ensemble playing at Penta Hotel (NYT/Don Hogan Charles)

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[***The Songs of Senegal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X81-7KJ1-2PBB-21PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 3401 words

**Byline:** By SETH SHERWOOD

SETH SHERWOOD, based in Paris, is a frequent contributor to the Travel section.

**Body**

''I LOVE the evening in Dakar,'' says Youssou N'Dour, glancing out the darkened window of an S.U.V. at the nocturnal crowds streaming into his nightclub, Thiossane, as a warm West African breeze rustles the palms and stirs up the dirt in the unpaved parking lot.

They arrive by foot, car, scooter and battered black-and-yellow taxi, dolled up in their Saturday best for the imminent wee-hours concert by Mr. N'Dour, Africa's biggest music star. ''It's a city that really comes alive at night.''

Though he has recently returned to Dakar, the Senegalese capital, from a gala in New York City for the international Keep a Child Alive charity -- where he sang with Alicia Keys and was honored alongside Bill Clinton and Richard Branson -- Mr. N'Dour sounds more like a wistful local kid than a 50-year-old global icon who has won a Grammy Award and was once named one of Time magazine's ''100 Most Influential People.'' ''I'm still very attached to Dakar,'' he goes on, adding that he was born in a ***working-class*** neighborhood a few miles from the club. ''And the people of Dakar are very attached to my music.''

And how. When he takes the stage, an ecstatic roar explodes, and soon several hundred bodies are dancing madly. With its fast-driving, interweaving traditional sabar drummers -- rounded out by guitar, bass, keyboards and a rock drum kit -- the opening number, ''Less Wakhoul,'' is pure mbalax, the propulsive, percussive, melodic pop music that Mr. N'Dour popularized starting in the 1970s and that remains the dominant sound emitted from Senegalese radios.

When the sun dips behind the Atlantic, this gritty concrete metropolis -- exhilarating, inventive, emotive -- flares into a living jukebox of sounds with few African rivals. And with the imminent arrival of the annual Africa Fete -- a music festival from Dec. 12 to 19 featuring the mbalax master Omar Pene and many other top local acts -- the city's tuneful bounty is about to go on even larger and more ebullient display.

It should be a welcome moment in the spotlight for Dakar, one of the globe's most dynamic yet least touristed music centers. With its bevy of international stars -- Mr. N'Dour, the acoustic bard Ismael Lo, the adventurous singer-songwriter Baaba Maal -- and an ever-increasing crop of new talents, the Senegalese capital is ripe for discovery.

''Dakar is one of the most musically vibrant cities in Africa,'' says Simon Broughton, editor in chief of the Britain-based Songlines magazine, which last year began operating tours of the city and this month features Youssou N'Dour on its cover.

''There's a large number of clubs,'' Mr. Broughton says, ''and lots of music as part of the fabric of everyday life.''

Indeed, the musicians and singers of Dakar serve up a remarkably diverse sonic smorgasbord with a rhythm for any mood or occasion. Seeking something mellow? Try Pape et Cheikh, whose Senegalese-folk has won fans like Tracy Chapman, or the group Toure Kunda, whose song ''Guerilla Africa'' was reworked by Carlos Santana into ''Africa Bamba'' on his multimillion-selling ''Supernatural'' album. In an Afrofunk mood? Xalam will show why the Rolling Stones hired them to play on their ''Undercover'' album.

Distinctive takes on hip-hop, salsa, reggae and jazz are also key parts of Dakar's extensive repertory -- to say nothing of the almighty mbalax, whose popularity carries on through young stars like Titi and Pape Diouf.

''Every two or three years there's a new generation, both musicians and singers,'' Mr. Diouf says. ''We're always trying to find ways to perfect Senegalese music. It's only natural. There are other sounds, other styles of music, other rhythms.''

ON a Saturday night in late October, I watch as a large group of Senegalese musicians in their 50s and 60s begin setting up drums, saxophones and guitars on the outdoor patio stage of Just4U, one of the city's live music temples.

Expectation is palpable in the crowd -- young Senegalese professionals and 30-something Western expatriates -- and for good reason: the band, Orchestra Baobab, is a local legend. And their rise, fall and rebirth is one of the most remarkable stories in Senegalese music and a window into the evolution of the country's characteristic sounds.

Back in 1970, recalls one of its guitarists, Lafti Benjeloun, as we watch fans arrive, the musicians were recruited by a new Dakar night spot called Club Baobab -- ''the most beautiful club in West Africa'' -- which was frequented by members of the governmental and social upper crust.

Musically, the band latched on to the craze for Afro-Cuban music sweeping the region. It was a natural fit. Conjured from ''a brew of African percussion and Western influences, mainly Spanish,'' as Mr. Benjeloun puts it, the music coming out of Havana instantly caught on with West Africans, who ''naturally recognized themselves in the rhythms.''

Orchestra Baobab stirred in other influences -- Gypsy jazz licks, Arabo-Andalusian strumming, Malian rhythms -- and produced some hugely successful recordings; soon it was the toast of the nation. But a growing tide of Senegalese cultural pride unleashed by the country's independence from France in 1960 eventually helped create mbalax mania and forced foreign sounds out of favor. By 1985 Orchestra Baobab had dissolved.

Then, 16 years later, came a storybook twist. Nick Gold, a fan and founder of Britain-based World Circuit Records (home of Buena Vista Social Club) helped persuade the band to reunite. Mr. Gold resurrected their career, organizing a 2001 reunion concert in London and releasing the band's first new albums in decades. Within a few years, the band was performing on David Letterman and starring in a VH1 special.

Jamming onstage, the graying bandmates don't seem to have slowed at all. As I sip a huge bottle of local Gazelle beer under the patio's bamboo roof, the grooves feel as tropical as the night air: warm, up-tempo, lushly orchestrated, full of rich horn riffs and rock-steady guitar strumming.

Before long, bodies are swaying and dancing. A Senegalese guy in Malcolm X glasses and impeccable threads twirls his date, a lithe Senegalese girl in skintight black pants. Matronly women in colorful native dresses jiggle and laugh. The scene is proof of something Mr. Benjeloun said to me with a chuckle before the set: ''Wine gets better with age, and so do musicians.''

The same week, another pioneer strides onto Just4U's outdoor stage: the hip-hop star Awadi. Twenty years ago, the dreadlocked wordsmith more or less created Senegalese hip-hop when he and Doug E. Tee (now called Duggy-T) founded Positive Black Soul. The duo quickly went on to become the nation's most successful hip-hop act, signing with major labels, touring internationally and collaborating with boldface rap names like KRS-One.

Positive Black Soul's success gave birth to an exploding Senegalese hip-hop scene, whose influence in Africa is now way out of proportion to the country's small size. With their socially conscious lyrics, top Senegalese groups like Daara J and Pee Froiss have found audiences well beyond their homeland. In the words of Benn Loxo du Taccu, a top English-language blog about Senegalese music: ''This little country in West Africa probably has the most developed rap concert and recording scene anywhere on the continent.''

Dressed in a camouflage outfit, Awadi seizes the microphone in front of his three-piece backing band. The military attire is apt. Propelled by a mid-tempo funk beat broken at intervals by mournful vocal harmonies, he launches into ''Le Cri du Peuple'' -- ''The Cry of the People'' -- a diatribe in French (still widely spoken in Senegal) about the sufferings of Dakar's huge underclass:

''The city's full of schemers, full of people with no job / They used to be honest men, but the system made them rob / The city's full of easy sisters, looking for cash to score / Yesterday they were honest girls, but the system made them whores.''

Over the next hour, the group fires its verbal bullets at an array of targets -- corrupt politicians, rising prices, foreign wars -- amid a succession of richly conjured hip-hop hybrids with reggae, soul and sinister, synth-heavy riffs.

After the show, Awadi acknowledges being influenced by American hip-hop -- he even went to New York to record his coming album with the duo Dead Prez as producers -- but says that Senegalese hip-hop is usually far less swaggering and proudly thuggish.

''It's a hip-hop influenced by social reality and politics that tries to tackle the problems and sicknesses of society,'' he says.

He insists that he's not cynical. He credits Senegalese rappers with motivating a widespread youth vote for Senegal's historic 2000 elections, in which the populist Abdoulaye Wade defeated the longtime president Abdou Diouf, ending decades of Socialist rule. (Mr. Wade has subsequently fallen out of favor with many Senegalese, including Awadi.)

''We believe that another Senegal is possible,'' Awadi sermonizes as the crowd disperses. ''That another Africa is possible, that another world is possible.''

By day, the Dakar of Awadi's people -- poor, struggling, decaying, determined -- comes vividly into view as I step out of the Hotel Farid into the hot, garbage-strewn streets of the city center.

Set against the glittering Atlantic, the grid of wide, French-built boulevards and crumbling narrow streets assaults the sensory apparatus at every entry point: the feel of dust and mosquitoes on the skin; the taste of exhaust fumes in the mouth; the smells of sweat and sewage and grilling meats in the nostrils; the chainsaw buzz of cheap scooters and the booming Muslim call to prayer echoing in the ears.

Even the short walk to the teeming indoor-outdoor Sandaga Market -- where I head for local music CDs -- brings all of Dakar's contradictions to life. Gleaming Mercedes-Benzes crawl behind disintegrating jalopies and men pushing wheelbarrows. Art galleries and clothing boutiques nudge against cheap luncheonettes and abandoned storefronts. Suited Senegalese businessmen and Westerners (embassy staff? expatriate businesspeople?) brush past homeless families sleeping on the sidewalk.

There's no danger -- Dakar by day is largely safe -- only the constant scent of desperation mingled with a periodic whiff of prosperity.

At the market, everybody wants a piece of the foreigner's purse. Roaming hawkers flash me batteries, SIM cards, Scrabble games and cheap backpacks, using every imaginable entreaty. ''Hey, Mister! Where you from?'' ''Ca va, Monsieur? Qu'est-ce que vous cherchez?'' ''Shake my hand! Shake my hand! Obama! Obama!''

After some friendly haggling with the music merchants, I come away with homemade bootleg discs of mbalax by Thione Seck -- an old-school master of the genre who still thrills crowds with regular gigs around town -- as well as Xalam. And though I've gotten the albums for a mere 1,000 CFA francs apiece (around $2.20 at 456 CFA francs to the dollar), I know I've still been politely fleeced.

That night, my quest to discover some of Dakar's newer music takes me to Villa Krystal, the most recent challenger to established spots like Thiossane and Just4U -- and maybe the least expected.

Opened in January by two French expatriates with no background in live music, the red living-room-like space was originally intended to give Dakar a restaurant ''where we might actually want to eat,'' says Lionel Mandeix, a co-owner and former ad man, with a laugh as he toys with his iPhone in the velvety dining area.

For the first five months, Villa Krystal's musical programming -- basically evenings when customers played a name-that-tune game -- played second fiddle to the foie gras, rabbit in mustard sauce and other Gallic dishes. Everything changed when Dakar's annual Fete de la Musique, a citywide festival, arrived in June. For Mr. Mandeix and his partner, Thomas Cazenave, a onetime banker, the dynamism of Dakar's music scene was astonishing.

''We said to ourselves, 'This place is really happening!' '' Mr. Mandeix recalls.

The pair began booking bands and singers, but they were not interested in making yet another mainstream mbalax club. Instead, they have created a home to cultivate younger artists like Njaaya, a young local Afrogroove singer, and Naby, a Senegalese reggae artist who won this year's Discovery Prize from the international French radio powerhouse RFI.

''We're trying to open the range of music to include genres like hip-hop, folk and jazz,'' Mr. Mandeix says.

On this night, however, the star attraction is Cheikh Lo, a longtime local favorite. Sporting huge sunglasses and waist-length dreadlocks, the skinny singer-guitarist sits with his unplugged band and plucks out his trademark mellow mbalax lite.

As Senegalese couples and a quartet of Spanish women watch from deep couches, the group slides into a mid-tempo mix of jazzy guitar chords, golden saxophone runs and the light pitter-patter of Senegalese drums, like rain on a roof, all punctuated by Cheikh Lo's trebly wail.

In time, Brazilian elements begin to slip in -- shakers, Rio-dreaming horn passages, minor-key shifts -- transforming the sonic landscape into an Africanized Ipanema reverie. As the band strums and drums away, the mbalax rhythm is gradually subsumed. By the end of the set, the music is far less a beat for dancing than a soundscape for our late-night drives back to homes and hotels.

The week's biggest new discovery awaits me at the Institut Francais Leopold Sedar Senghor, a sprawling cultural center in downtown Dakar with a lovely outdoor concert amphitheater. Though known for its big-ticket events -- an annual jazz festival, hip-hop awards, and shows by top West African acts -- tonight the center is hosting part of its fifth annual Decouverts series, dedicated to emerging music talents.

By 9 o'clock, the tiered seats are full of tweedy intellectuals from foreign embassies, Arabic-speaking young women in headscarves, N.G.O. workers in ethno-chic outfits, and many Senegalese hipsters. As the hour strikes, a hush falls over the crowd and the star of the night appears onstage to a burst of applause: Imany, a young French-Cameroonian vocalist and a protege of Wasis Diop, an inventive singer-songwriter known for his moody and atmospheric compositions.

Backed by guitar, bass, drums and a string section, Imany moves through a set of original folk-rock songs, in English, that sound lifted from the notebooks of Tracy Chapman or Joan Armatrading.

But her finest moment is a track called ''Spinning Around,'' which she explains was written for her by Mr. Diop. Under melancholy bossa nova-esque music -- brushes on the snare drum, Brazilian acoustic guitar chords -- Imany spins a plaintive love story in a low smoky voice:

''Maybe tonight won't hurt so bad / Maybe tonight your lies won't seem so sad / I hear the music in the background / My head is spinning around.''

Above, stars glimmer in the African night as the bittersweet melody echoes through the rapt spectators. Afterward, some of the audience head to Just4U to experience the mbalax of Omar Pene. Others make their way to Villa Krystal to discover Njaaya. Wherever they go, another sublime Dakar musical moment seems all but assured.

LISTENING TOUR

GETTING THERE AND AROUND

Delta Air Lines recently had round-trip flights between Kennedy Airport in New York and Dakar from $1,765 in December.

Dakar brims with ramshackle black-and-yellow taxis, none of which use their ramshackle meters. When negotiating prices during the day, insist on paying around 500 CFA francs, just over $1 at 456 francs to the dollar, for a short trip around the city center, 1,000 francs from the center to the Point E neighborhood and 1,500 to the near suburbs of N'gor and Les Almadies. Add about 500 francs per trip at night. To go from the airport into the city center, 5,000 francs is standard.

Britain-based Songlines magazine (www.songlines.co.uk/musictravel) offers music-oriented group tours to Dakar.

WHERE TO STAY

Opened this year, the stunning oceanfront Radisson Blu (Route de la Corniche Ouest, Fann district; 221-33-869-3333; www.radissonblu.com/hotel-dakar) offers an infinity pool, spa and two restaurants. December doubles from 165,000 CFA francs, or $362 when booked on the Web site.

Closer to downtown, the waterfront Sokhamon (Boulevard Roosevelt at Avenue Nelson Mandela; 221-33-889-7100; www.hotelsokhamon.com) is a cool haven of ethno-chic design with a lovely pool, bar and restaurant. Doubles from 53,000 francs.

The Hotel Farid (51, rue Vincens; 221-33-823-6123; www.hotelfarid.com) is simple, clean and located in the city center. Doubles from 31,200 francs.

LIVE MUSIC

Just4U (221-33-824-3250; www.just4udakar.com) is an outdoor patio club on Avenue Cheikh Anta Diop in the Point E district that books top Senegalese acts.

At Thiossane, Youssou N'Dour, the owner, plays wee-hours shows on weekends that he is in town. Located just off Rue 10 in the Sicap district.

Villa Krystal (221-33-820-0808 or 221-76-877-7777; www.villakrystal.com) is a plush French-owned restaurant and bar with nightly sets by new and established Senegalese acts. Situated just off the Route de l'Aeroport in the N'gor district, in an alley next to the CBAO bank.

Le Madison (Avenue Cheikh Anta Diop; 221-77-535-9997).

L'Institut Francais Leopold Sedar Senghor (89, rue Joseph T. Gomis; 221-33-823-0320; www.institutfr-dakar.org), Dakar's French cultural institute, puts on excellent music festivals and concerts. The institute's pleasant outdoor restaurant, Le Bidew (221-33-823-1909), serves up a diverse international menu.

Le Fouquet, on Rue Victor Hugo at Avenue du President Lamine Gueye, is a charmingly dilapidated late-night bar where a nightly ragtag band plays salsa and Caribbean music from around midnight to around 4:30 a.m. No phone.

Hip-hop devotees should contact Africulturban (221-33-853-2422; www.africulturban.org), a component of the Complexe Culturel Leopold Sedar Senghor in the gritty suburb of Pikine, which organizes concerts and festivals.

CONCERT SCHEDULES

The French-language Au Senegal (www.au-senegal.com) has a list of concerts and performances; click on ''Agenda des Loisirs.'' Agendakar (www.agendakar.com/index.php), another good French-language site, also has a calendar of live music under its ''Agenda'' link. Within Dakar, the bulletin boards at L'Institut Francais Leopold Sedar Senghor are often hung with flyers for music events around town.

LEARN ABOUT SENEGALESE MUSIC

Operated by an Associated Press employee formerly based in Dakar, the English-language blog Benn Loxo du Taccu (bennloxo.com) has excellent musings and reviews about West African music, especially from Senegal. If you can read French, the music section of Seneweb (www.seneweb.com/music) is a trove of articles, music and video clips. For hip-hop, the American record label Nomadic Wax (nomadicwax.com) has put out compilations of Senegalese music and has produced a compelling documentary film about Senegalese rap, ''Democracy in Dakar.''

MUSIC FESTIVALS

Music festivals have begun to flourish, including Festa 2H (www.myspace.com/festa2hfestival), a multiday hip-hop extravaganza held every summer, and Afrikakeur (www.afrikakeur.net), an annual festival of comedy and music that runs from Dec. 7 to 13, and Dec. 24 to 31, will also see the arrival of the Festival de Danse et de Musique, a global gala that changes locations every year. Information on Africa Fete, Dec. 12 to 19 this year, can be found at www.africafete.com.

WHERE TO EAT

Chez Loutcha (101 Rue Mousse Diop; 221-33-821-0302) serves huge platters of French, Italian, Senegalese and Cape Verdean food, from classic poulet yassa to pizzas to cachupina, a stew of beans, vegetables and many meats. Three-course meal for two, about 15,000 francs.

On the corner of Avenue Georges Pompidou and Rue Mohammed V, Ali Baba (221-33-823-5589) is a Middle Eastern fast-food haven with platters of chicken shwarma (5,000 francs), kefta (4,500 francs) and spicy merguez sausages (4,500 francs).

Le Toukouleur (122 Rue Mousse Diop; 221-33-821-5193) is where stylish expats flock for French-Senegalese-global hybrid dishes and good Bordeaux. Around 35,000 francs for a three-course meal for two.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A crowd at Le Madison club listens to Pape Diouf perform. (pg.TR1)

FROM TOP: Pape Diouf, a mbalax singer, at Le Madison

Naby sings reggae in a studio

Orchestra Baobab at the French cultural institute.

ABOVE: Throughout Dakar, music events and festivals, like the monthly outdoor dance party called Cool Graoul, are flourishing. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL KAMBER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.TR8 and 9)

Youssou N'Dour, born in Dakar, owns a club there. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JUAN MEDINA/REUTERS) (pg.TR9) MAPS: DAKAR, SENEGAL (pg.TR9)

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[***Andrew Bird Discovers His Inner Operatic Folkie***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4V9B-8X40-TW8F-G0WM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Andrew Bird hates rehearsing. He counts on the sense of peril that he gets onstage -- that feeling that everything can unravel in an instant -- to keep him inside his music and prevent him from succumbing to self-doubt. So last month, when Bird was preparing to go on tour with his new backing band, he decided that instead of practicing the songs from his new album, ''Noble Beast,'' they would play two surprise shows at the Hideout, a ***working-class***-bar-cum-indie-rock-haven in a deserted industrial neighborhood in his hometown, Chicago.

It was a ridiculously small venue for Bird. In September, he drew some 13,000 people to the open-air auditorium in Chicago's Millennium Park. The Hideout's official seating capacity is listed at 73, though a few hours before the doors opened one of the bar's owners told me, only half-jokingly, that the actual number depends on who's onstage. ''When Andrew plays,'' she said, ''we can squeeze in a lot more because so many of them are skinny girls with glasses.'' Word of the shows spread quickly; the Hideout had not even announced that Bird was going to be playing before the tickets were all gone.

These recent shows notwithstanding, Bird doesn't perform that often in Chicago anymore: His manager and publicists don't want his base to take him for granted. There seemed to be little risk of that on the frigid Monday night in mid-December when Bird, who is pencil-thin with messy dark hair and sharp, angular features, stepped onto the stage of the Hideout in a wrinkled blue Oxford shirt and a thrift-shop blazer and promptly started whistling mellifluously into a microphone. The crowd -- plenty of skinny girls with glasses but also no shortage of unshaved young men in knit caps drinking Old Style beer in cans -- was soon bobbing and swaying to Bird's quirky, soulful melodies.

Onstage, Bird was engaged in something of a musical high-wire act, whistling, singing and manically shifting from violin to guitar to glockenspiel. All the while, his feet were busy working the pedals of an electronic looping station that recorded and then played back his musical progressions in short intervals. He layered one musical passage on top of another, gradually nudging each song toward its crescendo.

Bird's sound is not easy to categorize. His songs are swelling and orchestral, the legacy of years spent studying classical violin at Northwestern University's prestigious conservatory and elsewhere. He has been compared with the Irish rock singer Damien Rice, but Bird's sound is also distinctly American, part of a new wave of folk -- free folk, psych folk or freak folk, as it has variously been called -- that has grown in popularity in recent years. His songs have a pastoral, homespun feel, but they also have a darkness and emotional complexity not typically associated with folk rock.

The Hideout shows represented a sort of special sendoff for Bird. Tours are nothing new for him, but most of the audience understood that this one was going to be different. Bird's label, Fat Possum, is expecting ''Noble Beast'' to be his breakthrough album, to transform him from cult phenomenon to pop star. The CD won't be released until Jan. 20, but an early and aggressive marketing push is already paying off in commitments from a few major retail chains, airtime on several influential rock radio stations and an offer to appear on ''Late Show With David Letterman.''

Bird has made seven albums on three different labels, and pressed numerous live EPs himself, but he has never had this kind of promotional support behind him. An executive at one of his previous labels once told Bird that he had to stop riding around towns on his bike and putting up posters and start acting like a rock star. ''My reaction was, 'Are you kidding me?' '' Bird recalls. '' 'That's your marketing plan? Me sitting around and acting like a rock star?' ''

At 35, Bird has spent almost 15 years working relentlessly for the sort of exposure he now seems poised to enjoy. ''Six years ago, when I was still struggling, I just wanted to go anywhere in the world and play for 300 people,'' he says.

And yet when I first met Bird a couple of weeks before the Hideout show, he didn't have the air of an underappreciated artist finally about to be given his due. On the contrary, he seemed worried about losing control over a career that he is accustomed to micromanaging. He wondered, for instance, if ''Noble Beast'' was perhaps being promoted too aggressively. Bird's publicist had wanted him to play one of the first shows on his coming tour at Radio City Music Hall (capacity: 6,000). Bird was concerned that it was too big a venue, that he might fail to make a connection with the audience and that things could easily spiral downward from there. They compromised on Carnegie Hall, which seats about 3,000.

''A lot of bands get hyped and go from playing for no one to playing for thousands of people, most of whom are standing there with their arms folded saying, 'O.K., are you really as good as everyone says you are?' '' Bird told me. ''I've never had to deal with that. I've gotten here by winning one person at a time.''

BIRD GREW UP IN the northern suburbs of Chicago. His mother, an artist, had visions of all of her children playing classical music, but Bird, the second-youngest of four, was the only one who took to it. He began violin lessons at age 4, using the Suzuki method, which stresses learning by ear.

In high school, while Bird's friends were listening to the Smiths and the Cure, he was listening to Mozart's Requiem. At Northwestern, though, he began to chafe against his classical training. Bird resented the conservatory's self-gratifying ethos, the prevailing view that the headier the piece of music the better, even if it alienated the audience. He wanted to improvise rather than play written notes. ''There is something comforting about going into a practice room, putting your sheet music on a stand and playing Bach over and over again,'' he told me one night at a hipster dive bar in Chicago's Wicker Park neighborhood. ''But at the same time, it's not demanding much of you.''

Bird moved to Chicago after graduation. He was intent on making his living playing the violin, but he had no desire to audition for classical orchestras. He cobbled together a modest living performing anywhere he could -- weddings, funerals, Irish pubs, even a weekend Renaissance fair in Wisconsin.

Musically, Bird remained something of a misfit. He had lost interest in classical concertos, but he couldn't relate to the stark, self-consciously simplistic sound of the post-punk scene that flourished in Chicago in the 1990s. Bird turned elsewhere for inspiration, greedily soaking up a dizzying array of musical genres, from Gypsy to calypso to swing to folk to the so-called hot jazz of the Roaring Twenties. ''I was on a binge for four or five years, just devouring everything I could get my hands on,'' he told me.

In his early 20s, Bird got the break that every aspiring musician hopes for: a young executive at Rykodisc, Andrea Troolin, dug his demo out of the slush pile and offered him a record contract. Bird organized a band -- Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire -- to back him, and they drove down to New Orleans to record their first album, ''Thrills,'' in five adrenaline-fueled days. They had a tiny budget, and Bird, who was obsessed with early American jazz at the time, insisted that they make the record the old-fashioned way -- with everyone gathered around a single ribbon microphone, playing each song until they got it right, however late into the night they had to work.

Bird recorded two more albums with the Bowl of Fire. It can be hard to tell, listening to those records, that they are the work of the same artist who made ''Noble Beast.'' The songs zigzag wildly across Bird's eclectic record collection. His subtle, lilting voice is rendered almost unrecognizable as he channels everything from raspy bluesmen to Berlin cabaret singers.

None of the Bowl of Fire's records sold. The band's tours became increasingly depressing affairs. ''We'd roll into town, and there would be no posters advertising our show and no radio stations playing our songs,'' Bird told me. ''Forty people would show up, and we'd get paid $500, if we were lucky.''

In the winter of 2002, with his career going nowhere, Bird decided to change his surroundings. He gave up his small apartment in the city and moved into a barn on his family's farm in rural Illinois. During his self-imposed exile, Bird came back to Chicago one night to open up for a local folk band, the Handsome Family, at an old Irish dance hall. The rest of the Bowl of Fire wasn't available, so Bird reluctantly agreed to play alone. In addition to his violin, he brought with him a looping station that he'd been fooling around with on the farm. For the first time, he tried whistling onstage, an act of desperation to keep the audience entertained. ''I was worried they were all thinking: Where's the band?'' Bird recalls.

The show went surprisingly well, and Bird, encouraged by the response, decided to go out on his own. Within a matter of months, he was recording his first solo album, ''Weather Systems,'' and was soon back out on the road, this time with only his violin and his looping station. He played as many shows as he could, often opening for bigger artists like Ani DiFranco. ''They were guerrilla attacks,'' Bird says. ''I would play for 30 minutes for 2,000 people, none of whom knew who I was.'' After each performance, he would race out to the lobby to man his own merchandise table, filling his pockets with the cash from CDs that he bought at a discount from his label. Then he'd get in his van, drive off to another town and do it all over again.

Bird's second solo album, ''The Mysterious Production of Eggs,'' released in 2005, garnered critical praise -- including an 8.3 out of 10 rating on the music-criticism Web site Pitchfork, a powerful taste-maker in the indie-rock world -- and became a modest sleeper success as word of mouth spread. Bird gradually built a following, while at the same time honing his sound. ''In his first couple of albums, you can hear a lot of his influences,'' says Troolin, who left Rykodisc many years ago but has continued working with Bird as his manager. ''I think it was a matter of him getting that out of his system in some ways and figuring out what an Andrew Bird song sounds like.''

ONE DAY IN CHICAGO, I went with Bird to test out the new speakers he'll be using on his ''Noble Beast'' tour. He is going to be touring with a full band -- a drummer, a guitarist and a bass player -- and he wanted to make sure his violin wasn't going to be drowned out by the rest of the ensemble.

Bird, who plays upward of 200 shows a year, was in the midst of a rare stretch of uninterrupted down time at home. His tours are exhausting. The shows are physically demanding, the rhythm of performing emotionally destabilizing. ''There's this huge outpouring of energy, and if you're lucky a catharsis, but then there's this big gaping hole when you're done,'' he told me.

But slowing down and re-entering reality was proving to be even more difficult for him. Bird is something of a loner. When he's not on tour, he spends much of his time by himself in the barn on his family's farm, where he does most of his writing and composing. Being back home, bumping into old friends whom he hadn't talked to in months, was reminding him of what he gave up to play music. He was feeling, as he put it, ''a little bit like a ghost in my own town.'' Bird's life in Chicago seemed particularly tenuous to him at the moment; he had just come off a difficult breakup and was living for the time being with his brother.

In a music workshop in the neighborhood of Humboldt Park, Bird plugged his violin into his looping station, his looping station into his amplifiers and his amplifiers into two eight-foot-tall fiberglass speakers shaped like horns. (Imagine the familiar Victrola phonograph icon, reinterpreted by Lewis Carroll.) The sun slanted through a giant wall of windows; outside, the streets were covered in a light dusting of snow.

In conversation, Bird is earnest and soft-spoken, so it was more than a little startling when he suddenly and almost violently thrust his bow across his violin a few times, producing what could have been the opening of a Mozart composition. ''The first notes I still play when I start a sound check are classical,'' he said. ''Those are my roots.''

Compositionally, Bird takes simple melodies and gradually extends them into complex arrangements. These melodies pop into his head unannounced. The way it usually works, he will suddenly find himself whistling a new one -- Bird is constantly whistling -- or even chewing his food to it. He never records melodies or even writes them down. He assumes that if they're worth remembering, he'll remember them. The longer they remain lodged in his head, the more likely it is that they will eventually be fashioned into a song. ''It's like I'm my own Top 40 radio station, playing the things that get under my skin,'' Bird says. ''The ones that really stick are the hits.''

Bird's approach to songwriting is similarly intuitive and impressionistic. Often, a word or phrase will catch his eye for no apparent reason. Or he might hear a sound -- the creaking of a door, the wailing of an infant -- or experience a feeling that he'll want to match to words. He is more interested in how the words in his lyrics sound, in the mood they create and sense they relate, than in their literal meaning.

Bird is essentially inverting the typical songwriting process. The classic singer-songwriter sits down with a notebook to write a song about something. Bird assembles his songs out of his mental collection of resonant words and phrases. So even when the subject of a song is conventional, the lyrics aren't. Take, for instance, ''Not a Robot, But a Ghost,'' on ''Noble Beast.'' It's a breakup song, anchored in the disconnected feeling Bird experienced after the end of his most recent relationship -- or more specifically, how he felt when he heard a powerful piece of music while in the throes of that post-breakup funk: having been moved by the music, he no longer felt like a robot, but he still felt like a ghost.

Recording is a miserable process for Bird. He frets about sounding too careful, about not being at his best without an audience to engage and impress. To preserve a sense of spontaneity, he never goes into the studio with finished songs. He eats lunch standing up and works 15 hours a day -- ''until I'm just stupid and in a daze'' -- so that he won't have time to question everything he's doing. He produces his own albums and is often displeased with what he hears; he twice scrapped ''The Mysterious Production of Eggs'' in its entirety.

Bird approached ''Noble Beast'' a bit differently. He was determined not to labor endlessly over it, beginning the studio work last spring in Nashville and finishing it this fall in Chicago. Bird's ambitions and talents can send him in a lot of different directions. His last album, ''Armchair Apocrypha,'' is sprawling, ''erratic and ecstatic,'' as Bird puts it. On ''Noble Beast,'' he worked hard not to let himself get carried away, to keep his songs as simple and direct as possible. He wanted the record to be characterized not by the countless peaks and valleys of his live performances but by a single, unifying palette. Having spent much of his career deliberately avoiding repetition, Bird cautiously embraced it on ''Noble Beast.'' The result is a focused record with a couple of genuinely catchy pop songs.

Fat Possum's hopes are high. The label is expecting ''Noble Beast'' to sell at least 25,000 copies during its first week, more than twice what ''Armchair Apocrypha,'' Bird's biggest record to date, sold when it made its debut.

Bird's trajectory, his gradual climb to success, is unusual for a business in which careers tend to be made on the back of a big break. But his increasing popularity may also say something broader about the shifting dynamics of the industry. The rock-music business has long been dominated by major labels following a simple formula: They saw what bands were selling and looked for others that sounded just like them. And because these same labels held what often seemed like exclusive access to the key retailers and influential radio stations, it was difficult for independent record companies and more inventive, esoteric artists to find traction in the general public. But with the precipitous drop in record sales, the major labels have lost much of their leverage, and with it, their ability to determine what records will become popular. ''Andrew is worried that if he goes too mainstream, he's going to offend his hard-core fans,'' says Steve Martin, one of Bird's publicists. ''I told him that mainstream no longer exists.''

As the sun was setting, Bird improvised a song based on a melody that had been in his head for a couple of weeks. He began by plucking out a rhythm on his violin. Once he had started the melody looping, he set the violin on his shoulder and started scraping the bow across the strings, his eyes squinting shut as he entered the thrall of the music. He tapped the foot pedal once more and delivered a sustained, almost eerie whistle into a small microphone wedged into the tailbone of his violin. The room gradually filled with sound as he constructed a song, bit by 15-second bit. Then, with one more click of the pedal, silence was suddenly restored. Bird opened his eyes. ''I can gratify myself for hours with this setup,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'AMATO) (pg.MM21)

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[***KINGSBRIDGE HEIGHTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8F70-0007-J0P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

RESIDENTS of Kingsbridge Heights, perched on the hills of the northwest Bronx, lived through a frightening time in the 1970's and early 80's.

Not far from their tree-lined streets hugging the Jerome Park Reservoir, members of this largely ***working-class*** community could see the flames and devastation of the South Bronx advancing toward them. The fears were not entirely paranoid: Several buildings had been abandoned on Sedgwick Avenue, one of the neighborhood's major thoroughfares, and one had been set afire.

When the Rev. Robert M. Trainor became pastor of Our Lady of Angels Roman Catholic Church on Claflin Avenue in 1973, he recalled, parishioners would say to him: '' 'In five years, this is going to be the South Bronx.' After they said that, they ran off and moved. Many, many ran after them.''

Kingsbridge Heights, which is bounded by Van Cortlandt Park on the north, Fordham Road on the south, Broadway and the Harlem River on the west and Jerome Avenue on the east, came to represent the barrier in the fight against the spreading decay.

That battle has not been completely won. The Kingsbridge Heights Neighborhood Improvement Association has targeted at least a dozen apartment buildings in need of rehabilitation. But in the last five years, according to Dart Westphal, director of the West Tremont/ Kingsbridge Neighborhood Preservation Program, more than $17 million in government loans or mortgage insurance has been funneled into about 30 buildings with about 2,000 rental units, and now the community is attracting new residents.

''We're close enough to the city to be downtown in 30 minutes and far enough away to enjoy the parks and reservoir like we are in the country,'' said M. Yvette Hall, a nurse who recently bought a 60-year-old brick house in the neighborhood.

Kingsbridge Heights residents are now beginning to worry more about gentrification than destruction. Once again, the neighborhood buzzword is stability. This time, however, the fear is not flight but the perception that droves of people will soon be arriving from Manhattan, bringing higher rents and real estate prices with them.

''Prices for buildings have gone up dramatically, from $5,000 an apartment to $15,000, since 1982,'' Mr. Westphal said. ''And people aren't going to abandon buildings that are selling for $15,000 a unit.''

A single-family, frame house can sell for about $60,000 to $80,000, said Michael Schmelzer, president of Tryax Realty, and two-family houses go for about $110,000 to $120,000.

Since the neighborhood rental vacancy rate is only about 2 percent, roughly the same as the entire city's, finding apartments is not an easy task. When one is found, a one-bedroom will rent for about $300 to $350 a month and a two-bedroom, $400 to $450.

Transportation to midtown Manhattan is plentiful and relatively quick. The community is served by two subway lines -the East Side IRT No. 4 and the West Side IND D. From their Kingsbridge Avenue stops, each line takes about 35 to 40 minutes to 42d Street. In addition, several express buses carry residents to midtown Manhattan for one-way fares of $3; an express bus also runs to the Wall Street area.

The community is troubled by burglaries and car thefts, said Thomas W. Acheson, community-affairs officer of the 50th Precinct, which covers part of the neighborhood. But, he added, it ''is a good area, one with many concerned citizens.''

The effort to keep abandonment and arson at bay involved rehabilitating many apartment buildings, most of which, like all the area's housing stock, are at least 50 years old. The most visible signs of such work are new, snug brown- or white-trimmed windows and the polished and buffed Art Deco and Romanesque buildings that share space on each block with an eclectic collection of single-family houses.

''This community could have gone either way,'' said June M. Eisland, who represents the area in the City Council. ''It could have slid into what happened in the South Bronx, but a lot of dedicated neighborhood attention and money have made it a viable community.''

Between the 1970 and 1980 censuses, Kingsbridge Heights's minority population increased by 100 percent. Community activists now speak proudly of an ethnic mix of one-third white, one-third black and one-third Hispanic. ''As younger families moved from the South Bronx, the demographics changed almost like a window shade rolling up,'' said Bernard Englander, district manager of Community Board 7, which covers parts of Kingsbridge Heights.

The children of those families created a bulge in school enrollment. ''Schools throughout District 10 are overcrowded,'' said Fred Goldberg, community superintendent. ''And some of the worse overcrowding is in Kingsbridge Heights.''

The neighborhood is served by four elementary schools - Public School 86, P.S. 95, P.S. 122 and P.S. 261. The area has one junior high school, J.H.S. 143, at 120 West 231st Street, and two high schools, W. Walton, at 196th Street and Reservoir Avenue, and DeWitt Clinton, Mosholu Parkway and Paul Avenue. CONSISTENT with the neighborhood's tradition, each school has an active parent-teacher association, said Martin S. Wolpoff, chairman of the Community School Board 10. To relieve the overcrowding, the district opened a ''minischool'' attached to an elementary school; another is scheduled to open next fall.

The two high schools and the citywide Bronx High School of Science form part of the ''Education Mile,'' an area that stretches along Mosholu Parkway and Jerome Avenue from Van Cortlandt Park to Kingsbridge Road. The stretch includes Herbert H. Lehman College, the former site of Hunter College and the spot where the United Nations first met 40 years ago. In 1980, Lehman opened a Performing Arts Center, which has attracted theater and dance companies.

In addition to the Jerome Park Reservoir and the huge Van Cortlandt Park, which give Kingsbridge Heights a feeling of openness, the community is dotted with three small parks - Old Fort Park, Fort Four Park and Fort Independence Park - each named after Revolutionary era forts that once formed a horseshoe around the area.

Almost 100 years before the Revolution, a bridge over the Harlem River was named King's Bridge. Kingsbridge, a small community of mostly single-family homes, and Kingsbridge Heights both take their name from the bridge they blossomed around, which was at what is now Marble Hill Avenue and 230th Street. But the arrival of the subway in 1906 brought an influx of mostly Irish immigrants and transformed what had been an area of large estates.

The ease of traveling to midtown, relatively safe streets and much open space has led to inevitable talk of cooperative apartments and gentrification. Kingsbridge Heights is bounded by two large cooperatives - the Fordham Hills Cooperatives on the south and the Amalgamated Cooperatives on the north.

''We probably are going to have to get our research together to understand co-oping,'' said Tina Argenti, a member of the board of directors of the neighborhood coalition. ''If it is going to eliminate housing for lower- and middle-income people, it's of no value.''

Rising rents are hurting one section of the area - the 200 or so small businesses that line Kingsbridge Road. For three years, the merchants have been upgrading facades and getting from the city such improvements as new street lights and repaved streets.

''But that's backfiring on us,'' said Charles M. Waugh, president of the United Kingsbridge Road Merchants Association. ''Because of large increases in rents, landlords are literally coming in here and putting us out of business.''

About 30 percent of the businesses have closed and reopened with different owners in the last year, Mr. Waugh said.

While the business turnover concerns the neighborhood, it is not likely to ultimately change the community's character.

''I don't think you're going to see chic boutiques opening on Kingsbridge Road,'' said Mr. Smelzer of Tryax Realty. ''It's a family neighborhood and it is going to stay that way.'' Funds for Youths Cut rrThe large, well-lighted room in the Kingsbridge Heights Community Center was squirming with children the other day. But in the back, against a wall, five men sat quietly playing pinochle, seemingly oblivious to the controlled chaos.

The scene reflected the services for all ages provided by the center, which is housed in an 84-year-old former police station.

But the center, in an orange-bricked Romanesque building at 3101 Kingsbridge Terrace, is facing an 80 percent cut, from $50,000 to $10,000, in funds for its programs for teen-agers. ''These programs keep youngsters off the streets at nights,'' said Eileen C. Treacy, executive director of the center. ''We see them as delinquency diversion programs. And that, clearly, is a significant thing.''

The center's programs ''have been slaughtered by Federal youth funding cuts,'' Miss Treacy said, adding that members of her board were now approaching city officials to replenish the funds.

In 1973, when the police moved out, three community activists succeeded in securing the station as a youth facility. They also received about $1 million from the city for an extensive rehabilitation that, for one thing, replaced the police stable with a small, but well-stocked, gym.

**Graphic**

Photo of sites of Kingsbridge Heights; Map of Kingsbridge Hieghts

**End of Document**



[***Movie Guide and Film Series***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R21-V8S0-TW8F-G15M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'ACROSS THE UNIVERSE' (PG-13, 131 minutes) Julie Taymor's gorgeous musical fantasia uses 33 Beatles songs, along with a fantastic array of masks, puppets and special effects to evoke the 1960s. Evan Rachel Wood and Jim Sturgess are archetypal lovers, swept up by the counterculture, who ride the rough seas of radical politics and psychedelia. (Stephen Holden)

'THE ASSASSINATION OF JESSE JAMES BY THE COWARD ROBERT FORD' (R, 150 minutes) With his second feature, the gifted director Andrew Dominik (''Chopper'') adds another gauzy chapter to the overtaxed Jesse James myth, if not much rhyme or reason, heart or soul. Brad Pitt plays the celebrity thief, but it's Casey Affleck, as his killer, who steals the show. (Manohla Dargis)

'BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD' (R, 116 minutes) Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke play two desperate brothers whose scheme to rob their parents' jewelry store goes terribly wrong. The movie, directed with feverish authority by Sidney Lumet from a solid script by Kelly Masterson, gets just about everything right. (A. O. Scott)

'BELLA' (PG-13, 91 minutes, in English and Spanish) This treacly urban fairy tale about a chef in a New York City Mexican restaurant and the pregnant waitress he befriends wears its bleeding heart on its sleeve and loves its unbelievable characters to distraction. (Holden)

'BHOOL BHULAIYAA' (No rating, 150 minutes, in Hindi) This lavish two-and-a-half-hour Bollywood extravaganza is a modern ghost story that ends with an Indian exorcism. (Holden)

'THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM' (PG-13, 111 minutes) Paul Greengrass directs, Matt Damon runs, in the fastest, smartest American action flick since ...[set ellipses] ''The Bourne Supremacy.'' (Dargis)

'THE COMEBACKS' (PG-13, 88 minutes) This slapdash, ultimately tedious comedy -- in which a loser coach named Lambeau Fields (David Koechner) leads a misfit team to victory -- is one of those parody movies that presume that merely making references to another film constitutes a joke. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

'CONTROL' (R, 121 minutes) The life, music and death of Ian Curtis, lead singer of the Manchester, England, post-punk band Joy Division, beautifully realized by the director Anton Corbijn. (Scott)

'DAN IN REAL LIFE' (PG-13, 95 minutes) A low-key, not-bad romantic comedy, with Steve Carell as a widowed advice columnist raising three daughters, and Juliette Binoche as the woman he falls for. The problem -- one of them, anyhow -- is that she's his brother's girlfriend. (Scott)

'THE DARJEELING LIMITED' (R, 97 minutes) Wes Anderson's latest -- in which three brothers (Adrien Brody, Jason Schwartzman and Owen Wilson) cross India by rail -- is nothing if not precious. Which is to say that it's vain and fussy and also, by virtue of its visual beauty and its affectionate spirit, a treasure. (Scott)

'ELIZABETH: THE GOLDEN AGE' (PG-13, 115 minutes) A kitsch extravaganza aquiver with trembling bosoms, booming guns and wild energy, and an irresistibly watchable Cate Blanchett. (Dargis)

'FEEL THE NOISE' (PG-13, 87 minutes) This story of a Harlem rapper's embrace of reggaeton during a stay at his father's in Puerto Rico offers great music and a vivid sense of San Juan. But its melodrama starts to bog down upon his return to Manhattan, and its leading man, the R&B singer Omarion (billed as Omarion Grandberry), lacks the emotional range to keep it snapping. (Andy Webster)

'GAME PLAN' (PG, 110 minutes) A quarterback named Joe Kingman, played by Dwayne (the Rock) Johnson, learns to love the young daughter, Peyton (Madison Pettis), he never knew he had. The story is familiar and rather plainly aimed at children. But the movie is so likable that it glides over its many plot holes (including the fishy explanation of why Joe never knew about Peyton, and an 11th-hour revelation by the girl that's even less persuasive). The film's direction, by Andy Fickman, is raucous but never crass, and the affable Mr. Johnson is committed to every moment. (Seitz)

'GONE BABY GONE' (R, 114 minutes) For his directing debut, Ben Affleck has done right by Dennis Lehane's novel and created a satisfyingly tough look into conscience, to those dark places where some men go astray. The generally exceptional actors -- notably the director's star and baby brother, Casey Affleck, and a sensational Amy Ryan -- play it hard and keep it real. (Dargis)

HAIRSPRAY (PG, 107 minutes) It's no surprise that this musical -- adapted from the Broadway show that was adapted from the John Waters movie -- is good-hearted. It's about fighting prejudice by singing and dancing. The surprise is that it's actually good, including the singing and dancing. (Scott)

'THE HEARTBREAK KID' (R, 115 minutes) In remaking Elaine May's 1972 study in Jewish male sexual anxiety, Bobby and Peter Farrelly have sacrificed not only the comic soul of the original, but also the generous, humanistic spirit that has characterized so many of their earlier films. Ghastly. (Scott)

'HELVETICA' (No rating, 80 minutes) Overlong but fascinating, Gary Hustwit's documentary posits Helvetica -- a sans-serif typeface developed in 1957 at the Haas Foundry in Munchenstein, Switzerland -- as an emblem of the machine age, a harbinger of globalization and an ally of modern art's impulse toward innovation, simplicity and abstraction. In interviews graphic designers and theorists praise Helvetica as a conceptual breakthrough or blast it as a lowest-common-denominator typeface whose use both reflects and perpetuates conformity. (Seitz)

'INTO THE WILD' (R, 140 minutes) In his adaptation of Jon Krakauer's best seller, Sean Penn explores the life and death of Christopher McCandless, a young wanderer who perished in the Alaskan wilderness in 1992. The story is sad, but there is something almost exuberant in Mr. Penn's embrace of it -- and in Emile Hirsch's brilliant performance as McCandless. Rarely has the radical, romantic American attachment to the wilderness been explored with such sympathy and passion. (Scott)

'THE JANE AUSTEN BOOK CLUB' (PG-13, 105 minutes) You can question the movie's conceit that the novels of Jane Austen are an ideal guidebook to personal fulfillment for the modern American woman, but it is such a well-acted, literate adaptation of Karen Joy Fowler's 2004 bestseller that your impulse is to forgive it for being the formulaic, feel-good chick flick that it is. (Holden)

'THE KINGDOM' (R, 111 minutes) Peter Berg's war-on-terror revenge-fantasy action thriller, in which a team of F.B.I. investigators go to Saudi Arabia to dig for clues and extract some payback, is not especially smart or subtle. But as a fusion of escapist wish-fulfillment with topical concern, it's not bad, either. (Scott)

'KURT COBAIN: ABOUT A SON' (No rating, 97 minutes) The director A J Schnack weds audio interviews to a stream of pretty visual images of places and unidentified people shot in and around where, for much of his short, 27-year life, Kurt Cobain lived, loved, labored, played guitar, shot heroin and created beautiful, angry, popular music. (Dargis)

'LAGERFELD CONFIDENTIAL' (No rating, 89 minutes, in French) This intriguing documentary portrait of the fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld is an extended interview and friendly sparring match in which the filmmaker pressures his subject to open up about his private life. (Holden)

'LARS AND THE REAL GIRL' (PG-13, 106 minutes) Part comedy, part tragedy and 100 percent pure calculation. Ryan Gosling stars as a sensitive loner who finds redemption by way of a sex doll and the magnanimity of his small town. (Dargis)

'LUST, CAUTION' (NC-17, 158 minutes, in Mandarin) A sleepy, musty period drama about wartime maneuvers and bedroom calisthenics that makes poor use of the otherwise solid director Ang Lee and the great Hong Kong actor Tony Leung Chiu-Wai. The movie's explicit sex scenes earned it an NC-17, but put me in mind of high school geometry rather than the Kama Sutra. (Dargis)

'MICHAEL CLAYTON' (R, 119 minutes) A slow-to-boil requiem for American decency from the writer and director Tony Gilroy in which George Clooney, the ultimate in luxury brands and playboy of the Western world, raises the sword in the name of truth and justice and good. Well, someone's got to do it. (Dargis)

'MR. UNTOUCHABLE' (R, 92 minutes) Marc Levin's documentary chronicles the rise and fall of Nicky Barnes, one of the leading heroin dealers in Harlem in the 1970s. Less a cautionary tale or a slice of urban history than an exercise in outlaw celebrity worship. (Scott)

'O JERUSALEM' (R, 90 minutes) Based on the 1972 book by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, this clunking film shapes the founding of the State of Israel into a middle school history lesson. Whether on the battlefield or the streets of New York, characters converse in stilted mouthfuls that smother emotion. And Elie Chouraqui's strained neutrality would much rather bore than offend. (Catsoulis)

'RATATOUILLE' (G, 110 minutes) A flawless work of popular art from Brad Bird and Pixar. A portrait of the artist as a young rat with haute cuisine dreams. (Scott)

'RENDITION' (R, 120 minutes) This complex melodrama about torture and terrorism is full of big ideas and good intentions, but these are undermined by a confusing, overly busy narrative scheme and uneven performances. (Scott)

'RESERVATION ROAD' (R, 102 minutes) The tears and the blame mix uneasily in Terry George's grim, mechanistic thriller about death and suffering, life and healing among the civilized, based on the novel by John Burnham Schwartz. Mark Ruffalo, Joaquin Phoenix and Jennifer Connelly take turns sobbing and shouting. (Dargis)

'RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION' (R, 100 minutes) Not exactly dull but never interesting, either, ''Resident Evil: Extinction'' is the third installment in the video-game-derived series of films starring Milla Jovovich as Alice, a superhuman warrior fighting zombie hordes. A few potentially intriguing notions are largely ignored in favor of endless scenes of Alice and other returning actors (including Oded Fehr and Mike Epps) moving toward and through a buried Las Vegas while mowing down zombies with blades, guns and a truck fitted with a cow-catcher. The director, Russell Mulcahy (''Highlander''), pulls off a few decent set pieces, including attacks by skinless dogs and Hitchcock-inspired clouds of glassy-eyed undead crows. But they have no weight because there's no characterization or emotion, just slick mayhem. (Seitz)

'ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES' (R, 115 minutes) There is more raw vitality pumping through John Turturro's song-and-dance ode to the sensual pulse of life in a Queens ***working-class*** neighborhood than in a dozen perky high school musicals. This is a movie in which a dirty mind is a good thing. Call it ''The Singing Id.'' (Holden)

'SAW IV' (R, 108 minutes) This third sequel in the torture-themed franchise is bloody proof that Jigsaw (Tobin Bell) may be dead, but his well of corporeal abuses has yet to run dry. When his flayed stomach coughs up his trademark, tape-recorded guide to dank dungeons filled with elaborately trussed victims, law enforcement is as ineffective as ever in halting the carnage. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'SEA MONSTERS: A PREHISTORIC ADVENTURE' (No rating, 40 minutes) Imax movies are like classroom lectures during which the teacher hurls giant props at the students. Luckily, here the props are as spectacular as you could wish. At least half the movie's 40 minutes are devoted to efficient but bland re-enactments of 20th-century archaeologists unearthing fossils from the Cretaceous period in the once-submerged Central Plains of the United States. But these pale beside the film's true raison d'etre: digitally recreated prehistoric sea beasts that seem as real as whales and sharks. (Seitz)

'SLEUTH' (R, 86 minutes) Harold Pinter redoes (kind of) the 1970 Anthony Shaffer play, which Kenneth Branagh has used to remake the 1972 film of the same title. Jude Law and Michael Caine star. (Dargis)

'SUMMER LOVE' (No rating, 93 minutes) The artist Piotr Uklanski's conceptual nudge in the ribs has been called the first Polish western, though it's really more of a deconstructed art western. The film relocates the classic American film from its familiar physical coordinates -- the open range, a Hollywood back lot -- to a near-abstract space where the genre codes roam, as free as the buffalo. (Dargis)

'SUPERBAD' (R, 114 minutes) A tickly, funny tale of three teenage boys revved up by their surging, churning, flooding hormones. Judd Apatow helped produce this naughty charmer, and Greg Mottola directed. (Dargis)

'TERROR'S ADVOCATE' (No rating, 132 minutes, in English and French) In this documentary Barbet Schroeder untangles the life of Jacques Verges, a French lawyer whose early involvement in the war for Algerian independence led him to defend monsters like Carlos the Jackal and the Nazi war criminal Klaus Barbie. (Scott) 'THINGS WE LOST IN THE FIRE' (R, 112 minutes) Strong performances by Halle Berry and Benicio Del Toro can't save this earnest recovery drama from banal predictability. (Holden)

'30 DAYS OF NIGHT' (R, 90 minutes) Adapted by the director David Slade from Steve Niles and Ben Templesmith's graphic novel about vampires taking over an Alaska town, this film is a series of gory set pieces that seems to have been edited with a meat ax. (Seitz) '3:10 TO YUMA' (R, 117 minutes) Christian Bale and Russell Crowe saddle up for this brutal, earnest remake of a classic 1957 western. Cleanly directed by James Mangold, the picture is not great, but it is unpretentious and satisfying, thanks mainly to the two lead performances and to Peter Fonda's grizzled turn as a Pinkerton detective. (Scott)

'TRANSFORMERS' (PG-13, 144 minutes) Based on the popular children's toy, Michael Bay's bumper-to-bumper pileup of big cars, big guns and big breasts is part car commercial, part military recruitment ad. (Dargis)

'2 DAYS IN PARIS' (R, 96 minutes, in English and French) As Julie Delpy's romantic comedy pores over the troubled two-year relationship of a young couple visiting Paris, more specific information is revealed about their habits, tastes, personality traits and emotional and sexual chemistry than in almost any other film about a relationship. Playing the lovers, Ms. Delpy and Adam Goldberg suggest Woody Allen and Diane Keaton without shtick. (Holden)

'TYLER PERRY'S WHY DID I GET MARRIED?' (PG-13, 118 minutes) Set in a Rocky Mountain resort, Tyler Perry's fourth feature shows him at his most restrained and mainstream-accessible. As four couples meet for a therapeutic vacation, the usual secrets are revealed and sermons delivered; yet though every action is telegraphed, the absence of Mr. Perry's monstrous alter ego, the matriarch Madea, allows him to explore a less cartoonish universe. (Catsoulis)

'WE OWN THE NIGHT' (R, 117 minutes) An operatic New York police story, with Joaquin Phoenix and Mark Wahlberg as brothers caught in a war between the N.Y.P.D. and the Russian mob. Engrossing for a while, thanks to James Gray's solid direction, but finally overwrought and not terribly original. (Scott)

'WRISTCUTTERS: A LOVE STORY' (R, 88 minutes) An odd and jaunty ride through a curious underworld reserved for suicides. (Scott)

Film Series

'SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS' (Friday through Tuesday) Set in the Carpathian Mountains of Ukraine, Sergei Paradjanov's 1964 film flew in the face of the social realism demanded by the Soviet leadership in Moscow, offering a highly stylized, dreamlike vision of a tragic love story between lovers from feuding families, suffused with the supernatural elements that the Soviet censors despised. This lyrical, unruly film experiments with a nonrealistic use of color and some of the most free-spirited camerawork seen in a Ukrainian film since the pioneering work of Aleksandr Dovzhenko. Mr. Paradjanov was blacklisted by the Soviet authorities, even as his film was on a tour of the world's festivals, and later jailed; miraculously, he managed to make a few more movies, including the brilliant ''Sayat Nova,'' before his death in 1990. ''Ancestors'' is being shown here in a new 35-millimeter print provided by the film's American distributor, Kino International. BAMcinematek, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100; bam.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

'3:10 TO YUMA' (Friday through Tuesday) One way of measuring how seriously American movies have regressed in the last 50 years is to compare Delmer Daves's 1957 adult western with its recent dumbed-down, juvenile remake. Mr. Daves's film is a spare and subtle psychological drama centered on the attraction of evil (Glenn Ford, as a sly, seductive outlaw) and the call to decency (Van Heflin, as a downtrodden rancher who must hold Ford prisoner in a hotel room until he can be placed on the next train headed toward the state prison). The dialogue is restrained, the playing area (essentially, a single room) even more so, and yet the film is vastly more evocative and dramatically compelling than the 2007 version, which has been seasoned with pointless violence -- including a dramatically unnecessary and ideologically regressive raid by savage Indians. Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village, (212) 505-5181, anthologyfilmarchives.org; $8. (Kehr)

'ERNST LUBITSCH IN BERLIN' (Thursday) This Robert Fischer documentary tells the story of the son of a Jewish tailor who entered films in 1912 as a ''Hebrew comic'' and developed into one of the great stylists of the cinema, a master of human comedy who, rather than amplifying his effects through stylistic devices, struggled always to express the greatest emotions through the simplest gestures and most concise images. This 2006 production features interviews with Lubitsch's daughter, Nicola Lubitsch, and generous clips from his early German films, now in the process of being restored. Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

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

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Poughkeepsie, in a Long Tailspin, Now Copes With a Clouded Image - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSX-4S50-007F-G4P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1778 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Dateline:** POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

**Body**

Although they may laugh along when outsiders poke fun at their hometown, people here feel a deep affection for this neighborly, unpretentious Hudson River city, once home to companies as prosaically American as Smith Brothers cough drops.

That's why John Chickery, whose family has operated an office furniture store on the city's ragtag Main Street for 22 years, was annoyed on a trip in September to Las Vegas to hear a stranger say: "You made the big time. You've got a mass murderer."

News had evidently traveled across the continent that eight prostitutes who had vanished over the last two years were found in September inside a ramshackle house less than two blocks from this area's premier institution, Vassar College. And that discovery came little more than a month after a verdict wrapped up another national story that clouded Poughkeepsie's image: the racially loaded defamation trial stemming from accusations in 1988 by a black girl, Tawana Brawley, that she had been kidnapped and raped by a gang of white men, charges that a grand jury had found to be completely fictitious.

"First we're a racist town; now we're a town of mass murder," is the way Mr. Chickery's capsulized this city's frustration.

Still, people here are sensitive to the fact that the back-to-back episodes have exposed some of Poughkeepsie's less flattering sides, the effects of the tailspin that Poughkeepsie has been in since it began losing jobs and taxpaying residents in the 1950's. This once-storied place to raise a family -- the New York City Schools Chancellor, Rudy Crew, the son of an I.B.M. security guard, grew up here -- has grown accustomed to violent crime, drugs, prostitution and the kind of suspiciousness that sometimes manifests as racial friction.

Even the Mayor of this city of 29,000, Colette Lafuente, acknowledges that Poughkeepsie can be seen as a poster child for all the government and commercial schemes of the 1960's and 1970's that produced unintended and often damaging consequences.

Travel through the city was made easier by the building of crisscrossing highways, but the roads chopped the city into quarters and wounded some vibrant neighborhoods. The highways also made it easier for manufacturers to locate outside town, where land was cheaper. And they made it possible to shop in massive malls rising along Route 9, killing off thriving downtown department and apparel stores like Luckey Platt, Up to Date and M. Schwartz and Company.

With powerful patrons like United States Representative Hamilton Fish Jr., the city became one of the nation's largest per-capita recipients of Federal aid. But the aid was a mixed blessing. Swaths of charming 19th century houses and commercial buildings were leveled by urban renewal, replaced in some cases by ugly parking lots and bland public housing, according to a study by Harvey K. Flad, a Vassar professor of geography.

Meanwhile, the state was releasing thousands of patients from psychiatric hospitals, like the Hudson River Psychiatric Center here. Scores wound up homeless in downtown, where they scared off many remaining shoppers. The carving out of the suburban Spackenkill school district in the 1950's so that I.B.M. workers could have their own school system put an important dent in the city's base of middle class students, Mr. Flad said.

As a result of this cascade of policy debacles, Poughkeepsie has a threadbare statistical profile that is best crystallized by one fact: this city midway between Manhattan and Albany does not have a single supermarket.

The population here has declined by almost a third from a 1950 high of 41,023. Of those remaining, 3 of every 10 never graduated high school. The average family makes $34,706 a year and in all Poughkeepsie, only 111 families earn more than $150,000 annually. Unemployment is about 6 percent in a city that once had giant plants for printing, farm equipment and machine parts. Over the years, the city's jobless rate has hovered close to twice that of surrounding Dutchess County, said Dr. Ann E. Davis, an economics professor at Poughkeepsie's Marist College.

The final blow came in the early 1990's when I.B.M., which had practically turned Dutchess County into a company town, furloughed 7,700 workers in its three Hudson Valley plants, leaving 13,800 workers still employed. Now, Poughkeepsie's largest employer is the Dutchess County government.

Few people here blame Poughkeepsie for this year's unwelcome events. When Tawana Brawley told her story 10 years ago, she was living in Wappingers Falls, south of Poughkeepsie. Yet Stephen A. Pagones, the former prosecutor who accused Ms. Brawley and three of her advisers of defaming him, brought his suit at the Dutchess County Courthouse in the city's heart. And news conferences here by the Rev. Al Sharpton and Miss Brawley's two other advisers who were defendants in the case drew attention to regional race relations.

The eight slain prostitutes were found in a house just across the city border in a township that is also called Poughkeepsie. Yet, because most of the prostitutes worked a seedy stretch of the city's Main Street, the incident highlighted the city's attraction for poor urban and rural women looking for fast money or drugs. For those who distrusted the police force, the killings also raised questions about its diligence in investigating a crime with victims who lived on society's margins.

But even Patricia Barone, the mother of Gina Barone, one of the victims, does not blame the Poughkeepsie Police Department or the city's drug and prostitution problems for her daughter's death.

"It's unfortunate that Kendall Francois had to pick Poughkeepsie to live in," said Mrs. Barone, referring to the linebacker-sized suspect in whose house the victims were found. "Poughkeepsie is a lovely little city really trying to pull itself up," Mrs. Barone, a factory secretary, said. "You'll never find better views of the Hudson River. How can you blame the city when his own parents didn't know what was going on?"

Still, less boosterish residents feel Poughkeepsie has lost some of the amiability that gave it its chief edge over more throbbing cities. To Ceal Summer, 84, who moved here from New York City in 1939, "Poughkeepsie has always been a dead end to no place," with little cultural stimulation. But she appreciated the small-town culture of quilting bees and canning parties.

"All that's gone now," she said. "Everything has become so unfriendly, so unaware of neighborliness."

Poughkeepsie has never taken offense when outsiders ridiculed its small-town, inelegant name in the manner that W.C. Fields would take aim at California's Lompoc and Cucamonga. The city, whose name derives from a Wappinger Indian mouthful that means "reed-covered lodge by the little water place," was settled in 1687 by two Dutchmen attracted by the river harbor and a tributary, the Fallkill Creek, whose water power would drive mills for making grain and sawing wood.

By the late 19th century Poughkeepsie, with new railroad connections, was a bustling manufacturing city. Proud city fathers like Matthew Vassar, who made his fortune as a brewer here, enhanced the city with their generosity. Mr. Vassar founded a women's college intended to rival Harvard in 1861.

The prosperity lingered until mid-century, with employers like the Smith Brothers' plant, Schatz Federal Bearings, which made the ball bearings used in military gun turrets, and Western Printing and Lithography, which printed Golden Books for children. Marco Caviglia, the lawyer for Mr. Francois' parents, remembers shopping on Thursday nights and before Christmas along an animated, friendly Main Street, with sumptuous soda fountains and department stores that sold everything from refrigerators to lingerie.

"The city has radically changed since I was a kid," Mr. Caviglia said. "I know it sounds like I'm romanticizing, but did you see 'It's a Wonderful Life'? That was Poughkeepsie."

But the decline of American manufacturing transformed Poughkeepsie just as it transformed other river cities like Beacon, Newburgh, and Kingston. Many white ***working class*** people left the city, said Norman Fainstein, Vassar's dean of faculty and an urban sociologist. The long-rooted black community and the newer black migrants from the South generally stayed put. Today almost a third of the city's residents are black with a small but growing number of Mexican immigrants.

Though some Poughkeepsians believe the small scale of the city makes for cordial contacts across racial lines, Barbara Jeter Jackson, one of two blacks on the eight-member legislative Common Council, is disturbed that there are so few black workers on the city's work force.

Poughkeepsie today is practically a tale of three cities -- a ragged, partly industrial south side, a still genteel north side and a patchwork downtown that is graced with isolated jewels like the Roosevelt-era post office and the Bardovan Theater.

A visitor to a three-block pedestrian mall on Main Street can find an anachronistic gem like Mary H. Abdoo's bridal shop, where for 47 years customers from all over the Northeast have tried on wedding dresses amid rose plush drapery and wrought-iron seats. But the Main Street pedestrian mall, where traffic was blocked off in the misguided notion that it would make shopping more convenient, is now marked by empty storefronts.

Mayor Lafuente has made a revival of Poughkeepsie's largely abandoned waterfront, with parks, shops and restaurants, the centerpiece of her restoration plans. That will require a mix of government and private funds. She also wants to reopen the Main Street pedestrian mall to traffic. Giving a reporter a city tour, she pointed out dozens of tumbledown buildings slated for renovation, including a downtown row of 20 Queen Anne-style houses and nearby storefronts that will be restored, with government financing, by developer Mario Procida, who helped rejuvenate the South Bronx.

Mayor Lafuente, however, is aware of a painful Catch 22. Because of Poughkeepsie's social and economic problems, it does not have the tax base to spend very much on eliminating its social and economic problems.

Like Mayor Lafuente and other Poughkeepsians, Police Chief Ronald J. Knapp is somewhat defensive about the city's recent image problems. The discovery of the slain prostitutes, he said, came after his department reduced the number of murders from six in 1996 to one this year, with officers beginning to focus to such matters as rowdy college parties.

"In 1996, people were screaming about homicides and shootings," he said. "Now they're screaming about parking violations and college parties. Doesn't that say something?"

**Correction**

An article on Oct. 5 on the mood in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., after the Tawana Brawley trial and the arrest of a man charged with killing eight women, reversed geographic descriptions of the city. It is the north side that is ragged and partly industrial and the south side that is genteel, not the other way around.

**Correction-Date:** October 20, 1998, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photos: An ironic graffito decorates a storefront door on Main Street in Poughkeepsie. (James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Empty storefronts line a block of Main Street in downtown Poughkeepsie, which has been in an economic tailspin since it began losing jobs in the 1950's. Its population has declined by a third since 1950. (James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B3)

Map/Chart: "AT A GLANCE -- Poughkeepsie, N.Y."

Chart shows demographics of Poughkeepsie in Dutchess County, New York, as of 1990.

(Source: Dutchess County; U.S. Census)

Map of New York shows location of Poughkeepsie.

(pg. B3)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 1998

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TR6-G9M0-007F-G0YX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Hard Times for Strong-Minded Women - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TR6-G9M0-007F-G0YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

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**Length:** 1756 words

**Byline:** By NANCY HASS;

Nancy Hass teaches journalism at New York University and writes frequently about popular culture.

By NANCY HASS;  Nancy Hass teaches journalism at New York University and writes frequently about popular culture.

**Body**

IF transmissions of the new fall television shows were intercepted by a galaxy far, far away, here is the chillingly clear picture that extraterrestrials would get of the human female at the dawn of the new millennium. She is young, perennially confused, perpetually underemployed and adorably confounded by men. In her teens and early 20's, she is smart and spunky, but approaching 30 she is mysteriously stricken with an unnamed disease that renders her increasingly incompetent. Miraculously, her cuteness is left intact.

A few sophisticated aliens may wonder, as many earthlings do, how these images have come to define femininity in the 1990's. Although the heroines of this season's "Maggie Winters," "Costello" and "Jesse" are more ***working class*** than past seasons' Caroline, Susan, Veronica and Ally, it's not hard to imagine them all at a slumber party, scarfing down low-fat Doritos and competing for Most Charmingly Pathetic.

Despite what the data tell us about who we are these days -- older, smarter, fatter, richer, more independent -- on television we are younger, thinner, poorer and ditsier.

"If you watch television this season you see a very scary message transmitted over and over," says Bonnie Turner, creator of "That 70's Show" on Fox. "Women are simply adorable dopes."

Was it only a season or two ago that the pace seemed to be set by women of a certain age -- "Murphy Brown," "Cybill," "Roseanne," "Grace Under Fire" -- who raged with self-confidence and irony? Those shows weren't Shakespeare or Chekhov, but at least the characters knew who they were. The joke was rarely on them. (Can you imagine Roseanne or Murphy sharing pillow talk and bean dip with Jesse and Caroline? Now there's comedy.)

By all accounts, the women on television (at least in sitcoms) are increasingly at odds with the women in the audience, but who's to blame? Advertisers chasing a demographic? Networks too frightened to take chances? Writers without talent? Pressure from syndicators who know that shows about women don't do as well in reruns?

It depends on whom you talk to. In the lightning-fast world of television development, everyone passes the buck. But one thing is clear: in a season viewed as one of the most moribund in memory, the rhetoric is heated almost to the boil.

The writers blame advertisers, market research and, by inference, network executives who, they say, kowtow too easily.

"Some great concepts don't even make it to a cocktail napkin," says Caryn Mandabach of Carsey Werner, the production company, "because the network makes it clear they aren't looking for shows that center around a wisecracking 45-year-old woman."

What are advertisers looking for? Just one thing: young adults. Older viewers are too stuck in their buying habits, or so goes the traditional wisdom. The success of "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" has convinced advertisers that women 12 to 34 are an underexploited market. Networks apparently believe the best strategy to attract them is to create young female characters who are appealingly adrift.

An even more prized demographic is men 18 to 34, not only because they have lots of buying power but because they are particularly elusive. They channel-surf excessively and are less loyal than women to specific shows.

Which is why more networks than ever seem to be trawling for boys. CBS is trying aggressively to appeal to a younger, more male audience. Fox and the WB are in a dead heat for the same viewers. ABC's new comedy lineup includes six shows with male leads; its only new female-oriented series stars the 11-year-old Olsen twins.

That has a direct effect on the sorts of women we see on television, experts say. Women, it seems, may control more than 50 percent of the purchases but tend to let men control the remote. N.F.L. viewership, for example, is 40 percent female, though women rarely watch football alone.

"Women will pretty much do anything to get to snuggle with their boyfriend or husband," says Paul Krumins, who writes an influential newsletter about syndication. "Advertisers want the networks to cater to men because they feel they get the women for free."

. Among this season's new sitcom offerings alone, two-thirds center on a male character.

"The only people that advertisers want," says Dean Valentine, president of UPN, "are 28-year-old male millionaires, preferably living in Manhattan." Shows that don't focus on men have to feature the sort of women that guys might watch. (Ally McBeal isn't wearing those short skirts for us girls. Ditto Christina Applegate's St. Pauli Girl get-up in "Jesse.")

Some network executives concede that they are under tremendous pressure. When asked where all the strong women have gone, CBS Television's president, Leslie Moonves, a man known for his bravado, hesitantly offered up "The Nanny" as an example, conceding that Fran Drescher's blowsy, sexually ham-fisted character was hardly a role model for, well, anyone.

"Until Madison Avenue realizes what we've been saying all along, that 50-year-old women are as valuable as 19-year-old women, we are in a bind," Mr. Moonves says.

Robert Igiel, the Young & Rubicam advertising agency's powerful media buyer, disagrees strongly. "I wish we did have more influence over these shows," he says. "They'd be better."

Other networks blame writers for the fallow offerings.

"We would be incredibly happy if we could find a really dynamic, self-confident female voice that was consistently well written," says Warren Littlefield, president of NBC Entertainment. "But talent is pretty scarce."

Ms. Turner calls such statements "stunning high arrogance."

"To say there are no good writers out there is to lie about the three things that power television these days: deals, deals, deals."

Back-end syndication deals may be the most insidious underlying pressure for the financially pressed networks. Contrary to perceptions, networks don't make their money up front, by selling advertising on prime-time shows; the real payback comes when the series are resold to local stations.

The reruns that fetch the highest prices are sitcoms, and the sitcoms that seem to do best with "prime access" (7:30 P.M.) audiences are male-skewed.

"What guy is going to sit down and watch reruns of 'Friends' when he comes home from work?" asks Mr. Krumins. In fact, because syndication success is entirely determined by men (women are much less picky viewers, according to the research) there is no correlation at all between how well a female-oriented show does in prime time and how it does later in reruns.

"Murphy Brown," for example, hit records when its original syndication rights were sold, but its ratings in reruns were a huge disappointment.

"That affects what shows the networks put on," says Mr. Krumins.

The other business maneuver that has a sledgehammer impact on how women are portrayed is the network trend to sign stars long before there is a sitcom concept to fit them. Since the financial interest and syndication rules were lifted in 1995, networks can own a piece of a series outright, which sometimes means creative decisions take a back seat to matters of money and control.

A result is often a repeat of NBC's fiasco with Tea Leoni in "The Naked Truth": a mercurially charming star jammed uncomfortably into a jerry-rigged idea.

Still, networks don't seem to learn from their expensive mistakes. This season, dizzy starlets in mediocre vehicles are second only to young men seemingly suspended in perpetual adolescence.

The only thing that seems to have changed about the female characters is that they have plunged down the socioeconomic ladder in direct contradiction with real-world trends. Last season Everygirl worked in publishing; now she's either unemployed or tending bar.

Consider "Maggie Winters." Faith Ford (of "Murphy Brown") plays a 32-year-old woman who dumps her doctor husband for cheating on her. Because she apparently has no money and has never had a job, she returns to her hometown in Indiana, moves in with her mother and rekindles relationships with a host of loser high school friends.

"The concept is a shameless attempt to hark back to nostalgia for high school," observes Susan J. Douglas, author of "Where the Girls Are: Growing Up Female With the Mass Media." "It's a post-feminist downsizing fantasy."

"Jesse" offers little more dimension. Christina Applegate, who became a cult figure among adolescent boys for her role in "Married . . . With Children," plays a Buffalo barmaid who is a single mother. She is in a quandary about whether she should date the Antonio Banderas look-alike next door.

Fox is hoping to score with "Costello." Built around the appeal of a gritty Boston stand-up comic, Sue Costello, the lead -- a cute blond in her mid-20's who seems to be channeling a truck driver -- works, yes, as a bartender and waitress in a South End dive.

Where are the interesting women on television? Some are on cable. Lifetime is testing the waters with three new shows, and the patter of the four women on HBO's "Sex and the City" at least rises above the safe, chirpy drone of most prime-time comedy.

On the networks, the most compelling women seem to be lurking in the ensemble dramas; see Christine Lahti's portrayal of the conflicted surgeon in "E.R." Other women of substance, it seems, aren't women at all but high school girls or aliens.

"Felicity," the WB's nuanced hourlong coming-of-age drama, has been touted as an early, deserving hit. "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" showcases a girl who is funny, fearless and, when necessary, lethal. "Sabrina the Teen-Age Witch" could show Maggie, Costello and Jesse a few things about poise and common sense.

But like Sally of "Third Rock From the Sun" -- another strong, unpredictable woman -- Buffy and Sabrina function in the world of the supernatural, easier terrain for tough-minded females.

"We could never have sold a vital, 6-foot-tall, sexually inquisitive woman without making her a male alien," says Ms. Turner, who helped create the show.

Perhaps the best illustration of the trajectory of women's images on television can be found in "Veronica's Closet." In the original treatment, Kirstie Alley's character was a strong if flawed businesswoman. But as the show has progressed, Veronica seems to have lost both her mind and much of her simple motor coordination.

"I do think it's true that people don't want to see real life these days," says Mr. Littlefield, who contends that NBC has not urged the shows' creators to make Veronica haplessly daffy. "Maybe the days of 'Roseanne' and her real-life problems are over."

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about women's roles in television comedies misidentified the drama series in which Christine Lahti plays a surgeon. It is "Chicago Hope," not "E.R."

**Correction-Date:** October 4, 1998, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: DITSY IS AS DITSY DOES -- Christina Applegate, who played an airheaded teen-ager on "Married . . . With Children," is a barmaid and lonely single mother in the new sitcom "Jesse." (NBC); TAKING THE EDGE OFF -- Candice Bergen in "Murphy Brown," about a smart, successful over-40 reporter. Men, say advertisers, won't watch her in syndication. (CBS)

**Load-Date:** September 27, 1998

**End of Document**



[***JEWISH DEFENSE LEAGUE'S NEW LEADER TO PRESS WEAPONS TRAINING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8RB0-0007-J379-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1549 words

**Byline:** By MARCIA CHAMBERS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Nov. 10

**Body**

The new leader of the militant Jewish Defense League, maintaining that anti-Semitism is on the rise around the country, says he plans to revitalize the league by training Jews and non-Jews in the use of weapons and other paramilitary activities.

The league head, Irv Rubin, whom Rabbi Meir Kahane named as his successor in August, was its West Coast coordinator for the last decade. Mr. Rubin began to emerge as a leader after Rabbi Kahane's decision to emigrate to Israel in 1973.

Mr. Rubin, who is 40 years old, says his mission is to revitalize the organization, which he says suffered in Mr. Kahane's absence from a lack of unity or common philosophy, particularly in New York City. Mr. Rubin recently spent five weeks in New York, where the group originated, in what he characterized as a frustrating and possibly futile effort to unite factions that have split off from the league.

Opening Up the Group

In a move that may create more turmoil among the factions in New York and elsewhere, Mr. Rubin hopes to increase membership, which he puts at 13,000, by accepting any Jew or sympathetic gentile.

The decision to make these changes comes at a time when the league and competing militant Jewish groups have become the focus of numerous Federal and state investigations into recent bombings and assassinations on the East and West coasts. The Federal Bureau of Investigation said Friday that the league was ''the possible responsible group'' in three bombings in the last three months, one in Santa Ana, one on Long Island and one in New Jersey. Mr. Rubin said the league had nothing to do with the bombings.

Law-enforcement officials on both coasts say they are concerned that the J.D.L. may have formed a militant underground effort in the United States. In 1979, Brett Becker, then a top league officer, wrote an article for the group's publication, Update, calling for a ''secret, underground strike force which will eliminate those individuals that threaten our very existence.'' He said, ''The time is long overdue for the birth of such a group.''

'Proud, Tough Jews'

In an interview, Mr. Rubin, noting that ''things have been developing,'' acknowledged that there ''appears to be a Jewish underground in the United States'' but quickly added that it was ''not affiliated with the J.D.L.''

Mr. Rubin, who has worked in this area to train people in weapons use, said he planned to extend such activities around the country. ''I want to see proud, tough Jews,'' he said. ''I hope to see the day when they will go into every corner, nook and cranny of this country and teach the Jew-hater a lesson he will never forget.''

At a time of heightened attention on Jewish militant groups, the F.B.I., which had long classified the J.D.L. as a terrorist organization, has removed the group from its list. A bureau spokesman in Washington explained that only terrorist groups that claim responsibility for crimes are listed. In the past, the league often took responsibility for bombings, but it has since stopped doing so to avoid arrests, according to law-enforcement sources.

Over the years, the league focused much of its attention on the Soviet Union because of its treatment of Jews. The targets have included Soviet diplomatic residences, travel and airline offices, dance troupes and businesses sponsoring cultural events.

Four gunmen who fired on an Arab bus in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, wounding seven passengers, on March 4, 1984, were J.D.L. members, Rabbi Kahane has said. They were trained in the use of weapons at league camps in New York State and in Los Angeles, according to Bruce Hoffman of the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica.

Formed in Brooklyn

The league was formed by Rabbi Kahane in 1968 in the Brooklyn ***working-class*** sections of Borough Park, Crown Heights and Williamsburg. The elderly Orthodox Jewish residents were often the victims of muggers, and Mr. Kahane and his followers began a patrol to protect residents. They also stood guard from time to time at Jewish cemeteries, where vandalism of graves was common.

Mr. Rubin met Rabbi Kahane in 1971 and remembers him saying in a speech: '' 'Don't sit down and have a cup of coffee with a Nazi. Don't try to be a nice guy. Smash him.' '' Mr. Rubin recalled, ''It rang a bell in me.''

The organization, which is incorporated in New York state, was founded, Mr. Rubin said, to provide a ''modicum of dignity and respect to each and every individual Jew, no matter what his station in life.'' The league's first act of terrorism was bombing the Soviet cultural offices in Washington on Jan. 8, 1971, Mr. Hoffman said.

Mr. Rubin disavows connections to international terrorism. But last year, citing national and international security concerns, the City of Los Angeles succeeded, using extraordinary measures, in stopping Mr. Rubin from pursuing a lawsuit. It was the first time a municipality has stopped a lawsuit on such grounds.

The Los Angeles Police Department had an undercover police officer in the league here for nearly four years, and the suit charged that the department encouraged the informer to push the J.D.L. into performing criminal acts. Mr. Rubin said that he knew the undercover officer, Larry Winston, as a man named Joel Cohen and that they had become such friends that Mr. Cohen was given the honor of holding the Rubin family's firstborn son at his circumcision ceremony in 1981.

A Closed Hearing on Suit

The city, rather than respond to the suit by answering the charges, demanded and won a closed hearing. Mr. Rubin and his lawyer were barred.

Justice David M. Rothman of Superior Court dismissed the $1.5 million suit, saying that to continue it ''would necessitate disclosure of clearly privileged information and significantly compromise not only local but national and international law enforcement.''

The factors that went into the dismissal have never been made public, but it was no secret that Mr. Rubin planned to take action against the Russians if they attended the Olympics in Los Angeles in 1984. The entire case has been sealed. The American Civil Liberties Union is appealing to reinstate the suit, but without access to the hearing's transcript.

''To totally close the proceedings is extraordinary,'' said Judith Resnik, a professor of law at the University of Southern California. ''Beyond that what is astonishing is that there is in this country the principle of giving the plaintiff the opportunity to be heard. There are certainly instances in which the government can seek to limit information, but usually a judge makes an effort to narrow the issues and to balance the rights of those involved in order to allow the lawsuit to proceed.''

Mr. Rubin has been arrested more than 30 times on charges ranging from malicious mischief to conspiracy to commit murder, but says he has never been convicted of a felony or served any time although he has been fined.

Mr. Rubin has structured his life around the league, working two part-time jobs, as a process server for a law firm and as an offset printer. He usually makes his own hours.

He often spends his summers giving 10-week courses to teen-agers and adults on how to shoot dummy targets decorated with swastikas. For these activities, he generally uses private property of friends and sometimes just a public forest.

''The purpose is to protect Jews, to protect them in schools, on streets, wherever necessary,'' he said.

Besides weapons training for youth and adults, Mr. Rubin says he wants to educate the public to the rise of neo-Nazi and Ku Klux Klan sentiment in the United States, particularly in the Middle West.

He said rebuilding the league will take several years. On his recent trip east, he said he set up a new chapter in Providence, R.I., to help serve New England. He said the chapter in Boston ''cares more about Rabbi Kahane and his Israeli politics than of the emergence of the K.K.K. in New England.''

Other cities with league chapters are Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, the Baltimore-Washington area, San Francisco, Miami and Atlanta. There are also chapters abroad, in Belgium, France, England, Italy, Israel, Argentina, and in Toronto, Canada.

''I'm embarrassed to say it, but we do not have an office in New York City,'' said Mr. Rubin. ''There are a half dozen groups competing for the same type of audience. I may just have to start from scratch in New York City and create a new J.D.L.''

'You Would Be Surprised'

Law-enforcement officials say the league relies on a fund-raising organization that the officials declined to name for money, arms and other materials.

''You would be surprised at the names of the people who give to us,'' Mr. Rubin said. He refuses to identify them, but he says that a speech by the Rev. Louis Farrakhan or an incident like the killing of Leon Klinghoffer draws attention to how Jews are viewed. ''Then people, some from organized Jewry, who would not ordinarily give to us, decide to give to us,'' he said. The league has generally been denounced by mainstream Jewish organizations.

''But you know,'' Mr. Rubin said, ''in the early days, in Brooklyn, in 1968, our original concept was to patrol streets, to protect the elderly, to protect Jewish cemeteries. Everything we tried then was roundly condemned by the Jewish establishment. But today they accept those ideas as worthwhile.''

**Graphic**

photo of Irv Rubin (NYT/George Birch)

**End of Document**



[***The Little Guy Is on His Mind;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41Y6-MJS0-00MH-F221-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Author Savagely Indicts Notions of a New Economy - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41Y6-MJS0-00MH-F221-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By JOHN SCHWARTZ

By JOHN SCHWARTZ

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

The telephone rings. It does not chirp or beep, it rings an actual clapper strikes brass bells and the 1940's Bakelite body shudders -- like a voice from another time, like a wake-up call.

Thomas Frank answers. He has been waiting, here in his home office in the Hyde Park neighborhood. On the other end of the line is an interviewer from a National Public Radio station at the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign, ready to fill an hour with a phone-in discussion of Mr. Frank's new book, "One Market, Under God: Extreme Capitalism, Market Populism and the End of Economic Democracy" (Doubleday).

In a sweeping, savage and witty indictment of American business, Mr. Frank, 35, slams the notion that the 1990's lived up to the promise of the new economy -- a sensibility summed up by commercials for WorldCom that ask, "Is this a great time, or what?"

Mr. Frank argues that the answer is "or what." Behind the go-go stock market and the feel-good atmosphere, he says, the American economy that bloomed in the 1990's is sick: the divide between rich and poor has widened, he insists, and mechanisms like government regulation and unions that traditionally protected underdogs have been hobbled.

Mergers and globalization, meanwhile, are homogenizing the world into one big Wal-Mart. Yet, he says, Americans have been sold the notion that the pixie-dust prosperity has touched almost everyone.

His timing could not be better: Mr. Frank is riding a nascent wave of antibusiness resentment that shows itself in everything from consumer complaints about health maintenance organizations to trashed Starbucks stores during last year's World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle. Vice President Al Gore knew the sentiment was there when he attacked "big tobacco, big oil, the big polluters, the pharmaceutical companies, the H.M.O.'s." And even Business Week asked on its Sept. 11 cover: "Too Much Corporate Power?"

"One Market, Under God" vivisects the libertarian manifestoes, management how-to books, academic gobbledygook, advertisements and finance-oriented cable networks to describe Mr. Frank's key bete noire: market populism.

This phrase, Mr. Frank argues, captures a new genre of spin that turns traditional populism on its head. Instead of the classic populist stance on behalf of the little guy, market populism hijacks the power-to-the-people language to glorify capitalism and its biggest winners. Yeoman farmer, make way for the Foosball-playing high-technology chief executive, courtesy of evangelists like George Gilder, the former Reagan administration icon turned tech cheerleader; Tom Peters, the management guru; Walter Wriston, once the chief executive of Citicorp; and the creators of the Motley Fool stock-pickers Web site.

Mr. Frank has been laying out elements of this argument for some time in his obscure magazine, The Baffler, and in earlier books, including "Commodify Your Dissent (W. W. Norton, 1997). But "One Market, Under God," published in November, is his manifesto. He attacks business pretensions, not with the cruel streak of Michael Moore in his films or the studied folksiness of Jim Hightower on radio, but with a cool, ironic wit that evokes the line of Elvis Costello, the rock star, who sang, "Oh, I used to be disgusted/

And now I try to be amused."

Admire machines -- worship their inventors

-- newspaper advertisement for Merrill Lynch, pinned to Tom Frank's corkboard

As he sits through the radio interview, elbows propped on his aged oak desk and head resting on his hands, Mr. Frank gives his spiel, its freshness faded by repetition over the course of a grueling book tour. He has returned just the night before from a California swing. But he limbers mentally as he speaks, his voice almost preppy and slightly nasal, holding up his part of the disembodied conversation, the anger rising. The sentences build and flow with the fluidity of hot jazz and the urgency of hard rock, one thought after another tumbling out.

With the business boom on the Internet, he says:

"A lot of business thinkers thought they had happened onto a kind of Golden Age, onto a new world. There's a business magazine out there calling itself Business 2.0, as if all of, all of history was, like, version 1.3, 1.4, that sort of thing -- and then now we've turned this Grand Corner, and market populism is kind of the expression of that feeling, of business at its most righteous, and at its most self-confident, and most willing to take on its enemies and, and shout them down if you will.

"Basically, market populism understands corporations and the workings of the market as more LEGITIMATE than government, as closer to the people, as something the people understand -- and that's why they, according to market populism, even C.E.O.'s as wealthy as Bill Gates are men of the people in a way that someone like Al Gore, because he spent his life in government, can never be."

Thanks to the attention his attack has drawn, the peripatetic Mr. Frank is showing up virtually everywhere, and virtually as well. In the online magazine Slate, he recently fought it out in the Breakfast Table, a daily debate feature, with David Brooks, an editor of the conservative Weekly Standard. Mr. Brooks also examined 90's-era prosperity in a book about what he calls "Bobos," or bourgeois bohemians: "Bobos in Paradise: The New Upper Class and How They Got There" (Simon & Schuster, 2000).

"We both think and write about consumption a lot," Mr. Brooks wrote to Mr. Frank in their discussion. "But whereas you have emerged as a left-wing critic of capitalism and consumption, I'm a right-winger who celebrates capitalism and consumption while finding them insufficient."

Mr. Brooks accused Mr. Frank, in so many words, of being a faux populist. In an acidic exchange, he chided Mr. Frank for saying that he would rather talk with "300 wage employees randomly chosen from Chi-Chi's, Cheddars, Chili's, Shoney's and Kenny Rogers of Rockford, Ill., over the entire punditocracy." Mr. Brooks retorted, "Why are you hanging around the University of Chicago editing a highbrow magazine and writing books if all the insightful people are over at Shoney's?"

Mr. Frank responded: "You have touched on an issue that comes up a lot at The Baffler. Where do such highbrows as us get off taking the side of the ***working class***? Who do we think reads us, anyway?

"My colleague David Mulcahey, who is sipping a 40-ouncer at the next desk as I write this, suggests that our audience is largely made up of people who like good writing but feel like they're getting a raw deal at work. Think Microsoft temps or academic adjuncts. They are, in short, proletarian bohemians, or probos."

There seem to be a lot of probos out there -- a population of Americans who did not buy Microsoft stock in the early 1990's; who didn't reinvent their careers on the Internet; who feel that something is just wrong. He speaks for them, said Thomas Geoghegan, a lawyer and chronicler of the decline of the labor movement. "If enough people say it and do it, you know people are afraid to speak up and say, 'You know, this is nonsense.' "

In doing so, Mr. Frank has commodified his own dissent, "branded" himself and his critique of market populism. And it sells.

No one seems more surprised at this than Mr. Frank. As the radio interview progresses, his eyes grow wide in apparent disbelief. The callers are not going to argue with his premise, as some have, insisting that the Internet will make everything better. These are not even timid liberals, or disaffected Naderites. They are full-blown lefties. Asking questions about Karl Marx and quoting the turn-of-the century revolutionary Rosa Luxemburg.

In Urbana.

Who knew?

They may be lonely, but they are not alone.

"Frank's 'One Market, Under God' is but another in a series of superficial, ill-informed, poorly thought-out screeds on the shortcomings of modern capitalism. . . we get a long and self-indulgent sneer from a writer who seems more intent on rallying his band of true believers than on marshaling facts and analysis that might enlighten a wider audience."

-- Steven Pearlstein

The Washington Post

Many people, of course, hear no music in Mr. Frank's message. Mr. Pearlstein lampooned his notion that people like George Gilder and Walter Wriston actually have an effect on the mind of middle America. Jacob Heilbrunn, writing for National Review, lauds Mr. Frank as "hip and cool and authentic," but adds, "He ignores fundamental truths about today's economy, like, umm, the fact that it's been good for just about everybody."

Indeed, while the gap between rich and poor remains stubbornly wide, the wages of low and middle-income workers have risen faster than inflation since 1996 for the first time in years.

David Eggers, author of "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius," said in an e-mail interview that he was a fan of Mr. Frank, but his book "isn't always fair, and it's often overstated." Still, he adds: "We need Tom Frank to take his stance, to be unwavering in his rage. If he didn't exist, we would have to invent him."

Mr. Frank claims not to have read the critiques. "Reviews can say whatever they want. I go after plenty of people in my book," he says. "I didn't invite Tom Peters to write a rebuttal."

After the radio interview, Mr. Frank drives to The Baffler offices, across the Midway Plaisance from the University of Chicago campus. It is the kind of run-down neighborhood where a shoestring budget can go a long way. "The secret to happiness is low overhead," Mr. Frank jokes.

The weathered brick building, a former parking garage, is not square nor rectangular, but a crazy rhombus, its shape defined by the crowding-in of other structures that were long ago torn down. Inside, the building contains the studio of an artist who often works from recycled materials, along with the workshops of a cabinet maker and a mechanic who restores abandoned bikes.

In such a place, The Baffler seems perfectly at home. Mr. Frank and the rest of the staff -- all of whom have other jobs to actually pay the bills -- applied the coats of peach-colored paint that cover the walls and weirdly curving ceiling. Two sets of heavy wooden shelves divide the room, with the University of Chicago law professor Cass Sunstein's name still taped below one cubbyhole. Other cabinets, hand built in the wood shop downstairs, separate Mr. Frank's desk from Greg Lane's, a fellow editor, and sport a sliding wooden window and screen retrieved from a junked confessional.

The Baffler, too, crafts its wares from found objects, from the commercials on the air to the sprawl of the suburbs and the blandification of the cities. The magazine's commentators take these things, clean them off and put them in a new context, a different light.

Mr. Frank is, in his way, trying to restore a languishing tradition -- social criticism -- and bring it to a popular audience, reaching back to the time of Edmund Wilson and the preternaturally cranky H. L. Mencken. One of the things Mr. Frank takes pains to show off in his offices is a shelf of Mencken's acerbic brainchild, The American Mercury magazine, whose format and design The Baffler freely imitates.

Mr. Frank does not, however, live entirely in the past. Yes, the telephone is older than he is, but he bought it on eBay. It sits next to a Bondi blue iMac. The Baffler has a Web site, thebaffler.com. "This isn't just Mencken redux," Mr. Geoghegan says. "This is somebody who's read everything since Mencken and gone back to him -- a more sophisticated and nuanced view."

"Who Can Carry the Baton in the Race Toward 6,000?"

-- Headline trumpeting the surge of the Nasdaq index past 5,000, pinned to Mr. Frank's corkboard

Seeing the recent precipitous decline to under 2,500 of the Nasdaq, the tech-rich market that was supposed to share the wealth with the little guy, Mr. Frank says he feels recession on the way, and no "soft landing," either. "It's going to be awful, awful." he said. "There's going to be a lot of efforts to put the blame at somebody's doorstep."

The blame game has already begun, he says, with fingers pointed from the editorial pages of The Wall Street Journal and elsewhere. The targets? Liberals and social critics.

"Not the investment bankers and the brokers, mind you," Mr. Frank says. "It's people like me. I'm really looking forward to that."

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

**Correction**

An article in Business Day last Thursday about Thomas Frank, the author of "One Market, Under God: Extreme Capitalism, Market Populism and the End of Economic Democracy," gave an erroneous name in some copies for a debate feature in which he took part in the online magazine Slate. It is "The Breakfast Table," not "Table Talk."

**Correction-Date:** December 28, 2000, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photos: In his new book and in his magazine The Baffler, Thomas Frank, 35, contends that behind the go-go stock market and the feel-good atmosphere, the American economy that bloomed in the 1990's is sick, and that the divide between rich and poor has widened. (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times above ; Naum Kazhdan/The New York Times top )

**Load-Date:** December 21, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Faithful Look for Pope to Light Way and Lighten the Load***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6XY0-0005-G2MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By RICK BRAGG

**Body**

Beneath the overpass in Washington Heights where Roberto Lopez makes a living selling roses, Pope John Paul II's visit to New York is seen as a sign. His family's hard life will soften in the presence of the Holy Father. He is sure of it.

"The greatest thing would be to see him," Mr. Lopez said as he kept watch for police officers -- he does not have a license to peddle flowers -- and waved bouquets at passing cars. "It would be a miracle."

In her small apartment in the Norwood section of the Bronx, a place without a trace of the man who abandoned her when she was pregnant, Roberta Moffitt held her red-haired little girl and spoke in an Irish brogue of the blessing the Pope will bring them. When she is asked if she will get to see him on his visit here next week, she motions to the television, and says: "It will be good luck. We need some luck."

And in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, a church maintenance man, Czeslaw Swieszek, let his mind drift back three decades to when he was a 12-year-old boy in Cracow, when a bishop named Karol Wojtyla baptized him with the same hand cardinals now kneel to kiss. Mr. Swieszek will be a speck in the Central Park crowd a week from today, to be twice blessed. "I know he will be beautiful," he said.

When the Pope visits New York and New Jersey, his views on church doctrine will be examined and his performance as Christ's vicar on earth will be evaluated. But among many of the poor and ***working class***, those Roman Catholics who see religion as their only true sanctuary, the meaning of the visit is already clear: it is a sacrament, a sign that God has not forgotten or forsaken them. They do not care that they will probably not be able to see the Pope up close or even from a distance. And they do not care that in both the secular world and among the dissatisfied in their own church, people see their devotion as blind faith.

"Behind the Pope is the spirit of God," said Mirta Quinones, an old woman who lives in the shadow of Sacred Heart Cathedral in Newark, where the Pope will begin his visit. She knows it the way some people know getting in the bathtub will get them wet.

Raymond Disordi, a retired security guard for the public library lives a few doors from Mrs. Quinones. "To catch a glimpse, just a glimpse, what a beautiful thing," he said. While he talked, police officers filed into an apartment across the street that had been burglarized the night before.

Maybe, he prays, the Holy Father has the power to turn back time and make his street safe again after dark.

"It's hope, what he really is," Mr. Disordi said. On one hand, in the juncture of his thumb and forefinger, is a tattoo of a cross. "It's O.K. to hope, right? Sure it is."

Washington Heights

In 1989, Mr. Lopez left Mexico City to go to New York, where he and his wife, Louisa, support their three children -- the youngest is 10 months old -- by selling flowers in this section of upper Manhattan to the middle-class commuters. They live shoulder-to-shoulder in a $500-a-month, two-room apartment that he measures by pinching two fingers together.

Mr. Lopez, who is 38, makes enough to pay rent and buy food, but some bills collect dust. Recently, the police fined him $800 -- as much as he makes in a good month -- for selling flowers without a vending license. Now when he sees a police car coming, he hides the flowers in the weeds.

"It is much better here than in Mexico," he said.

At Mass, he said, he prays for Jesus to protect his family from criminals and to shield him from the police. Only his faith allows them to exist between those two powerful forces, he believes.

He knows little about Pope John Paul II, except that he is supposed to be kind to the poor. He believes the Pope's words hold great power: that if he asks city and national leaders to show compassion for the poor, in a time that so many hearts have hardened, it will happen.

He knows he will not see the Pope, and that the Pope will not see him. A long procession of priests, a lifetime of them, have assured him that there are such things as miracles. But as devout as he is, some things are just too big to pray for.

Greenpoint

At the Church of SS. Anthony and Alphonsus, in a neighborhood of Polish and Hispanic immigrants, the main church is locked but the basement sanctuary is open to the faithful. They trickle in all day to kneel before the saints, to light candles, to seek absolution.

The first Polish Pope is particularly special to these people, and 70 of them, the winners of a church lottery, will join him in Central Park. In the crowd will be two men who have seen him before, one who knows the touch of his hand from Poland, another who saw him only from a great distance. Both men believe their lives were blessed by him, even though years of pain and suffering separate their first encounter with him, and this one.

Mr. Swieszek lived most of his 41 years in Poland when, as he tells it, the Communists believed they ran the country instead of God.

His own family was persecuted, in part because they refused to turn loose of the Catholicism that had guided their lives long before the Russians took possession of their lives.

When he was a young man, Mr. Swieszek said, the government police "took me away for three weeks." They wanted to make him into a good Communist. When asked what happened to him, and to other members of his family and neighborhood, he just closes his eyes.

"In the church, we escaped from it," he said.

The bishop who presided over that hope was a kindly, still-young man named Wojtyla. When Mr. Swieszek was 12, the bishop touched his head with water as he knelt in the old cathedral in Cracow, and baptized him.

He struggles to find the words to describe the bishop who became the Pope, and settles on: "He was saintly. He drew people to him."

The people believed he could protect them, save them, he said.

Mr. Swieszek lives in Greenpoint now, in a neighborhood where he can still speak Polish, although more and more people speak Spanish. He and his wife, Renata, have two children. He uses his hands to keep the ornate old church looking nice.

He will be in the group from his church to see the Pope. It does not matter that he will be lost in a sea of people. "I will see him."

Domingo Alvarado also saw the Pope once before, but he was only a tiny figure in a robe, on the crest of a hill in a small village in Ecuador in the early 1980's.

"I saw him from a great distance, but it was important to me," he said. He was blessed then, even though the Pope's words did not actually reach him.

Mr. Alvarado is 72 now, and needs work. He hopes a new blessing will provide. This time, he may even hear the words.

Newark

He got the tattoo of the simple cross when he was a boy, in the back of a barbershop on Market Street. "Some guy called the Dutchman did them," said Mr. Disordi, who lives just steps from the Sacred Heart Cathedral. "It was a long time ago."

Now the children get tattoos of Satan, and Christ on fire on the cross.

His religion, like the blue ink, has faded a little. But he still believes in the power of the Holy Father.

"He may make things better here," he said, "if only for a few days."

Norwood

The joy in Ms. Moffitt's tiny living room reaches only knee high. The floor is covered wall to wall with brightly colored toys -- a kiddy car, big stuffed dolls and dinosaurs -- but the walls and much of the apartment are stark, bare of pictures and keepsakes.

What the church views as a grave sin has turned out to be her greatest blessing, and the center of her existence. While the church as an institution condemns sex out of wedlock, a local priest came to bless her home and bless the baby, Michelle.

Abandoned by the toddler's father -- "He said she was mine, not his," said Ms. Moffitt -- she has no job, no future beyond a grinding, day-to-day uncertainty.

"I held on to my faith," she said. "I had to."

She is not only a Catholic by birth and family but by heritage. She was born in County Sligo, where the people walk the same ground once walked by saints. The town of Sligo grew up around the remains of a monastery built in A.D. 575 by St. Columba. It was hard hit by the potato famine of the mid-19th century, and in the next 100 years the population declined two thirds. For generations, the young people, like Ms. Moffitt, who is in her 30's, abandoned home to look for work.

As it did for Mr. Lopez, New York brought only a slightly nicer brand of poverty. But Ms. Moffitt believes the Pope has the power to lift her -- and other poor New Yorkers -- to a new life, to soften hearts, "and to keep us from killing each other.

"He might change New York," she said, and she will be a part of it.

Even if all she can do is touch the television screen.

Harlem

In 1979, when Lucia Thomas was in the fourth grade, she saw the Pope's entourage pass on Madison Avenue Bridge.

"I thought it was as close as I could come to seeing a spiritual being," said Ms. Thomas, now a teacher at St. Mark the Evangelist Catholic School in Harlem.

She lives amid the dangers of modern New York -- her brother was hit by a stray bullet -- but wears her faith like iron. The Pope's visit only makes it stronger.

If she did not believe in him, and in God, she wonders, how would she live?

**Graphic**

Photos: Roberta Moffitt says she hopes a blessing from the Pope will bring her and her daughter, Michelle, good luck. She will follow his visit next week on television in her small apartment in the Norwood section of the Bronx. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. 25); Domingo Alvarado of SS. Anthony and Alphonsus Church in Greenpoint won a lottery to see the Pope in Central Park. Roberto Lopez, who sells roses in Washington Heights, sees the Pope's visit as a sign. Lucia Thomas, a teacher at St. Mark the Evangelist School in Harlem, says the Pope's visit makes her faith stronger. (Photographs by Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. 21)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSX-4S30-007F-G4MB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tales of Sex On the Brain, All Over London***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSX-4S30-007F-G4MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By BEN BRANTLEY

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**Body**

"The obsession that taunts us all, Sex." So speaks the doomed, noble Phedre of her illicit, ruinous passion for her stepson in the stark new West End production of Racine's tragedy, which -- Oops. Scratch that. That's not Phedre talking. That's a headline that appeared in a tabloid here the day after the videotapes of President Clinton's testimony about his illicit, ruinous passion for a White House intern were made public.

What Phedre, played by an intense Diana Rigg from a new translation by Ted Hughes, says is, "Venus fastened on me like a tiger." This is not to be confused with what the rugby star Will Carling, in articles that temporarily knocked Mr. Clinton off the front pages, said about his love for the late Princess of Wales.

Nor with what the chastity-challenged Ado Annie sings in the vibrant, smash-hit revival of "Oklahoma!" at the Royal National Theater here. Nor, for that matter, with what those ***working-class*** men with gold chains and half-buttoned shirts (who appear to have modeled their look on that of the Brooklyn street studs in the new assembly-line stage adaptation of the movie "Saturday Night Fever") had to say about their compulsive promiscuity on a recent chat show.

Has there ever been a moment, at least since the days of Shakespeare, when what is seen in British theaters so literally reflected the fixations of the country, regardless of class or intellectual persuasion? Whether in institutional or commercial theaters, in the claustrophobic studios of London's fringes or the shabby splendor of the West End, the subject, more often than not, is sex and the havoc it wreaks in the lives of ordinary and extraordinary people.

Despite enough bared bums, breasts and genitalia onstage to stock a year's run of "Oh! Calcutta!" the overall effect is hardly salacious, to use a word much favored by journalists here. There are only faint echoes of the titters and smirks of standard British sex farces with titles like "Run for Your Wife." Dramas of infidelity remain a staple, but minus the four-hankie sentiment of a Terrence Rattigan.

The mood instead runs from aloof, condemning cynicism to scathing anger. The new templates of the genre are Patrick Marber's wildly acclaimed "Closer," a brutal look at an internecine romantic quadrangle (headed for Broadway next year), and Mark Ravenhill's notorious "Shopping and . . . " (seen in New York last season), works in which carnal knowledge, explicitly documented, is unsatisfying and unenlightening.

The hottest ticket in London is David Hare's ice-cold reworking of "La Ronde," by Arthur Schnitzler. This is the two-character show in which the movie star Nicole Kidman has made her London stage debut to delirious reviews, playing five women who look for love in all the wrong places, the point being that no place is the right place.

The single most unsettling, and representative, image to emerge from my 10 days of playgoing here comes from Mr. Ravenhill's latest offering, "Handbag," in which a young woman is digitally brought to orgasm, by a man who might as well be a vibrator, while standing up and wearing a mask that suggests an extraterrestrial pig. She is transformed by sex, for sure, but not into anything human.

Let's not forget that for centuries England has been dancing an uneasy waltz between tight-lipped puritanism (think Oliver Cromwell) and open-mouthed hedonism (think Christine Keeler), nor that the sort of sexual shenanigans now tainting the American Presidency are nothing new to the British. In living memory, the country has seen a government unseated and its monarchy threatened by such activities.

Both phenomena are currently represented on the boards with the West End production of "A Letter of Resignation," Hugh Whitemore's look at the Profumo scandal of the 1960's, and the delectably silly and oddly affecting "Love Upon the Throne" (written by Patrick Barlow and performed by Mr. Barlow and John Ramm, the entire company of the self-styled National Theater of Brent), in which two middle-aged, bespectacled men in business suits awkwardly enact the troubled courtship and marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana.

There's a genuine warmth to "Throne," something notably absent from much of the rest of London's popular theatrical fare. This doesn't mean, however, that audience and critical response to consciously chilly productions has been comparably detached. The English clearly like to have their cake and drool over it, too. Just consider the reviews garnered by Ms. Kidman in the Donmar Warehouse production of "The Blue Room," staged by the omnipresent Sam Mendes, with Iain Glen (a classical actor who, surprisingly, tends toward cartoonishness here) playing the other halves of a series of erotically linked couples.

That Ms. Kidman gives an exceptionally proficient performance, nimbly shifting accents and embodying characters from a Cockney streetwalker to a self-dramatizing, self-adoring stage star, was duly noted by most critics. But what really wowed 'em was the perfection of her body, seen in various states of undress and briefly in the altogether.

The Evening Standard, which knows its priorities, wedged a brief critical appraisal of the play beneath a splashy assessment of Ms. Kidman's physique. The reviewer for The Daily Telegraph called the performance "pure theatrical Viagra."

Well, maybe, if you're stimulated by the idea of copulation as a purely mechanical activity, something wittily emphasized here by the super titles that tabulate the time consumed by each sexual act. The daisy chain of couplings in Mr. Hare's rather perfunctory modernization of Schnitzler's classic is a joyless cycle of users and the used, and it lacks the depths of passion and character that infuse the playwright's best works. Unlike the original "La Ronde," this adaptation gives off about as much Weltschmerz as the lurid neon lighting in which it is bathed.

Darkly Up to Date In 'Oklahoma!'

Audiences seeking to recover from the frostbite of "The Blue Room" might find it at the National Theater, the home of Trevor Nunn's triumphant revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" In this miraculously fresh-feeling production, which moves to the West End in January with (one prays) a Broadway engagement to follow, raging hormones may get people into trouble, but they are also a source of exuberant, unquenchable life.

This sensibility matches the robust, pioneer spirit of the show's world of farmers and cowboys. The production has been restaged in ways that go beyond the usual respectful museum-piece revivals, with vital new choreography by Susan Stroman replacing the fabled dance numbers of Agnes de Mille. Yet it comes closer than any version I've seen in creating a sense of how thrillingly novel the original production must have been.

Every song, even the chestnut of an opening number, "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," has a feeling of conversational spontaneity. The show, populated with largely unknown but vigorously talented actors, seems propelled by young sexual urges uncertainly groping for an outlet, finding blissful release in dance. The more troubled eroticism of the show is given appropriately shadowy life, most notably in Shuler Hensley's compellingly brutish Jud.

The sexual ambivalence of the virginal Laury, reconceived as an overalls-wearing tomboy, registers more pointedly than ever. The threat of disruptive violence and the possibility of disappointments and losses to come are never far from the surface. This acknowledgment of darkness only enhances the energy-charged light thrown off by the ensemble.

A similar exuberance could be found in the Globe Theater's brassy interpretation of "A Mad World, My Masters," an early (1605) ribald comedy by Thomas Middleton. The Globe has had a huge popular success, and this production makes it easy to see why.

As directed by Sue Lefton, "Mad World," which concluded its run last month, was a gawdy, nonstop roundelay of earthy erotic entanglements, full of actorly adrenaline that fed off the rowdy audience. The play, whose characters include a courtesan who has sold her virginity 15 times, is a reminder that a cynical take on sexual foibles is nothing new to the British theater and that such cynicism could also be fun. Also on hand is a debauchee whose oxymoronic name speaks volumes about the English temperament: Penitent Brothel.

In the title role of the Almeida Theater's production of Racine's "Phedre," directed by Jonathan Kent at the Albery Theater, Diana Rigg appears to be possessed by a succubus of some sort, and believe you me, she's not happy about it. This fiercely intelligent actress creates a stinging portrait of a woman whose loins are directly at odds with her fine mind. Desire is a cancer, and Ms. Rigg's contorted postures and bitter, enraged delivery suggest a pain as much physical as emotional.

Overall, the evening is too solemnly chic by half, with Maria Bjornson's elegant setting and costumes bringing to mind a fashion shoot by Horst. Mr. Kent, who collaborated with Ms. Rigg on "Medea," is not, to put it mildly, a relaxed director. Here, he has his actors flattening themselves against the walls to express fear and sprinkling themselves with water in vain attempts to cool their characters' passions.

The approach verges on camp, particularly in Toby Stephens's tremulous, lip-biting performance as the unwilling object of Phedre's affection. But Julian Glover is first-rate as Theseus, a strutting king whose bluster deflates into bewildered grief, and the blistering war against eroticism waged by Ms. Rigg's Phedre is unforgettable.

The contemporary characters in Mr. Ravenhill's "Handbag," at the Lyric Studio in Hammersmith, don't put up much of a struggle against their carnal appetites. This messy but intermittently powerful play juxtaposes two plots: the modern-day tale of two couples, one gay and one lesbian, who decide to rear a child together and a speculative version of the history of the misplaced baby in "The Importance of Being Earnest." Neither the age of repression nor that of promiscuity makes good parents. The people in Mr. Ravenhill's very bleak world are selfish creatures with short attention spans and muddled, conflicted notions of what it means to take care of someone else. Directed by Nick Philippou, the production has the subtlety of a fire-and-brimstone revival meeting. But the six-member cast brings a fearless, raw conviction to the evening, and unlike "The Blue Room," "Handbag" locates the sharp pang of emptiness in its terminally dissatisfied characters. Even in the midst of vividly simulated sexual acts, no one has a good time.

Royal Marriage A La Mode

The Prince and Princess of Wales, as incarnated in the "Beyond the Fringe"-style antics of "Love Upon the Throne," don't get much pleasure out of life, either. England's most closely watched example of marital infidelity in recent years is rendered as a tale told by idiots, two bumblers of high aspirations and modest talent, named Desmond Oliver Dingle and Raymond Box (the alter egos of Mr. Barlow and Mr. Ramm).

But while they tend to get crucial details like the names of the royal family hilariously wrong, this hapless pair somehow gets the sad core of Charles and Diana's ill-starred relationship right. Beneath the farcical high jinks, there's a current of wistfulness about one couple's inability to connect that taps into what made this royal marriage such a gripping and disturbing soap opera.

For the record, although a bed scene between Diana and one of her lovers is promised, it never actually takes place. When Raymond Box learns the scene has been cut, he lets out a cyclonic sigh of relief. After more than a week of coital theater in London, I fully shared his feelings.

**Graphic**

Photos: SEX AND LONGING IN LONDON: Josefina Gabrielle as Laury and Shuler Hensley as Jud in "Oklahoma!"; Andrew Scarborough, left, and Paul Rattray in "The Handbag," and Nicole Kidman in "The Blue Room." (Photographs by Alastair Muir for The New York Times)

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[***THE NEW SEASON/FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJV0-007F-G00C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Crossing the Gap From English to American***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJV0-007F-G00C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Margy Rochlin writes from Los Angeles about film and television.

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**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

EARLY one Sunday evening recently, the writer and director Peter Chelsom could be found on the back patio of his rented Bel-Air home, revealing a modest dream: "One day, I would love to be sitting on an airplane, and someone will say, 'What do you do for a living?' And I'll go, 'Well, I'm a director,' and they'll go, 'Oh, anything I may have seen?' " Then, Mr. Chelsom will list his credits and a look of recognition will creep over his seatmate's face. "It would be nice," said Mr. Chelsom, 42, ending his reverie, "to direct films that your average Joe would have seen."

This is quite a cut-and-dried fantasy for one whose movies can be so otherworldly. It has been 12 years since Mr. Chelsom abandoned his career as a top stage and television actor so that he could put his imaginative stamp on three films about his childhood in Britain: "Treacle" (1987), a short; "Hear My Song" (1991) and "Funny Bones" (1994). All three won grand-prize awards from film-festival jury committees and attracted urgent calls from big-shot Hollywood agents.

"Someone once rang me from the lobby of Lincoln Center and said: 'We want to represent you. Please! We'll pay to fly you over,' " recalled Mr. Chelsom, who passed on that free ticket as quickly as he did offers from major studios to direct glitzy romances like "A Walk in the Clouds." "I thought I wasn't qualified," said Mr. Chelsom, who was concerned that his British perspective wouldn't mesh with stories that originated in America.

Two years ago, when the producer Jane Starz sent Mr. Chelsom a screenplay set in a blue-collar neighborhood of Cincinnati, she was such a fan of his past work that she could easily have fulfilled his recognition-on-an-airplane fantasy. But she couldn't have known that his very personal response to the screenplay, "The Mighty," would address his anxieties about accurately capturing a foreign culture.

"I'm just a kid from the north of England, so I could just treat it the way I would a ***working-class*** English story," he said.

Eventually, on his first viewing of a rough cut of "The Mighty," which is to open Oct. 9, Mr. Chelsom turned to his editor and paid himself his highest compliment, feeling he had bridged a cultural gap: "My God! This could have been directed by an American!" But even he admitted that if he had heard the plot synopsis before reading the script, which was based on "Freak, the Mighty," the popular 1993 novel for teen-agers by Rodman Philbrick, it could well have ended up in his reject pile.

"I must say, if someone asked me, 'Do you want to make a film about a crippled kid and a big kid and at the end the crippled kid dies?,' I would have said, 'No, not at all,' " said Mr. Chelsom. "But my rule of thumb has always been, 'Does it move me?' And it moved me very much."

Adapted for the screen by Charles Leavitt, "The Mighty," is about the friendship between two 13-year-old boys: Kevin, a tiny, physically handicapped genius (Keiran Culkin. brother of Macauley), and Max, his learning-disabled, extra-large-size neighbor (Eldon Henson). During their time together, this odd couple come to rely on each other in various metaphorical ways. But when distractions come, they're in the form of real-life nightmares: the boys are chased by knife-wielding teen-age toughs, and Max's father (James Gandolfini), a savage ex-convict, returns to haunt his son.

Ultimately, the film is neither traditional adult fare nor something that parents will rush off to with their young children. In other words, it isn't going to be the easiest movie to sell, and it wasn't the easiest project to sell to someone like Harvey Weinstein, the co-chairman of Miramax Films, which financed it. "I was more than resistant at first," said Mr. Weinstein. "It's hard to market a movie that appeals to all ages."

"For a while, it looked like it may not happen," said Mr. Chelsom. But then, he said, there was a pivotal meeting in which he played a song performed by the Chieftains, the Irish folk group, for Mr. Weinstein. "I think the music struck an emotional chord in Harvey," Mr. Chelsom said.

Mr. Weinstein gave the go-ahead, and he also suggested that Mr. Chelsom get Sharon Stone to bring her movie-star wattage to the role of Kevin's radiant mother. Miramax's input didn't end there, but who exactly it was who gave subsequent suggestions is more of a mystery. Whenever Mr. Chelsom's conversation turned to the production of "The Mighty," he displayed an affection for nonspecific, gender-resistant pronouns: "When they say to you, 'You can't do that,' " said Mr. Chelsom, about how they sometimes reacted to his sometimes fantastical style, "you have to say to them, 'Does anyone have a problem with Chauncey Gardiner walking on water at the end of "Being There"?' You actually have to say this to them at the end of meetings: 'The things you can do are not the things that people are interested in seeing.' "

An example: Early in "The Mighty," Max and Kevin are walking across a bridge in contemporary Cincinnati when they are suddenly flanked by a group of King Arthur's knights, complete with clanking armor, on head-tossing steeds. Mr. Chelsom's authority figures believed that the central characters should acknowledge their medieval protectors. But Mr. Chelsom argued that it should instead be shot as if they are unseen by anyone but the audience. In the end, it's a strangely magical moment, characteristic of the distinctive sort of real feeling Mr. Chelsom evokes with his beguilingly romantic style.

"It can be a difficult struggle for directors like Peter," said Mr. Chelsom's friend Adrian Dunbar, who starred in and helped write "Hear My Song," about a nightclub owner who tries to clear things with his girlfriend by tracking down a legendary Irish tenor. Mr. Dunbar sees all of Mr. Chelsom's outsider heroes as men who come to realize that "there is a payoff in life for doing something for nothing, for being generous." "As far as I'm concerned,' Mr. Dunbar added, "the sooner we all get used to Peter's particular vision of the world, the better."

As it happens, much of Mr. Chelsom's particular vision was informed by his upbringing in Blackpool, an English seaside resort that specializes in tacky show business. Vaudeville entertainers are part of the earliest memories of the youngest of Kay and Reginald Chelsom's two sons, who saw them up close as they examined knickknacks at his parents' antique shop and from afar when saw their shows.

Mr. Chelsom never formally studied filmmaking, but virtually everything in his early life prepared him to be a movie director. From watching the variety acts, he learned that good comedy is precise comedy. From being an amateur photographer, he learned to see everything as if it were framed by a viewfinder. And getting through the day taught him what it's like to feel an apartness.

Before he became a filmmaker, Mr. Chelsom spent three years studying at the Central School of Drama in London. Over the next decade, he appeared in Royal Shakespeare Company and Royal National Theater productions, taking his bows alongside distinguished colleagues like Nigel Hawthorne and Anthony Hopkins. "It was a boringly respectable career," said Mr. Chelsom.

Just at the height of his fame, he scrapped everything to write and direct the 11 1/2-minute "Treacle." His past as an actor does serve him well, though. "I had the best training," he said, "which is nice because I have a whole ragbag of ways of working with any actor."

Sitting there in blue jeans and a loose T-shirt, Mr. Chelsom could have passed for a lanky Southern Californian ex-surfer, were it not for his English accent and comportment. "It takes him a while to warm up," said Gillian Anderson, the star of television's "X-Files," who in "The Mighty" is nearly unrecognizable as a Southern boozer who wears a red, Dolly Parton-style wig and loads of mascara. "But Peter has this spark inside of him that is just contagious."

So taken was Ms. Anderson with Mr. Chelsom and "The Mighty" that Mr. Weinstein asked her "to cultivate it with her fans." Since then, Ms. Anderson has done everything but spell out Mr. Chelsom's name in the sky. Ms. Stone, an executive producer of "The Mighty," has also helped promote the film, although her location of choice was decidedly more glamorous than cyberspace. Last May, at the Cannes Film Festival, Ms. Stone was host for a special not-for-competition screening of "The Mighty." Because he was stuck in Los Angeles, working on his latest film, "Town and Country," starring Warren Beatty, Diane Keaton and Goldie Hawn, Mr. Chelsom got no closer to that event than reading the Variety review, which said, "Mr. Chelsom's offbeat sensibility finds voice in a story that demands extremes of triumph and tragedy."

"I think I missed one of life's perfect moments," said Mr. Chelsom, who would have loved to have seen the black-tie audience give "The Mighty" a 10-minute standing ovation. Perhaps he would have also enjoyed it when Ms. Stone volunteered at a Cannes news conference that she wasn't proud of her behavior during filming.

"I heard that she admitted in Cannes that she gave me a hard time," said Mr. Chelsom, who gallantly added, "She wasn't that bad." Nonetheless, the two haven't spoken since Ms. Stone finished her 12-day stint on location in Toronto, and Ms. Stone doesn't seem in a hurry to share her thoughts about Mr. Chelsom. "She has a very full plate right now," said her publicity agent.

Of course, Mr. Chelsom has a plate to think about as well. First, he'll complete "Town and Country," a big-budget midlife-crisis comedy that has shown Mr. Chelsom why all that cash is needed for top-dollar studio productions. "There is so much time dedicated to the catering, and assistants running around, and the faxing of maps, and the calling of agents because someone is not supposed to work that day," said the director.

And during all this, Mr. Chelsom will be expected to help sell "The Mighty," although he knows from experience that it's best not to get too hopeful that this will be The One. "It's painful to get too involved," he said. "There's so much hype, and you start to believe it."

Instead, his thoughts about the future are primarily on "The Freddie Randall Story," a World War II-misfits movie that he and Mr. Dunbar have been commissioned to write. "They're all dropouts -- overweight, with flat feet or eczema," the director said. "We could make it for $5 million." By which he meant that he, his longtime producer, Simon Fields, and Mr. Dunbar would be the only they involved. "I yearn to do something that's uncomplicated."

**Graphic**

Photos: GENEROSITY -- David McCallum, center, and Adrian Dunbar in Peter Chelsom's "Hear My Song" (1991). (Miramax)(pg. 90); GROWING PAINS -- Elden Henson, left, and Sharon Stone in "The Mighty," a film about two outcast boys in Cincinnati who become friends. (Kerry Hayes/Miramax); The film, which opens Oct. 16, was directed by the British director Peter Chelsom, right. (Marissa Roth for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***A Quiet Town Of Potlucks, Church Socials And Two Dads;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41TJ-WNT0-00MH-F0J9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Gays Find Warm Welcome In a New Jersey Suburb***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41TJ-WNT0-00MH-F0J9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JANE GROSS

**Dateline:** MAPLEWOOD, N.J.

**Body**

In this suburb, rainbow flags, the symbol of gay pride, flap outside grand Tudors and gracious Colonials, sometimes several per block. At the Maple Leaf Diner, children blowing bubbles in their chocolate milk often have two fathers or two mothers. And at day care centers and Sunday school, there is rarely a class without several children who have same-sex parents.

This Essex County community, and neighboring South Orange, which shares its school system, are considered by scores of real estate brokers and gay homeowners to be the most welcoming suburb in the region for gay men and lesbians. A same-sex couple holding hands on the train platform is a ho-hum event here. Gay families are welcome at neighborhood potluck dinners. And domestic partners are entitled to a family membership at the town pool without discussion.

Of course, there are many gay New Jerseyans living happily in Montclair, Plainfield and Asbury Park, and in other places across the nation, including Takoma Park, Md., and Madison, Wis. But, by most accounts, there is no suburb outside the Bay Area or Los Angeles where same-sex couples are as accepted as they are here.

Dr. Marc Beshar, a dentist, and Charles Lascari, a transplant coordinator at a New Jersey hospital, learned that five years ago, the day after they moved into their English Arts and Crafts-style house just blocks from the quaint village center.

The couple, who had moved from Manhattan while waiting to adopt their first daughter, welcomed a neighbor's invitation to services at St. George's Episcopal Church. The two men, both born Roman Catholic, had abandoned organized religion, but wanted to raise their children within a faith.

The experience at the church, Dr. Beshar said, was profound. "We stood and were introduced as a unified couple," he said. "Never before in a non-gay environment had I been treated as normal, just like everybody else. It made me go 'Wow!' "

Time has not dimmed their enthusiasm. "We never, ever think of ourselves as exceptional or unusual here," said Dr. Beshar, as Olivia, 5, and Ana, 4, climbed into his lap for a game of patty-cake.

Nobody knows how many gay families live in Maplewood and South Orange, but a stroll in either village suggests that many do, and they go about their daily routines as openly as they might in Chelsea or West Hollywood. The difference is that this is not a gay ghetto, but rather a place where sexual orientation is not the defining fact of life.

"Living in a neighborhood, among everyone else, is what we wanted," said Jerry Clifford, who teaches physics at Fairleigh Dickinson University. His social life, along with that of his partner, B. J. Fan, a scientist, is centered in their neighborhood, where there is one other gay couple. On the third Friday of each month, for instance, the entire neighborhood turns out for a rotating potluck.

That the gay families here want to be part of the community, not stand outside it, has blunted the occasional reservations of old-timers. "They're living here to live here, not to be confrontational or group together for parades," said Charles Bibbins, 68, a retired cosmetics executive. "Not making an issue of it or wearing a badge is the best way to break down potential hostility."

Ignorance is more common than overt antagonism, many here say. Some older people do not understand what "partner" means, for instance, and persist in asking about a neighbor's husband or wife. Others, sounding less than embracing, say that "they don't bother us," with a whisper of otherness in the word "they."

There also is an appreciation, even if grudging, for neighbors with the means to improve their houses and thus real estate values. "We could do a lot worse," said Don Aukamp, 63, a retired insurance agent. "They're mostly very wealthy and well-educated. They're not on welfare. And they keep the prices of the houses up."

Gay couples and their families say their comfort level here is related to the fact that Maplewood and South Orange have long been a haven for urban refugees from Park Slope and Hoboken, for artists and musicians, for interracial couples and for black and white professionals determined not to let the racial balance in their neighborhoods tip, as it has in neighboring Newark and Irvington.

"We were very careful about where we chose to live," said Mark Hoebee, associate director of the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn, who lives here with his partner, Larry Elardo, a commercial real estate agent; their 2-year-old son, Stephen; and Sylvester, their cat. "We needed a very diverse community with a variety of alternative families -- mixed religions, mixed races, blended families -- because we knew that would be a supportive place."

Originally, gays were attracted to nearby Montclair, a community known for its tolerance. But home prices there spiked and a local gay real estate broker, Jaan Henry, spread the word that a buyer could get more house for the money, a cozy village ambience, cosmopolitan amenities, a half-hour commute and diversity in Maplewood or South Orange.

"Initially it was spillover from Montclair," said Ellen Greenfield, chairwoman of the docent program at the Newark Museum, who moved from Hoboken with her husband and children and then urged many of her gay friends to follow. "Now it's become a destination on its own."

A compelling magnet is the Episcopal church here, which has 30 years of history as a hospitable place for gays and lesbians. Long before it was common, St. George's welcomed gay organizations, including Dignity, a group for gay Roman Catholics, to meet in its space.

From 1993 to 1999, the congregation was led by Barry Stopfel, an openly gay priest, whose ordination led to a high-profile ecclesiastical trial in which the ordaining bishop was cleared of heresy charges. The current rector, Todd Smelser, is also openly gay, and the church quietly performs lesbian and gay unions.

The heresy trial drew hordes of reporters and camera crews to St. George's, Sunday after Sunday. What they found, according to Ulysses Dietz, the curator of decorative arts at the Newark Museum and an active member of the church, was a decidedly mixed group, including he and his partner, Gary Berger, a computer programmer, and their two adopted children, Alex and Grace, both 5; Mr. Lascari and Dr. Beshar and their girls; straight families with children; and retirees.

"They saw we were all kissing each other at the peace," Mr. Dietz said. "Just a parish church acting like a parish church. It put us on the map."

Another attraction is the Community Coalition of Maplewood/South Orange, a group that promotes integrated neighborhoods by giving low-interest loans to black families buying houses in the traditionally white west side of town and vice versa. The coalition, supported by both municipalities to forestall white flight, advertises the joys of living here in urban newspapers. Anyone who answers the ads receives a folder of information, with photos of gay families, among others, on its cover.

For some gay couples with children, the racial diversity is not an attraction in its own right but a signal of what sort of place this is, a "community marker," in the words of Elizabeth Kaeton, an Episcopal deacon, who moved here with her partner and their five grown children after living a "discreet" life in East Orange. There, she said, they kept conversation "light and impersonal because we didn't want people to know too much." Here, she said, she feels no such inhibitions.

For other gay couples, a racially diverse community is essential because they have adopted nonwhite children. That is the case for Beverly Heath, a substitute teacher, whose 11-year-old daughter, Annie, is half Middle Eastern and half Hispanic, and changes her mind frequently as to whether she is black or white.

"For two white women with a mixed-race child, this is a perfect place," Ms. Heath said, as Annie downed a Burger King fish sandwich and a root beer before racing off to a cello lesson and basketball practice.

Ms. Heath and many lesbian couples here live in modest homes, in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, while the men more often live in the hilly estate areas. Ms. Henry, the real estate broker, attributes this to the discrepancy between the incomes of men and women, and to the seeming fondness of gay men, especially those without children, for renovating stately old mansions.

Another broker, Roy Scott, has redone and resold a half-dozen homes in the exclusive Montrose area of South Orange and now shares a nine-bedroom Georgian Colonial with his partner and a live-in housekeeper. Nearby, in a 5,300-square-foot center hall Colonial, Jim Skelley, a hospital administrator, and Warren Leonard, who runs a nonprofit association, are two and a half years into a renovation, with no end in sight. Their current project is refinishing the 20 doors on the second floor.

Most couples with children, be they male or female, live more modestly. Mr. Lascari and Dr. Beshar, for instance, came to the suburbs before adopting their children so they could spend less time working, a luxury they could not afford in New York City. Dr. Beshar practices only four days a week and takes Ana to her Friday violin lesson. Mr. Lascari, a stay-at-home dad for four years, now telecommutes often so he can watch Olivia's ballet class or take her to the doctor.

Many, although not all, of Maplewood's heterosexual residents say they enjoy the unconventional mix of their community. Martha Gardner, a parishioner at St. George's, is gratified that her daughter Sara is having stereotypes shattered by baby-sitting for the Lescari-Beshar girls. Barbara Heisler-Williams, former director of the Community Coalition, said her children have so many friends from two-dad or two-mom families that they do not understand why anyone considers it a big deal.

Pethrine Thompson, the nanny who cares for Mr. Elardo's and Mr. Hoebee's son, says she has learned that the things she was told about gay people in her native Trinidad -- "that they're not normal, molest children and all that bad stuff" -- are not true. Mr. Skelley and Mr. Leonard's neighbors take pride in being hip enough to know the significance of a rainbow flag. And Mr. Scott enjoys a budding friendship with a Mormon family on his block.

The gay families are part of the fabric of life in Maplewood in ways great and small. A domestic violence task force added a training session on abuse in same-sex couples. A photo exhibit of gay families was displayed at the high school. A local Boy Scout troop sent a letter of protest to the national officials about the exclusion of gay scout leaders. A village patisserie, owned by a heterosexual woman, has a rainbow decal on the door.

High on a hill with splendid views of the Verrazano-Narrows and Goethals Bridges, Mr. Dietz and Mr. Berger, 20-year-residents, describe themselves as homebodies who wanted the whole house-yard-dog thing long before it was popular in their circles. They doubted "there'd be any community for us here," Mr. Dietz said, "so we tried to be part of the community we were in."

They walked Penny, their poodle, at night, whistling the "Leave It to Beaver" theme. They joined the pool, were active at church and adopted two children. By then, the strange had become normal. Alex was one of four children in his preschool class with gay parents. There was no need to talk to the teacher about how to handle Mother's Day because she already knew several solutions, like having the children make cards for their grandmothers.

"If we'd have chosen a different town," Mr. Dietz said, "we might have lived our lives the same way, but without the same comfort."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. Marc Beshar (above, left), Charles Lascari and their daughters, Ana, 4, and Olivia, 5. The men were accepted as a couple at St. George's Episcopal Church in Maplewood.; Gary Berger (left, above) and Ulysses Dietz, with their children Alex and Grace, both 5. The men moved to Maplewood 20 years ago in search of a quiet suburban existence and found a welcoming community. Beverly Heath, left, with her partner and her daughter, Annie, 11, said the town is also accepting of mixed-race families. (Photographs by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Maplewood's homes have attracted many gay couples. Warren Leonard, left, and his partner, Jim Skelley, are two and a half years into the renovation of a 5,300-square-foot Colonial, with no end in sight. (Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B8)

Map of New Jersey highlighting Maplewood: Maplewood is a half-hour train ride from Manhattan. (pg. B8)

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[***Tears, Yes, but Triumphs, Too, for a Teacher***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41W2-PM50-00MH-F0WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ABBY GOODNOUGH

By ABBY GOODNOUGH

**Series:** MS. MOFFETT'S FIRST YEAR: Successes and Setbacks

**Body**

There were moments this fall when Donna Moffett did not recognize herself.

When one of her first graders at Public School 92 in Brooklyn sobbed one day after being punched by a classmate, she brusquely ordered the 6-year-old to stop crying. When another pupil cheated on a spelling quiz, she tore up the child's answer sheet. And one frigid morning in November, as she walked from the subway to her school, the usually sunny Ms. Moffett buried her face in her hands and wept.

These have been turbulent days for Ms. Moffett, 46, who quit her longtime job as a legal secretary in the financial district of Manhattan this year to teach. She was assigned to P.S. 92 in Flatbush, a ***working-class*** neighborhood increasingly populated by Caribbean immigrants. She is one of about 330 "teaching fellows" -- people with little or no teaching experience, given only a month of training -- whom Schools Chancellor Harold O. Levy is counting on to fill chronic vacancies in the city's most troubled schools. About 30 have already quit, citing insufficient preparation and insurmountable discipline problems.

Ms. Moffett is struggling on. For her, as for most novice teachers, the first few months on the job have been a whirlwind of highs and lows, giddy successes and crushing setbacks. The daily obstacles thrown across her path -- many stemming from her inexperience -- have shaken her idealism, her patience and her confidence. On a few days, racked by self-doubt, she has walked out of P.S. 92 after school and imagined never coming back.

The exhilaration and optimism that sustained her during the first month of teaching faded by mid-October, when she lost her voice and much of her physical and emotional stamina. Hobbled by a nagging respiratory infection, she called in sick for two days and tried to regain her strength. On one of those days, curled up in the living room of her Chelsea apartment and speaking in a rasp, she said she had vastly underestimated the physical demands of the job: talking and being on her feet constantly, raising her normally gentle voice more than she ever had before, chasing misbehaving children around the classroom and hauling them up off the floor.

"I certainly didn't have any idea about the demands placed on teachers," Ms. Moffett said that afternoon, sounding utterly disconsolate. "Maybe I was just way too idealistic going into this."

Her greatest challenge has been learning how to teach effectively -- a slow process for all new teachers, made all the more difficult by Ms. Moffett's lack of training and her pupils' wide range of abilities, from reading at an advanced level to not recognizing a single letter of the alphabet. She is striving to develop a teaching style that preserves her liveliness and creativity while maintaining the order necessary for instruction.

Adopting a New Persona

In their August training, the teaching fellows were warned not to smile for at least their first month on the job, the better to emanate authority. Ms. Moffett, a warm and bubbly person, ignored that advice. She rarely stopped smiling during her first weeks in the classroom, high-fiving the 6-year-olds and stirring them into a frenzy with songs, silly jokes and promises of parties if they behaved. Like Maria von Trapp, she exuded a whimsical enthusiasm that endeared her to her charges but did not always fit in with P.S. 92's strict curriculum, schedule and discipline policy.

As the weeks wore on, behavior problems intensified. One boy regularly leapt from his chair and crawled under other children's desks, while another hooted like an owl throughout lessons. Ms. Moffett's demeanor began to change. "What is going on here?" she thundered one afternoon when some pupils were quarreling instead of quietly pasting cutout kites. "Show me appropriate behavior, right now!"

When Paula Bennett, one of the best-behaved pupils, brought a lollipop in from the schoolyard, Ms. Moffett snatched it and ignored Paula's tears. When four pupils chattered while the class prepared for recess, she made them stay indoors while the others went to the playground.

"I don't like the person I'm becoming," she said quietly that day, watching her charges skitter around the asphalt. "But I just don't know how else to keep control."

Yet Ms. Moffett's sense of humor still lurks close to the surface. When a boy called her Miss Muffin one morning, she replied with mock severity, "I am not a breakfast food!" When the children were paying scant attention to a story, she put down the book with a flourish and heaved a theatrical sigh.

"Should Ms. Moffett just go on home?" she asked teasingly. "Should I just disappear?" The children giggled and wriggled.

The experts monitoring her progress -- a benefit of the teaching fellows program -- are of two minds about her playfulness. Dakota Reyes, an instructional specialist for the Board of Education who occasionally visits Ms. Moffett's classroom, said she should be as no-nonsense as possible because so many of her pupils are fidgety and have unusually short attention spans.

"She wants to bring a sense of excitement to the class, and with another group of children that would be great," Ms. Reyes said. "But this particular group needs a routine. They are not the type of class that you can be spontaneous with."

But Nina Wasserman, an education professor at Brooklyn College who is advising Ms. Moffett and several other teaching fellows, said she should not stifle her spontaneity, calling it a tremendous asset.

"It's a very difficult balance that Donna has to achieve," Dr. Wasserman said after a visit last month. "She needs to use her exuberance and enthusiasm yet still move the class along and keep them on track instructionally."

Striving to Keep Up

Imparting knowledge to her 16 pupils is harder than Ms. Moffett ever imagined. Despite lots of help -- Marie Buchanan, a veteran teacher at P.S. 92 who is Ms. Moffett's official mentor, and Theresa Morris, the instructional specialist for the whole school, visit daily -- Ms. Moffett toils to meet the varied needs of her pupils within the rigid framework of the curriculum. The school has been monitored by the state since 1989 because of low student performance, and while it has improved, most students still read below grade level.

The most intensive part of the academic day is from 8:45 to 10:15 a.m., when every student in the school does reading and writing drills as part of a highly structured literacy curriculum called Success for All. The program provides a script and a down-to-the-minute schedule, but the lessons rarely go off without a hitch, and Ms. Moffett struggles to stay within the time frame.

One recent morning, the class read a Success for All book, "Kim's Visit," then practiced sounding out the letter K. They traced the letter in the air with their fingers and chanted, "The sound of K is k-k-k-k-k!" Ms. Moffett pointed to words from the book, like "sick" and "packs," and asked the children to spell them. Some easily recognized the words; others stared into space.

Ms. Moffett asked them for words starting with K. "Kangaroo!" said Rochelle Bish, a quiet girl who always seems riveted by the lesson. When Daysha Rook shouted "kitten" without raising her hand, the teacher said, "Very good, Daysha, but there's no calling out."

Later, Ms. Moffett asked the pupils to get out their copies of "Kim's Visit," which they had taken home to practice reading. But only two had brought their book back to school. Ms. Moffett's mood turned dark.

"Your blue book is always with you!" she hollered. "That's it! That's the rule!"

Minutes later, Ms. Moffett was cheerful again and passing out her third round of stickers in three hours. It is a system that many teachers use to reward good behavior or, more often in Ms. Moffett's case, to try to elicit it. "I need to see who my active listeners are," she said hopefully as she placed a sticker on each child's extended hand.

Although two of Ms. Moffett's most disruptive pupils have been removed from her classroom -- one was transferred to another school, while another was sent back to kindergarten -- there are still two boys who frequently leave their seats and create a ruckus. A Spanish-speaking girl who has a poor grasp of English often cries loudly for her mother and pays little attention to lessons, wandering forlornly around the room. Ms. Moffett said that in a recent assessment of her reading and writing skills, the girl failed to identify a single letter of the alphabet.

Daysha is champing at the bit to read and write and excitedly raises her hand, but when Ms. Moffett calls on her, she often has no answer.

Another girl participates in discussions, but when Ms. Moffett asks her to write, she resists picking up her pencil. Ms. Moffett is not sure what the problem is, much less how to address it. "I can't get her to write even her name," she said of the girl. "When she puts a pencil in her hand, she can't seem to hold her spine upright. She just sinks."

At the other end of the spectrum are pupils like Paula, who can read every book in Ms. Moffett's classroom, and Rochelle, who writes beautifully and diligently sounds out words. When other pupils hold up the lesson by misbehaving, Rochelle waits patiently, her brow creased, her eyes reflecting her eagerness to learn.

Some days her waiting does not end.

Small Victories

Ms. Moffett says she sleeps "choppily" these nights and dreams about her pupils. Some mornings she practically ricochets out the door, while on others, it takes an enormous amount of resolve just to raise herself out of bed. Walking to P.S. 92 one morning around Thanksgiving, after a day when everything seemed to go wrong, she declared herself a failure and started to cry.

"I feel like I'm spinning and spinning, like I can never stop to take a breath," she said, trying to quell the tears as she approached the school. "I want to do right by these kids, and it's horrifying to feel you're not up to the task."

Yet a half-hour later, as sunlight illuminated her classroom, Ms. Moffett was calmly reading her pupils a story about a duck on a farm. She asked a boy named Malcolm Fuller what kind of water the duck was swimming in, fishing for the word "pond." When Malcolm squinted at the illustration in the book and replied, "dirty water," Ms. Moffett laughed in spite of herself.

In recent days, Ms. Moffett has been full of good news: three pupils, including the girl who struggles with writing, got perfect scores on a spelling test. And a boy who never finishes copying the "morning message" that she writes on the blackboard finally did so last week. Elated, Ms. Moffett stayed up until 1 a.m. the other night putting together little memo boards for the children to practice writing on.

"Things are really percolating," she said last Wednesday. "I'm actually seeing and hearing some of the children's progress."

In Ms. Moffett's first official evaluation last month, her principal, Diana Rahmaan, counseled her to be more patient in mastering her new craft. It takes three to five years to become a good teacher, Ms. Rahmaan told her, so she should pace herself.

Ms. Buchanan, her mentor, put it more bluntly last week as she accompanied Ms. Moffett to the corner pizza shop for lunch: "She's like a baby learning to walk," she said. "Right now she's crawling. Someday soon, she'll take tiny little steps."

Ms. Moffett's First Year

Faced with a serious shortage of teachers, New York City has been recruiting people from other careers and, after just a short "boot camp," assigning them to some of the most troubled schools. This article is part of a series, which started on Sept. 28, that will follow one novice teacher. The first article in the series is available from The New York Times on the Web:

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

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Donna Moffett, a teaching fellow at P.S. 92 in Brooklyn, with Paula Bennett, a first grader, at the blackboard. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. A1); Diana Rahmaan, left, principal of P.S. 92, and Brenda Robertson, right, an assistant principal, with Ms. Moffett. Ms. Rahmaan advised her to pace herself in her new career.; Experts monitoring Donna Moffett, a first-grade teacher at P.S. 92 in Flatbush, Brooklyn, are of two minds about the exuberance she brings to class. Ms. Moffett, 46, quit her longtime job as a legal secretary in the financial district of Manhattan this year to teach. (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

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JOHN TAGLIABUE is a correspondent for The Times in Rome.

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**Body**

Some Italian cities, like Naples or Palermo, have a hard time being sedate. Ask them to spin a pirouette or dance a tarantella, and they're in their element. But Milan is not a tarantella -- it's a slow tango, a cool, understated place with a measured step, where excitement can mean strolling to the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the glassed-in Beaux-Arts shopping concourse adjacent to the Duomo, to down a cappuccino or just to see and be seen.

But Milan tangos a little faster in the fall, when the big trade fairs come to town, most notably the fall fashion showings. The spring and fall fashion weeks are certainly the busiest time of the year in Milan, with tens of thousands of anxious designers, willowy models, buyers, photographers and just plain hangers-on descending on the city. Hotel rooms become such a rare commodity that visitors have been known to take accommodations in Switzerland, an hour's drive to the north. However, if you have booked well enough in advance, it is also the most exciting time to be there. (This year, the women's designer collections, for the fashion press, retailers and private clients, are being shown Oct. 2 to 10.)

But in this heady season, there are plenty of other diversions besides fashion. Milan is a spread-out city, and the best way to get an overview is on one of the many bus tours or guided walks offered throughout the year. Unlike Rome or Naples, where sunshine reigns much of the time, Milan can be damp and gray. So it is also an indoor city, whether that means lounging in one of the Galleria's cafes or visiting Leonardo's "Last Supper" in the former refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, or Michelangelo's tender Rondanini Pieta at the Museum of the Castello Sforzesco.

If the weather is nice, you might start by climbing to the roof of the vast Gothic Duomo, a sierra of finials and statues that you can hike across like an Alpine meadow, and which affords a close look at the Madonnina, the golden statue of the Virgin atop the central tower, and spectacular views of the city; on clear days the vistas stretch northward to the Alps.

Sightseeing

These days, the place not to miss is the Ambrosiana Art Gallery and Library, 2 Piazza Pio XI, (39-02) 806921, which reopened last year after a seven-year restoration. The library, commissioned by Federico Cardinal Borromeo in 1607, contains 35,000 manuscripts and 700,000 printed books.

The Cardinal's personal art collection forms the core of the gallery, Milan's oldest museum. His good taste allows us to enjoy Raphael's cartoon for the School of Athens in the Vatican; Caravaggio's "Basket of Fruit"; paintings by Leonardo, Botticelli and Titian, and one of the world's finest collections of Lombard art. Open Tuesday to Sunday 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Admission $7, calculated at 1,724 lire to the dollar.

To explore the heart of Milan, start at the Duomo and walk through the Galleria to La Scala, then up Via Dante to the Castello Sforzesco, and the spacious gardens behind. To visit the fashion district, start at the Piazza San Babila, then stroll narrow Via Monte Napoleone and nearby Via Spiga, lined with the flagship stores of many of Italy's leading designers.

A 1920's tourist tram leaves the Piazza Castello at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. daily (also 3 P.M. in September and October). From there, it passes the Duomo, goes out to the gradually gentrifying Navigli neighborhood of canals and narrow lanes -- where some of Milan's liveliest night life can be found. It then goes on to Santa Maria delle Grazie, and back by the fashion district and La Scala.

The Navigli neighborhood borders two canals in the southwest corner of Milan. Once the port of Milan (the canals connected the city to the Po River) and a tough ***working-class*** district, it has become a trendy neighborhood, filled with antiques shops, bars and restaurants (some on barges). Tickets, for sale on the tram, (39-02) 72002584, are $17.50.

On Monday morning, the Milan Tourist Office, 1 Via Marconi, (39-02) 72524300, organizes two-hour walking tours of the Duomo, the Victor Emmanuel gallery, the Marino Palace courtyard (now city hall) and La Scala for $11.50. You can call ahead to reserve an English-speaking guide.

Milan's most important art collection, the Brera, 28 Via Brera, (39-02) 722631, includes such masterpieces as Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," Piero della Francesca's "Sacra Conversazione" and Caravaggio's "Supper at Emmaus." Open Tuesday to Saturday 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M.; Sunday and holidays 9 A.M. to 12:45 P.M. and 2:30 to 7:45 P.M. Tickets $4.65.

One of Milan's best-kept secrets is the 15th-century Church of Santa Maria presso San Satiro. The downtown church was built by Bramante next to a ninth-century basilica. Of particular note is the baptistry -- marvelous in its Renaissance harmony -- and the trompe l'oeil apse, designed that way by Bramante because he had no more room.

Events

No musical event in Italy commands as much attention -- and reverence -- as the opening of the opera season at La Scala, which traditionally takes place Dec. 7, the feast of St. Ambrose, Milan's patron saint. Yet the preseason offerings at La Scala are also impressive, with ballets, operas, symphonies and chamber music most nights during the fall.

The ballet corps closes its summer season with Kenneth MacMillan's "L'Histoire de Manon," which will be performed on Oct. 1 to 3, 6 and 7, with Alessandra Ferri, La Scala's prima ballerina. Tickets are $14.50 to $52.

The 1997-98 opera season closes with Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore," with Mariella Devia, Vincenzo La Scola and Paul Groves. Performances on Oct. 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 26, 27, 29, 31 and Nov. 6 and 8. La Scala's box office is at 2 Via Filodrammatici; (39-02) 860775. Tickets $17.50 to $156.50. The La Scala museum, with historical costumes and other memorabilia, (39-02) 8053418, is open 9 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. and 2 to 5:30 P.M. Monday to Sunday (closed Sundays after Oct. 31). Tickets $3.50.

La Scala overshadows other musical pleasures in Milan -- a shame, for there are gems to be found. The Orchestra Verdi dazzles with a varied repertory at the Lirico Theater, 14 Via Larga, (39-02) 809665. Concerts are on Thursday and Friday at 8:30 P.M. and Sunday at 4 P.M. Daniele Gatti conducts Beethoven and Prokofiev Sept. 24, 25 and 27; Riccardo Chailly presents Verdi and Berio on Oct. 8, 9 and 11. Tickets $23 to $29.

Modern dance and a rock opera start the season at the Teatro Smeraldo, Piazza 25 Aprile, (39-02) 29006767. "Elastesse," a ballet choreographed by David Parsons, Moses Pendleton and Daniel Ezralow, Oct. 6 to 11 (tickets $17.50 to $23), is followed by the Who's "Tommy" Oct. 13 to 25 (tickets $17.50 to $29).

The Palazzo Reale plays host to "The Soul and Countenance," chronicling portraiture by painters from Leonardo to Francis Bacon, Oct. 30 to March 14. The palazzo, 12 Piazza Duomo, (39-02) 62083868, is open Tuesday to Sunday. Tickets $6.50.

An extensive Man Ray retrospective at the Fondazione Mazzotta runs through Jan. 24, at 50 Foro Bonaparte, (39-02) 878197. Open Tuesday to Sunday 10 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. (10:30 P.M. Tuesday and Thursday). $7.

Where to Stay

The Pierre Milano, 32 Via E. De Amicis, (39-02) 72000581, fax (39-02) 8052157, is an upscale 49-room hotel just behind the lovely medieval basilica of Sant'Ambrogio. Rooms have modern furnishings, usually with an antique or two. Doubles with breakfast start at $225.

For the business traveler, the 128-room Brunelleschi, 12 Via Baracchini, (39-02) 8843, fax (39-02) 804924, is centrally situated and comfortable, with simple, contemporary furnishings. Doubles with breakfast are $260.

The Hotel Liberty, 56 Viale Bligny, (39-02) 58318562, fax (39-02) 58319061, blends comfort and charm with reasonable prices. All 58 rooms are done up in Art Deco style. Doubles with breakfast are $136, $157 and $203, depending on the season, excluding breakfast.

Budget: The no-frill Hotel Sempione, 11 Via Finocchiaro Aprile, (39-02) 6570323, fax (39-02) 6575379, is near the Piazza della Repubblica. Double rates in the 43 rooms range from $81 in low season to a maximum of $156.50 in high season (generally through October).

Behind La Scala, the Hotel Star, 5 Via dei Bossi, (39-02) 801501, fax (39-02) 861787, has 30 simple rooms with modern amenities. Doubles with breakfast, $150.75. Closed for December holidays.

Luxury: The fashion crowd fills the elegant Four Seasons on the Via del Gesy at this time of year. But there are other options.

Since it opened in 1863, the Grand Hotel et de Milan, at 29 Via Manzoni, (39-02) 723141, fax (39-02) 86460861, has been a favorite with celebrities. Giuseppe Verdi chose it as his residence in Milan. The Grand Hotel retains its plush 19th-century elegance and charm, along with all modern amenities; stepping through its doors is to step back in history. Doubles are $377 and $447, without breakfast.

Where to Eat

Turn-of-the-century decor and exceptional wines are two reasons to eat at the Caffe della Pusterla, 24 Via De Amicis, near the basilica of Sant' Ambrogio. The food is simple -- salads, sandwiches, light entrees. The wines tend to be Tuscan, since the owners have a farm near Montalcino. Meal for two with wine: $46.50. (39-02) 89402146. Closed Sunday.

Next door is the Premiata Pizzeria, with garden, serving a vast selection of excellent pizzas and full meals. Pizzas range from $5.25 to $9.25. A simple dinner for two can stay under $23 with the house wine. (39-02) 89406075. Closed Monday.

Some of Milan's freshest fish is found at the Ristorante Mercato del Pesce, 54 Via Cesare Lombroso, near the wholesale fish market. Despite a kitschy faux-Tahiti decor, it is worth the cab ride to the edge of town. The fixed menu offers substantial appetizers, spaghetti alla pescatora or risotto alla marinara, and a grilled-fish platter for $32 a person, without drinks. A la carte meals will bring the bill to about $100 for two. Reservations are preferred. (39-02) 55195540. Closed Monday.

The Osteria dei Binari, 1 Via Tortona, is in the Navigli district, the hub of Milanese night life. The Osteria, in the style of an old Milanese inn, with heavy wooden chairs and tables and iron lamps, and a large garden, exudes atmosphere and offers traditional fare of Lombardy, Milan's region. The fixed price menu is $34.75, without drinks. Reservations suggested. (39-02) 89409428. Closed Sunday.

Ristorante Peck, across from the specialty foods shop of the same name, is modern, stylish and intimate. A wide-ranging menu includes all the Milanese classics, from risotto alla Milanese, with saffron, to osso buco and cottoletta alla Milanese. Dinner for two from $135 with a nice bottle of wine. 4 Via Victor Hugo, (39-02) 876774. Closed Sunday.

**Graphic**

Photos: Navigli neighborhood, with its canals and narrow streets, has some of Milan's liveliest night life. Giuseppe Verdi suite at the Grand Hotel et de Milan. Work on the Duomo. (Photographs by Carlo Cerchioli/Grazia Neri, for The New York Times)

Chart: "Vital Statistics" lists travel information and statistics on Milan. (Sources: Runzheimer International, Italian Statistical Institute; Times Books World Weather Guide, local busibnesses)

Map of Milan.

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By MARGALIT FOX

By MARGALIT FOX

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**Body**

IF THINGS HAD GONE According to plan this year, the violinist Rachel Barton would have continued to build her career, performing widely and recording her second CD. Instead, the 20-year-old Ms. Barton remains at home here, undergoing a grueling rehabilitation after a commuter train accident last January in which she lost her left leg.

"She was one of the fine, young, talented violinists coming out," said Zubin Mehta, who in 1993 collaborated with Ms. Barton in the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto. "I said, 'Well, we'll see after five or six or seven years how she develops,' when this terrible lightning struck her."

As Ms. Barton continues the long process of physical recovery -- slowly relearning to stand and, she hopes, to walk -- she is also gradually reclaiming her musical life. She recently played the Dvorak Concerto with the Chicago Youth Symphony in Grant Park, her first extended public performance since her injury.

"I don't know how much impact this will have on my career, and I don't want to get concerts because of any kind of notoriety," Ms. Barton said a few days before her performance. "I want to feel that whatever I've got is because people really want to hear my music."

Ms. Barton, whose right leg was also severely damaged, initially vowed to walk on stage using an artificial limb. But she soon came to realize that her rehabilitation, with its minute, hard-won advances, would not permit that.

"We don't know yet exactly what my final outcome will be in terms of mobility, but I hope to be able to walk on stage and stand to perform," said Ms. Barton, who expects to be fitted with a prosthesis this year. "Of course I'll have a long gown. And people will forget. They'll say, 'Oh, didn't she break her leg?' Or they won't even know."

Ms. Barton, who has deep blue eyes and dark red hair, lives in a modest house with her divorced mother and two younger sisters in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the city's north side. As she spoke, the telephone interrupted constantly with requests from the news media. The accident generated a blizzard of coverage, from stories in the Chicago press to profiles in People magazine and on the "Today" show.

The violin was at the crux of Ms. Barton's accident, which occurred when she was pulled under a moving train in suburban Winnetka after her instrument case got stuck in the doors. Her upper body was unhurt, and during a recent visit at home her hands were in almost constant motion, gesturing or scooting her wheelchair back and forth. On the piano bench behind her was her violin, a 1617 Amati on extended loan from the Stradivari Society of Chicago. Its case was plastered with decals bearing the logos of heavy-metal bands like Black Sabbath, Metallica and Guns 'n' Roses, Ms. Barton's other great musical loves.

FROM HER EARLIEST Violin lessons at 3 1/2, Ms. Barton demonstrated remarkable prowess. At 10, she made her first appearance with the Chicago Symphony, performing Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. As a teen-ager, she took prizes in international contests, including, at 17, the gold medal at the 1992 Bach Competition in Leipzig, Germany. At 18, she recorded her first CD, "Homage to Sarasate," with the pianist Samuel Sanders for Dorian Recordings.

Her playing is characterized by prodigious technical skills, masterly tonal control and, colleagues say, a keen musical intelligence.

"There's a 'young soloists' ' school of playing, with the large, penetrating sound and constant, hysterical vibrato," said Michael Morgan, music director of the Oakland (Calif.) East Bay Symphony, who worked with Ms. Barton as assistant conductor of the Chicago Symphony. "If you have Rachel's gifts, you can just imitate that, because you see it's selling. Or you can actually look at the music and try to find what's appropriate. And that's always been the choice she's made."

Ms. Barton also chose to build her career deliberately, eschewing the high-wattage Eastern conservatories for the Music Center of the North Shore, in Winnetka, where she studied with the respected violin pedagogues Roland and Almita Vamos. At 17, she was named to the Music Center faculty. While still in her teens, she became a substitute with the Chicago Symphony and the Lyric Opera of Chicago.

"If she becomes a soloist, I'll be very happy for her, because this is the biggest desire in her life," Ms. Vamos said. "But if she doesn't, she's going to be a big name in music anyway. She's such a well-rounded musician. That, nobody can take away."

Ms. Barton had hoped that this would be her breakthrough year. Although she had appeared as soloist with the St. Louis, Montreal and Vienna Symphonies, most of her engagements were still with regional orchestras. What she needed now was a manager to shepherd her career to the next level: regular appearances with major orchestras, perhaps, or a New York debut.

Shortly before the accident, she consulted Henry Fogel, the executive director of the Chicago Symphony. "I asked her to come back with a half-dozen of her CD's," Mr. Fogel recalled. "I was going to mail them off to a couple of managements to suggest that this was somebody they wanted to seriously consider. They're still sitting in an envelope on my desk."

The accident took place as Ms. Barton was getting off the train, bound for her teaching job, her violin slung over her shoulder. She has been advised not to speak publicly about the accident because of her pending lawsuit against the railroad, the Chicago and North Western Transportation Company. Her attorney, Robert A. Clifford, and press accounts report that unable to free herself after the doors closed on her instrument case, Ms. Barton was dragged about 200 feet. In addition to her left leg, she also lost half of her right foot. The violin, said her mother, Amy, "wasn't even out of tune" after the accident.

In a telephone interview, Tom Miller, a spokesman for Metra, a regional transportation authority that operates the Chicago and North Western and is also named in the lawsuit, simply stated Metra's position, that Ms. Barton tried to disembark at the last minute.

Ms. Barton spent three and a half weeks in the hospital and has undergone about 20 operations. She never doubted that she would play again. "If Perlman can do it, so can I," she said within days of the injury, invoking It zhak Perlman, who performs seated as a result of childhood polio.

But her first weeks back at home were filled with unremitting pain and crushing fatigue. "I wasn't able to use the music to help myself through this emotionally," Ms. Barton said. "I would have loved to have been able to play a piece like the Chausson 'Poeme' that would have expressed some of these feelings. But I didn't have the strength to play at that level."

In May, she gave her first public performance, playing her own 90-second arrangement of the national anthem at a Chicago Bulls game. "She had to sleep all day in order to do that, and then slept the next two days," her mother said. "If Rachel had been well, she would have worked all day, gone to the Bulls game and then partied all night."

These days, as Ms. Barton's stamina improves and her physical pain diminishes, her routine includes practice, chamber music and giving lessons to her 8-year-old sister, Hannah. She has had to adjust to playing while seated.

"She's got to do more with her upper back muscles than she did before," said Alice G. Brandfonbrener, a physician who directs the medical program for performing artists at the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago, where Ms. Barton undergoes six hours of weekly physical therapy. "The whole balance, and how you go for a certain kind of effect, is different."

On hold for the moment is Ms. Barton's second CD, of works by Liszt, which was to have been recorded in February. She has just a few concerts scheduled for the coming season, and has had to relinquish her teaching job.

"Teaching takes so much out of you emotionally," she said. "I'm cheerful, but it's by a great effort. And I honestly don't have any effort left over emotionally right now."

In spite of everything, many in the music world speak confidently of Ms. Barton's future. "Because she has set out to be a serious artist," said Mr. Morgan, the conductor, "this is an interruption, but not the devastation it would be if she had been building a more shallow career."

Yet as the recent concert approached, Ms. Barton found herself grappling with a host of practical concerns: how to shake the conductor's hand, how to bow to the audience, how to maintain an authoritative presence during the concerto.

"As a soloist, you look and feel like you have some control of the situation," she said. "And to have to start a performance by being wheeled out ----." Her voice trailed off. Then she brightened, recalling a friend's suggestion. "He said I should consider myself a queen on a throne, and then I'll have more control, not less."

On the evening of the concert, the conductor, Daniel Hege, wheeled Ms. Barton out from the wings, and the audience of more than 6,000 rose in a standing ovation as a battery of local television crews recorded the event. Ms. Barton, wearing a green sleeveless gown, smiled and bowed from her chair, bending deeply at the waist, her hair brushing her lap.

She applied the brake on her wheelchair, tuned and signaled Mr. Hege to begin. As she played, she swayed fluidly from the waist, leaning forward and back, at times turning sideways to catch the conductor's eye. Her sound was rich and commanding, her technique assured, as Dvorak's music leapt from her hands. The crowd was rapt.

When the last chord sounded, the audience was on its feet again, cheering wildly. Ms. Barton beamed, bowed and turned easily to shake Mr. Hege's hand. He wheeled her downstage, where concertgoers plied her with flowers until her lap was full of bouquets. Her 18-year-old sister, Sarah, playing in the cello section, smiled broadly, joining in the applause as Ms. Barton was wheeled off.

"Her ability to play the violin beautifully has not changed one iota," The Chicago Tribune wrote the next day, calling the performance "as warm and full of vitality as anyone has heard from any top-ranked virtuoso."

After the concert, Ms. Barton gave a backstage news conference and signed autographs before disappearing into a hired ambulette and heading home. There, surrounded by 70 friends, she partied all night.

**Graphic**

Photos: Rachel Barton, top, in rehearsal; above, after a performance in Grant Park with the conductor Daniel Hege, standing behind her, and the Chicago Youth Symphony, and below left, practicing with her sister Sarah. (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times)

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**Body**

IN 1976, WHEN HE WAS 19, Daniel Day-Lewis, who is British and was trained in the grand theatrical tradition of Shakespeare and the classics, saw ''Taxi Driver'' and, despite the considerable weight and seeming obligation of his heritage, realized that what he longed to be was an American actor. ''It was a real illumination,'' Day-Lewis told me late in August as he sat at the rough wood dining table of a duplex apartment in downtown Manhattan, where he and his wife, Rebecca Miller, and their two boys stay when in New York. ''I saw 'Taxi Driver' five or six times in the first week, and I was astonished by its sheer visceral beauty. I just kept going back -- I didn't know America, but that was a glimpse of what America might be, and I realized that, contrary to expectation, I wanted to tell American stories.'' It was raining hard outside, and Day-Lewis, who has the look of an elegant vagabond, was wearing clothes seemingly chosen many years ago for their utility and subtle details. His loose denim jeans were worn soft and white by use and the once-vibrant red plaid of his shirt had aged into a warm maroon.

Day-Lewis is tall and lean and has tattoos circling his lower arms and the permanently inked handprints of his and Miller's two sons climbing up his body to his shoulders. There were gold loops in each earlobe, and although he had left his sturdy, beat-up leather work boots outside the front door and was padding around in his socks, Day-Lewis still had a kind-of-jaunty porkpie hat on his head. The hat covered his long black hair and set off the contours of his face, which is dominated by his noble, bashed nose.

''Where I come from, it was a heresy to say you wanted to be in movies, leave alone American movies,'' Day-Lewis continued, as he ate a chicken-salad sandwich. ''We were all encouraged to believe that the classics of the theater were the fiery hoops through which you'd have to pass if you were going to have any self-esteem as a performer. It never occurred to me that that was the case. One of the great privileges of having grown up in a middle-class literary English household, but having gone to school in the front lines in Southeast London, was that I became half-street-urchin and half-good-boy at home. I knew that dichotomy was possible. England is obsessed with where you came from, and they are determined to keep you in that place, be it in a drawing room or in the gutter. The great tradition of liberalism in England is essentially a sponge that absorbs all possibility of change. America looked different to me: the idea of America as a place of infinite possibilities was defined for me through the movies. I'm glad I did the classical work that I did, but it just wasn't for me. I'm a little bit perverse, and I just hate doing the thing that's the most obvious.''

Day-Lewis laughed and drank some grapefruit juice. While he may appear a bit rough, his demeanor is courtly. You have to possess something utterly to push it away, and whether it's his extreme good looks, which he obscures beneath the trappings of a bohemian pirate, or his cultured background, which he disparages, Day-Lewis has an intense attraction to the opposite of whatever he came by easily. He is particularly compelled by the idea of spontaneity, but there is nothing sloppy or haphazard about him, and that lends Day-Lewis, despite his careworn clothes, a quality of grace. He is most voluble and passionate on the subject of film. He loves even bad movies and likes to analyze the work of actors past and present. Day-Lewis reveres the greats -- Brando, DeNiro -- but he is intrigued by all kinds of performances. He dislikes John Wayne, loves Gary Cooper, prefers the Jimmy Stewart of Capra's classic pictures to the Stewart of Anthony Mann's westerns and is fascinated by Clint Eastwood. ''I used to go to all-night screenings of his movies,'' Day-Lewis recalled. ''I'd stagger out at 5 in the morning, trying to be loose-limbed and mean and taciturn.'' He paused. ''My love for American movies was like a secret that I carried around with me. I always knew I could straddle different worlds. I'd grown up in two different worlds and if you can grow up in two different worlds, you can occupy four. Or six. Why put a limit on it?''

Since 1992, when he deftly navigated two identities as Hawkeye, the heroic white frontiersman raised as a Native American, in ''Last of the Mohicans,'' Day-Lewis has played many Americans. If Martin Scorsese, who is, of course, the director of ''Taxi Driver,'' had not been the one to approach him about the role of the vaguely Eurocentric Newland Archer in ''The Age of Innocence,'' he would have turned it down. ''Too English,'' Day-Lewis explained. ''I was hoping he'd ask me to do something more rough-and-tumble.'' When Scorsese did, with ''Gangs of New York,'' in 2000, Day-Lewis thrilled to the chance to play Bill the Butcher, a violent king of the city. In his latest film, ''There Will Be Blood,'' which opens next month and was written and directed by Paul Thomas Anderson, Day-Lewis portrays a man who is searching for his fortune in oil in turn-of-the-century California. The character is loosely based on Edward Doheny, who started out as an itinerant prospector looking for gold and silver and became the millionaire who headed the Pan American Petroleum and Transport Company. ''There Will Be Blood'' is about the lure of the West, the intoxicating sense of freedom and opportunity that can be found in new lands and the costs of huge and sudden success. There are shades of current politics in the film -- the oil and the greed still resonate -- but it is, mostly, a ''Citizen Kane''-esque character study about the corrupting desire for power and riches. The tale it tells is, in many ways, a story about what is right, and wrong, with America.

''I was deeply unsettled by the script,'' Day-Lewis said. ''For me, that is a sure sign. If you remain unsettled by a piece of writing, it means you are not watching the story from the outside; you've already taken a step toward it. When I'm drawn to something, I take a resolute step backward, and I ask myself if I can really serve this story as well as it needs to be served. If I don't think I can do that, no matter how appealing, I will decline. What finally takes over, what took over with this movie, is an illusion of inevitability.'' Day-Lewis smiled. ''I think: Can this really be true? Is this happening to me again? Is there no way to avoid this?''

IT WAS COMMENTS LIKE THESE that have led Jim Sheridan, the director of three films starring Daniel Day-Lewis -- including 1989's ''My Left Foot,'' for which he won the Academy Award for Best Actor -- to remark that Day-Lewis ''hates acting.'' Sheridan says he believes that Day-Lewis completely rejects the idea of ''acting'' an emotion or moment. Instead, like the greats he admires (Brando and De Niro, before they started working for the money), he needs to fully embody a character. That sort of detailed, engulfing work is time-consuming and enervating. Which partly explains why Day-Lewis has long gaps between roles and has only made four films in the last 10 years.

Part of Day-Lewis's hesitation comes from the knowledge that his method of working demands near-total immersion in the life of his character. Despite the fact that he is the most eloquent of men, able to speak extemporaneously in flowing paragraphs without the use of colloquialisms, he is unwilling to expose the mechanics of his acting process. ''It's not that I want to pull the shutters down,'' Day-Lewis said, as he finished his sandwich. ''It's just that people have such a misconception about what it is I do. They think the character comes from staying in the wheelchair or being locked in the jail or whatever extravagant thing they choose to focus their fantasies on. Somehow, it always seems to have a self-flagellatory aspect to it. But that's just the superficial stuff. Most of the movies that I do are leading me toward a life that is utterly mysterious to me. My chief goal is to find a way to make that life meaningful to other people.''

As a teenager, Day-Lewis studied woodworking and, true to the divide in his nature, he wanted to become a craftsman -- a maker, rather than a designer, of furniture. He enjoyed the tools, the workshop, the construction. Before he applied to theater school, the Bristol Old Vic (''I picked just one because then it would be a sign from the gods if it was not meant to be,'' Day-Lewis explained), he applied for an apprenticeship with a well-known cabinetmaker. When he was accepted at drama school, he committed himself fully to acting, but Day-Lewis never gave up his interest in the process of honing a skill. For his films, at least initially, imagining the life of his characters often involves a kind of physical invention of their world. During ''Last of the Mohicans,'' he built a canoe, learned to track and skin animals and perfected the use of a 12-pound flintlock gun, which he took everywhere he went, even to a Christmas dinner. He was first attracted to ''My Left Foot,'' the story of Christy Brown, a man with cerebral palsy who became a renowned painter and writer in Ireland, by the opening scene of the script: Christy's left foot puts a record on a turntable, there's a skip and the foot picks the needle up and then puts it down again. ''I knew it couldn't be done,'' Day-Lewis said, ''and that intrigued me.'' After weeks of practice and eight weeks spent with cerebral-palsy patients, Day-Lewis mastered the scene on the first take. For ''There Will be Blood,'' he studied the historic period for nearly two years and became comfortable with the tools of California oilmen circa 1900.

But that research, as well as the kitchen table he built for ''Ballad of Jack and Rose'' and the heavy knives he learned to throw for ''Gangs of New York'' and the scent that he thought Newland Archer would favor in ''The Age of Innocence,'' is all just a preliminary inquiry into what, finally, emerges on screen, fully drawn. Those details, however interesting, are like mood lighting -- they set the stage for seduction, but they do not explain how Day-Lewis melds with the characters he conjures.

''This work requires an unusual combination of qualities,'' Day-Lewis said. He picked up a colander full of washed cherries and headed into a small cozy den off the large rectangular living room. The apartment was sparsely decorated with comfortable chairs and a well-worn pale blue sofa. The couch was piled with folded bedding -- his younger son, Cashel, had left his bed upstairs and slept there. ''He wanted to be nearer to us,'' Day-Lewis remarked. There was a large, perfectly realized model sailboat placed on a low table. ''That was a gift from Rebecca,'' Day-Lewis said. ''One of the few things I did with my dad was sail a boat in the round pond at Hyde Park.'' A beautiful bleached-wood grandfather clock stood against the kitchen wall, and a large painting of a vivid garden hung in the entry to the master bedroom. ''I did that one,'' Day-Lewis said, as he sat on a low desk chair. Strewn on the floor around him were several motorcycle magazines: one of Day-Lewis's passions is MotoGP, the competitive bike tournament, which is popular everywhere (although somewhat less so in America). This summer, he borrowed a GSXR 1000 bike and rode at 120 m.p.h. from Los Angeles to Laguna Seca to cheer on his hero, the legendary champion Valentino Rossi. When Day-Lewis spoke about Rossi, it was in the same adulatory tones he reserved for De Niro, Brando and Montgomery Clift. ''I'm a groupie,'' he said. ''Rossi is a genius. There are some parallels between what he does and what those actors do -- his work requires both a great deal of discipline and a wildness of spirit. With acting, there is always that intangible aspect that goes beyond the practical framework. Brando had that -- the freedom that he had was more the instinctive freedom of an animal at times than a human. And De Niro! The world he offered in his performances had a palpable humanity. I was utterly sure that he was that man in 'Taxi Driver.' I have no idea by what means he arrived at that but, I dare say, at some point, he convinced himself that he was that man too.''

Part of what Day-Lewis admires so much about American movies is their lack of insistence on the kind of brilliant dialogue that characterizes much of the theater. He disparages the idea of clever talk, or the British gift for language. Day-Lewis bristled when I mentioned, admiringly, that he was so articulate. ''I am more greatly moved by people who struggle to express themselves,'' he said, sounding a little misunderstood. ''Maybe it's a middle-class British hang-up, but I prefer the abstract concept of incoherence in the face of great feeling to beautiful, full sentences that convey little emotion.''

Day-Lewis paused and ate a few cherries. ''It was always assumed that the classics were a good line of work for me because I had a decent voice and the right nose. But anybody who comes from an essentially cynical European society is going to be bewitched by the sheer enthusiasm of the New World. And in America, the articulate use of language is often regarded with suspicion. Especially in the West. Look at the president. He could talk like an educated New Englander if he chose to. Instead, he holds his hands like a man who swings an ax. Bush understands, very astutely, that many of the people who are going to vote for him would regard him less highly if he knew how to put words together. He would no longer be one of them. In Europe, the tradition is one of oratory. But in America, a man's man is never spendthrift with words.'' Day-Lewis smiled. ''This, of course, is much more appealing in the movies than it is in politics.''

WHEN DANIEL DAY-LEWIS agreed to star in ''There Will Be Blood,'' the writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson suggested he watch a number of films, including ''The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,'' which is a kind of existential western. The 1948 film, which stars Humphrey Bogart, follows three Americans as they hunt for gold and find wealth in Mexico. Like many westerns, the movie is moralistic at heart: the character of the men is tested by their sudden good fortune and, to quote from the film's director John Huston, they ''stew in their own juice.''

''It's my favorite movie,'' Anderson told me one afternoon in early October. The writer-director of ''Boogie Nights'' and ''Punch Drunk Love,'' among other films, Anderson has always seemed interested in how fate intersects with character, especially in the openness of California. ''All of life's questions and answers are in 'The Treasure of Sierra Madre,' '' he said. ''It's about greed and ambition and paranoia and looking at the worst parts of yourself. When I was writing 'There Will Be Blood,' I would put 'The Treasure of the Sierra Madre' on before I went to bed at night, just to fall asleep to it.''

Anderson began writing the script when he came across the muckraking novel ''Oil!'' by Upton Sinclair, in a bookstore in London. ''I was homesick,'' he recalled, ''and the book had a painting of California on the cover.'' He ended up adapting only the first 150 pages of ''Oil!'' whose main character was a composite of many men, among them Edward Doheny. ''After a few trips to Bakersfield, where they have museums devoted to the early oilmen, I started to get a sense of the film. The museums are largely trailers with a lot of oil equipment lying around the yard. Back in the day, enough people had cameras, and they took a lot of pictures. Oil fields were an interesting thing to photograph, and that research made it easy to put the pieces of their times together.''

The movie concentrates on the financial ascent and spiritual decline of a Doheny-like figure. ''Doheny set out from the East Coast at the tail end of the wild, wild West,'' Anderson continued. ''Men from all over the country were coming out to the New Mexico territory to make their fortune. And they started looking for oil using many of the same techniques that they had used to look for silver.'' Day-Lewis was struck by their zeal. ''I read a lot of correspondence dating from that period,'' he told me in his apartment. ''Decent middle-class lives with wives and children were abandoned to pursue this elusive possibility. They were bank clerks and shipping agents and teachers. They all fled West for a sniff of cheap money. And they made it up as they went along. No one knew how to drill for oil. Initially, they scooped it out of the ground in saucepans. It was man at his most animalistic, sifting through filth to find bright, sparkly things.''

''There Will be Blood'' presents a quintessentially American story of manifest destiny twinned with the lessons of a parable. ''Back then,'' Day-Lewis said, ''men would get the fever. They would keep digging, always with the idea that next time they'll throw the dice and the money will fall out of the sky. It killed a lot of men, it broke others, still more were reduced to despair and poverty, but they still believed in the promise of the West.'' In the movie work he chooses to accept, Day-Lewis is often drawn to the push-pull of ambitious dreams and their consequences, as reflected in a kind of frontiersman. Daniel Plainview, in ''There Will Be Blood,'' is in certain ways a curdled version of the man playing him: the fever can grip an actor too.

It was difficult to raise the money for ''There Will Be Blood,'' which gave Day-Lewis almost two years to prepare for the role. He spent nearly all that time in Ireland, where he and his family live for much of the year in a home in the countryside outside Dublin. ''I like to learn about things,'' Day-Lewis said. ''It was just a great time trying to conceive of the impossibility of that thing. I didn't know anything about mining at the turn of the century in America. My boarding school in Kent didn't exactly teach that.''

When filming started in June 2006 on a ranch in Marfa, Tex., Day-Lewis arrived in the character of Daniel Plainview. Anderson tried to shoot the script in sequence and most of the sets (with the notable exception of the real Doheny mansion, which has an in-house bowling alley and which is located in Beverly Hills) were within the confines of the vast ranch. ''The ranch,'' Day-Lewis recalled, ''allowed you to have the illusion of an adventure that's shared to the exclusion of all other things and people. We were drilling for oil, and that was that.''

Halfway through the 60-day shoot, Anderson realized that the second lead actor, who plays Plainview's nemesis, was not strong enough. He was replaced by the versatile young actor Paul Dano, but three weeks of scenes with Day-Lewis needed to be reshot. During ''Gangs of New York,'' Day-Lewis would stay in character and deliberately glare at his co-star, Leonardo DiCaprio, mirroring the contentious dynamic that these men had in the film. While DiCaprio withstood the pressure (and Dano thrived on it) there are reports that the first actor suffered from intimidation. ''It just wasn't the right fit,'' Anderson explained diplomatically.

''In the beginning on 'There Will Be Blood,' '' Day-Lewis recalled, ''we were struggling.'' He looked almost gleeful. ''It's always what doesn't work that is most useful.'' Of course, this sounds more like a Brit than an American. There's a subtlety in Day-Lewis's performance in this movie that may stem from his outsiderness. He grew up on Shakespeare, not westerns, and as a result, he is not steeped in cliches about oil barons, prospectors and their ilk. Unlike an American actor who might have approached the project with big archetypes in mind, Day-Lewis invented the character. Which is more or less what the West has always allowed.

ON AN UNUSUALLY WARM and bright day in September, Day-Lewis was driving his black, beat-up BMW through the narrow country roads in the gorgeous, undeveloped tree-covered mountains south of Dublin. We took a crossroad called Sally Gap, heading up a steep climb toward a spot called Luggala, where the view, Day-Lewis hinted, would, in some fundamental way, explain all that he loved about this country. He began visiting Ireland with his father, Cecil Day-Lewis, the poet laureate of England, when he was 4. Cecil, like Daniel, occupied many worlds: he was born in Ireland, and every summer, Daniel and his older sister, Tamasin, were taken to live in country inns along its western coast. ''It was glorious,'' Day-Lewis said. He was wearing a burgundy corduroy shirt, pants in a faded mustard check and a belted olive green rain jacket that was so weatherbeaten the thick cotton had softened to suede. He clearly loved the road and was an excellent driver. ''From the day we arrived here,'' Day-Lewis continued, ''my sense of Ireland's importance has never diminished. Everything here seemed exotic to us. Just the sound of the west of Ireland in a person's voice can affect me deeply.'' In 1993, after spending much of his time there, Day-Lewis also obtained an Irish passport and now holds dual citizenship. ''I dare say it was still considered to be an abandonment of England,'' he remarked, as he neatly passed a quickly oncoming car. ''A betrayal! A heresy! It is not expected that someone from my background will leave England. But I've committed so many heresies that there's no sense in not making the final gesture.''

Cecil Day-Lewis was also deeply drawn to Ireland and wrote ''The Whispering Roots and Other Poems,'' which underscored his ancestral ties to the country. When Daniel was born, his father announced his birth by publishing a poem entitled ''The Newborn.'' In part, it reads: ''We time-worn folk renew/Ourselves at your enchanted spring,/As though mankind's begun/Again in you./This is your birthday and our thanksgiving.''

At the time of Daniel's birth, Cecil Day-Lewis was 53. He had worked as a translator and had written pulp novels under an alias. One, ''The Smiler With the Knife,'' a spy thriller with a political theme, was adapted for the movies by Orson Welles, but the film was never made. Cecil Day-Lewis was a Communist in his 30s and was close to W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. Daniel's mother, Jill Balcon, was his father's second wife and an actress whose father, Sir Michael Balcon, was the head of Ealing Studios, one of England's predominant film studios. Cecil, like a good socialist, sent Daniel to a public school in South London rather than a posh academy. When his parents realized that Daniel was not being properly educated, they enrolled him in boarding school, where he was miserable. Finally, Daniel attended a progressive school called Bedales. Day-Lewis's academic travails introduced him to a wide range of British society. ''I came from the educated middle class,'' Day-Lewis said, ''but I identified with the working classes. Those were the people I looked up to. The lads whose fathers worked on the docks or in shipping yards or were shopkeepers. I knew that I wasn't part of that world, but I was intrigued by it. They had a different way of communicating. People who delight in conversation are often using that as a means to not say what is on their minds. When I became interested in theater, the work I admired was being done by ***working-class*** writers. It was often about the inarticulate. I later saw that same thing in De Niro's early work -- it was the most sublime struggle of a man trying to express himself. There was such poetry in that for me.''

When he was in his early teens, Day-Lewis performed a one-boy version of Harold Pinter's ''Dumb Waiter,'' and he was an extra in the film ''Sunday Bloody Sunday.'' ''I was just a local kid,'' he said, as he whizzed past a busload of tourists out to see the countryside. ''I got to come out of the church, the same church where I sang in the choir, and scratch up a row of cars -- a Jag, a Bentley -- parked in front. I thought, I get paid for this! Years later, I saw the director, John Schlesinger, at the Edinburgh festival, where we were showing 'My Beautiful Laundrette.' I play a hooligan punk in that too. I said to Schlesinger, I guess I haven't progressed much.''

In 1975, he revised his performance in ''The Dumb Waiter'' and auditioned for the Bristol theater school. ''I thought my heart would break if I didn't get in,'' he told me. At school, Day-Lewis immediately bristled at being boxed into the classics (''One teacher was always trying to throw a cloak around me'') but took refuge in the work of Barrie Keefe, a Thatcher-era playwright, who wrote vivid dispatches from ***working-class*** life.

Day-Lewis also studied a form of acting rooted in the Stanislavsky System. ''It was like happening on utopia,'' he said, as we continued up the mountain. ''The thing that Stanislavsky lays out is how you do the thing the first time every time -- 1,000 times. That's the idea you're always searching for.'' Sir Laurence Olivier famously dismissed Stanislavsky's teachings; the technique was much more accepted by American actors. ''Olivier might have been a much better actor on film if he hadn't had that flippant attitude,'' Day-Lewis said with annoyance. ''Olivier was a remarkable actor, but he was entirely missing the point consistently. He felt that film was an inferior form.'' Day-Lewis paused. ''For a few years at school I tried to play the roles they wanted me to play, but it became less and less interesting to ponce around the place. Even now, when I sometimes think of doing a play, I think of rehearsal rooms and people hugging and everyone talking over cups of coffee because they are nervous. It's both very touching and it makes me a little nauseous and claustrophobic. Too much talk. I don't rehearse at all in film if I can help it. In talking a character through, you define it. And if you define it, you kill it dead.'' Day-Lewis paused. ''I've managed to create a sense of banishment in so many different areas of my life. I live in Ireland, not England. I make films in America. And now I'm banished from the theater because I've slagged it off so much. And I did the unspeakable thing of fleeing from 'Hamlet.' ''

His voice trailed off. The last time he was onstage was during a 1989 production of ''Hamlet'' at the National Theatre in London. Day-Lewis had already begun appearing in films, and ''My Left Foot'' was about to win him an Oscar. During the play, he had a strange sensation that he was talking to his father, who died of pancreatic cancer when Day-Lewis was 15. Unnerved, he walked off the stage and never returned to that stage or, to date, to any other. Those close to Day-Lewis warned me not to bring up the ''Hamlet'' incident, and I didn't, but it clearly was a moment of demarcation: he realized his place was elsewhere.

''Enough talk,'' Day-Lewis said as we roared more quickly up the mountain. He slid a CD of Irish folk music by the band Planxty into the sound system, and the car was filled with layers of mandolins and guitars. ''Nothing I say will be more eloquent than this music,'' Day-Lewis said. The soundtrack was a perfect accompaniment to the endless gray sky, which seemed to collide with the brilliant green of the trees. After five minutes of music and nature and increasingly steep, narrow roads, Day-Lewis neatly parked the car near the brim of a cliff. The view was magnificent. He got out of the car and stood in the wind, staring out at the countryside. ''It's easy to love humanity when you're this far away from it,'' he half-joked. ''But, truly, there's a quality of wildness that exists in Ireland that coincides with utter solitude. This place has always contained the spell for me.''

BEFORE HE BEGAN telling American stories, Day-Lewis wanted to tell Irish stories. In 1985, after his breakthrough role as the gay street punk in ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' and a subsequent part in Merchant-Ivory's ''A Room With A View,'' Day-Lewis resisted the idea of playing English men in English movies. ''Why would I want to play middle-aged middle-class Englishmen?'' Day-Lewis remarked as we sat in Hunter's Hotel in a town called Rathnew. The small room was cozy, with chintz-covered chairs, and a fire was burning. ''It's a bog fire,'' Day-Lewis explained. ''It has the smell of earth.'' Day-Lewis ordered tea and scones and removed his tweed cap. When he was younger, the proprietor scolded Daniel and a drunk friend, who threw up in the fireplace, putting out the flames. ''She said, 'Several generations of guests in proper attire have been coming here,' '' Day-Lewis recalled. '' 'I hope you're not going to lower the tone.' '' He laughed at the memory. There is something about Ireland that reassures and bolsters his rebellious spirit. In England, perhaps he feared he would be squelched, made ordinary, old. He intentionally chose to play the priggish, snobbish Cecil Vyse in ''A Room With A View,'' he said, in order to ''understand what it is to be that man and thereby avoid the possibility of ever becoming him.'' And that sealed it -- he took his career to Ireland and America.

During the making of ''My Left Foot,'' Day-Lewis found a slow, meticulous way that he could work. ''I needed -- and I still need -- to create a particular environment,'' he said as the tea was placed on a low brass table. ''I need to find the right kind of silence or light or noise. Whatever is necessary -- and it is always different. I know it sounds a little fussy and a little ridiculous, but finding your own rhythm is one of the most important things you can discover about yourself. And you have to observe it. As actors, we're all encouraged to feel that each job is the last job. They plant some little electrode in your head at an early stage and you think, Be grateful, be grateful, be grateful. So, it's not without a sense of gratitude that I work. But I couldn't do this work at all unless I did it in my own rhythm. It became a choice between stopping and taking the time I needed.''

He has had blue periods -- depressions and retreats, even after the success of the early movies. After the filming of Milan Kundera's novel ''The Unbearable Lightness of Being,'' in which he played Tomas, a womanizing Czech surgeon reluctantly drawn into the country's politics, Day-Lewis considered giving up acting. ''I was hopelessly at sea,'' he told me, buttering a scone. ''I was extremely unhappy most of the time. I think I probably felt I'd made a fundamental error in agreeing to do that movie even though it was the part and the film that everyone wanted to do. And God help us, that is, in itself, a reason not to do something.''

After the movie was completed, Day-Lewis and Hanif Kureishi, the writer of ''My Beautiful Laundrette,'' would telephone each other and share dark passages from Milton. Day-Lewis eventually took off and wandered though Europe with a small watercolor kit. In 1989 or so, he began a romance with the French actress Isabelle Adjani (another topic I was instructed not to mention), and they had a son, Gabriel, in 1995. She was a Buddhist, and he took to wearing a red cord around his neck that had been blessed by the Dalai Lama. But the relationship with Adjani was tumultuous; Gabriel lives with his mother, and Day-Lewis did not speak to me about him. He is clearly devoted to his two young sons with Miller. He repeatedly marveled at their abilities: Ronan (who is 9) draws beautifully and has a devastating right cross punch; Cashel (who is 5) has a potent imagination; they both loved Texas, and each perfected their father's accent in ''There Will be Blood.''

Before his marriage to Miller and the birth of their children, Day-Lewis would actively try to remove himself from what was familiar, going wherever his work or character took him. With the role of Christy Brown in ''My Left Foot,'' he found a kind of refuge. ''I learned how to soundproof myself,'' he said, taking a bite of scone. ''Playing the part of Christy Brown left me with a sense of setting myself on a course, of trying to achieve something that was utterly out of reach.''

He eventually made two more Irish films with Jim Sheridan, the director of ''My Left Foot.'' For ''In the Name of the Father,'' the story of Gerry Conlon, who was imprisoned for an act of terrorism he never committed, Day-Lewis spent time in prisons and, for an interrogation scene, went three days without sleep. For ''The Boxer,'' he learned to box to play the main character, another Irishman caught up in the Troubles in Belfast. ''I wanted to see if I loved the sport, because if I didn't love the sport, I wouldn't want to tell the story,'' Day-Lewis said. He found certain parallels between boxing and acting. ''At its best, boxing is very pure. It requires resilience and heart and self-belief even after it's been knocked out of you. It's a certain kind of a test. And it's hard: the training alone will kill you. And that's before people start giving you a dig.''

In 1991, Day-Lewis was offered ''Last of the Mohicans,'' which required him to illustrate the history of a country he knew almost nothing about. Day-Lewis had barely visited America (the first time was on a day trip to Seattle for ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' when he was in his 20s), and he had never studied the country in any detail. What he knew of America came largely from the movies. '' 'Last of the Mohicans' seemed impossible,'' Day-Lewis told me. ''It scared the life out of me.'' For the first time, Day-Lewis was also being packaged and sold by a major Hollywood studio. Posters for ''Last of the Mohicans'' shouted, ''the first American hero,'' with a close-up of Day-Lewis's face. ''That was, and will always be, difficult for me,'' Day-Lewis said tightly. ''The work itself is never anything but pure pleasure, but there's an awful lot of peripheral stuff that I find it hard to be surrounded by. I like things to be swift, because the energy you have is concentrated and can be fleeting. The great machinery of film can work against that. I have never had a positive reaction to all the stuff that supposedly promotes the film. The thought of it will make me hesitate to do any films at all.''

And yet, there were those he yearned to work with. Day-Lewis met Martin Scorsese when the director was planning to direct ''Schindler's List.'' ''I thought that would be something very interesting to do,'' Day-Lewis said, as he poured a cup of tea for me. ''But then the project went to Spielberg. When I met Martin at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, I wanted to pick him up and cuddle him. He is a mighty man, and when he asks you to do something, you want to do it. I was struggling to escape from English drawing rooms, but because of Martin, I accepted the role in 'The Age of Innocence.' ''

In 1996, he met Rebecca Miller after he completed the film version of ''The Crucible,'' which was based on the play written by her father, Arthur Miller. Although she had worked as an actress, Miller, who is tall with dark hair and bright blue eyes, had just written and directed her first feature film: ''Angela,'' the story of a troubled young girl. Miller has a quiet, intense only-girl-among-the-guys quality. She and Day-Lewis, both children of renowned writers, have, in many ways, a shared past. They also share a fascination with film (they wrote a comedy together). Recently, Day-Lewis and Miller attended a screening of a documentary about a Laotian who immigrated to the United States after the Communist takeover of his country in the '70s. (Ellen Kuras, who was the cinematographer on Miller's first film, ''The Ballad of Jack and Rose,'' was one of the directors.) At the end of the film, Day-Lewis seemed particularly moved by the losses the man and his family endured. Almost instinctively, Miller ran her hand through his hair. It was a gesture of comradeship, as well as kindness.

After the birth of their children, Day-Lewis seemed in no hurry to go back to work. For five years, he pursued various interests: he even briefly apprenticed as a cobbler in Italy (at the Manolo Blahnik store in New York, Day-Lewis has been known to spend an hour studying the construction and design of the shoes). ''I was not thinking about going back to work,'' Day-Lewis said now. ''I was in dread when I knew Martin was looking for me. I was in dread of the thing that I'd been most hoping for. And that's how it works.'' He paused. ''Before I start a film,'' he continued, ''there is always a period where I think, I'm not sure I can do this again. I remember that before I was going to start 'There Will Be Blood,' I wondered why I had said yes. When Martin told me about Bill the Butcher in 'Gangs of New York,' I wanted to change places with that man. But even then, I did not say yes right away. I kept thinking, I'm not sure I can do this again.''

Because of his commitment to a character, Day-Lewis has a very difficult time disengaging from a part. ''There's a terrible sadness,'' he told me. ''The last day of shooting is surreal. Your mind, your body, your spirit are not in any way prepared to accept that this experience is coming to an end. In the months that follow the finish of a film, you feel profound emptiness. You've devoted so much of your time to unleashing, in an unconscious way, some sort of spiritual turmoil, and even if it's uncomfortable, no part of you wishes to leave that character behind. The sense of bereavement is such that it can take years before you can put it to rest.''

Since he often absents himself from the movies for years, the belief persists that Day-Lewis is indifferent or not completely committed to remaining an actor. ''That is an amazing misconception,'' Paul Thomas Anderson told me. ''Daniel loves acting so much that it becomes a quest for perfection. People don't know how Daniel can do this job the way that he does it, and my feeling is, I just can't understand how anyone could do it any other way.''

Strangely, Day-Lewis has only infrequently played men of the present day. Before he met Miller, she asked him to star in ''The Ballad of Jack and Rose,'' but he turned it down. In 2004, he agreed. Something about playing a dying man who has a nearly incestuous relationship with his 16-year-old daughter (and the fact that his wife was the director) engaged him. While making the film on Prince Edward Island, Day-Lewis lived apart from Miller and their children, during the week, in a little hut on the beach. ''I was, as always, wary of taking on the role,'' Day-Lewis recalled. ''This was a man whose soul was torn, and once you've adopted that kind of internal conflict, it's difficult to quiet.''

We finished our tea and headed out into the large garden outside the hotel. In some ways, like many of Day-Lewis's films, ''The Ballad of Jack and Rose'' was another film about the attraction of the West. Jack Slavin, Day-Lewis's character, is a Scotsman who left his country in the '60s to forge a new identity in the possibly utopian wilds of America. ''The West has always been the epicenter of possibility,'' Day-Lewis said as he strolled through the garden pointing out its virtues. ''One of the ways we forge against mortality is to head west. It's to do with catching the sun before it slips behind the horizon.'' He gestured toward the sky. It was 5 p.m., and the day was darkening. ''We all keep moving toward the sun, wishing to get the last ray of hope before it sets.'' I asked him if he looked for that quality in the characters he plays. Day-Lewis smiled enigmatically. ''Life comes first,'' he said finally. ''What I see in the characters, I first try to see in life.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Digging Deeply In his forthcoming film ''There Will Be Blood,'' Day-Lewis seeks fortune, glory and oil in turn-of-the-century California

Daniel Day-Lewis In The Rugged Solitude Of Luggala, Ireland. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEFT AND CENTER: FRANCOIS DUHAMEL/PARAMOUNT VANTAGE

RIGHT: MELINDA SUE GORDON/PARAMOUNT VANTAGE

JILLIAN EDELSTEIN

20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION/PHOTOFEST)

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[***Street Preachers Spread the Word, Loudly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YTJ0-000D-G39R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

Like the many actors who answer the casting call, Brenda Allen came to New York City dreaming of being among the few chosen to tread the boards. Fourteen years later, she is on Broadway in front of the boards -- those plastered over the closed Nathan's Restaurant in Times Square.

Brenda Allen is a street corner preacher.

She put aside her dreams of acting, nurtured in her youth in Michigan, and found her calling after a friendship with a born-again Christian in drama school struck a deep chord in her. She has channeled that fervor into her ministry by taking her message straight to the sinners amid the bustle and bawdiness of Times Square.

"Now I'm for real; I'm not pretending," the 36-year-old Miss Allen said in smooth tones that reflected years of voice training. "I'm here to give a message, not to entertain."

In a city of senseless crime, widening economic disparity and legions of jaded citizens, preachers like Miss Allen pound both the Bible and the pavement in a quixotic search for souls in need of saving. A glance at the headlines and sidewalks shows that many people aren't listening, but she and other street preachers say they are undeterred, viewing their work as planting seeds of doubt among the sinners, or hope among those teetering on society's edges.

In a time of political tumult and economic stress, more preachers appear to be tackling "the spiritual depravity of our city," said the Rev. Patricia Reeberg, executive director of the Council of Churches in New York City.

'Go Where They're At'

"The street preachers are feeling that instability and seeing a new group of people to evangelize," Ms. Reeberg said. "More and more people have their backs against the wall but are not coming into houses of worship, so the only way to reach them is to go where they're at."

They can be found shouting above the screech and rumble of subway cars, testify ing on busy commerical strips in ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Harlem or in the Melrose section of the Bronx, and holding forth in a favorite locale, Times Square.

One recent afternoon, Miss Allen stood behind a table cluttered with religious tracts and graphic pictures of aborted fetuses while parrying with a bedraggled man whom she had cajoled into surrendering his beer bottle. She was interested in saving his soul, even though the man, looking confused, seemed more intent on saving what was left of his beer.

She put the bottle on the sidewalk, grabbed her microphone and began a sermon on the evils of alcohol, weaving a tale that blended equal parts of damnation and salvation.

Filled With the Spirit

"You don't need to be filled with beer, whiskey or scotch," she said as the man snatched up his bottle and wandered into the swirl of people in Times Square. "You need to be filled with the Holy Ghost."

Say amen, somebody. Anybody.

Pedestrians who catch snippets of dire warnings of impending apocalypse and urgent calls for repentance often dismiss them as the ravings of lunatics. Some undoubtedly are, but many are relatively ordinary people with 9-to-5 jobs who were inspired to preach on weekends and after work after having an intense religious experience.

"Religious intensity often opens itself to suspicions of a pathological dimension," said Dr. James A. Forbes Jr., the senior minister at the Riverside Church and a former professor of preaching at Union Theological Seminary. "They certainly are not conventional. I would not say that means they're crazy."

'Hawkers for the Faith'

Dr. Forbes said many of these "hawkers for the faith" base their ministry on old-fashioned fundamentalism and New Testament urgings to spread the word. Some lack the formal training to assume a pulpit in traditional churches, and the heated harangues of others might put them out of favor with mainstream religion.

Miss Allen, for example, often rails against "the abomination" of homosexuality and excoriates liberal denominations for being more concerned with crowd-pleasing politics.

"There is an attempt," Dr. Forbes said, "to plunge beneath traditional ecclesiastical forms and ideas and call the whole religious enterprise itself into account."

They accomplish that with a confrontational, declamatory style. "It presupposes that people who have deep needs are not likely to reach out, but have built a barricade around their hearts and the gospel," Dr. Forbes said. "It's almost like a battering ram to break through the hardness of these hearts."

Frederick Johnson knows how hard a heart can be. He went from a childhood spent in and out of reform schools, he said, to an adulthood doing hard time in prison for robbery, attempted murder and "a few other things."

"I made a promise to God that if He got me out I would tell the world about it," he said.

On his release Mr. Johnson joined the Salvation Deliverance Church. Now he can often be found pacing the sidewalk outside a downtown Brooklyn department store, heeding the church's call for members to preach in public.

"You don't need a 9-millimeter if you're with the living God!" he said, eyes closed tight beneath a sweaty brow. "Don't let no one fool you. Get the real thing!"

Few among the rapidly thinning late-afternoon crowd stopped to listen, but he continued without interruption.

As she walked by with a friend, Gladys Vernon said: "I think they'd be more effective if they did community outreach and got the children off the street instead of standing on the corner screaming. They're almost wasting their time."

But her friend, who identified herself only as Lisa, reminded her that these preachers might be reaching some hurt and tired people. "People long to belong somewhere and they want to hear something," she said.

"I'm here to reach people nobody else cares about," Mr. Johnson said, adding that he has prayed with rail-thin AIDS sufferers, jittery addicts and others just down on their luck. "It's the church's job to reach these people and give them a message."

He said his own experience in prison and afterward has encouraged him to keep on preaching, sometimes late into the night, waiting for the right person to come by. "I know what state a person's in, because I was there myself," he said. "I know what I'm up against."

Sometimes, the preachers say, the enemy is more sinister than the Satan they evoke in hell-fire sermons. "There are people who are so offended they want to kill you," said Roland Cano, a member of a congregation that often takes to the streets of the Mott Haven section of the South Bronx.

Last month, he said, angry drug dealers confronted him and a small group of worshipers who were preaching on 139th Street and St. Ann's Avenue. The dealers pelted them with eggs, cut the cables to their public-address system and slashed the tires on their van, harassing them until some sympathetic neighbors encircled them and escorted them from the area.

"Drug dealers don't want people to be saved because they lose customers," Mr. Cano said at their new location, a traffic island near 149th Street and Third Avenue. Behind him, Tomas Ortiz Rivera darted about with small stutter steps as he spewed out a rapid-fire sermon in Spanish, peppered with "alleluias" and deep gasps for breath. "If you go to the welfare office there is a book with a record of you," Mr. Ortiz said. "In heaven there's also a book where your life is written, good or bad. That book will be open one day."

He pointed to a clutch of weary-looking people waiting at a bus stop across the street. "I know he is talking the truth," Angel Serrano said as he listened to Mr. Ortiz recount how his religious faith led him from a life of drug abuse and prison to a calling in the ministry. "I believe a lot of it. I'm not in church, but I believe."

Saving Harlem

In Harlem, next to vendors selling T-shirts and tapes spread out on the sidewalk of 125th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard, Mary Sept proclaimed her belief that a community can be saved one soul at a time. A few steps away, a member of her church put her hands on the forehead of a woman who had asked for a healing prayer. Near them, another church member weaved through the crowd handing out tracts.

Away from the microphone, Miss Sept displayed a calm, easygoing manner that belied the occasional taunts and stares of strangers. "A lot of political changes in this community deal with cosmetics, but we want to build up the person on the inside," she said.

"The people selling on the street, they have something to offer somebody, and I do too," she said with a smile as pedestrians streamed past.

"There's always tomorrow," she said with a tiny sigh. "Eventually, Harlem will be saved."

**Graphic**

Photos: In a city where many are jaded, sidewalk preachers pound the pavement in search of souls. Mary Sept, right, of Harlem Tabernacle, preached on West 125th Street near the State Office Building as Jamilah Rucker, second from left, talked to passers-by (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times) (pg. 25); Brenda Allen/Times Square: "You don't need to be filled with beer, whiskey or scotch," she told a man drinking beer. "You need to be filled with the Holy Ghost."; Tomas Ortiz Rivera/149th Street and Third Avenue in the Bronx: "In heaven there's also a book where your life is written, good or bad. That book will be open one day."; Frederick Johnson/Outside the Fulton Mall in Brooklyn: "You don't need a 9-millimeter if you're with the living God! Don't let no one fool you. Get the real thing!" (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times) (pg. 26)

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[***Soul on Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41KC-X860-00MH-F46X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

W. E. B. DU BOIS

The Fight for Equality and

the American Century, 1919-1963.

By David Levering Lewis.

Illustrated. 715 pp. New York:

Henry Holt & Company. $35.

William Edward Burghardt Du Bois died on Aug. 27, 1963, at the age of 95 -- in time for the news to be announced at the March on Washington by Roy Wilkins, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the organization Du Bois helped found in 1909. There was irony in his dying on the eve of this great gathering, the high-water mark of the civil rights struggle of the 1950's and 60's. America's pre-eminent black intellectual, who gave the muscle of ideas to the struggle against segregation in the earlier part of the 20th century, had died in remote political exile in Ghana. For, as David Levering Lewis wrote in the first volume of his Du Bois biography, which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Francis Parkman and Bancroft Prizes in 1994, W. E. B. Du Bois had long ago concluded that the promised land of racial equality "was a cruel, receding mirage for people of color. And so he had chosen to live out his last days in West Africa."

In this second volume of his distinguished biography, Lewis picks up Du Bois's life in 1919. The First World War had ended; black soldiers coming home expected recognition by their country. Du Bois had urged young African-Americans to fight in a patriotic editorial that appeared in The Crisis: A Record of the Darker Races, the official organ of the N.A.A.C.P. But he warned elsewhere that "Negroes will come back feeling like men and not disposed to accept the treatment to which they have been subjected" under segregation.

Nothing had changed on the home front, however. Racial strife had grown even deadlier. The previous year there had been 78 lynchings of African-Americans. A wave of bloody race riots crackled like a chain of firecrackers in Northern cities, mainly victimizing blacks who had fled Southern poverty to take war industry jobs.

As editor of The Crisis, Du Bois placed himself in the thick of the never-ending race war. By the time he was 51 his services to his people had already been monumental. In 1903, he published his classic work, "The Souls of Black Folk," a collection of eloquent, well-reasoned essays on race relations. Blending economics and sociology with vision and prophecy, he ranged over the injustices of caste that scarred the black experience in America. "The problem of the 20th century is the problem of the color line," he declared with breathtaking prescience. Plumbing the souls of black folk, he diagnosed a painful paradox branded on the collective psyche of his people: "One ever feels his two-ness -- an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body."

After the publication of "Souls" he went on to organize the Niagara Conference, a 1905 conclave of prominent African-Americans, which issued a declaration of rights and spun off a new organization dedicated to obtaining them, the precursor of the N.A.A.C.P. The Niagara Movement represented a challenge to the dominance of Booker T. Washington, the Tuskegee Institute sage, who disseminated a philosophy of economic advancement linked to second-class citizenship. As editor of The Crisis, Du Bois was the voice of the N.A.A.C.P., emitting a stream of articles, editorials, jeremiads, short stories and satires. He made the magazine a vital clearinghouse of the latest economic and sociological data on the race, as well as a fount of investigative reports of crimes against blacks to which local authorities were indifferent.

Du Bois's life was an extraordinarily active one -- mentally, socially, politically and sexually. Du Bois had a hectic career as (in the author's words) a "priapic adulterer," and Lewis gives it full disclosure even if the material "inescapably smacks of the report of a private eye." (It does not.) Most of the trim, dapper and vigorous leader's numerous romantic conquests were women of talent and intellect whom he mentored and pleasured, while his wife, Nina, faded into neurasthenia and nonentity, and his daughter, Yolande, lived a life that seems to have been one long cry for the attention of an absent father.

Rather than a political leader (much less a demagogue like his foe, the black nationalist Marcus Garvey), Du Bois was a scholar activist, a brilliant general of words who marshaled battalions of ideas and facts with his prolific pen. The "scribe of his race," Lewis calls him, with a characteristic aptness of phrase. He wrote not for money or scholarly or literary glory but for the advancement of black people. All art was propaganda, he believed. (After promoting the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's, he decided it had sunk into decadence and repudiated its leading writers.)

Given his own bootstraps rise to intellectual eminence, it was only natural that he would conceive the idea of an educated elite -- the Talented Tenth he called it -- whose mission it was to lift up less fortunate blacks. During the 1920's Du Bois devoted much of his zeal to gaining equal treatment for this best and brightest group. He moved in the elite circles, the world of foundations and wealthy white liberals, the black bourgeoisie and the educational establishment in the historic black colleges. And so, among other battles, he crusaded to liberate the black colleges from their traditionally white presidents.

Yet he was beginning to see that opening doors for the Talented Tenth, necessary as it was, did little for ***working class*** and poor blacks. Midway through the decade, Du Bois visited the Soviet Union. "If race was the problem of the 20th century," Lewis writes, "after this first encounter with the Soviet Union he also began to regard class as a dilemma of comparable magnitude." Du Bois gave himself a cram course in Marxism and proclaimed himself a Bolshevik, but his conversion had many personal codicils attached.

For one, having observed the racism of white workers in the Deep South, Du Bois believed that, as Lewis puts it, "the exploitation of black workers by white workers was preordained, inscribed, as it were, on the DNA of the white American proletariat." And so, even as a socialist, he believed that "race trumped class in North America." By the 1930's, Du Bois had given up hope that either major party would help black people (although he became a supporter of the New Deal and considered Franklin Delano Roosevelt a president who was trying to elevate the poor). He also clashed with Walter White, secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., in a conflict of temperaments and philosophies. Du Bois had swung far to the left of the N.A.A.C.P.; he believed that The Crisis spoke "as the N.A.A.C.P., not for it." He was, Lewis writes, a "visionary," while White was merely a "C.E.O. with a policy," determined to rein in The Crisis and erect a bureaucratic foundation that could carry on lobbying campaigns in Congress and legal ones in the courts challenging segregation.

Du Bois's disaffection and growing conviction that only radical economic remedies would cure the congenital poverty of the black masses led him to write, in the January 1934 issue of The Crisis, an essay titled "Segregation," which heretically argued that the best hope of African-Americans was not integration but voluntary segregation -- forming their own cooperative commonwealth, a self-sufficient socialist economy until that time when the curse of racism was lifted and they could enter the American system as autonomous partners.

The essay was anathema to the integrationist N.A.A.C.P. and he was ejected. He returned to Atlanta University as professor of sociology and devoted himself to the firebrand scholarship that produced his 1935 historical masterpiece, "Black Reconstruction in America." In one of his brilliantly compressed essays, Lewis summarizes the state of American historiography at that time, dominated by the Southern version of Reconstruction, which taught that decent whites were oppressed by blacks and white scalawags in the state legislatures and their Northern friends in Congress. He sums up: "The American narrative had become a monstrous binary distortion, an exercise in cultural sadism that would defy remedy so long as the part played by black people in history continued to be written as separate, unequal and irrelevant."

Du Bois's exercise in black history boldly restored blacks to the story of Reconstruction; "Black Reconstruction" generated a paradigm shift in academia, blasting the entrenched view and clearing the way for a more accurate history that brought people of color into the narrative. Although criticized for its navely premature application of Marxist theory to the preindustrial South, Du Bois's book swept away cobwebs of myth. It is also a lyric chant of liberation, as in this purplish but impassioned passage about the joy of the emancipated slaves: "All that was Beauty, all that was Love, all that was Truth, stood on the top of these mad mornings and sang with the stars. A great human sob shrieked in the wind, and tossed its tears upon the sea -- free, free, free."

With "The Souls of Black Folk," "Reconstruction," his editorship of The Crisis, his educational reforms at Atlanta, Du Bois's achievements were indelibly engraved in the annals of his race. But as he became more radical, his stature was chipped away by pygmies -- first the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations, which refused to finance his proposed Encyclopedia of the Negro, not because of its lack of merit but because its boards considered Du Bois not "objective" and too controversial.

After the outbreak of the cold war and the rise of the national security state, he stalked off into strident opposition, backing Henry Wallace's ill-fated third-party candidacy against President Harry Truman. The N.A.A.C.P., which had given him a sinecure after he was pushed out of Atlanta University at the age of 75, was pro-Truman and beset by wildly inaccurate charges that it harbored Communists. The upshot was that it turned its back once again on Du Bois. Then a peace group of which he was chairman was ordered by the Justice Department to register as the agent of a foreign government. This order was thrown out of court for lack of evidence, but not before W. E. B. Du Bois had been fingerprinted, handcuffed and released on bail. He commented that although he could stand a good deal, at the age of 82 "this experience was rather more than I felt like bearing."

He was taken up and feted by the Soviet Union and Communist China, and invited by President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana to edit an Encyclopedia Africana. So he lived out his days in West Africa politely averting his eyes to the rampant corruption of his hosts because he wanted this black socialist state to succeed. W. E. B. Du Bois had considered himself an exile all his life in America, driven by the tension between being a black and being an American; without this conflict, he said, he probably would have been "an unquestioning worshiper at the shrine of the established social order into which I was born." As it turned out, the intensity of his inner struggle galvanized his genius and threw off sparks of insight and prophecy.

But character flaws of intellectual arrogance and vanity, mingled with despair over the persistence of racism, sometimes made him form dubious alliances -- not only with the Soviets and Chinese but before World War II with the Japanese, on the theory that their imperialism was more humane than the European variety.

All that in no way invalidates a life splendidly devoted to fighting the lie of racism. His books and ideas still speak to us over the years. He foresaw many of the issues of our day -- equal access to education, black nationalism, black power, black is beautiful, black history. If he were still around he would be thundering about five million black men caught in the justice system and educational deprivation in crumbling schools.

Lewis has given us Du Bois's life in all its multiple facets and ideological complexities. The historical background he sketches in provides informative context; his prose is vigorous, colorful. One must add that, in leading us down so many byways of Du Bois's career, his narrative occasionally sags under the weight of facts and events, or doubles back to cover parallel developments. Nevertheless, as biography and as history, Lewis's second volume clears the high bar he set with his first one.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (David Johnson)

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[***A Marsh to Call Their Own, at Last;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7770-0005-G1T5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Ink Dries on a 1973 Wetlands Deal for Queens Homeowners - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7770-0005-G1T5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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By PAM BELLUCK

**Body**

Hilda Dreuer was clipping wet clothes to the wash line, the marsh wind riffling her flowered terry cloth jump suit, when a dark-tanned man made his way over the creaking planks of the three-foot wide boardwalk that passes for East 12th Road.

The man, Daniel F. Mundy, was a week late with the news, but he knew it would not matter. The Dreuers and the others who occupy the wooden houses that spike up on stilts in the marshes of Jamaica Bay were unlikely to have heard already.

As Mr. Mundy rattled off something about legislation, Gov. George E. Pataki and the New York City Department of General Services, Mrs. Dreuer, 64, became so excited she nearly tipped one of her potted tomato plants into the bay.

"Hey," she crowed over the water to Ginger Brauner, two bungalows down a boardwalk called Church Road. "We can buy the property. We can buy our land. Do you believe it?"

As they see it, after years of uncertainty and wrangling with city and state bureaucracies, the people of Broad Channel, Queens, the only inhabited island in Jamaica Bay, have finally been liberated.

Last month, residents of the tiny community won the right to buy the last of

the properties they had long been required to lease from the city, which held title to the land under their houses.

"We've been waiting for this for a long, long time," said Mr. Mundy, the vice president of the Broad Channel Civic Association. Mr. Mundy worked on the sales process, which began in 1973, was abruptly halted in 1990 and was made final last month with Governor Pataki's signature.

"Basically, we were in a state of limbo," Mr. Mundy said. "People didn't know whether to pack up and leave, didn't know whether to improve their homes, because they didn't know whether they could be kicked out at any time by the city." In Broad Channel, where saltwater canals point their fingers between streets, townspeople have long clutched their iconoclasm around them, a yellow slicker in a storm.

A handful of the 2,700 residents still have houses perched on pilings, and everyone, it seems, has a swaggering tale of braving bruising winter weather. The residents, always sun-swarthy, drop fishing lines from their backyards. There is no bank, no post office, no police station, no gas station and only one full-scale restaurant, the Sandbar.

Strangers are quickly noticed, while the white swans that slide up on the west side of the island are treated like regulars. And the last major crime anyone can remember was a burglary -- two years ago.

Almost everyone has a relative who also lives on the island. Mr. Mundy, a 58-year-old retired firefighter, can look across a canal and see the house where his wife was born and where her mother still lives. His own parents met at a Broad Channel dance hall. Some days, Mr. Mundy's grandchildren, who also live in Broad Channel, swim from his house to his mother-in-law's home to help her take a dip in the bay.

"Normally, when you say Broad Channel, people have no concept of where it is," said Glenn Marcisak, an airline mechanic who lives there and whose family has been leasing one of the boardwalk bungalows from the city for more than 50 years. "Houses were passed from family to family. People have brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles -- their whole family lives in this town. It's like a little Peyton Place, in a way."

That insularity has suited most people just fine. They have been perfectly happy that their neighborhood -- about one mile long, half a mile wide, and shaped vaguely like a sea horse -- is viewed as a place people pass through on the way down Cross Bay Boulevard from Howard Beach to the Rockaways.

But while Broad Channel has kept itself obscure to even longtime city dwellers, over the last few years, the community has diligently wriggled its way into the consciousness of public officials.

The campaign to get the city out of the landlord business is only one of the battles waged by a group of remarkably persistent town leaders. In a relatively short time, the town has managed to get a library branch, three parks, sewers and a new school painted an oceanic blue and green.

A group of town leaders even met recently with a police supervisor to ask for more officers on their streets. The rejoinder, Mr. Mundy said, was: "Why do you need police protection? You have no crime."

When residents complained that they had to pay a highway toll just to mail a letter at the nearest post office in the Rockaways, officials worked out a discounted toll for people who live in the town.

In fact, the new-gotten amenities have had the unwitting effect of helping make the island town so attractive that outsiders are starting to move in. The mostly ***working-class*** population, including many city workers, is being joined by professionals building large, modern bay-front homes on sites that have already been bought from the city.

"This is one of the best-kept secrets in the city," said Frank Harnisher, whose grandparents were among the early settlers, mostly German and Irish immigrants. "But now newcomers are discovering it."

And some residents are afraid that as more people find out about Broad Channel, other towns will get jealous of its Cinderella treatment.

"A lot of people feel our political gains, the park, the sewer, the land, might not have happened if we'd lost our quiet status," said Peter Wierzbowski, president of the civic association. "If people realize what we have been able to get, we might not be able to get more. But I say we're making up, basically, for lost time."

Longtime residents of Broad Channel, once a haven for clammers and oystermen, later a turn-of-the-century summer place for city dwellers, said they were used to getting political short shrift.

"First, they wanted to make it into a J.F.K. runway," Mr. Harnisher said. "Then, Mrs. Guggenheim wanted it for a golf course. And Mayor Lindsay said that we were polluting the waterways."

More recently, beginning in 1991, the community skirmished with the State Department of Environmental Conservation, which was trying to enforce an old wetlands-protection law that barred many of the decks, bulkheads and floats jutting out from Broad Channel houses.

The town, which saw the wooden structures as necessary protection against vicious storms, last year won the right to keep them, after years of writing letters, attending meetings and enlisting the help of such political heavyweights as Representative Charles E. Schumer, a Democrat who was eager to assist a community that had just been incorporated into his district.

"We found that a lot of politicians took us for granted," said Mr. Wierzbowski, a 30-year-old bank officer and Broad Channel newcomer, with only seven years on the island. "Basically we've had two fronts to fight. One is getting attention from government officials. The other is getting the residents of Broad Channel to actually believe that we can make things change."

The campaign to own the land they live on began decades ago. The city took over the island from the state in 1912, leasing the land to residents, yet all the while considering turning Broad Channel into a public park or environmental preserve. Those plans were abandoned in the 1970's, and legislation was passed allowing residents to buy the land. The first properties were bought in 1982, and by 1990, 902 purchases had been made.

Then came the New York City charter change, which abolished the Board of Estimate, the agency that was doing the selling. Suddenly, the sales stopped, leaving about 100 properties with renters, not owners.

It took five more years of pushing and prodding to get city and state go-aheads for the rest of the purchases, many of which were netted in various entanglements.

Some residents, unable to find leases their grandparents signed 50 years earlier, had been waiting for the city to approve their right to buy. About half of the properties were vacant or abandoned, like the bay-front lot next to Mr. Harnisher's house, and the city, seeing no need to maintain them, had let them go to seed, residents said.

And there were the boardwalk bungalows, still mired in a dispute because the city has asked residents to buy and maintain the boardwalks, while the residents say the walks are official city streets.

It was not that the residents minded paying the lease rates -- which could be as low as $26.50 a month. But no bank would make a home improvement loan to someone who did not own the property.

By contrast, those who had already been allowed to buy their properties have, by now, put thousands of dollars into improvements. Property values have gone from an average of $10,000 to about $130,000 a house. And, transformed from mere renters into property taxpayers, they have learned to wield their clout with public officials to get the library, sewers and other benefits.

But the real reward of living in Broad Channel is something no city agency could bestow. "People say 'You're crazy to live here,' " Mr. Harnisher said. "If they could see the sunset we're having right now, well, you can put up with a lot for that. At night, it's breathtaking. You can see the twin towers. My wife and I rode out in our jet ski with the orange glow across the water."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday about Broad Channel, a neighborhood in Queens, misattributed a quotation. As the accompanying article reported, it was Glenn Marcisak who said, "It's like a little Peyton Place," not the resident who was shown in the picture, Daniel F. Mundy.

**Correction-Date:** August 30, 1995, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: "We can buy our land. Do you believe it?" Hilda Dreuer said when she heard the news about her Broad Channel home as she hung the washing. A granddaughter, Ashleigh Lovett, 6, who likes to swim in the bay hunting crabs, looked on. (Linda Rosier/The New York Times) (pg. B1); "It's like a little Peyton Place, in a way," Daniel F. Mundy, above, said of the insular community of Broad Channel, Queens, where his family has lived for four generations. He worked on the pier at his house after telling his neighbors that at last they may buy the land beneath their homes. (Linda Rosier/The New York Times) (pg. B2)

Map of Queens

**Load-Date:** August 29, 1995

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[***SENIOR WEEKS ARE PARTY TIME ON THE JERSEY SHORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9XP0-0007-J2K7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 24, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINERIP, Special to the New York Times

**Series:** Summertime; Another article of a series appearing periodically about the season in the New York region

**Dateline:** WILDWOOD, N.J.

**Body**

There had been many special moments for Jackie West during her high school senior week at the Rosemont Hotel here.

Often the boys across the hall had thrown her in the shower fully dressed. She and her friend Michelle Bushey drank a lot of spiked ''jungle juice,'' and whenever they heard a song they liked - say something by Madonna - they just started dancing, right on the spot. They watched five sunrises, slept a total of 10 hours and ate three meals the entire week.

Each night Jackie called her mother to let her know she was fine.

In truth, she was slightly disappointed. ''It's not as much fun as I expected,'' Jackie told Michelle. ''I expected people to be a little more wild.''

Every year in mid-June, 70,000 freshly graduated high school seniors rush to Wildwood to celebrate on the Jersey Shore.

Most are from middle- and ***working-class*** families. Wildwood is not a fancy place. For senior week, Jackie had saved $270 from her factory job after school, and $70 covered her share of a room for seven nights at the Rosemont.

In Wildwood there is everything a high school senior needs: a public beach for tanning; a two-mile boardwalk with several roller coasters; 400 motels, and most important, lots of people of the opposite sex coping with adolescence.

Characteristics

Senior-week visitors to Wildwood are different from other tourists. They are more likely to wear sunglasses at night, more likely to carry large radios and more likely to think it is exciting to drink lots of alcohol quickly.

For most, it is the first time away from home on their own.

''Even when they walk, they make noise,'' said Mayor Victor DiSylvester, who patrols the streets, reminding the teen-agers that the drinking age is 21. Chief of Police Ralph Sheets said that since the drinking age was raised from 18 the biggest change he notices is fewer 15- and 16-year-olds drinking.

Senior week, the Rosemont - an aging but clean hotel with plenty of hot water and fresh towels - is full. ''This is the high school version of spring break in Fort Lauderdale, except not as well planned,'' said Bill Woltjen of room 21 at the Rosemont. ''College people know what they're doing.''

Senior week in Wildwood is actually two senior weeks. The first, June 9-16 this year, the Catholic and private school graduates came; the second week, June 16-23, the public school students, who graduate a week later, arrived. No one organizes senior week, it just keeps happening.

Girls and Beer

''The big thing is there is no set pattern,'' said Henry Johanssen of room 25 at the Rosemont. ''You walk around, see people you know, have a few beers and keep doing that.''

In room 11 at the Rosemont was Stephen Dolphin, who liked to stay up all night looking for girls, wake up at about 5 in the afternoon and then head to Maria's for breakfast - a couple of cheese-steak sandwiches and a medium-size 7-Up.

Larry Pulcini in room 1 brought his funnel and tube along to do beer bombs - chugging a beer in one gulp. His record is 24 in a day. ''I have witnesses,'' he said. He passed out only about eight times, he said.

In room 25 there was John Bartholomew, who will attend Harvard next fall and thought senior week was as good as predicted. But in room 2, Rosanna Leipert, who wants to be a manicurist, was disappointed.

''The boys have a bad attitude,'' she said. ''They only want one thing, if you know what I mean. It's a lot of anxiety for a girl.''

In five rooms at the Rosemont, there were 15 Mennonite seniors who came from the farm country around Lancaster, Pa., and found everything very wild. They brought all their food with them. ''We didn't want to get suckered on the boardwalk,'' said Joy Frey. Joy had $13 to spend all week.

The Mennonite parents had not approved of this trip. ''The sex, the sin, the alcohol - the trust was shaky,'' said Christina Roth of room 24.

Usually, the Rosemont owner, Chet Manuel, a General Electric engineer, has a manager run things, but for the seniors, he takes two weeks' vacation to make sure he will continue to have a hotel.

''The first year I didn't know about security deposits,'' Mr. Manuel said. The Rosemont looked like a scene from ''Gone With the Wind,'' right after the North won.

He learned. ''Chet understands the whole senior week,'' said Henry of room 25.

Dealing With the Police

''If police come, I tell kids, 'Stick the beer under your shirt, don't be brazen,' '' Mr. Manuel said. ''The police aren't out to bust heads. If a kid passes out, the police do everything they can to wake him up, rather than take him in.''

After a few days the Mennonites asked Mr. Manuel if they stuck out. ''No one would know you're Mennonites,'' he said. That pleased them.

The start of senior week is often the wildest. ''Sunday these fat girls were banging on all the doors,'' said Jon Gish. After many beers, Gus Dewees of room 1 fell asleep in the hall. ''I didn't bother him,'' said Larry Pulcini, a roommate. ''He looked comfortable.''

Stephen met seven girls from Harrisburg, Pa., on the boardwalk. ''It's easy meeting girls,'' said Stephen. ''If you just walk, girls think you're going someplace so they don't talk to you. But if you talk to them, they love it.''

'Jungle Juice Party'

Wednesday morning, just as Jackie went to sleep for the first time all week, boys pounded on her door, yelling ''Jungle Juice Party'' and offering her a large glass of spiked red punch.

Thursday, Stephen, who like many of the seniors is from Philadelphia, met a couple more girls. ''What's great about Jersey,'' he said, is that ''you can fall in love, but it only works in Jersey.'' ''Jersey love'' always dies if you try to take it back to Philadelphia, he said. He met his friend Angel and watched a roller coaster that goes upside down. ''I guess these new roller coasters are breathing life into Jersey,'' he said.

Mr. Manuel kicked out Larry and three other boys for fighting Thursday night. ''I started it,'' Larry admitted. The three boys were saying some stupid things that got on Larry's nerves, he said, so he punched one and they ganged up on him. Everyone involved was very drunk, Larry said later. After that he slept in his car.

Friday afternoon the sun was bright, the breeze strong. Walking along the ocean, Paul Cooke, 18, carried a two-and-a-half-foot, 30-pound, $400 radio. It was so heavy he kept switching hands. ''It's kind of a pain,'' said Paul.

''You got to take a lot of rests,'' said his friend Matt Taylor.

Making Friends

Friday night, Michelle Bushey was sitting on the Rosemont steps, saying ''Hi!'' to boys when Mike DeCarion said ''Hi!'' back. He invited her ''up on the boards,'' where he works at the ''Ranger'' ride. Later, Michelle would say, ''meeting Mike was the high point.''

Mr. Manuel held his traditional free barbecue for seniors Saturday afternoon. The Mennonites made him a thank-you card. Room 1 gave him a ''World's Best Landlord'' sweatshirt even though he had kicked Larry out. Mr. Manuel invited Larry to the barbecue, because basically, he said, Larry is a nice boy.

Sunday is the changeover. The Catholic school seniors must be checked out by 11. The public school seniors check in at 2. Sunday morning, for the first time all week, there were no radios playing. Several people appeared to be in pain from too much jungle juice the night before. Mike DeCarion fell asleep in the lobby with his sunglasses on. The Mennonite seniors said they were glad they came and were ready to go. ''This is not what I would want to do indefinitely,'' said Scott Hoober.

Preparing to Depart

Stephen drank a Coke and ate a Tootsie Roll while he waited for his parents to pick him up. Jackie and some friends agreed that while Madonna is hot, ''Springsteen still predominates on the Jersey Shore.''

Larry whose black eye was better, sipped a beer on the front steps. He had lost his beer bomb funnel but did not seem upset. ''I got tired of passing out,'' he said quietly. ''They all want me to do it, but it's not that much fun.''

Just then, up drove a car with four girls freshly graduated from Interboro High, a Philadelphia public school. Kim German said she had made reservations at the Rosemont last January and saved money for senior week from a waitress job. She said she knew it was only 10 A.M., four hours to check-in, but they couldn't wait.

One of the Interboro girls had ''Glory Days'' by Bruce Springsteen playing on a big radio. Once again, there was music at the Rosemont Hotel.

**Graphic**

photos of vacationing seniors in Wildwood, N.J. (NYT/Jose R. Lopez)

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[***Still Wild About Harry***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41PD-K200-00MH-F0N6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By A. O. Scott;

A. O. Scott is a film critic for The Times.

By A. O. Scott; A. O. Scott is a film critic for The Times.

**Body**

Licks of Love

Short Stories and a Sequel.

By John Updike.

359 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $25.

Each of John Updike's four Rabbit novels concludes with a one-word sentence, a condensed, almost ideogrammatic summation of the moral state of the hero, his nation and, perhaps, his creator. The first book, "Rabbit, Run," published in 1960, left Harry Angstrom, the former high school basketball star, in flight and in flux: it ends with the breathless, subjectless verb "Runs." A decade later, "Rabbit Redux" faded out with an anxious question -- O.K.?" -- as though both author and character were seeking reassurance after the marital and social upheavals of the 60's. By the end of the 70's, with the Reagan presidency on the horizon and his father-in-law's Toyota dealership thriving, Harry Angstrom could settle, with satisfied amazement, into the comfort and complacency of worldly success: the last word in "Rabbit Is Rich" is "His." Finally, 10 years ago, as his maker pushed poor Rabbit, too young at 56, toward his final rest, the two men let go of each other with a sigh of resignation, regret and perhaps a measure of relief: "Enough."

But of course it wasn't. Not even the grave, or the 1,516 cloth-bound pages of the Everyman's Library edition of "Rabbit Angstrom: The Four Novels," could exhaust Rabbit's life force. Updike, who has found in Rabbit an indispensable, if unlikely, vehicle for his truest insights into the mysteries of manhood, the promise of American life and the operations of divine grace, could no more pass up the opportunity for a further Rabbit report than Rabbit himself could forgo a bowl of macadamia nuts. Another decade has come and gone and here, miraculously and just in time, is the latest (one hesitates to declare it the final) installment in the saga, a 182-page novella called "Rabbit Remembered," appended to a collection of a dozen recent short stories.

Updike once noted that Rabbit was "many things his author was not: a natural athlete, a blue-eyed Swede, sexually magnetic, taller than six feet, impulsive and urban." He was also a child of the ***working class*** -- a typesetter before he was a car dealer -- who remained rooted in his hometown even when he and Janice took to wintering in Florida. The other stories in "Licks of Love" seem, in contrast, like self-portraits, some rendered with minimal embellishment. These stories, most of which appeared in The New Yorker, share a theme of retrospect and a bittersweet tone of forgiveness. Not all the memories are sexual -- two particularly touching stories, "My Father on the Verge of Disgrace" and "The Cats," are about parents and children -- but most of them chase after the vapors of vanished erotic contact. The narrators and third-person protagonists of these stories seem to have their carnal histories perpetually at their fingertips and to remember the intimate smells and shapes of women they knew many years ago, and sometimes barely at all.

A few stories may not win over readers who have previously been turned off by Updike's occasional bursts of satyriasis. The title of "Licks of Love," about a banjo player on a State Department tour of the Soviet Union in the mid-60's, is a naughty play on words. A "lick" is a musician's term that also refers to, well, just what you might expect. More often, though, Updike uses eros as a window onto the past, and the value of "Licks of Love," apart from the pleasure of catching up with Rabbit's friends and relations, is the wry, measured sense of perspective it brings to Updike's earlier work. The best story, in this regard, may be the one that seems at first glance the slightest -- a brief, quizzical inquiry into changing approaches to child-rearing and marriage called "How Was It, Really?," in which the narrator, a father of four grown children, now settled into grandparenthood, can't quite formulate an answer to his question. He should go back and reread "Too Far to Go."

In the years since "Rabbit at Rest," Updike, whose unstraining industry seems calculated to put every other American novelist (except maybe Joyce Carol Oates) to shame, has been a restless traveler, forsaking the familiar habitats of coastal New England and southeastern Pennsylvania for the humid exoticism of "Brazil," the multigenerational historical pomp of "In the Beauty of the Lilies," the dystopian science fiction of "Toward the End of Time" and the Shakespearean mischief of "Gertrude and Claudius." (This is not to mention the two story collections, the children's picture book, the volumes of poetry, criticism and golf writing or the unclassifiable "Memories of the Ford Administration." This kind of productivity pre-empts the potential critic with a smiling, implicit rebuke: So how did you spend these past 10 years?) Just as "Rabbit at Rest" brought Updike back to the hard ground of realism after the quasi-allegorical flights of his mid-80's Hawthorne phase, so "Rabbit Remembered" -- narrated, like the other Angstrom books, in the present tense -- returns his attention to the Heraclitean flow of current events, both intimate and public.

Ever since "Rabbit Redux" juxtaposed the calamity of Harry and Janice's marriage with the Apollo moon landing, the news of the day has served each novel as intermittent background noise, intruding on the consciousness of characters and readers alike with the buzz of fact and the resonance of metaphor. The final reel of "Rabbit Remembered" unspools in the frenetic sham apocalypse of Y2K -- how far away it already seems -- and along the way there are references to, among other things, the Elin Gonzlez affair, the Columbine shootings and the death of John F. Kennedy Jr. There are also barrages of pop-culture shorthand, like a movie marquee advertising "BLUE EYES BLAIR WITCH SIXTH SENSE CROWN AFFAIR," and a dinner-table mention (how could Updike resist it?) of "The Vagina Monologues."

Sometimes, these refractions of recent history seem overly willed, like black-and-white newsreel footage inserted into a Hollywood costume drama. At one point, Janice, Harry's widow, now married to his nemesis, the boorish Ronnie Harrison, contemplates a smudged drinking glass and thinks: "Fingerprints on fingerprints. Now they use DNA -- not that O. J. didn't go free anyway. That long-legged prosecutor outsmarted herself, and that black lawyer was slick." This sounds less like a representation of thought than a piece of convenient ventriloquism, a lepidopterist's pin piercing a middle-aged woman's consciousness in order to fix her in the velvet-lined display case of her time. Still, the question of how, bombarded with information and cocooned within the tedium and safety of daily life, we actually experience distant happenings may pose an insoluble puzzle for an American novelist. Updike's occasional clumsiness is at least evidence of an honest effort too few writers bother to make. And he is also remarkably attentive to alterations in the finer grain of social life -- the ever-shifting culinary fads, the impact of technology, from e-mail to the S.U.V. -- and the rapid, nearly untraceable fluctuations of taste, real estate values and religious practice. His observations eddy and swirl into the main stream of his narrative, swelling it with life.

Recent history has also given Updike, as it gave Philip Roth in "The Human Stain," a windfall in the form of the Clinton-Lewinsky imbroglio. The president's impeachment, still raw in the autumn of 1999, provides "Rabbit Remembered" with a brilliant central set piece, a contentious Thanksgiving dinner that brings together, somewhat against their wills, Rabbit's scattered and scarred survivors. Janice and Ronnie -- whose late wife, Thelma, was one of Rabbit's lovers, and who also had a fling with Ruth Leonard, Rabbit's first mistress -- are living in Janice's parents' old house at 89 Joseph Street in Brewer, where the whole cycle began. Janice and Harry's son, Nelson, recovered from his cocaine addiction and separated from his wife, Pru (another of Rabbit's conquests), is living with them. Joining Ronnie, Janice, Nelson and Ronnie's unpleasant children for the holiday meal is Annabelle Byer, Rabbit and Ruth's daughter, who briefly surfaced in "Rabbit at Rest" and whose appearance on Janice's doorstep sets the brief, packed plot of "Rabbit Remembered" in motion.

Nelson seethes, Janice slips into her usual tipsy detachment and Ronnie insults Annabelle. The dinner is a tableau of dysfunction, a perverse tribute to the wreckage Rabbit left in his wake. "He was narcissistically impaired," Nelson explains, flaunting the diagnostic language of his new career as a social worker before moving on to a brutally reductive summary of the first four Rabbit novels: "I mean, he did things, too. He ran away from Mom to shack up with your mother. He got involved with a megalomaniacal black guy and a masochistic runaway white girl and got our house burned down. He had a crush on this nitwit young wife of a friend of my parents when they were in a country-club phase. Then he had a long secret affair with his oldest friend's wife."

But if Rabbit was an unapologetic sinner -- specializing in lust and gluttony, with strong side interests in vanity and sloth -- he was also, in Updike's perverse, persuasive version of Protestant theology, a saint. His earthly appetites, however destructive to himself and others, were signs of election, his carnal enthusiasm an ecstatic embrace of creation. Nelson, without irony, thinks back on his father as "the spectacular man" and intuits his spectral presence everywhere around him -- in his dreams, in Annabelle's face, in his own crippled and compromised capacity for joy. The subtext of the Thanksgiving argument, in which he and Annabelle unite to defend the president against the disgust and derision of the others, is clear enough. They are speaking up for a reckless, charming man who takes mulligans on the golf course and gobbles unhealthy food -- a man not unlike their father. "Yes, it was too bad about -- about his needing a little affection," Annabelle admits, "but maybe he was entitled to some." Janice, deep in Sauternes, thinks "of how much like Harry Nelson was, defending presidents. . . . Why do they do it, care so about those distant men? They identify. They think the country is as fragile as they are."

Harry's patriotism -- reflexive and sometimes complacent -- was, like Updike's, the expression of an embattled, stubborn optimism. "God he can doubt," Updike wrote in the introduction to the Everyman's edition, "but not America. He is the New World's new man, armored against eventualities in little but his selfhood." Such Emersonian confidence contains a paradoxical element of political conservatism, but this book, and the Rabbit cycle taken as a whole, transcends any obvious political label. Forty years ago, when he quit New York for the bourgeois towns of Massachusetts, Updike symbolically threw in his artistic lot with the provincial American middle class. Ten years later, when he declined to join the literary fifth column of the New Left, he renewed the bet, accepting what looked like very long odds. At the end of the 20th century, it seems his gamble has paid off: the car dealers and sales executives and suburban professionals in whose midst he has flourished have turned out to be history's true revolutionary class.

Near the end of "Rabbit Remembered," Nelson and Annabelle, along with Pru and Nelson's old buddy Bobby Fosnacht, drive to a New Year's Eve showing of "American Beauty." Pru finds it "overdone and unconvincing," and of course she's right, but it's also a lurid rehash of a half-dozen John Updike novels. In the abstract, Lester Burnham's predicament looks a lot like Rabbit Angstrom's -- the lust, the restlessness, the atmosphere of casual adultery and sexual hypocrisy. But "American Beauty" tries to turn Updike's realism into Gothic, and to impose a ready-made tragic vision on a story that turns out to have been a comedy all along. "The very motion of our life is towards happiness," Nelson tells Annabelle at the end, quoting the Dalai Lama (whose flight from Tibet was part of the historical backdrop of "Rabbit, Run"). It may take an incarnate deity to articulate such a notion, but only an artist can prove it. "Rabbit Remembered" ends, as the laws of classical comedy stipulate, with the prospect of a marriage -- and also, true to form, with a sentence consisting of a single word. The word is "Gladly."

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Arnold Roth)

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**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Lincoln Square;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T7S-CSB0-007F-G238-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Hub of Culture and Entertainment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T7S-CSB0-007F-G238-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By PETER MALBIN

By PETER MALBIN

**Body**

WITH street signs naming blocks after George Balanchine and Leonard Bernstein, and a renowned performing arts center, the vibrant Lincoln Square neighborhood abounds with cultural and entertainment opportunities.

At its heart is Lincoln Center, a mecca for opera, ballet, classical music, theater and film audiences. On summer nights, jazz and salsa get the crowd swinging on the Fountain Plaza at Lincoln Center.

The 13-screen Sony Lincoln Square at Broadway and 68th Street attracts large audiences nightly, and the latest foreign films may be seen a few blocks south at the six-screen Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

O'Neal's, Fiorello's and Josephina are among the longstanding restaurants catering to the theater set. Cafe des Artistes attracts prominent people from the arts and media to its tables.

Neighborhood stores like 67 Wine & Spirits and Soutine's Bakery are part of the mix on or near Columbus Avenue. A 24-hour Food Emporium at 68th Street and Broadway and the recently expanded Fairway market on Broadway at 74th Street deliver to many busy homes in the area.

"The neighborhood is incredibly convenient," said Arlene Simon, the president of Landmark West, an Upper West Side preservation group, who has lived with her family on West 67th Street for 29 years. "Central Park is our front lawn."

The slides at Adventure Playground at Central Park at West 67th Street are a magnet for children, and the flea market in the schoolyard on Columbus and 76th Street, which showcases collectibles, is a popular weekend meeting place.

In the last four years, Lincoln Square has increasingly become a shopping destination. Among the large chain stores are Barnes & Noble, Tower Records, Pottery Barn, Eddie Bauer and the Disney Store. Gracious Home, the upscale housewares store, is coming this fall.

ABC has its headquarters in the neighborhood and there are also a number of associations near Lincoln Square, which is zoned for mixed-use residential, entertainment and commercial development. In 1969, the City Planning Commission created the Special Lincoln Square District to encourage development from West 60th to 68th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and parts of Central Park West. The city amended its zoning for the district in 1994, restricting the height of buildings on Broadway to 25 to 30 stories, depending on various factors.

"The neighborhood has changed enormously," said Barry Rosenberg, a of Community Board 7 member who has lived on West 67th Street 30 years. "We are becoming more like Times Square North and less like a mixed-use residential community."

DENNIS ROONEY, a producer in the music business, and his wife, Jacqueline Jones, who works at the Metropolitan Opera, have just paid $275,000 for a 900-square-foot, two-bedroom, one-bath co-op with a terrace on West 66th Street near West End Avenue.

"Public transportation is convenient, and for my wife it's walking distance to the Met," Mr. Rooney said. "One thing we will enjoy being close to is the Walter Reade Theater." The theater, which is part of Lincoln Center, specializes in film festivals, retrospectives and international movies.

In the 1990's, the Lincoln Center area has become one of the city's prime condominium settings, said Jeff Sholeen, a broker with the Corcoran Group. There are about 20 condominium buildings in the West 60's; the most luxurious is the 52-story Trump International Tower at One Central Park West. Following closely are three Millennium Partners towers, from 66th to 68th Streets and from Broadway to Columbus Avenue.

Opera stars, television talk-show hosts and athletes are some of the residents of the 27- to 56-story Millennium buildings, which were constructed in the last five years with retail spaces as their lower floors. Their 1,000-square-foot one-bedrooms sell for about $500,000, and 1,600-square-foot two-bedrooms fetch about $800,000, said Gayle Porigow, a broker with Vandenberg Real Estate, which specializes in the area.

Central Park West in the 60's is all co-op except for two condominiums, Trump International and, at No. 25, the Century. On the low-rise side streets between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West is a mixture of single-family town houses, brownstone apartment buildings and rental and co-op apartment houses.

AT the nearly completed Trump Place rental building at 180 Riverside Boulevard, the first building in the contentious 16-building Riverside South development in the former Penn Yards site to the west of Lincoln Center, available studios rent for $1,650 to $1,780, one bedrooms for $2,275 to $3,200 and two-bedrooms for $4,000 to $6,000. West End Towers at 75 West End Avenue rents studios for $1,400 to $1,600, one-bedrooms for $1,700 to $2,100 and two-bedrooms for $2,800 to $3,200.

A five-bedroom, five-story town house on West 68th Street sold for $2.7 million in June. Many properties on West 67th Street between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West were built as artists' studios in the early 20th century and are now three-bedroom duplex co-ops with double-height ceilings that sell for more than $1 million.

The extension of the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway in 1879, which ran from 53d to 145th Streets, spurred residential construction in the area. The affluent settled on Central Park West and the middle class moved into row houses on 68th Street and above. Tenements on Ninth (Columbus) and 10th (Amsterdam) Avenues and the side streets in between housed many ***working class*** immigrants.

In 1908, a 55-foot Statue of Liberty was installed on the roof of the Liberty Warehouse Building, now the site of O'Neal's restaurant at 43 West 64th Street. Before World War I, the Lincoln Square Theater was one of several vaudeville houses in the area. The artists Raphael Soyer and George Bellows had studios in the Lincoln Arcade building at Broadway and West 65th Street, now the site of the Juilliard School.

Amsterdam Avenue between 56th and 69th Streets, a deteriorating area with a high crime rate, became known as San Juan Hill. In 1957 city officials designated an 18-block area as the Lincoln Square Urban Renewal Project. The construction of Lincoln Center, a branch of Fordham University and public schools from 1959 to 1969 helped to restore confidence in the neighborhood.

Tenements in the neighborhood were demolished and families were relocated. Parts of the 1961 movie "West Side Story" were filmed in streets in the area, with abandoned tenements as backdrops, noted Peter Salwen, the author of "Upper West Side Story."

About 2,400 people live in the New York City Housing Authority's 13-building Amsterdam Houses, bounded by 61st and 64th Streets and Amsterdam and West End Avenues. The average income of the families living there is $14,978.

The neighborhood, which is in Community School District 3, has three public elementary schools. Liz Sostre, district spokeswoman, said that the pre-k through grade 5 P.S. 191 had "a strong focus on literacy" and that the k-5 P.S. 199 focused on science. The k-3 Special Music School of America at 129 West 67th Street is a public elementary school for musically gifted children.

Parents may apply to any middle school in District 3. The 5-8 Center School at 270 West 70th Street focuses on theater arts. The 6-8 Lincoln Academy at 210 West 61st Street, with 180 children, provides a small, supportive learning environment.

The five-year-old, 700-student Beacon High School at 227-243 West 61st Street has a rigorous academic curriculum and sends about 80 percent of its graduates on to higher education. Some advanced students are able to take classes at the nearby Fordham campus. The other neighborhood secondary school is the Martin Luther King Jr. High School at 122 Amsterdam Avenue.

A DMISSION to the Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music, Art and Performing Arts at 108 Amsterdam Avenue is by audition. In addition to the academic program, students spend several hours in an arts studio.

The private Ethical Culture School at 33 Central Park West educates about 510 students in pre-K through grade 6. The school was founded in 1878 by Felix Adler, a humanist philosopher. Tuition ranges from $15,475 to $16,625, depending on grade.

About 200 students attend the grade 4-to-12 Professional Children's School at 132 West 60th Street. Tuition ranges from $13,000 to $15,000. At the college-level Juilliard School, for music, dance and drama, the tuition is $15,200. Admission is by audition and only 9 percent of applicants are accepted, a school spokeswoman said.

The West Side Y.M.C.A. at 63d Street has preschool classes, day-care and a nursery school for children aged 2 1/2 to 5. Annual tuition ranges from $3,800 to $7,000. The Y offers a gym, two pools, basketball, squash, racquetball, as well as classes in self-defense, tai chi, yoga and aerobics. Working out, networking and celebrity-spotting are all possible at the Reebok Sports Club on Columbus Avenue, where the initiation fee is $1,175 and monthly dues are $170.

Community and preservation groups are concerned that the Trump project, which is eventually to have 5,700 apartments, as well as the proposed development of the Coliseum site at Columbus Circle, will add to the congestion in the area.

"It's a wonderful neighborhood, but sometimes you can barely walk on the street because it is so crowded," said Councilwoman Ronnie Eldridge, a Democrat, who lives in the area.

**Graphic**

Photos: View of 67th Street from Central Park West to Columbus Avenue, left. The Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center, above. One of many sidewalk cafes in the Lincoln Square neighborhood. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times)

Chart: "Gazeteer"

3-bedroom, 2-bath co-op, 1,650 sq. ft. at 170 West End Avenue, $649,000.

3-bedroom, 3-bath co-op, terrace, 1,500 sq. ft. at 10 West 66th Street, $850,000.

3-bedroom, 4 1/2-bath condo, park views at 25 Central Park West, $2.5 million.

POPULATION: 29,900 (1997 estimate).

AREA: .38 square mile.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $73,275 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CO-OP: $409,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $340,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $295,000.

MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CONDO: $880,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $770,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $511,000.

MIDRANGE RENT FOR A 1-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $2,000.

CODES: Area, 212; ZIP, 10023.

GOVERNMENT: Councilwoman Ronnie Eldridge, Democrat.

RUSH-HOUR TRAVEL TO MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: Five minutes or less on A, B, C, D, 1,9 subway trains, 15 minutes or less by bus on Broadway, Central Park West or Columbus and Amsterdam.

LINCOLN TOWERS: "If you've had a drop-dead gorgeous view of the river and suddenly it's not there, it's a shock," said Roberta Semer, a member of the co-op board at 205 West End Avenue, one of eight buildings in the 4,000-unit Lincoln Towers complex that stretches along the avenue from 66th to 70th Street. She was referring to the fact that Donald J. Trump's Trump Place complex, where two buildings of the projected 16-building, 5,700-unit complex have largely been completed, will eventually obscure the Hudson River view of about 375 Lincoln Towers apartments. The city approved the Riverside South project in October 1992 after a long struggle between the community and Mr. Trump. Those opposed to the Trump project cited eventual overcrowding of buses and subways, increased traffic and a strain on the capacity of the sewage plant to little avail, although the 1/ 9 subway stop at Lincoln Center is now being renovated. Nevertheless, said Ms. Semer, "the apartments are still fabulous and our real estate values have increased."

Map of Manhattan shows location of Lincoln Square.

**Load-Date:** July 26, 1998

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[***Frictions Haunt Rights Hero of Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XKB0-000D-G55T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** John Lewis

By PETER APPLEBOME,

By PETER APPLEBOME,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, July 5

**Body**

He left his blood on the streets of Selma, Rock Hill and Montgomery for the landmark civil rights bills of the 1960's, and John Lewis believes the moral issues that resonated then must resonate again.

"It is a shame and a disgrace that, in 1991, we are still debating whether or not we should protect our fellow American citizens from discrimination," Mr. Lewis, now a United States Representative from Atlanta, said last month as he called on the House to pass the latest civil rights bill.

Mr. Lewis, whose balding head bears the scars from beatings he received while being arrested about 40 times in the South in the 1960's, represents as much as any living American the heart and soul of the civil rights battles that changed the nation three decades ago. And as Congress lurches along in its struggle over the civil rights bill, which the House passed last month, he is also a symbol of the frustrations and contradictions surrounding civil rights issues today.

For Mr. Lewis, civil rights is still an issue of morality. When he attended dedication ceremonies this week for the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis, he marked a continuity of vision that goes from the streets of the South to the halls of Congress.

Some Difficult Questions

But the dissension brought out in the debate over the civil rights bill has posed difficult questions even for Mr. Lewis: Does civil rights address the core problems facing minority groups today? Have the bill's proponents erred tactically and philosophically in putting it at the top of the Congressional agenda this year? What is the best way to build broad-based support for addressing the problems of the poor?

The questions come quicker than the answers.

Time has rounded out the slender frame that Mr. Lewis had in the days of the Freedom Rides. But, at the age of 51, his voice is still rich with the slow cadences of rural Alabama, and he still has the same dogged commitment he has had ever since he first heard the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. preach a scratchy radio sermon in 1955.

The story of Mr. Lewis, who was born the son of a sharecropper in Troy, Ala., on Feb. 21, 1940, has become a staple of civil rights lore -- from his beginning as a shy farm boy who preached to the barnyard chickens to his service on the front lines of the Freedom Rides and sit-ins that changed the South.

Some, like Dr. King or Ralph Abernathy, were more dynamic leaders. Others, like Julian Bond, were more eloquent speakers or compelling tacticians. But Mr. Lewis's penchant for putting his body on the line and his almost spiritual commitment to the philosophy of nonviolence inspired extraordinary respect from his peers in the civil rights movement. Over the years he has emerged as one of the most unambiguously heroic figures of the 1960's.

"There were a lot of people who pretended they were civil rights heroes," said Roger Wilkins, a professor of history and American culture at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. "John was a true hero, an absolute hero, a man of absolute fearlessness and total and utter integrity."

That sense of integrity is his main attribute in Congress, where he is serving his third term after winning a bruising election in 1986 that essentially shattered his longterm friendship with the man he defeated, Mr. Bond.

Mr. Lewis has no major legislation to his credit and is not regarded as an insider in Congress. But last year he became one of 31 members of the influential House Democratic Policy and Steering Committee. He has also become one of the best-liked men in Congress and is something of a celebrity, frequently stopped and praised by tourists and passers-by.

But the esteem in which Mr. Lewis is held for his role in the 1960's does not necessarily translate into an ability to change people's minds on civil rights in the 1990's.

A One-Man Lobbying Effort

In the civil rights debate Mr. Lewis worked almost nonstop in an effort to convince vacillating members, including some of his best friends in Congress, to support the bill. Some, he says, simply dodged his phone calls. Others, like Representatives Marty Russo of Illinois and George (Buddy) Darden of Georgia, listened long and hard and then voted the other way.

Mr. Russo said that when he finally made up his mind on his vote Mr. Lewis was the first person he told.

"John Lewis is a living hero who, along with Martin Luther King, changed the course of history," Mr. Russo said. "It's important I have his respect and friendship. But I had to tell him I think this bill just leads to an enormous legal quagmire. I think it's just contributing to more polarization of the races."

Mr. Russo, a Democrat who is usually aligned with House liberals, added: "Instead of working on a civil rights bill, we should be working on an economic rights bill. I view this as a bill that helps a small minority of the minority."

Mr. Lewis well understands the difficulties the bill poses for Mr. Russo, many of whose constituents are ***working-class*** whites in the suburbs south of Chicago and who are most sensitive to allegations of racial quotas, the main argument used by opponents of the bill.

An Unsettling Familiarity

What he has a harder time coming to terms with, Mr. Lewis said in an interview, is the unsettling familiarity in the nation's racial politics. In the Southern politics of his youth, pitting whites against blacks was standard fare. Now, he believes, the same process has become a staple of national politics.

He says he finds the tenor of the current debate profoundly troubling, and places the blame squarely on President Bush, whose public comments he compared on the House floor to that of former Gov. George Wallace of Alabama, who had Presidential aspirations before being crippled by a gunman in a Maryland parking lot, and Eugene (Bull) Connor, the former Birmingham police commissioner.

"There was not much difference really to what George Wallace did in his campaign and what President Bush has done, or some of the people in his Administration," Mr. Lewis said. "No President in modern times, not in the past 40 or 50 years, has ever used the issue of civil rights, the issue of race, the way this President has used it."

Mr. Lewis said he was also aware that the debate over the civil rights bill so far had aroused more passion on the part of its critics than its supporters.

"There's been no groundswell of support for it," he said. "We're probably getting at least a hundred letters a day dealing with triple-decker trucks. That's more of an issue in the district than this civil rights bill."

Indeed, Mr. Lewis acknowledges a broader lack of passion among civil rights advocates. He says he knows it may be naive to expect the drama and passion of Selma and Birmingham. But he says he also knows that civil rights is doomed unless it connects to a mass of people.

"During the 1960's the movement was from the bottom up," he said. "In 1965 it was people from the black belt of Alabama or the Mississippi Delta literally writing the bill with their feet. In 1990 and 1991, it's the professionals, the people within the Beltway, and you need more than that."

To some critics, including some Democrats, who believe the civil rights debate is doing more harm than good, the problem is deeper than tactics and strategy. They say Mr. Lewis represents the degree to which civil rights leaders are fighting old battles with old issues, while the plight of the poor grows ever worse.

"John is truly misguided," said Bob Woodson, a black conservative who heads the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, which has pioneered some of the low-income housing strategies favored by Housing Secretary Jack F. Kemp. "People like him continue to press this as the quintessential issue for black Americans today, and it's not; it's really a middle-class access bill."

Dr. King's Ability to Change

Mr. Woodson added: "Martin Luther King is always held up as a model, but no one seems to have emulated King in his ability to change with the times and to regroup and refocus his energies. Remember, King died helping those garbage workers in Memphis. Martin Luther King would not have been hung up on civil rights today."

Mr. Lewis readily agrees that what is needed is not just civil rights legislation, but also a comprehensive program to address the needs of the poor. But he has few specific strategies for revitalizing the movement.

Still, if he does not have a blueprint, Mr. Lewis does have a sense of what is missing in the civil rights debate: a sense of shared purpose, of basic morality, that speaks to blacks and whites alike.

In Memphis this week he spoke of today's environment for civil rights, including Justice Thurgood Marshall's departure from the Supreme Court and the President's nomination of Clarence Thomas, a black conservative hostile to much of the civil rights agenda, to replace him.

"A lot of young people who came to Mississippi or Selma or the Freedom Rides thought you could come for a summer, a semester, a year, and create something new," Mr. Lewis said. "But most of us knew this is not a struggle that lasts one day or one week or one month or one lifetime."

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative John Lewis in his Washington office. "It is a shame and a disgrace that, in 1991, we are still debating whether or not we should protect our fellow American citizens from discrimination," he said last month on behalf of the civil rights bill. (Andrea Mohin for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***A Southern Star Rises in the Lowcountry***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JGH-H3R0-TW8F-G3B9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** CHARLESTON, S.C.

**Body**

EATING well, very well, is nothing new in the marshy, island-rimmed Lowcountry of South Carolina. The complex and amply documented culinary traditions of this elegant peninsular city and its hinterland stretch back into Colonial times.

In 1742 Eliza Lucas Pinckney, born in Antigua, educated in London, wrote from her family's plantation on Wappoo Creek: ''The country abounds with wild fowl, venison and fish. The pork exceeds any I ever tasted anywhere. The turkeys are extremely fine, especially the wild, and indeed all the poultry is exceeding good. Peaches, nectarines and melons of all sorts extremely fine and in profusion.'' Decades before the Revolution, she cultivated rice and figs, baked macaroons with West Indies coconut and macerated peach kernels in wine, brandy, orange flower water and sugar to produce the cordial ratafia.

Notable early cookbooks were compiled by her daughter, Harriott Pinckney Horry (1770), and another relative, Sarah Rutledge (''The Carolina Housewife,'' 1847). Miss Rutledge included recipes for shrimp, crabs, oysters and shad -- all Charleston mainstays a century and a half later -- as well as daubes and ragouts introduced to South Carolina by the French Protestants known as Huguenots. Nor did she omit savory dishes based on ingredients brought by slaves from West Africa, such as okra, sesame seeds (known here as benne, exactly as in Senegal), peanuts and black-eyed field peas -- the key ingredient, along with rice, in that quintessential Lowcountry treat Hoppin' John.

But the Civil War and its aftermath took a heavy toll, devastating the aristocratic families like the Pinckneys and the Rutledges (from both of which my wife, Betsey, descends) and fastening a straitjacket of poverty on the Lowcountry that stayed in place for almost a hundred years.

These days Charleston is again a boom town, with soaring real estate prices and growing suburbs like Mount Pleasant, which is linked to the city by a spectacular $650 million suspension bridge, opened in 2005. Packed with restaurants old and new, the area has become one of the South's important culinary capitals -- a worthy rival, if on a smaller scale, for New Orleans, at a time when many of that city's eating places are struggling to regain their footing after the hurricanes of 2005.

To mark its arrival in the gastronomic big time, Charleston staged its first Food and Wine Festival early in March, drawing more than 5,000 people over three days. Chefs and other food experts came from across the South to size up the situation, and many of them were impressed.

''The seeds have been here for a long time,'' said John T. Edge, director of the Southern Foodways Alliance at the University of Mississippi, ''and now they're sprouting, at the most opportune moment.'' Frank Stitt, the chef and owner of the heralded Highlands Bar and Grill in Birmingham, Ala., agreed that ''Charleston is poised to take its place alongside New Orleans, and the process won't take long.''

Unlike New Orleans, Charleston was slow to develop a restaurant culture, and the best cooking was long confined to private kitchens. As late as 1958, when I first visited the city, in search of architectural rather than epicurean thrills, it had only one significant restaurant, Perdita's, which specialized in she-crab soup, made with the orange roe of the female of the species. Not incidentally, the definitive sherry-laced version of that soup is said to have been perfected early in the 20th century by William Deas, butler to a local grande dame named Blanche Rhett, who produced a cookbook in the 30's.

Betsey can remember street vendors calling out ''Swimpee! Swimpee!'' when she was a young girl. They have disappeared, along with most of the sweet, tiny creek shrimp that they sold and the habit in many households of eating shrimp and grits for breakfast, lunch and dinner, sometimes in the same day. Still, that dish, usually made with larger if still succulent bay and ocean shrimp, has become the emblem of Charleston restaurant cooking in recent times, as ubiquitous as pizza in Naples.

Today, though, a new sophistication is sweeping across the city and its suburbs as chefs with fresh ideas arrive from places like Boston, New York, Chicago and Houston, eager to use local ingredients in new ways shaped by their own experience.

As the newcomers have poured in, some of the old masters have decamped -- first Louis Osteen took his rich duck and quail specialties, his oyster stews and cobblers, to Pawleys Island, almost two hours up the coast, while more recently Michael Kramer, the Californian who put McCrady's on the culinary map, headed north to Chicago, and Rose Durden abdicated her seemingly permanent post in the kitchen of Carolina's.

Many of the town's classicists continue to turn out their classics, of course. The food-mad pilgrim can still revel in Robert Carter's moist, towering seven-layer coconut cake at the Peninsula Grill and Bob Waggoner's authentic, brightly spiced Frogmore Stew (a Lowcountry witch's brew that includes shrimp, crab, corn and sausage) at the Charleston Grill. And night after night at the cozy little Hominy Grill, Robert Stehling sends out carefully handmade versions of myriad regional delicacies, like okra and shrimp beignets, shad roe (perfectly sauteed and prettily poised on a heap of stone-ground grits) and buttermilk pie, which beats a buttermilk sky any old day.

THERE is much to like about Fig, Mike Lata's pared-down dining room on Meeting Street, Charleston's main stem. Things like the mustardy deviled eggs served while you read the menu, for example, and a warm salad of shrimp, pancetta, radicchio and cherry tomatoes, and a wine list filled with fairly priced, seldom-encountered gems such as Brick House Oregon pinot noir, made by my friend Doug Tunnell, and the matchless Armagnacs of Francis Darroze.

Mr. Lata, a 33-year-old New Englander who came to Charleston by way of New Orleans and Atlanta, turns out a superb hanger steak with caramelized shallots and an old-fashioned bordelaise sauce, and a paprika-infused Portuguese seafood stew. His luscious pudding made with Carolina Gold Rice puts other local versions to shame.

But Fig's strongest suit is vegetables -- appropriate enough in a city and a region where the three- or four-vegetable plate lunch remains a treasured tradition.

An adherent of the Slow Food movement, Mr. Lata knows when to gild and when not to. He dresses a billowing bowlful of tender pale green Bibb lettuce, grown on nearby Wadmalaw Island by Dan Kennerty, with freckles of dark green herbs and a sherry vinaigrette, nothing more. His roasted beets are sweet simplicity, too. But he transforms the seasonal produce of Celeste Albers, turning hardy winter chard into a voluptuous gratin and pairing pan-roasted cauliflower with mustard butter. Only the turmeric-flavored cauliflower dishes in India excited me quite as much.

''The food Celeste brings me is so perfect that you're frustrated the rest of the year when you have to make do with the ordinary stuff,'' Mr. Lata said, and he frets that the proliferation of golf courses, gated residential communities and shopping centers here is squeezing farmers out, narrowing the range of products available to chefs.

In Mount Pleasant, Ben Berryhill, who spent a dozen years tending the stoves for Robert Del Grande at the top-rated Cafe Annie in Houston, faces similar problems. He told us that he searched constantly for prime local products but had not yet managed to find a supplier for fresh quail, long a staple of the Lowcountry table.

Mr. Berryhill's cooking at his new restaurant here, Red Drum, succeeds best, in my view, when he applies his Southwestern sensibility to seafood. Local crab, shrimp and scallops go into a spicy Mexican-style Campeche cocktail patterned after the one at Goode Company in Houston; fish like grouper and tuna go into lime and tequila ceviche or tacos, shrimp onto tostadas and wood-grilled salmon onto sweet corn pudding. Wood-grilled shrimp with green chili garlic butter make a persuasive advertisement for the quality of Carolina shellfish.

Is this Charleston cooking? Well, yes and no. Mr. Berryhill and colleagues are broadening the definition, and as Mr. Edge said when we dined at Red Drum, ''Southern food wasn't frozen forever in 1865, and there's no reason that cooking here should be frozen in 1995.''

A bit farther out of town, on Daniel Island, which once belonged to the Guggenheim family, Ken Vedrinski has given the area perhaps its most cosmopolitan restaurant, Sienna, a stylish, polished wood and stainless steel room with an open kitchen. Born in Ohio into a Polish-American family, he was largely raised by an Italian-American grandmother who proved to be his primary culinary influence.

Mr. Vedrinski likes bold flavors that ''pop off the plate,'' he told me, and that showed in the array of Italian-style raw fish -- crudo -- that he served to a group of us, including Mickey Bakst, a veteran of the Michigan restaurant wars, who as maitre d'hotel has breathed animation into the Charleston Grill at Charleston Place, a rather sterile space that once epitomized the forbidding feel of hotel dining rooms.

The crudo at Sienna was every bit the equal of its celebrated counterpart, David Pasternak's at Esca in Manhattan, utilizing fish from near and far: local flounder, grouper and oysters, tuna from the Northeast, ivory king salmon from the Northwest. Each got its own topping: olive oil for some, citrus juices for others, balsamic vinegar, even highly perfumed moscato vinaigrette.

Adapting a technique from Siggi Hall, Iceland's leading chef, Mr. Vedrinski bonds a ciabatta crust to a salmon scallop, a substitute for the crisp skin that he said ''most Americans just won't eat,'' and serves it with a bracing cold salad of tomatoes, capers, garlic and onions. He serves the classic Lowcountry combination of pork and shellfish in the form of intensely piggy guanciale, made from hog jowls, and lightly cooked shrimp over noodles hand-cut with a chitarra, a guitar-shaped tool.

We sampled all that, and two more irresistible plates -- tiny veal meatballs, made to Grandma Volpe's recipe with impossibly ethereal gnocchi, and an unctuous rice pudding gelato made by Shun Li, the youthful Chinese-American pastry chef -- before waddling out to our car, happily sated. Sienna's remarkably fastidious, decidedly modern Italian cooking could stand muster in New York, or in Milan for that matter.

SOME people argue that Charleston lacks the lovable holes-in-the-wall that underpin the more ambitious restaurants in great food towns, places like the bouchons of Lyon, say, or the street-food stalls of Singapore. To a degree that's true, especially downtown. As much of the local food gossip these days centers on who serves the best beef -- the Oak Steakhouse, Grill 225 or Mo Sussman's, the three main combatants in the city's red-hot steak skirmishes -- as on who turns out the best shrimp and grits.

But move away from the center, to outlying areas where commercial pressures are not so intense, and you find plenty of joints where the old verities are served.

Take oysters. Charleston loves 'em, especially the uncultivated beauties, ''meaty, juicy, salty,'' that John Martin Taylor, the Lowcountry food maven, gushes about, ''continually washed by the incredible flow of our eight-foot tide,'' then plucked from the mud of the salt marshes and ''garnished only by the glint of the January sun.''

All through the colder months, oysters in vast quantities are cooked over raging fires and consumed at outdoors open-them-yourself oyster roasts, accompanied by heroic quantities of beer. Much the same experience can be had all year, in less raucous surroundings, at Bowens Island Restaurant, a humble cinder-block place on James Island, south of Charleston, where clusters of oysters from the Ashley River are steamed under wet burlap on a sizzling metal plate, then shoveled unceremoniously onto your table. Add saltines, hot sauce, maybe a squirt of lemon to replace that ''glint of the January sun,'' and the requisite beer.

A ramshackle roadside place called See Wee, on Highway 17 leading north toward Myrtle Beach, is blessed with virtuoso practitioners of another old Lowcountry art, frying. Frying oysters, frying pickles, and delicately frying green tomatoes -- the best of my 71 years, cut thin, dusted with corn flour and plunged into the hot fat for just a few moments, served up crisp and golden with a mild horseradish sauce. But most of all, frying shrimp, as well as any Tokyo tempura master, without a scintilla of heaviness or a smidgen of grease to mar the love affair 'twixt crustacean and palate.

As is always the case, freshness is the key here. Shrimp start deteriorating the minute they leave the water, so you eat them best close to the sea. The See Wee sign promises that -- ''Local Shrimp,'' it says, ''God Bless the USA'' -- and at the same time suggests an unhappy reality. Carolina shrimpers, like Maryland crabbers, are menaced by low-cost foreign competition.

The restaurant's unusual name? It commemorates a small, ill-starred Indian tribe who took to their canoes in the 17th century, hoping to cross the Atlantic to trade deerskins with the king of England. Most quickly drowned; the rest were captured and sold into slavery and death in the Caribbean.

Closer to town, on the same stretch of Highway 17, stands an unpretentious little monument to the Gullah people, as the African-Americans who inhabited the coastal islands are known, and their culinary culture. Gullah Cuisine, it is called, and it is the place to get over your allergy to that mucilaginous vegetable the okra pod. Charlotte Jenkins, 63, the kindly, soft-spoken proprietor, cured me in 10 minutes flat with her smoky, robust shrimp-and-andouille gumbo, thickened with okra (and not, like most Louisiana gumbos, with roux or file); her deep-fried okra; and her distinctive yellow rice with crisp, vividly green okra.

Mrs. Jenkins's sweet braised cabbage, her extra-cheesy macaroni and her state-of-the-art fried chicken were all richly worth the trip out from town as well.

The happy, appreciative crowd at Saturday lunch was as heterogeneous as you could imagine: black, white and Hispanic, ***working class*** and middle class, local and Yankee, young and old. Parked outside were a Lexus, a Mercedes, a Harley, several pickups and a lot of battered third-hand jalopies. This, I said to my wife, was the South we fantasized about but almost never found in the days when I traipsed around the region in the 1960's, covering Martin Luther King.

A Sampler

THESE restaurants are among the best in the Charleston area:

Charleston Grill, 224 King Street, Charleston; (843) 577-4522.

FIG, 232 Meeting Street, Charleston; (843) 805-5900.

Gullah Cuisine Lowcountry Restaurant, 1717 Highway 17 North, Mount Pleasant; (843) 881-9076.

Hominy Grill, 207 Rutledge Avenue, Charleston; (843) 937-0930.

Peninsula Grill, 112 North Market Street, Charleston; (843) 723-0700.

Red Drum Gastropub, 803 Coleman Boulevard, Mount Pleasant; (843) 849-0313.

See wee Restaurant, 4808 North Highway 17, Awendaw; (843) 928-3609.

Sienna Restaurant, 901 Island Park Drive, Daniel Island, Charleston; (843) 881-8820.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: GRITS ALL DAY, GRITS ALL NIGHT -- In Charleston, S.C., brunch at Hominy Grill is a favorite with locals. Below, a salad of shrimp and radicchio at Fig. Below right, Shirley and Wallace Caldwell lunch at See Wee in Awendaw. (Photographs by Jill Richards for The New York Times

below left, Imke Lass for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

BOOM TOWN, BIG APPETITE -- Fig, above, is on Meeting Street in Charleston. Top left, okra gumbo and okra rice at Gullah Cuisine in Mount Pleasant, a Charleston suburb. Near left, the shellfish ceviche at Red Drum in Mount Pleasant has a Southwestern accent. (Photo by Jill Richards for The New York Times)

(Photographs by Imke Lass for The New York Times)(pg. F6)

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[***With Echoes From a Dark Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41DX-KFV0-00MH-F55H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Dana Kennedy is an entertainment reporter for MSNBC.

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**Dateline:** SANTA MONICA, Calif.

**Body**

THE REV. JAMES FLAVIN still remembers what it was like to visit 17-year-old Mark Wahlberg in the Deer Island prison near Boston where the future rapper, underwear model and movie star was serving time for attacking a man with a hooked stick that took out his eye during a robbery.

"It was such a horrendous place, they've closed it down," said Father Flavin, a Roman Catholic priest who has been both friend and counselor to Mr. Wahlberg since he was 13. "It was filthy and there were rats everywhere. Mark was really scared. He was such a little guy. But he always put on a tough face."

Mr. Wahlberg, now 29, served 45 days for what police said was the racially motivated beating of a Vietnamese man in 1988. Mr. Wahlberg later said that he and his friends were under the influence of alcohol and PCP during the attack and denied that race was a factor. But the reality of prison shocked him into turning his life around, he says. For years he has had nightmares about going back.

Last year he did go back, but on his own terms. For his role as Leo Handler, a troubled young man just released from prison in the new film "The Yards" (opening on Friday), Mr. Wahlberg arranged to be incarcerated at Rikers Island in New York for a day. "They took all my stuff, gave me an ID and put me in the cage," Mr. Wahlberg said during a lunch interview at an elegant Italian restaurant here. "I went through the whole place, even the Bing, where they house the really violent inmates. I lifted some weights in the yard. It was very helpful. It refreshed my memory."

Immersing himself in roles is nothing new for Mr. Wahlberg, who moved to Gloucester, Mass., weeks before filming started on his last movie, "The Perfect Storm," and lived above a waterside bar, mingling and drinking with the locals. He spent six months working with a vocal coach for his part as a rock star in the 2001 release "So You Wanna Be a Rock Star" (formerly "Metal God"), with Jennifer Aniston, and he's about to go "hang with test pilots," he said, for his role in Tim Burton's planned remake of "The Planet of the Apes," the part Charlton Heston originally played.

But when it came to "The Yards," a drama about family and corruption set in the vast New York subway yards, it would seem that Mr. Wahlberg had already done sufficient research. In fact, he was originally hired to play Willie, Leo's treacherous best friend, but switched roles with the actor Joaquin Phoenix. "Willie was the flashier part, but I felt I knew Leo and I should play him," Mr. Wahlberg said. "I spoke to Joaquin and he felt for the other part, so it worked out."

Leo's prison term comes about largely because he took the fall for friends, and he spends most of the movie terrified he will slip up and be sent back. In real life, Mr. Wahlberg had frequent brushes with the law before he went to jail and several more even after he shot to fame as the rapper Marky Mark, in the early 1990's.

But unlike Leo, Mr. Wahlberg was not isolated in jail. "I was in there with these 30- to 34-year-old guys from my neighborhood who I'd really looked up to," Mr. Wahlberg said. "When I saw what they were about, I decided I wanted something better. A lot of them had a problem with that. It forced them to look at themselves."

Mr. Wahlberg went to Rikers to research his role for "The Yards" because his own experience had been so different. "Leo wasn't the kind of guy who would go to prison and see guys he knew like I did," he said. "He got thrown into Rikers, a white guy who didn't know anybody. That's a lot tougher. I only saw three white guys in the yard when I was there. One white guy was in for some white collar crime, and he kept getting beat up every day because he wanted to get up and watch the Bloomberg Report."

That Mr. Wahlberg would return to prison -- this time as a movie star -- testifies to a life story that itself would make a riveting film. But while his journey from Boston street thug to washed-up rap sensation to respected Hollywood player seems unlikely at best, Mr. Wahlberg says he has been an actor of sorts all his life. "Whether I was doing a scam on somebody in a store or on the street or whether I was telling the judge it wasn't me and putting on the tears, it was all acting," he said. "I could always get over the judge, the cops, my mother. If the cameras had been rolling when I was in court all those times, I'd have a couple Oscars already."

Father Flavin is one of many friends, relatives and Hollywood heavyweights who have taken a liking to Mr. Wahlberg and have often helped advance his career.

Others include his brother Donnie, the entertainment mogul David Geffen, the director Penny Marshall and, most recently, the actor George Clooney. They seem to regard him with affection, respect -- and some wariness. Father Flavin, who remains so close to Mr. Wahlberg that the actor flew him out to Los Angeles last month so they could spend a few days golfing together, sums him up this way: "He's the best con artist I've ever met, but he's worked really hard to change."

JAMES GRAY, 31, the director and co-writer of "The Yards," says that he and Mr. Wahlberg spoke often of Mr. Wahlberg's jail experience and became friends during the shoot. "But I don't really feel that I know him," Mr. Gray said. "He's very hard to read, a very complex character. There's something mysterious about him. I will say this: he's incredibly shrewd, incredibly street smart. Nobody can outfox him."

Mr. Wahlberg grew up in ***working-class*** Dorchester, Mass., the youngest of nine children. His father, a hard-drinking truck driver, and his mother, a nurse, split up when he was 11. Mr. Wahlberg's life unraveled soon after.

He dropped out of school after the eighth grade and began a life of crime with friends from his neighborhood, robbing and beating up people and sometimes selling drugs.

During this time, his brother, Donnie Wahlberg, became the front man for New Kids on the Block, the 1980's teenage heartthrob singing group. At one point Donnie let Mr. Wahlberg open for the group as Marky Mark and his career took off. At that point Mr. Wahlberg's only previous performing experience had been in elementary school talent shows, in which he had achieved some notoriety for break-dancing and rapping. But Mark disliked the canned choreography and commercial sound of the New Kids and dropped out within a few months, returning to his criminal life on the streets.

After he was released from prison, Donnie Wahlberg came to the rescue again. He urged his brother to move to Los Angeles, got a friend to watch out for him and helped him get a recording contract. Two years after leaving jail, Mr. Wahlberg's first album, "Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch," went platinum.

Not long after, David Geffen, who was producing records at the time, sized up Mr. Wahlberg's popularity among young girls and suggested to his friend Calvin Klein that he use him in a modeling campaign. The Calvin Klein contract led, in 1993, to revelations about Mr. Wahlberg's past when reporters found out about his arrest and prison term as well as two earlier incidents in which the police said he had chased and yelled racial epithets at African-American school children.

Mr. Wahlberg's rap career faded and he got involved in more scandals, most involving fights in clubs and accusations of homophobia.

Mr. Wahlberg, who is soft-spoken and genial in person, is resigned to questions about his past. The only time he becomes uncomfortable during the interview is when he is asked if he has ever sought out Tranh Lam, the man who lost his eye in the attack and apologized to him. (The Boston police say Mr. Lam apparently moved out of Dorchester and his current whereabouts are unknown.)

Mr. Wahlberg says he apologized to Mr. Lam in court but has not had contact with him since. "It would be unfair to all the other people that I messed up if I only singled him out," he said. "I'm certainly sorry for what I did. I did this every day until I was sent to prison."

His past may cause Mr. Wahlberg genuine pain, but it has sometimes proved useful in Hollywood. "Certain people in this town love it," he said. "They think it's sexy, they think it's great."

But while Mr. Wahlberg may have been aggressive and violent as a youth, he is, by all accounts, almost docile on movie sets. Mr. Gray's directing style, he says, is so detailed that he often positions the actors' heads just so. "Joaquin threatened me with bodily harm if I ever touched his head," Mr. Gray recalled. "It didn't bother Mark at all."

Mr. Wahlberg says he is happiest when directors, like David Russell of "Three Kings," give him precise line readings before each take. "I figure, why not give them what they want?" Mr. Wahlberg said.

That attitude runs counter to the bad-boy street reputation that got Mr. Wahlberg started as an actor. Though he reportedly had a falling out with Mr. Klein during his modeling contract, he admits the sneering, hard-bodied images of him shot by Herb Ritts got him his first big acting job as a tough Southern soldier in "Renaissance Man" (1994).

"Penny Marshall saw me in my underwear on the billboard and called me up to audition," Mr. Wahlberg said. "I got the part, and I was on my way."

Mr. Wahlberg won good reviews for "Renaissance Man" and even better ones the following year in "Basketball Diaries," opposite Leonardo DiCaprio. But it was his breakout performance as the extremely well-endowed porn star Dirk Diggler in "Boogie Nights" (1997) that earned him respect in Hollywood.

His role in "Three Kings" last year, which co-starred George Clooney, led to a lasting bond between the two men. Mr. Wahlberg co-starred with Mr. Clooney as a doomed swordfisherman in "The Perfect Storm," and Mr. Clooney's company is producing "So You Wanna Be a Rock Star."

A LL I'm trying to do is create a body of work I can be proud of," Mr. Wahlberg said. "I'm doing things people think I can't pull off, but I'm not doing things I don't think I can pull off."

At the same time, Mr. Wahlberg said, he has embarked on an effort to improve himself and to help young people in his old neighborhood. He returns occasionally to speak at the local Boys Club that banned him, supposedly for life, at age 12. He is also close to his nine nieces and nephews, for whom he has already set aside money for college tuition. He is about to earn his high school equivalency degree after studying for several years.

"It's embarrassing for me when they ask where I went to school because they look up to me," Mr. Wahlberg said. "They think if I didn't graduate from high school, why should they? I tell them I'm still going to school and so should they."

Mr. Wahlberg is based in Los Angeles but lives in sublets and carts his possessions around in boxes. He considers his mother's Braintree, Mass., house his real home. He is involved with the actress Jordana Brewster ("The Faculty") but says serious relationships are difficult for him. He is more enthusiastic talking about how many of his friends from his old neighborhood are now working for him in Los Angeles. Unlike Leo Handler and his associates in "The Yards," said Mr. Wahlberg, "they stay out of trouble now, and so do I."

Father Flavin said: "Having some of his old friends around and helping them change is his way of staying sane himself. Just because he's out in Hollywood doesn't mean his life is perfect. His new life has as many challenges as the old one. You can get lost out there as easily as you can back home."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mark Wahlberg as Leo Handler, an ex-convict trying to go straight, in "The Yards." (Barry Wetcher/Miramax Films)(pg. 13); Mark Wahlberg played a doomed swordfisherman from Gloucester, Mass., in "The Perfect Storm," one of the summer's big hits. (Claudette Barius/Warner Brothers)(pg. 16)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM RECORDS SEPARETE PATHS TO ADULTHOOD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BBC0-0007-J0J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

''What do you want to be when you grow up?'' becomes a provocative question when put to a group of 7-year-old British children and repeated every seven years until they are 28. The result is ''28 Up,'' Michael Apted's award-winning documentary, which has touched audiences in the United States and abroad. It has also given educators and psychologists a rare longitudinal glimpse of the mysterious process of growing up.

Shown recently as part of the Los Angeles film festival, ''28 Up'' won wide critical acclaim. Sheila Benson of The Los Angeles Times called it ''a withering portrait of class and privilege and of opportunities, taken and not,'' and ''a mesmerizing, tragic and utterly memorable work.''

Not that Mr. Apted set out to create such a work. The 44-year-old British director, best known in this country for ''Coal Miner's Daughter,'' was a researcher at Granada Television in England in 1963 when the project had its modest beginning.

Article on Michael Apted's award-winning documentary 28 Up, tracing separate paths to adulthood of 14 children from different economic and social backgrounds; photos; project began with modest TV program in '63 and continued tracing children each seven years; Apted reflects on present lives of some subjects and on surprise that original film has become standard work in psychology instruciton (M)'The Swinging 60's'

''At the time,'' he recalled recently, ''we were being fed a lot of stuff in England - the social revolution, the swinging 60's, and 'You never had it so good.' This was to be a kind of salutary tale about the class system. The idea was to take the old Jesuit thing -'Give me a child until he is seven and I will give you the man' - take 14 children from all areas of social life and see what came out in the wash.''

He chose the 14 children, not knowing he would follow them into adulthood, across continents, up and down dreams. They were rich, poor and middle-class. They came from cities, suburbs and farms. Ten were boys, four were girls. Some were orphans. One was black. All were endearing as they looked into the camera and, in response to Mr. Apted's questions, poured out their views on topics like love, work, money, class and race relations.

''What are your plans, John?'' an upper-class 7-year-old was asked. ''I'm going to Colet Court,'' John replied, ''then Westminster if I pass the exam and then Cambridge.'' Cut to Paul, in a children's home, who asked, ''What's a university?''

''7 Up,'' as it was called, was a sad, funny, touching, successful piece of television. The young researcher thanked his small subjects and wished them well. That, he thought, was that.

No one was more surprised than he when ''7 Up'' became a standard work in teachers' colleges and psychology classes. Child development experts urged Mr. Apted, then a director at Granada, to film the same children as adolescents. It was a challenge, he recalled, ''but also a burden because I'm not a psychologist or an educator and I kept thinking, 'Am I asking the right questions?' ''

In ''14 Up,'' the children hide from the camera. They appear confused, self-absorbed and, in one or two cases, drugged. Mr. Apted put adolescence on film, he said, ''but at the expense of the nation.'' Though ''21 Up'' was more successful, even its director admits, ''it was far more interesting to professionals than general television viewers.''

In the next seven years, Mr. Apted's movie-making career flourished here. Some said he had ''gone Hollywood,'' and would not return to Granada for ''28 Up.'' When he did, two of the 14 subjects refused to be interviewed. One had become a barrister and the other, ironically, a documentary maker. Then there were 12, and then the film came alive.

''It catches fire at age 28,'' Mr. Apted explained, ''because it shows human beings making major decisions about their lives - careers, marriage, children. The dreams expressed as children, adolescents and young people must be measured against reality. They are adults now painfully getting through the day.''

Shown in England six months ago, ''28 Up'' won a British television academy award. It is expected to air in the United States, according to Leila Maw, a spokesman for Granada. ''We're talking to PBS about it and also to pay cable but it's most likely to go on PBS,'' she said.

''28 Up'' combines footage from the films at 7, 14, and 21 with the new material at 28. The effect is similar to a science film in which time lapse photography is used. Like flowers, the children seem to sprout, bud and blossom into maturity in seconds. Wives, husbands and children spring up beside them.

East End Urchin

If there is a star, he is Tony, an urchin from London's East End. At 7, he got into fist fights, stayed out until 10 at night and hated the rich. At 21, he was a bookie's runner after a failed career as a jockey. At 28, he is driving a cab, supporting a family and parlaying the celebrity from earlier films into bit acting parts.

Mr. Apted smiled, remembering the young Tony. ''I was convinced that little tear-away jockey boy would end up in prison because of his environment and the pressures on him,'' he recalled. ''In the early interviews I dwelled on that and he kept saying, 'I'm not like that.' I didn't believe him and I was wrong.''

He was right about Bruce, an almost saintly child of privilege who planned to be ''a missionary.'' After distinguishing himself at Oxford, Bruce went on to teach mathematics in a poor part of London, at Tony's old school. His students are from Bangladesh. Only Bruce consciously set out to change his social class and succeeded, the director said.

Two boys who fared better than might have been expected both left England to do so. Paul, an orphan who vowed to remain a bachelor because a wife would force him to ''eat greens,'' was a happily married, fairly prosperous bricklayer in Australia when Mr. Apted's cameras caught up with him. Nick, born on a farm, of educated parents, longed to know ''all about the moon.'' He became a nuclear physicist, but found the research doors closed in England. Mr. Apted filmed him at the University of Wisconsin, where he is an assistant professor and married to an outspoken woman.

Nick's wife is one of Mr. Apted's ''reflective girls,'' wives of the film subjects, who are substitutes for the women he wishes he had chosen in 1963 before the women's movement emerged. ''We missed the boat by not choosing enough girls,'' he acknowledged. ''Perhaps the most important cultural issue of our time is that choice between working and bringing up a family.''

At this point, he said, ''our four girls have only got bigger and fulfilled their biological function.'' He added that, because the women are on a different timetable than the men, they may ''pay off'' dramatically at 35. ''As their children get older,'' he said, ''they're going to have to make serious choices. Will they sit home and watch the world go by?''

His three ***working-class*** women, Jackie, Lynn and Susan, seem content at 28. Their marriages are solid, children healthy and homes better than the ones they grew up in. When the director asks if they think the rich have an advantage, one of them snaps: ''We never think about it for seven years until you come along and ask us again.''

But it is the middle class that intrigues the director, an insurance inspector's son and a Cambridge graduate who drifted into movie making. ''In England,'' he said, ''and to a lesser extent in this country, the lower-middle classes are hurting. All you hear in America is this nonsense about Yuppies, but once you get out of Los Angeles and New York you find that these young people are being hung out to dry.''

Clearly, two of his middle-class subjects - Neil and Peter - are hurting. Both wanted to be astronauts when they grew up. Both come from Liverpool, home of the Beatles, and they are having a hard day's night.

Neil was among the smartest and most charming of the children. He dropped out of college, suffered a series of nervous breakdowns and became a recluse. He roams in the countryside in search of odd jobs to supplement his welfare checks. In one chilling scene, he speaks of making peace with his parents.

''We now know when to say nothing,'' he says softly.

An Embittered Teacher

Peter, another promising child, is now an embittered schoolteacher, railing against a conservative government - ''the most incompetent, uncaring bloody shower we've ever had.'' He admits to being lazy and his wife says he looks ''on the negative side of life before the positive.''

Mr. Apted worries about the Peters of this generation. ''That's a voice you don't often hear in the media,'' he said, ''the voice of lower-middle-class kids who grew up in the 60's and 70's on the wave of the brave new world, the education, the hope and the rest. Those people now are stuck. There's a stagnancy about them and it's tragic.''

There is a larger tragedy in the film: Children who are bright, hopeful and spontaneous at 7, become progessively more disillusioned, less alive as they grow up.

''Yes, it is tragic,'' Mr. Apted said, ''but that's life, isn't it?''

**Graphic**

photos of Tony Walker at 7 and at 28 (NYT); photo of Jackie Bassett, Lynn Johnson and Susan Davis at age 7 (NYT); photo of Michael Apted, Jackie Bassett, Lynn Johnson and Susan Davis (NYT)

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[***From Russia With Cash: Seeding a Hedge Fund***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PR9-TVP0-TW8F-G002-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RON STODGHILL

**Body**

ANDREI VAVILOV -- Russian multimillionaire, well-connected energy magnate and nascent hedge fund manager -- smiles broadly in a Manhattan restaurant as a lawyer, a lobbyist, an economist and a former congressman praise him over shots of vodka and a lavish spread of lamb, salmon and beef tenderloin.

They toast Mr. Vavilov, 46, as an architect of Russia's fledgling market economy and a maverick financier whose philanthropic contributions to universities in the United States and abroad have produced important financial research.

''Congratulations on your newest venture, this hedge fund of yours,'' says Thomas B. Evans Jr., a former Republican representative from Delaware. ''I mean, I don't know much about it, but I am sure it will be a big success.''

If Mr. Evans is hoping to learn more about Mr. Vavilov's new fund, the IFS Hedge Fund, he may have a long wait. Throughout his career, Mr. Vavilov's bookishness -- he is fond of wire-rimmed glasses and a buzz cut -- has belied his reputation as a shrewd back-room operator whose business and political relationships have followed a circuitous and largely silent path from Moscow to London to New York. Even by the standards of hedge fund managers, whose activities are often shrouded in secrecy, Mr. Vavilov occupies uniquely murky territory -- at the intersection of shadowy Russian oil riches and fast money on Wall Street.

Mr. Vavilov, who survived an assassination attempt about a decade ago while working in the Russian government, says he personally pocketed $600 million when he sold his oil company, Severnaya Neft, five years ago. Since then, he says, he has invested $200 million in his hedge fund, which he incorporated in the Bahamas in 2004. He has yet to raise money from outside investors, but he is setting up shop in New York to do exactly that -- at the very time that hedge funds, started by everyone from former Wall Street trading stars to former professional hockey players, are encountering the potentially brutal uncertainties of a national credit squeeze and market turbulence.

In the first eight months of this year, the average hedge fund generated after-fee returns of 6.1 percent, compared with 6.9 percent during the same period last year, according to Hedge Fund Research, a Chicago firm. In each year, those returns only slightly outpaced the Standard & Poor's 500-stock index, and a basket of stocks linked to the index typically carries less risk than investments in the more highflying world of hedge funds. Investors who place their money with hedge fund managers expect them to handily outperform the S.& P. 500 over time, and they are willing to cede hefty fees to them for the privilege of doing so.

For his part, Mr. Vavilov -- who says his fund has garnered annual returns of more than 20 percent since its start in 2004 by placing global, macroeconomic bets that he declines to describe in any detail -- remains unbowed by the challenges sweeping across the hedge fund landscape. He says that he is positioning himself to play a central role in the potential privatization of a Russian government fund that holds $130 billion in oil proceeds, and that his hedge fund should be a beneficiary if that state fund is privatized.

He also says he brings another advantage to the table: smarts. ''We've created a strategy that allows me to get high returns without some of the risks that are associated with volatility,'' he says. ''I sleep well and don't have insomnia worrying about what's happening to my money.''

As the prices of oil and other natural resources like nickel and aluminum have soared, Mr. Vavilov joins the ranks of wealthy Russian business titans trying to put fresh riches to work here and in other markets outside their country. They say they are doing so in order to protect assets from corruption at home and to gain financial legitimacy in the West.

''What you see is a glut of oil money in Russia seeking its way into calmer waters,'' says Ariel Cohen, a senior research fellow at the Heritage Foundation, a conservative research organization in Washington. ''These Russian tycoons and oligarchs are looking to place their money in jurisdictions with more rule of law, and where they are not subject to expropriation by the state.''

IN recent years, many of Russia's wealthiest tycoons have gone on an overseas spending spree. Some of their transactions have been high profile, like Roman A. Abramovich's purchase of the Chelsea soccer club in London and the oil giant Lukoil's purchase of Getty Petroleum, a deal orchestrated by Vagit Alekperov. Other transactions have drawn less attention, like Vladimir O. Potanin's acquisition of a 35 percent stake in Plug Power, a fuel cell developer, for $241 million this year.

Many of the financiers behind these deals benefited lavishly from the pell-mell business privatizations of the years when Boris N. Yeltsin was Russia's president and, having weathered the tumult that followed, now either toe the line in Vladimir V. Putin's Russia or leave the country. Much of this has occurred against a backdrop of widespread graft.

''There is really no such thing as local capital in Russia, only local corruption,'' says Martha Brill Olcott, an analyst at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington. ''The challenge for Andrei Vavilov will be succeeding in a market where things are mostly black and white, instead of Russia, a country where deals are done in the gray.''

Mr. Vavilov has never been charged with a crime, and he says that anyone who does business in Russia is unfairly tainted by the country's image as a haven for rampant corruption. Still, since his days serving as a deputy finance minister of Russia from 1992 to 1997, Mr. Vavilov has been saddled with suspicions that he grew rich through dishonest, insider deals. In 1997, Russian federal prosecutors began investigating whether Mr. Vavilov embezzled $231 million as part of a fighter-jet deal, according to Mr. Vavilov and others with knowledge of the inquiry. The investigation is continuing, and Mr. Vavilov has repeatedly denied any wrongdoing.

''If you succeed in Russia, everyone wants to get a piece of you,'' he says. ''Unfortunately, envy and jealousy is a big thing in my country and when you make a lot of money, people want some of it. I spend a lot of money on lawyers.''

Mr. Vavilov brings more than attorneys to his new role as a hedge fund manager. He is also a Russian senator, with a seat in the upper house of Parliament. And he has criticized Russia's central bank as not being more aggressive about how it invests the assets in the $130 billion government fund, also known as a stabilization fund, which the country maintains to protect the federal budget from fluctuations in the price of oil.

Along with many others, Mr. Vavilov has also advocated privatizing the stabilization fund. He is among several business and political figures in Russia angling for access to those billions, and he sees his hedge fund as a logical repository for some of that money -- as well as cash from well-heeled American investors.

''I am confident that there will be no shortage of money coming in,'' he says. ''I don't have to lift my fingers; people will line up to put money in. The money is the last thing that I am worried about.''

Some people think that such confidence might be misplaced. ''It's a very tough time these days to start a hedge fund, regardless of strategy,'' says Nicole M. Boyson, an assistant finance professor at Northeastern University. ''Most investors are like, 'Yikes, why would I go into a hedge fund when I already scared of the plain-vanilla market.' ''

Still, some experts say, Mr. Vavilov has one competitive advantage over most hedge fund upstarts: $200 million of his own money is invested in the fund. ''Look, it's always a tough sell unless you have an angle,'' said James R. Fenkner, chairman of Red Star Asset Management, a hedge fund based in Russia. ''But guys like Vavilov didn't make this kind of money working the night shift. And to start a fund with $200 million of your own money is already a heck of an edge.''

AS Mr. Vavilov recasts himself as a hedge fund manager, he is spending more time outside Moscow. He has also gained entree to the clubby world of top-tier hedgies. In April, for example, he flew his private jet -- a Boeing 737 -- to Las Vegas to attend an exclusive gathering of fund managers organized by Drobny Global Advisors, where he mingled with other millionaires amid conversations about such arcane investments as Turkish glassmaking stocks and Brazilian farmland. He says his taste for socializing goes only so far, however, and that he passed on participating in the conference's charity poker tournament, called Hedge Against Poverty.

''It is not fun for me to gamble,'' he says. ''You know why? I always win.''

He says he relishes being the outsider, a role accentuated by his strained English and need for an interpreter. Born and raised at the boundary of Europe and Asia in Perm City, a small town in the Ural Mountains, he moved to Moscow as an adolescent. He says his father worked as a patent researcher in Moscow; his mother was a construction engineer. He showed an early aptitude for math and science and, after his father died, contributed to the family finances by working as a computer programmer in high school.

He attended the prestigious Moscow Institute of Management, then enrolled in graduate studies in economics and mathematics at the Russian Academy of Sciences, where he received a doctorate in economics in 1987. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, several of his former academic mentors recruited him into government work -- Yeltsin made him a deputy finance minister in 1992. Just a few years later, Mr. Vavilov was overseeing major bond issues for the government, working closely with Western banks to structure the deals. He helped pushed through privatizations and a flurry of other market reforms during these years, all of which Yeltsin advocated as a means of modernizing the Russian economy.

Many of the Russian reforms threatened entrenched political and financial interests in the country and inevitably led to discontent. Critics in Russia and overseas have said that shady transactions followed some reforms and netted riches for insiders.

As an architect of reforms, Mr. Vavilov earned plenty of enemies in Russia, political analysts say.

''He's a bit of a threat to the old establishment,'' says Michael D. Intriligator, a specialist in Russian economic policy at the Milken Institute and a professor at the University of California, Los Angeles. ''He's a brilliant guy, but not very well liked.''

Mr. Vavilov was the target of an assassination attempt in 1996 when his car was blown up in a Kremlin parking lot; he was not in the vehicle at the time. But, some people say, he still has enemies. ''I still don't think he has an appreciation of how many people are out for him,'' says Ms. Olcott of the Carnegie Endowment.

When he left the finance ministry in 1997, he founded the Institute for Financial Studies, a Moscow-based research group that today employs 15 specialists in macroeconomic theory and finance. Among its missions has been creation of sophisticated financial models that he says form the core of his hedge fund strategies. He says the work has led to improvements in assessing risks in global currency and derivatives markets.

After gaining a seat on the board of Gazprom, the Russian energy giant, he bought a controlling stake in Severnaya Neft, a small independent Russian oil company on the brink of bankruptcy, with, he says, a $25 million private bank loan collateralized by the company's assets. He says that under his stewardship, which included extensive cost cuts, the company invested heavily in oil production. Its reserves nearly doubled, he says, after it tapped into four promising oil fields in western Siberia. In 2002, Mr. Vavilov sold Severnaya to a major Russian oil company, Rosneft, for $600 million -- in cash, he notes.

''It was a big achievement for me from all points of view,'' he said. ''When I bought the company, nobody even took it seriously. It became one of the fastest-growing companies in the country.''

Shortly after selling his company in 2002, he was elected to his senate seat as a representative of Penza, a city southeast of Moscow. The transition, some of his political critics in the Russian press have speculated, was shrewdly calculated -- anyone who has a seat in the Russian Parliament is immune from prosecution. But Mr. Vavilov scoffs at that notion.

''I joined the senate because I like to work for the public, not just in business,'' he says. ''The public interest is more important to me.''

Some hedge fund managers question whether his plate -- filled as it is with politics, philanthropy and constant travel -- is too full to fight it out with some of the sharks prowling the waters in the industry. As Mr. Fenkner of Red Star says of Mr. Vavilov: ''He's not as hungry as most hedge fund managers are.''

Mr. Vavilov enjoys all of the accouterments available to millionaires. He has a palatial Moscow home -- equipped with an underground tunnel connecting it to his research center offices -- as well as a residence in Monaco. His wife, Maryana Tsaregradskaya, is a Russian actress, and the couple, who have been married 13 years, have a 2 1/2-year-old daughter. Mr. Vavilov sold his Beverly Hills home for $13.5 million a few months ago and is shopping for a home in Manhattan. So far, he says, he is leaning toward a penthouse in the Time Warner Center at Columbus Circle.

''I'm not hungry, I'm O.K.,'' he says. ''I'm lucky enough to support my family. But I strongly believe in my ideas.''

His grand idea about Russia is that its government, long smothered beneath an unmanageable pile of foreign and domestic debt, is now contending with a very different issue. ''The biggest problem in Russia isn't debt, it's surplus,'' he says.

Thanks to rising oil prices, Russia has $130 billion in the stabilization fund at a time of heated debate among the country's leaders and economists over how to avert a pension crisis. According to government estimates, its population of working-age adults is shrinking and may fall to 108 million from its current 140 million over the next two decades, a result of fast-declining birth rates and higher death rates among the ***working class***, primarily men.

AS a result, Russian leaders are debating about how to fix the country's pay-as-you-go pension system, from collecting unpaid taxes from businesses to more radical measures that would shift the country away from a state-guaranteed program. Mr. Putin has even encouraged larger family sizes to bolster the working-age population.

Yet few in Russia have been more critical of the current system -- or strident about how to fix it -- than Mr. Vavilov. He has pressed his case for pension reform at international conferences and on the op-ed pages of Moscow newspapers. He argues that the $130 billion fund could be more effectively invested in order to shore up the pension fund's finances.

''This money is basically under a mattress now,'' he says. ''Figuring out how to invest this money should be the main goal of this administration.''

He is urging the Russian government to invest the stabilization fund's assets in the capital markets, using strategies developed at his research organization and which he says he has put towork in his hedge fund. Some analysts think that a more sophisticated approach in how the stabilization fund handles its assets is long overdue, and they say Mr. Vavilov's thoughts are worth considering.

''You don't necessarily think of Russians as savvy investors,'' says Barry W. Ickes, a professor at Pennsylvania State University and financial director at the New Economic School in Moscow. ''They have tended to be very insular and domestic with their wealth. His ideas are very intriguing.''

And if his hedge fund doesn't wind up being a receptacle for pension fund proceeds, how will Mr. Vavilov raise the money he needs to give his fledgling venture a boost? In response, he, well, hedges. ''Right now, I'm talking to everyone,'' he says. ''It's like a beauty contest.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The Russian financier Andrei Vavilov at a hotel in New York, where he has been gathering support for his hedge fund. He says he has already invested $200 million of his own money in the fund.(pg. BU1)

Andrei Vavilov, 46, has quietly been building business and financial bonds from Moscow to New York.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Andrei Vavilov, left, in 1993 with Konstantin Kagalovsky, center, and Michel Camdessus of the I.M.F.Mr. Vavilov was then deputy finance minister. (pg. BU9) CHART: A Mixed Record: Hedge funds generally have not done any better than the overall market in recent years.(Sources: Hedge Fund Research

Bloomberg Financial Markets)

**Load-Date:** September 23, 2007

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[***The Knowledge, London’s Legendary Taxi-Driver Test, Puts Up a Fight in the Age of GPS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5NY2-5DM1-DXY4-X32C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** JODY ROSEN

**Highlight:** Memorizing the city’s 25,000 streets might be the most difficult test in the world. As technology imperils this tradition, is there an argument for learning as an end in itself?

**Body**

The examination to become a London cabby is possibly the most difficult test in the world — demanding years of study to memorize the labyrinthine city’s 25,000 streets and any business or landmark on them. As GPS and Uber imperil this tradition, is there an argument for learning as an end in itself?

At 10 past 6 on a January morning a couple of winters ago, a 35-year-old man named Matt McCabe stepped out of his house in the town of Kenley, England, got on his Piaggio X8 motor scooter, and started driving north. McCabe’s destination was Stour Road, a small street in a desolate patch of East London, 20 miles from his suburban home. He began his journey by following the A23, a major thruway connecting London with its southern outskirts, whose origins are thought to be ancient: For several miles the road follows the straight line of the Roman causeway that stretched from London to Brighton. McCabe exited the A23 in the South London neighborhood of Streatham and made his way through the streets, arriving, about 20 minutes after he set out, at an intersection officially called Windrush Square but still referred to by locals, and on most maps, as Brixton Oval. There, McCabe faced a decision: how to plot his route across the River Thames. Should he proceed more or less straight north and take London Bridge, or bear right into Coldharbour Lane and head for “the pipe,” the Rotherhithe Tunnel, which snakes under the Thames two miles downriver?

“At first I thought I’d go for London Bridge,” McCabe said later. “Go straight up Brixton Road to Kennington Park Road and then work my line over. I knew that I could make my life a lot easier, to not have to waste brainpower thinking about little roads — doing left-rights, left-rights. And then once I’d get over London Bridge, it’d be a quick trip: I’d work it up to Bethnal Green Road, Old Ford Road, and boom-boom-boom, I’m there. It’s a no-brainer. But no. I was thinking about the traffic, about everyone going to the City at that hour of the morning. I thought, ‘What can I do to skirt central London?’ That was my key decision point. I didn’t want to sit in the traffic lights. So I decided to take Coldharbour Lane and head for the pipe.”

McCabe turned east on Coldharbour Lane, wending through the neighborhoods of Peckham and Bermondsey before reaching the tunnel. He emerged on the far side of the Thames in Limehouse, and from there his three-mile-long trip followed a zigzagging path northeast. “I came out of the tunnel and went forward into Yorkshire Road,” he told me. “I went right into Salmon Lane. Left into Rhodeswell Road, right into Turners Road. I went right into St. Paul’s Way, left into Burdett Road, right into Mile End Road. Left Tredegar Square. I went right Morgan Street, left Coborn Road, right into Tredegar Road. That gave me a forward into Wick Lane, a right into Monier Road, right into Smeed Road — and we’re there. Left into Stour Road.”

We were there, on Stour Road. It was a cold day, with temperatures hovering just above freezing, and snow in the forecast. For McCabe, on his bike, the wind chill made it feel considerably colder. He was dressed for the weather: a thermal shirt, a sweater, an insulated raincoat, Gore-Tex pants pulled over his jeans, gloves, work boots, a knit cap under his motorcycle helmet. McCabe is a tall man, about 6-foot-2, and he is solidly built, like a central defender on a soccer team. He’s handsome, with a wide smile and blond hair. He speaks in short sentences, snappy and definitive, especially when talking about London. We were in Hackney Wick, an industrial area adjacent to Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park, where the 2012 Olympic Games were held. Stour Road sits in a particularly remote corner of the neighborhood — a few wind-lashed streets, lined with warehouses, hemmed in by canals and a highway flyover.

“They call this area Fish Island,” McCabe said. “I’m not much of a fisherman, but many of the roads here are named for fishes — freshwater fishes, I believe. So just here you’ve got Bream Street.” He gestured down a road where a lumberyard was set back behind a corrugated metal fence. “Follow that to the end, you’ll come to Dace Road. You’ve got Roach Road. All names of fishes.”

McCabe had spent the last three years of his life thinking about London’s roads and landmarks, and how to navigate between them. In the process, he had logged more than 50,000 miles on motorbike and on foot, the equivalent of two circumnavigations of the Earth, nearly all within inner London’s dozen boroughs and the City of London financial district. He was studying to be a London taxi driver, devoting himself full-time to the challenge that would earn him a cabbie’s “green badge” and put him behind the wheel of one of the city’s famous boxy black taxis.

Actually, “challenge” isn’t quite the word for the trial a London cabbie endures to gain his qualification. It has been called the hardest test, of any kind, in the world. Its rigors have been likened to those required to earn a degree in law or medicine. It is without question a unique intellectual, psychological and physical ordeal, demanding unnumbered thousands of hours of immersive study, as would-be cabbies undertake the task of committing to memory the entirety of London, and demonstrating that mastery through a progressively more difficult sequence of oral examinations — a process which, on average, takes four years to complete, and for some, much longer than that. The guidebook issued to prospective cabbies by London Taxi and Private Hire (LTPH), which oversees the test, summarizes the task like this:

To achieve the required standard to be licensed as an “All London” taxi driver you will need a thorough knowledge, primarily, of the area within a six-mile radius of Charing Cross. You will need to know: all the streets; housing estates; parks and open spaces; government offices and departments; financial and commercial centres; diplomatic premises; town halls; registry offices; hospitals; places of worship; sports stadiums and leisure centres; airline offices; stations; hotels; clubs; theatres; cinemas; museums; art galleries; schools; colleges and universities; police stations and headquarters buildings; civil, criminal and coroner’s courts; prisons; and places of interest to tourists. In fact, anywhere a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.

If anything, this description understates the case. The six-mile radius from Charing Cross, the putative center-point of London marked by an equestrian statue of King Charles I, takes in some 25,000 streets. London cabbies need to know all of those streets, and how to drive them — the direction they run, which are one-way, which are dead ends, where to enter and exit traffic circles, and so on. But cabbies also need to know everything on the streets. Examiners may ask a would-be cabbie to identify the location of any restaurant in London. Any pub, any shop, any landmark, no matter how small or obscure — all are fair game. Test-takers have been asked to name the whereabouts of flower stands, of laundromats, of commemorative plaques. One taxi driver told me that he was asked the location of a statue, just a foot tall, depicting two mice sharing a piece of cheese. It’s on the facade of a building in Philpot Lane, on the corner of Eastcheap, not far from London Bridge.

If you go to LTPH headquarters, where the examinations are conducted, you will behold a grim bureaucratic scene, not much different than the one you might find in an office devoted to tax audits: nervous test-takers, dressed in suits, shuffling into one-on-one sessions with stone-faced examiners. But for more than a century, since the first green badge was issued to a hackney cabman piloting a horse-drawn carriage, the test has been known by a name that carries a whiff of the occult: the Knowledge of London.

The origins of the Knowledge are unclear — lost in the murk of Victorian municipal history. Some trace the test’s creation to the Great Exhibition of 1851, when London’s Crystal Palace played host to hundreds of thousands of visitors. These tourists, the story goes, inundated the city with complaints about the ineptitude of its cabmen, prompting authorities to institute a more demanding licensing process. The tale may be apocryphal, but it is certain that the Knowledge was in place by 1884: City records for that year contain a reference to 1,931 applicants for the “examination as to the ‘knowledge’ [of]…principal streets and squares and public buildings.”

In 2014, in any case, the Knowledge is steeped in regimens and rituals that have been around as long as anyone can remember. Taxi-driver candidates — known as Knowledge boys and, increasingly today, Knowledge girls — are issued a copy of the so-called “Blue Book.” This guidebook contains a list of 320 “runs,” trips from Point A to Point B: Manor House Station to Gibson Square, Jubilee Gardens to Royal London Hospital, Dryburgh Road to Vicarage Crescent, etc. The candidate embarks on the Knowledge by making these runs — that is, by physically going to Manor House Station and finding the shortest route that can be legally driven to Gibson Square, and then doing the same thing 319 more times, for the other Blue Book runs.

But the Knowledge is not simply a matter of way-finding. The key is a process called “pointing,” studying the stuff on the streets: all those places “a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.” Knowledge boys have developed a system of pointing that some call “satelliting,” whereby the candidate travels in a quarter-mile radius around a run’s starting and finishing points, poking around, identifying landmarks, making notes. By this method, the theory goes, a Knowledge student can commit to memory not just the streets but the streetscape — the curve of the road, the pharmacy on the corner, the mice nibbling on cheese in the architrave.

Decades ago, most Knowledge boys did their runs on bicycles. Now, nearly all test-takers buy or lease motorbikes. In 2014, there are thousands of men and women plying the city’s streets on two wheels, at all hours, in all weather, doing runs and gathering points. It’s a ubiquitous London sight: a Knowledge boy on a bike, with a map or notepad strapped to his Plexiglas windscreen. When the candidate has completed his 320 Blue Book runs — and his accompanying 640 quarter-mile radii point-gathering expeditions — he will have covered the whole of central London. At which time he takes a brief written exam, proceeds to the first stage of the oral examination process, and the test begins in earnest.

The testing takes place at the LTPH office in a series of “appearances,” face-to-face encounters between Knowledge candidate and examiner. The test-taker is asked to “call a run”: to identify the location of two points and to fluidly recite the shortest route between the points, naming all the streets along the way. A Knowledge boy is first given 56 days between appearances to study; then, as he progresses, 28 days, and 21. The questions, meanwhile, get harder, with candidates asked to locate more obscure points and to recite longer, more byzantine journeys across London’s byways. Each appearance consists of four runs, and each run is scored according to an elaborate numerical system. Your total score earns you a letter grade, from AA to D. (AA’s are exceedingly rare; D’s aren’t.) Candidates who acquire too many bad grades are bumped backward — “red-lined” from appearances every 28 days back to every 56 days, or from 21s to 28s. There is no such thing as “failing” the Knowledge. You can either quit, or persevere and pass: proceed all the way through to the end of your 21-day appearances, gaining sufficient points to earn your “req” — to meet the “required standard,” and complete the test.

For Matt McCabe, that goal was within spitting distance. He was “on 21s, on six points,” making appearances just three weeks apart, with six points on his tally, and only six more needed — just two solid appearances, perhaps, away from getting his req.

It was a pointing mission that brought McCabe to Fish Island that morning in January. He’d visited the neighborhood before, but had heard that a new point had come up in a candidate’s appearance a couple of days earlier. So he’d returned to take another look at the area — in particular, at H. Forman & Son, a wholesale fishmonger on Stour Road.

“Forman’s is quite famous,” McCabe said. He was standing outside the H. Forman & Son warehouse, a shedlike structure the size of a small airplane hanger. “They supply fish to the top restaurants in London. But now they’ve opened their own restaurant.” McCabe scrutinized the menu posted on a wall outside the building. He took a note on a small pad: “Chef: Lloyd Hardwick.” Hardwick, McCabe discovered by checking Google, had been the executive chef at the sleek restaurant on the top floor of the Tate Modern museum. “You have to look into these things. You know, the examiner could turn around and say, ‘Name me two Angela Hartnett restaurants,’ or ‘Name me four Gordon Ramsay restaurants.’ ” McCabe showed me a sign indicating that the restaurant also housed an art gallery. “You’ve got to note that. Instead of Formans restaurant, the examiner might give you Forman’s Smokehouse Gallery. That could be enough to throw you off.”

McCabe said: “This is an up-and-coming area. It looks like nothing, you know — but you put a bit of paint on the brickworks, smarten the place up, and all of a sudden it becomes a spot for little boutique stores or the up-and-coming D.J.s. You’ve got warehouse conversions; you’ll see guys coming out of the buildings in the morning — suit-and-tie, briefcase. If you’re driving a cab, you could pick someone up in the City at the end of the day heading back this way.”

McCabe had spent his entire professional life in the building trade. He’d worked alongside his father, an electrical engineer, and then as the owner of his own small firm specializing in roof maintenance, steel work and asbestos removal. He liked the work, but it was grueling — 15-hour days, seven days a week — and the £50,000 ($80,000) he took home wasn’t enough, to his mind, to justify the sacrifices. A job as a taxi driver seemed an attractive alternative. London cabbies are self-employed businessmen who set their own schedules. The metered fares of taxis are high, and drivers keep what they earn. The overhead — the cost of gas and of owning or leasing a taxi — can be steep, but cabbies who put in the hours can make a good living. There are no official statistics, but drivers themselves will tell you that London cabbies can earn around £65,000 per year, about $100,000, while maintaining an enviably flexible schedule. As a cabbie, McCabe figured, he could work seven, 10, 15 days straight — and then take four days off to spend time with his wife Katie, a hairdresser, and their children, Archie, 4, and Lulu, 3. He sold his engineering outfit and devoted himself full-time to the Knowledge, living off the savings he’d gained from the sale of his business.

It was now 37 months since he’d paid the £525 enrollment fee to sign on for the test and appearances. “The closer you get, the wearier you are, and the worse you want it,” McCabe said. “You’re carrying all this baggage. Your stress. Worrying about your savings.” McCabe said that he’d spent in excess of £200,000 on the Knowledge, if you factored in his loss of earnings from not working. “I want to be out working again before my kids are at the age where someone will ask: ‘What does your daddy do?’ Right now, they know me as Daddy who drives a motorbike and is always looking at a map. They don’t know me from my past, when I had a business and guys working for me. You want your life back.”

The Knowledge is notorious for snatching away lives, and for putting minds in a vise grip. “Everything becomes about the Knowledge,” McCabe said. “My wife will be talking to me about plans or the kids, and it’s not even registering what she’s saying. Because all I’m thinking is, ‘I can’t turn right into that road in Hammersmith, can I?’ If you read the paper, or watch the news or a film, you’re looking at the background. ‘Oh, I know that road there.’ ”

McCabe said that he dreamed about the Knowledge: sometimes exhilarating visions of zooming through London streets, more frequently nightmares about unfamiliar roads or disastrous LTPH appearances. Often, McCabe would wake in the middle of the night and hurry downstairs to study the map. In his dining room, there were three maps: two jumbo London street plans — one laminated on the dinner table and one tacked to the wall — and an enlarged view of the W1 postcode, the bustling zone which stretches south from Marylebone to Piccadilly and east to Soho. McCabe had ledgers he’d filled with jottings on topics like “Small and Awkward Squares.” There were also flashcards that McCabe had made up, listing a point on one side (“Tooting Mosque, SW17”) with information about its location and navigation on the other (“Gatton Road, one way, access via Fishponds Road”). McCabe stacked the cards in piles of 300; he had 40,000 in all. His home, he said, had become a library of the Knowledge.

But book-learning gets you only so far. “You’ve got to get out on the bike,” McCabe said. When he was doing Blue Book runs, McCabe would ride the streets all night, leaving when his wife got home from work at 9 p.m. and returning at 4 in the morning. Pointing, McCabe told me, can be “very cold, very lonely, very dangerous.” One night, McCabe was out pointing on his motorbike when a driver slammed into him from behind. McCabe went over the roof of the car, but suffered just a few scrapes and bruises. The bike was totaled. “I’m stationary in the filter lane, and the car just came around the bend and hit me,” McCabe said. “This was on a road called Pound Lane. Right across from the fire station at the corner of Harlesden Road.”

As McCabe progressed through the Knowledge, his pointing technique had become more refined. “At the beginning you might go to the Savoy Hotel on the Strand,” he said. “That’s a famous point; everyone knows it. But you start to think: What’s a more obscure point on the Strand? So you’ll pick up the Coal Hole Public House a few doors along. You start looking at George Court and find a little bar called Retro, a gay bar that plays ’80s music. You start thinking about the bits and pieces. I’m at the stage now where I’m looking at a new bar that just opened — inside a cinema. I’m picking up handbag shops, bowling alleys. You learn to kind of savor them little gems.”

It is tempting to interpret the Knowledge as a uniquely British institution: an expression of the national passion for order and competence, and a democratization of what P. G. Wodehouse winkingly called the feudal spirit, putting an army of hyperefficient Jeeveses on the road, ready to be flagged down by any passing Bertie Wooster. But the Knowledge is less a product of the English character than of the torturous London landscape. To be in London is, at least half the time, to have no idea where the hell you are. Every London journey, even the most banal, holds the threat of taking an epic turn: The guy headed to the corner newsagent makes a left where he should have gone right, blunders into an unfamiliar road, and suddenly he is Odysseus adrift on the Acheron. The problem is one of both enormity and density. From the time that London first began to spread beyond the walls surrounding the Roman city, it kept sprawling outward, absorbing villages, enlarging the spider-web snarl of little roads, multiplying the maze. Take a look sometime at a London street map. What a mess: It is a preposterously complex tangle of veins and capillaries, the cardiovascular system of a monster.

All metropolises are quirky, but in most of them efforts have been made to mitigate the idiosyncrasies, to make the cities legible, navigable, beautiful. In Manhattan and Chicago, planners tamed chaos with gridded street schemes; Baron Haussmann obliterated twisty medieval Paris with his sweeping grands boulevards, transforming the city into a linked chain of vistas, plazas and parks. London, though, makes no sense. It was the capital city of the greatest empire in history, yet it doesn’t look or feel imperial. There are miles of monotonous ugliness, disrupted not by splendor, but by gentility — the pretty whitewashed homes and stately squares in the well-heeled districts of West and North London. St. Paul’s Cathedral sits at the back of a small semicircular plaza that is pinned-in by the office towers and bendy streets of the financial district. It is difficult to get a decent view of the most beautiful building in town.

The genius behind St. Paul’s, the architect Christopher Wren, nearly became London’s Haussmann. Just days after the catastrophic Great Fire of 1666, Wren produced a plan to rebuild London as an Italian-style city, with wide boulevards that terminated in piazzas and raised stone quays. But the plan never gained traction. The explanation usually given is economic: If Chicago is an expression of American pragmatism, and Paris an ode to symmetry, then London is a monument to English mercantilism and love of private property, to the power of the bourgeois freeholders and shopkeepers, who clung too tightly to their little patches of land to permit the clearing of space for Wren’s plan. In London, lucre trumps grandeur.

The result is a town that bewilders even its lifelong residents. Londoners, writes Peter Ackroyd, are “a population lost in [their] own city.” London’s labyrinthine roadways are a symbol — and, perhaps, a cause — of the fatalism that hangs like a pea-soup fog over the Londoner’s consciousness. Facing the dizzying infinitude of streets, your mind turns darkly to thoughts of finitude: to the time that is flying, the minutes you are running late for your doctor’s appointment, the hours ticking by, never to be retrieved, on the proverbial Big Clock, the one even bigger than Big Ben. You can see it every day in Primrose Hill and Clapham, in Golders Green and Kentish Town, in Deptford and Dalston. A nervous man, an anxious woman, scanning the horizon for a recognizable landmark, searching for a street sign, silently wondering “Where am I?” — a geographical question that grades gloomily into an existential one.

Which is where the Knowledge comes in. It is a weird city’s weird solution to the riddle of itself, a municipal training program whose graduates are both transit workers and Gnostics: chauffeurs taught by the government to know the unknowable.

If you follow your London A-Z Street Atlas halfway up Caledonian Road, in Islington, you’ll find Knowledge Point, the largest of London’s 10 schools dedicated to the test. The school occupies a nondescript two-story building, but you can’t miss it: At all hours of the day, Knowledge boys’ motorbikes line the sidewalk out front. For several years in the 1990s, there was something else parked alongside the bikes: the steed of a mounted Metropolitan Police officer, who did the Knowledge on horseback, after, and during, his working hours.

The school offers specialized lectures on dozens of topics: “Hotels Outside Central London,” “South West London Turnarounds,” “Barracks & Military Establishments,” “Lambeth & Waterloo.” Pupils pick up trade secrets, the aides-mémoires and acronyms that have been passed between generations of Knowledge boys. There’s “Cat Eats Well Then Shares Her Beef Gravy,” a mnemonic denoting a path north from the Aldwych — the crescent-shaped road that loops above the Strand — along a sequence of one-way streets: Catherine, Exeter, Wellington, Tavistock, Southampton, Henrietta, Bedford, Garrick. To access C.A.B. — the Chelsea, Albert, and Battersea bridges — you take C.O.B.: respectively, Chelsea Bridge Road, Oakley Street and Beaufort Street. A series of streets running north to south through Soho — Greek, Frith, Dean, Wardour — are Good For Dirty Women.

But the majority of a student’s time at Knowledge Point is spent in two cramped rooms on the school’s ground floor, where maps are arranged on flat tables and angled easels. These rooms are devoted to “calling-over”: sitting with a partner, taking turns reciting runs, in an effort to replicate the conditions of oral examinations at the LTPH office. Anytime you step into Knowledge Point you will find students, faces pinched in concentration, calling-over runs in the specialized jargon mandated by Knowledge examiners. A skilled caller — a “woosher,” in Knowledge slang — can sound like a slam poet or a rapper, whipping off street names and turnings in a pleasing syncopated rhythm as he races through London streets in his mind’s eye: Leave on the right Lillie Road, left Eardley Crescent, left Warwick Road, forward Holland Road, comply Holland Circus, leave by Uxbridge Road, forward and right Shepherd’s Bush Green. More often, what you will hear at Knowledge Point is the sound of strain: groans, hems and haws, cursing.

Matt McCabe had been coming to Knowledge Point since he started on the test. A stickler for routine, he arrived each morning at 8:45. When the doors opened at 9, he would sit down across a table from his call-over partner, Steven Vine. I met McCabe and Vine at Knowledge Point one morning and watched them call-over. They spent hours switching off, settling into a patter of run-calling punctuated by mumbled expletives and other exclamations: “good pull” (when you correctly identify a tricky point), “bad drop” (when you forget a point or road that you should know), “nice line” (when your call sketches a nice straight path across the map).

To call-over effectively is to find a golden mean between geography and geometry. The aim is not just to navigate cleanly, naming the right roads, but to make the shortest and most elegant line between points. While McCabe called-over a run, Vine followed along, tracing his partner’s route with a marker on the laminated map. When McCabe finished, he and Vine stretched a ball-bearing chain over the map to assess the straightness of his call. This practice is known as “cottoning the run,” a phrase that dates to the days when Knowledge boys would use lengths of cotton twine to measure their runs. “They have a saying, ‘Don’t let the cotton strangle you,’ ” McCabe said. “It’s a reminder: Don’t get too tied up in having the perfect line. You’re always trying to calculate: ‘Which one would look the prettiest on the map?’ But sometimes you just gotta let it flow.”

The London landscape throws up constant impediments to the ideal of traveling in a straight line: parks, railway yards, one-way streets. The Thames presents another challenge. Because the area below the river is referred to as South London, most people assume that the dozen central London bridges spanning the water stretch north-to-south. In fact, the Thames’s flow is meandering; in places, the river crossings run along the opposite axis. (A Knowledge boy mnemonic instructs: “East to West, Lambeth or Westminster Bridge is best.”) At Knowledge Point, McCabe leaned over the map and pointed to the King’s Road in Chelsea. “If you were going from here, say, all the way out to Canary Wharf, you might cross the river twice to make it the shortest line. So you might run it across Westminster Bridge and bring yourself back across Tower Bridge. That will be a straight line, because you’re understanding the bends in the river.”

At his late stage of the test process, McCabe found himself facing a novel problem: too much Knowledge. “London now feels very small. At the beginning, you would be standing in Piccadilly and someone says to you, ‘Take me to Kilburn,’ and you would say: ‘Oh my God, that feels miles away.’ Now, I can take you endless amounts of ways. And that’s the dilemma you’ve got now: you see too many options.”

Seeing, for a Knowledge candidate, is everything — at its heart, the Knowledge is an elaborate exercise in visualization. When McCabe called-over, he closed his eyes and toggled between views: picturing the city at street level, the roads rolling out in front of him as if in a movie, then pulling the camera back to take in the bird’s eye perspective, scanning the London map. Knowledge boys speak of a Eureka moment when, after months or years of doggedly assembling the London puzzle, the fuzziness recedes and the city snaps into focus, the great morass of streets suddenly appearing as an intelligible whole. McCabe was startled not just by that macroview, but by the minute details he was able to retain. “I can pull a tiny little art studio just from the color of the door, and where it’s got a lamppost outside. Your brain just remembers silly things, you know?”

The brains of London taxi drivers have attracted scholarly attention. Eleanor Maguire, a neuroscientist at University College London, has spent 15 years studying cabbies and Knowledge boys. She has discovered that the posterior hippocampus, the area of the brain known to be important for memory, is bigger in London taxi drivers than in most people, and that a successful Knowledge candidate’s posterior hippocampus enlarges as he progresses through the test. Maguire’s work demonstrates that the brain is capable of structural change even in adulthood. The studies also provide a scientific explanation for the experiences of Knowledge students, the majority of whom have never pursued higher education and profess shock at the amount of information they are able to assimilate and retain.

Historically, taxi driving has been a white ***working-class*** industry, dominated by East Londoners: first, the Irish, and later, cockneys and Jews. For a century at least, the London black taxi has been a vehicle of upward mobility, steering a path into the middle class. Today’s Knowledge candidates include a new generation of London strivers. At Knowledge Point, there are nearly as many black and brown faces bent over maps as white ones, and in the clamor of voices calling runs you hear a variety of accents — South Asian, West African, Caribbean — mingling with the broad vowels and glottal stops of Estuary English.

The students are united by shared suffering, and by a common adversary. For a Knowledge boy, the LTPH examiners have a kind of mythic status, inspiring a mixture of fear, resentment and awe. Appearances are highly ritualized. Candidates heed longstanding Knowledge traditions, wearing suits and ties to appearances and addressing the examiners formally. McCabe said: “It’s: ‘Yes, sir, three bags full, sir.’ You can sit in there and before you’ve even done anything, you’ve said ‘sir’ 15 times.”

Examiners insist that the formality is important, designed to inculcate a professional code and to prepare future cabbies for the ornery London public. But there is also humor, of a sort, in the testing room. For generations, Knowledge examiners have seized on the poetry of London nomenclature to craft cheeky runs: Snowman House to the ICE Train, Hamlet Gardens to the Globe Theatre, the Eye (the giant Ferris wheel on the South Bank of the Thames) to the Nose (a tiny sculpture, reputedly modeled on Lord Nelson’s nose, embedded in Admiralty Arch). One examiner, Tony Swire, likes to quiz candidates about their lives and use that information to concoct runs, off the top of his head, that flaunt his own vast London Knowledge. When Swire learned that Matt McCabe’s wife was a hairdresser and that his children were named Archie and Lulu, he gave McCabe a run from the Mayfair salon of celebrity hairstylist John Frieda, the ex-husband of Scottish pop singer Lulu, to Archie Street, a tiny dead-end road in Bermondsey.

At Knowledge Point, McCabe explained the quirks of various examiners. There was Mr. Gunning, who favors runs with difficult strictures: He likes to impose road closures, or to ask candidates to do runs while steering clear of streets with traffic lights. Ms. Gerald, one of two women examiners, specializes in runs with lots of novel points. “There’s another examiner, Mr. Hall,” McCabe said. “He’s a tricky one. They have a nickname for him. Everyone calls him the Smiling Assassin.”

David Hall is, in fact, quick with a smile. He’s 53 years old and bald-headed. He wears rimless glasses and dark suits and ties. I met him one afternoon at the LTPH office. He was sitting at the desk where he conducts examinations, with a large London map and various notes spread out in front of him. “It isn’t so bad in here, is it?” he said. He nodded slightly towards the area down the hall where Knowledge candidates wait to be called in for appearances. “You can’t believe everything you hear.”

Hall knows what it’s like to sit on the other side of the examiner’s desk. Like all examiners, he is a cabbie, a Knowledge graduate with many years of taxi-driving on his CV. He left school at age 16, and got a job in the confectionery department at Harrods before becoming an electronics engineer. At age 27, he decided to try for a career as a cabbie. Hall had a keen sense of direction and had always loved maps. He passed the Knowledge in less than two years.

Hall became an examiner in 2008, and soon developed the reputation that earned him the Smiling Assassin moniker: He was a kind man, with a warm, welcoming manner, who asked very difficult runs. It is common knowledge among test-takers that Hall supports Crystal Palace, the football team based in South East London, and that he lives somewhere nearby. He is known, and feared, for giving vexing South London runs. Matt McCabe had Hall in two appearances, when he was on his 28s. McCabe said: “He’s fair, but very hard. He’ll take you from Kensington or Chelsea and he’ll get you to run it down to Peckham or to Dulwich. He’ll put you in the dilemma: Do I take Vauxhall Bridge or Battersea Bridge? He’s very technical. And he’s very into South London.”

Hall is also known for doing his homework. Examiners have to burnish their own Knowledge to keep a step ahead of examinees, reviewing road closures and traffic patterns, and, in their spare time, hitting the streets to pick up new points. Hall is a dedicated pointer. When I told a Knowledge boy that I was planning to interview Mr. Hall, he said: “I heard he went out pointing on Christmas Day.”

One afternoon, I met Hall outside Palestra House, the office tower in Southwark that houses LTPH. He was carrying a digital voice recorder and a clipboard with notes and maps, which he’d drawn himself. We walked north, crossing the Millennium Bridge, which links the South Bank of the Thames with the City of London, and then turned east, following the thrumming traffic along Queen Victoria Street. At a corner, Hall started scribbling notes. “You have to work out: How do the roads go? Is Queen Victoria Street curving there? Is Friday Street going north? At the end of Friday Street — yep, you’ve got a forced left with a blue arrow. A Knowledge candidate needs to take a mental picture of the road or the arrow there.” Hall drew an arrow on his map, indicating the forced left.

Just west of the intersection, on the north side of Queen Victoria Street, stood an elegant old church, with a spire that jutted above the surrounding buildings. Hall said: “That’s St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. It’s a Wren church. In fact, the church predated Wren by several centuries, but it was destroyed in the Great Fire, and Wren rebuilt it. That’s a point I’ll ask occasionally— I have done before. I’m very fond of City of London churches.”

It is said that the Knowledge is as much about learning history as learning your way around. After completing the Knowledge, Hall undertook a years-long course of study to earn the “blue badge” of an official London tour guide. While Hall strolled around the City pointing — logging road works and making notes about new restaurants and bars — he led me on an impromptu walking tour: more Wren churches, medieval livery companies and guild halls marked with elaborate coats of arms, the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, the Innholders Hall, a carved likeness of Winston Churchill’s face in the center of a clock above the doorway of an office building. Toward evening, we made our way back along Queen Victoria Street, passing a massive three-acre building site, the future home of Bloomberg L.P.’s European headquarters. The construction project had revealed further remains of the Temple of Mithras, a Roman ruin first discovered in 1954. The temple once stood on the banks of the Walbrook, a now-buried river that brought fresh water to Roman Londinium. Hall said: “In the religion practiced here, they used to have seven ordeals. If you were a Roman soldier, one of the ordeals was to put you over a fire pit. If you could withstand that particular ordeal, you went to the next stage in that religion.”

Hall said: “The thing about London is, it’s forever changing. The old city is preserved, of course, but there’s always a new city coming forth. There really is no end to the Knowledge. It’s infinite.”

The test-takers of a century ago who tottered their way to the Knowledge on bicycles earned a heady reward: not just a green badge, but something close to a guaranteed living. Today’s Knowledge candidates are banking on that pattern holding, but history seems to be veering in a different direction. These days, a person can walk into the LTPH office and, with relatively minimal effort, acquire a license to drive one of London’s nearly 60,000 minicabs, a fleet that vastly outnumbers the approximately 25,000 black taxis. Minicab drivers do not have to demonstrate familiarity with London; an applicant is merely required to pass a background check and take a “topographical test.” Minicabs can also offer cheaper fares than taxis, whose metered pricing schemes are strictly regulated.

For years, the black taxi industry has decried minicabs as an inferior service that poaches business rightfully belonging to Knowledge graduates. But many consumer advocates regard minicabs as a welcome corrective — a reasonably priced alternative to black taxis, whose hefty fares are beyond the reach of most Londoners. (A 2013 survey by the travel website TripAdvisor deemed London’s taxis the world’s most expensive, with an average cost per trip of £27, about $43.)

In theory, there are rules in place that offer advantages to traditional London cabbies: Theirs are the only rides that can legally be hailed on the street. But times are changing, and curbside hailing may soon be as quaint a relic of old London as the clubman striding through Mayfair in his bowler hat and boutonniere. Recently, the London taxi trade has been roiled by the rise of Uber, the smartphone app-based ride-sharing company. On June 11, thousands of drivers staged a one-hour-long “strike,” gridlocking streets to protest what they view as Uber’s illegal evasion of London’s metering laws. The Licensed Taxi Drivers Association, a black-cab advocacy group, has brought a series of lawsuits against Uber drivers. But at the demonstration, the cabbies’ anger was directed less at Uber, per se, than at Transport for London and Boris Johnson, London’s mayor, whom taxi drivers regard as a zealous deregulator, friendly to big business at their expense. (At the rally, cabbies held placards that read: “Uber: Under Boris Exempt from Regulation.”)

In his public statements on the matter, the mayor has walked a fine line. “London’s black-cab trade is crucial to the fabric of the city,” Johnson said. “There must, however, be a place for new technology to work in harmony with the black cab, and we shouldn’t unnecessarily restrict new ideas that are of genuine benefit to Londoners.” Others are less hedging. In July, Forbes ran an editorial by staff writer John Tamny, extolling Uber as a “disrupter” of the taxi business and casting London’s cabbies as passé: “Just as automation, free trade and general economic progress have allowed us to shed previously important skills such as sewing, farming, and yes, addition/subtraction, so does it allow us — indeed, it requires us — to shed once-relevant knowledge. . . . As for London, the GPS has, much to the chagrin of some cabdrivers with telegraphic memory, rendered their knowledge of one of the world’s great cities largely irrelevant.”

Taxi drivers counter such claims by pointing out that black cabs have triumphed in staged races against cars using GPS, or as the British call it, Sat-Nav. Cabbies contend that in dense and dynamic urban terrain like London’s, the brain of a cabbie is a superior navigation tool — that Sat-Nav doesn’t know about the construction that has sprung up on Regent Street, and that a driver who is hailed in heavily-trafficked Piccadilly Circus doesn’t have time to enter an address and wait for his dashboard-mounted robot to tell him where to steer his car.

Such arguments may hold for a while. But given the pace of technological refinement, how long will it be before the development of a Sat-Nav algorithm that works better than the most ingenious cabbie, before a voice-activated GPS, or a driverless car, can zip a passenger from Piccadilly to Putney more efficiently than any Knowledge graduate? Ultimately, the case to make for the Knowledge may not be practical-economic (the Knowledge works better than Sat-Nav), or moral-political (the little man must be protected against rapacious global capitalism), but philosophical, spiritual, sentimental: The Knowledge should be maintained because it is good for London’s soul, and for the souls of Londoners. The Knowledge stands for, well, knowledge — for the Enlightenment ideal of encyclopedic learning, for the humanist notion that diligent intellectual endeavor is ennobling, an end in itself. To support the Knowledge is to make the unfashionable argument that expertise cannot be reduced to data, that there’s something dystopian, or at least depressing, about the outsourcing of humanity’s hard-won erudition to gizmos, even to portable handheld gizmos that themselves are miracles of human imagination and ingenuity. London’s taxi driver test enshrines knowledge as — to use the au courant term — an artisanal commodity, a thing that’s local and homespun, thriving ideally in the individual hippocampus, not the digital hivemind.

You could also call the Knowledge the greatest tribute a city has ever paid to itself, a love letter more ardent than “I ❤ N.Y.” or anything else a Chamber of Commerce might cook up. The Knowledge says that London is Holy Writ, a great mystery to be pored over, and that a corps of municipal Talmudists must be delegated to that task. To the extent that the mystifying clichés hold — that taxi drivers are London’s singers of songlines and fonts of folk wisdom, carrying not just the secrets of London navigation but the deep history of the city and its streets — the disappearance of the Knowledge would be an assault on civic memory, a blow, if you will, to historic preservation. Smartphone apps and Google Maps may ensure that Londoners will never again be lost in their own city, but if the Knowledge disappears, will something of London itself be lost — will some essence of the place vanish along with all those guys on mopeds, learning the town’s roads and plumbing its depths?

Like most cabbies and Knowledge boys, Matt McCabe worries about the future of the taxi business. But in January 2013, he had more pressing concerns. A few days after his visit to Fish Island, McCabe went on an appearance and scored a B, leaving him with 10 points, just two shy of his goal. Barring a calamity, a brain-freeze, it seemed a foregone conclusion that his next appearance would be his last.

Three weeks later, on a Friday, McCabe rose, as usual, early, with his children, and went through a routine he’d established over many months. He made sure he was cleanly shaven, that his shoes were polished, his suit pristine. He took the train into London, disembarked at London Bridge station, and walked to the LTPH office at a measured pace, trying to keep his heart-rate steady. He arrived with time to spare and took his seat in the waiting area with a dozen or so other Knowledge candidates.

At around 2 p.m., McCabe’s name was called, and he was ushered into the office of a man he’d never met before. David O’Connor is a veteran examiner with a reputation as a hard marker. McCabe knew that O’Connor liked to test whether candidates had been getting around on the bike, and liked to give runs that worked the center of the map.

McCabe sat down and breezed through his first three runs. He was nervous, but his calls, he thought, were solid. Surely it was a done deed now? For the session’s final run, O’Connor asked McCabe to take him from the Sun and Doves to Emirates Stadium. McCabe closed his eyes. He could see the Sun and Doves: It was a pub on the corner of Coldharbour Lane and Caldecot Road, down in Camberwell. Of course he knew Emirates Stadium, the home of Arsenal, the Premier League football team. McCabe said: “Sun and Doves, Coldharbour Lane. Emirates Stadium, it’s Drayton Park. That’s the North Bank entrance.” O’Connor nodded: the Knowledge boy had identified the points correctly. McCabe closed his eyes again, to make sure he saw the line clearly. Then he called the run:

Leave on the right, Coldharbour Lane

Left into Denmark Hill

Forward Camberwell Road

Forward Walworth Road

Comply Elephant and Castle

Leave by Newington Causeway

Forward Borough High Street

Forward over London Bridge

Forward into King William Street

Forward Lombard Street

Forward Bank Junction

Forward Prince’s Street

Forward Moorgate

Forward Finsbury Pavement

Forward Finsbury Square

Forward City Road

Comply Old Street roundabout

Leave by City Road continued

Right Provost Street

Right Vestry Street

Left into East Road

Forward New North Road

Forward Canonbury Road

Comply Highbury Corner

Leave by Holloway Road

Right Drayton Park

Set down on the left

It was a nearly seven-mile-long journey, due north, from Camberwell to Holloway, in Islington, north-central London. When McCabe finished the call, he and O’Connor sat in silence for what seemed to McCabe an eternity. Finally, O’Connor stood up and extended his hand. He said: “Well done, Matt. Welcome to the club. I’m pleased to say that you’re now one of London’s finest.” It was the first time in the more than three years McCabe had been coming to LTPH that an examiner had called him by his first name.

“It was an emotional moment,” McCabe said. “It was hard to hold back the tears. Three years of complete financial stress, family stress — studying for 13 hours a day, seven days a week. Suddenly, the whole thing was very casual. It was quite, you know, ‘Sit back, relax, loosen your tie.’ And then Mr. O’Connor was telling me what to expect doing the job. He was giving me his inside knowledge after being a London cabbie for, like, 20-odd years.” McCabe went home to his family. He and his wife, Katie, ordered take-out from a Thai restaurant, put on loud music, and danced around the house with their children. When the kids went to bed, the McCabes drank a few beers and dismantled the Knowledge library: stored the flashcards and pages of notes, took the maps off the wall. Katie, McCabe said, “cried for about two days solid.”

McCabe has been driving a taxi for just over a year and a half. He is still new at the job, relatively speaking; in London cabbie lingo, he’s a “Butter Boy” — but a boy, a recent Knowledge graduate. He has the leanings of a traditionalist, though. Many cabbies today are opting for new minivan-style Mercedes taxis, or cabs decorated with “full wrap-liveries,” advertisements in eye-popping hues. McCabe owns a TX4 Elegance, a car with the classic London black cab look. “I like the iconic shape,” he said. “To me, if you’re gonna be a London cabbie, that’s what you should be driving.”

In June, McCabe took part in the demonstration against Uber. He said, “We’re trying to be the best in the world, and trying to stay competitive as well. And, you know, the way Uber seems to operate in London — when it’s quiet, they do the work for next to nothing, when it’s busy, the rates are three times dearer than a London cab.” For now, McCabe is making a good living. “The rewards are there. You have to do the hours. I mean, a normal day for me is a 12-hour day.”

He said: “What I’ve done is a trade. A minicab driver, an Uber driver — they won’t do the undertaking I done. They won’t put in the three years.”

“I had a gentleman in the cab recently,” McCabe said. “He told me that a couple of nights earlier he’d been eating in a restaurant in Chelsea, and the Uber car turned up. He said, ‘We want to go to Wapping.’ And the driver said, ‘Where’s Wapping? Is it in London?’ And it’s, like, a massive borough. He’s never heard of it! So, I picked this guy up. He said, ‘Wapping.’ I went, ‘Yes, sir.’ And he said, ‘Kennet Street.’ I went, ‘Yes, sir.’ He got in the back, and we were off. And he told me, ‘That’s why I’m reverting back to London cabs.’ ”

McCabe said, “The moment a person tells me at the window where they want to go, we’re going. There’s no mucking about. I want to get you from A to B as quickly as possible. Because as nice as the person may be, I want to get them in and out. So I can get the next person in the back of the cab, and I’m earning more money.”

McCabe is still doing the Knowledge, after a fashion. He’s embarked on the three-year course to become a licensed London historian — an official tour guide, like David Hall. “I’m fascinated with the quirky little bits of London history,” McCabe said. “The famous lamps at the Savoy. The secret tunnels that link up to St. James’s Palace.”

When he’s in his cab, McCabe keeps his eyes peeled for another London curiosity: the Knowledge examiners, his erstwhile tormentors, now colleagues, who may be out driving their own taxis, or gathering new points. Each workday, McCabe makes his way into the city’s center via South London, guiding his taxi through the streets that have flummoxed many a Knowledge boy attempting to call one of Mr. Hall’s runs. McCabe hasn’t spotted Hall yet, but he hopes he will sometime. It would be nice, he says, to have a beer with the Smiling Assassin.

Back in the winter of 2013, shortly before McCabe’s final appearance, I asked him how he was handling the pressure. He said: “If you overcome the nerves, your training will take over. When I get into that room, I try to think: ‘This guy is an examiner, but when he’s not sitting here, he’s behind the wheel, driving a cab.’ He could pick me up tomorrow, you know, or pick my wife up. That calms me down. I think to myself, ‘This guy is just a cab driver, same as what I want to be. He’s just a London cab driver. He doesn’t know everything.’ ”

PHOTOS: NERVE CENTER: At Knowledge Point School in Islington, candidates prepare for their oral exams by taking classes on topics like ‘‘South West London Turnarounds,’’ reciting runs of streets with partners and learning aides-mémoires for London’s bridges.; KNOWLEDGE BOY: Over three years, Matt McCabe logged more than 50,000 miles on motorbike and foot within the city, the equivalent of two circumnavigations of the Earth, while studying to become a London taxi driver.; TAKE A SEAT: Examiners are known for their various quirks — such as requesting routes without traffic lights or, in the case of the ‘‘Smiling Assassin’’ David Hall (above), favoring difficult South London runs.; THE GRADUATE: McCabe at the wheel of a classic-looking TX4 Elegance black taxi. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RORY VAN MILLINGEN)

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[***Yonkers ZIP Code Plan Could Change Addresses***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YSG0-000D-G0V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ELSA BRENNER

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**Body**

THREE years ago, William E. Sheerin, a 20-year resident here, bought a gracious brick Colonial home on the city's east side, in what is known as the Strathmore section. Along with the house, its well-groomed yard and the tree-lined streets in the neighborhood came a tony Scarsdale mailing address.

As Mr. Sheerin, a high-school teacher, explained it, buying the house was a major investment, a goal that he and his wife, Patricia, had worked toward for many years.

"Perception is reality in the world of real estate," Mr. Sheerin said recently. "The fact is my house is worth more because it has a Scarsdale ZIP code."

Now, Mr. Sheerin said, legislation recently introduced by a City Councilman from the northwest side is threatening to change all that.

Lower Property Values Feared

Concerned about the possible loss of tax revenues for the city, emergency-service response time and "civic pride," Councilman John D. Spencer has proposed that the City Manager and the Postal Service work to bring east side areas served by Scarsdale, Bronxville and Tuckahoe post offices under Yonkers mailing addresses.

If the Councilman has his way, Mr. Sheerin said, he and his neighbors will be the losers.

He and many other homeowners on the east side maintain that the legislation could result in diminished property values. They fear that when it comes time to sell their homes, a Yonkers mailing address will not have the cachet that a Scarsdale, Bronxville or Tuckahoe address would.

Councilman Spencer, on the other hand, says that homeowners on the east side "are just clinging to labels."

"We have people in the nicest areas repudiating us," the first-term Councilman from the Third District said. "It doesn't help the city's image when we have neighborhoods that don't want to be identified with Yonkers."

While Mr. Spencer, who is chairman of the City Council's Real Estate and Economic Development Committee, cited "a sense of injustice" as his primary reason for introducing the legislation, he said fiscal and safety concerns also merited serious attention.

Time Lost in a Fire

He said there could be confusion and delays in emergency services if east side residents in the Scarsdale, Tuckahoe or Bronxville mailing areas called the wrong municipality for assistance. Recently, he said, when a house was burning, a neighbor telephoned Scarsdale for help, and time was lost when the call had to be relayed back to Yonkers.

Moreover, Mr. Spencer said, he is worried that some east side residents may be evading Yonkers's 15 percent state income-tax surcharge and the additional 2 1/2 percent in sales tax that Yonkers residents must pay.

"While most people pay their taxes," the Councilman said, "you've got to believe there's a percent that don't. And at a time like this, when this city has been axed by Albany, we can't afford to lose any more money."

Although the Councilman's proposal is given little chance of passage now, other Yonkers officials acknowledge that the ZIP codes can cause problems.

Thomas J. McSpedon, the city's Commissioner of Finance and Management, estimated that the city loses close to $200,000 a year "by people, consciously or unconsciously, not paying taxes."

City Manager Neil J. DeLuca, seeking a solution that would satisfy Mr. Spencer's concerns while allaying the fears of the east side residents, conceded that "it's one heck of a dilemma, but I think there are some answers."

"As a government, we have to preserve property values," Mr. DeLuca said. "We can't lose money trying to make money. We never want to do anything to detract from a neighborhood's value, and it's true that a Bronxville P.O., for example, carries a higher price tag."

If the value of east side homes indeed dropped because of Mr. Spencer's proposal, Yonkers would receive less in property and real-estate-transfer taxes, the City Manager explained.

Mr. DeLuca agreed that was a need for increased vigilance on the sales-tax issue. "Can you imagine how much we lose every time someone buys a BMW and claims he's from Scarsdale, not Yonkers?" he said.

9-Digit ZIP Proposed

Yonkers residents must pay an 8.25 percent sales tax, while other Westchester shoppers pay 5.75 percent state and county sales tax, with the difference going to the city's coffers. Some officials say that Yonkers residents who have Scarsdale, Tuckahoe or Bronxville mailing addresses might not be acknowledging that they are really Yonkers residents when they buy automobiles or items to be delivered, like large appliances.

While it would be virtually impossible to check smaller cash transactions Yonkers residents make, the big-ticket purchases, like cars and appliances, must be monitored, Mr. DeLuca said.

He is proposing that the Postal Service, rather than revising delivery zones, institute a nine-digit ZIP code system for Yonkers. If, for example, a resident had a 10583 Scarsdale ZIP code, an extra four digits would designate that the house was actually in Yonkers, even though the postal mailing address would remain Scarsdale.

"The nine digits would appear on a resident's driver's license, and a salesperson would have to pay attention," Mr. DeLuca said. "We would alert car dealers and other retailers to watch for this."

The city has also sent the State Department of Taxation and Finance a list of people living in east side areas asking that the department check to determine whether all residents are paying the income-tax surcharge.

'No Sympathy' for Tax Evasion

"If someone would rather say he's from Bronxville than Yonkers, that's one thing," Mr. DeLuca said. "But tax evasion, I have no sympathy for that. It's unacceptable."

Thomas A. Dickerson, a City Councilman representing about 30,000 east side residents in the Fifth District, also wants a nine-digit ZIP code and vigilance by retailers on the sales-tax requirements.

As for the possibility of diminished response time for emergency services, Mr. Dickerson said a countywide 911 emergency phone number "would be the answer to that problem."

But he said he could not support Mr. Spencer's proposal because a change in mailing addresses could decrease property values, Most of all, Mr. Dickerson said, he is dismayed by the anger and divisiveness that Mr. Spencer's resolution has generated.

"I call it loser legislation," he said. "It's hard enough to unite our city. We don't need an issue like this coming up. In my district we have upper middle class, ***working class*** and all groups in between. I'm working to overcome differences, not create new problems."

'Changing the Rules of the Game'

George Austin, an investment adviser who lives in the Lawrence Park section on the east side of Yonkers and has a Bronxville mailing address, said he resented the implication by Mr. Spencer that east siders wanted to disassociate themselves from the city.

Mr. Austin, president of the Lawrence Park Neighborhood Association and of Citizens and Neighbors Organized to Protect Yonkers, said he and other members of those organizations had worked for many years to pull the city together.

"We've been involved and active with the city," Mr. Austin said. "But this proposal is changing the rules of the game after you've made an investment."

"They bite the bait when they see a Bronxville P.O. in the classifieds," he said. "Many people coming from out of town wouldn't have looked if the ad said Yonkers. The city has a negative image nationwide."

Active in Yonkers

Mr. Sheerin said that he was not ashamed to be part of Yonkers, but that property value was a separate issue.

"I live in the furthest northeast corner of Yonkers and I've been working for a library in the furthest southwest corner," said Mr. Sheerin, who is vice president of the Yonkers Public Library board of trustees.

"Mr. Spencer is 100 percent wrong," he added. "If we wanted to disassociate from Yonkers, we would not involve ourselves in the life of the city. We would flee."

If Mr. Spencer's proposal is enacted, Mr. Sheerin said, there will be "a flood" of cases with homeowners disputing the assessed value of their property. "There would be no trouble to show a loss," he said.

'A Cheap Political Shot'

Edward J. Fagan, vice mayor and Councilman from the Sixth District, which includes the Strathmore section and east side areas with a Tuckahoe ZIP code, called Mr. Spencer's proposal a "spite resolution."

"It's a cheap political shot," he said. "I don't have one of these ZIP codes and I don't feel jealous. One day I'd like to have enough money to move into one of those areas."

Any change in postal boundaries would require, among other things, a cost analysis and a customer survey, said Glen Welch, an acting manager in charge of address programs and ZIP codes for the Postal Service in Yonkers.

"Historically, we set up postal boundaries for ease of delivery, not for the municipalities' convenience," he said. "The majority of post offices in the nation have boundaries that overlap city and town lines."

Mr. Spencer, realizing that his resolution would not pass when he first introduced it to the seven-member City Council, had it put into committee.

"I knew it would be defeated if it were put to a vote right away," he said. "We need to allow some time to go by. I'll bring it out again. Some people wish this issue would go away. But I promise you it won't."

**Graphic**

Photos: George and Kathleen Austin, who have a Bronxville address (pg. 1); "Perception is reality in the world of real estate," said William E. Sheerin, whose brick Colonial home is in the Strathmore section on the east side of Yonkers. "The fact is my house is worth more because it has a Scarsdale ZIP code." (pg. 10) (Elsa Brenner for The New York Times)

Map of Yonkers and bordering areas with shaded areas showing ZIP codes extending into Yonkers. (pg. 1)

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[***The Knowledge, London's Legendary Taxi-Driver Test, Puts Up a Fight in the Age of GPS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DJV-86V1-DY2M-W3JS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Highlight:** The examination to become a London cabbie is possibly the most difficult test in the world &#8212; demanding years of study to memorize the labyrinthine city&#8217;s 25,000 streets and any business or landmark on them. As GPS and Uber imperil this tradition, is there an argument for learning as an end in itself?

**Body**

The examination to become a London cabbie is possibly the most difficult test in the world - demanding years of study to memorize the labyrinthine city's 25,000 streets and any business or landmark on them. As GPS and Uber imperil this tradition, is there an argument for learning as an end in itself?

At 10 past 6 on a January morning a couple of winters ago, a 35-year-old man named Matt McCabe stepped out of his house in the town of Kenley, England, got on his Piaggio X8 motor scooter, and started driving north. McCabe's destination was Stour Road, a small street in a desolate patch of East London, 20 miles from his suburban home. He began his journey by following the A23, a major thruway connecting London with its southern outskirts, whose origins are thought to be ancient: For several miles the road follows the straight line of the Roman causeway that stretched from London to Brighton. McCabe exited the A23 in the South London neighborhood of Streatham and made his way through the streets, arriving, about 20 minutes after he set out, at an intersection officially called Windrush Square but still referred to by locals, and on most maps, as Brixton Oval. There, McCabe faced a decision: how to plot his route across the River Thames. Should he proceed more or less straight north and take London Bridge, or bear right into Coldharbour Lane and head for ''the pipe,'' the Rotherhithe Tunnel, which snakes under the Thames two miles downriver?

''At first I thought I'd go for London Bridge,'' McCabe said later. ''Go straight up Brixton Road to Kennington Park Road and then work my line over. I knew that I could make my life a lot easier, to not have to waste brainpower thinking about little roads - doing left-rights, left-rights. And then once I'd get over London Bridge, it'd be a quick trip: I'd work it up to Bethnal Green Road, Old Ford Road, and boom-boom-boom, I'm there. It's a no-brainer. But no. I was thinking about the traffic, about everyone going to the City at that hour of the morning. I thought, 'What can I do to skirt central London?' That was my key decision point. I didn't want to sit in the traffic lights. So I decided to take Coldharbour Lane and head for the pipe.''

McCabe turned east on Coldharbour Lane, wending through the neighborhoods of Peckham and Bermondsey before reaching the tunnel. He emerged on the far side of the Thames in Limehouse, and from there his three-mile-long trip followed a zigzagging path northeast. ''I came out of the tunnel and went forward into Yorkshire Road,'' he told me. ''I went right into Salmon Lane. Left into Rhodeswell Road, right into Turners Road. I went right into St. Paul's Way, left into Burdett Road, right into Mile End Road. Left Tredegar Square. I went right Morgan Street, left Coborn Road, right into Tredegar Road. That gave me a forward into Wick Lane, a right into Monier Road, right into Smeed Road - and we're there. Left into Stour Road.''

We were there, on Stour Road. It was a cold day, with temperatures hovering just above freezing, and snow in the forecast. For McCabe, on his bike, the wind chill made it feel considerably colder. He was dressed for the weather: a thermal shirt, a sweater, an insulated raincoat, Gore-Tex pants pulled over his jeans, gloves, work boots, a knit cap under his motorcycle helmet. McCabe is a tall man, about 6-foot-2, and he is solidly built, like a central defender on a soccer team. He's handsome, with a wide smile and blond hair. He speaks in short sentences, snappy and definitive, especially when talking about London. We were in Hackney Wick, an industrial area adjacent to Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park, where the 2012 Olympic Games were held. Stour Road sits in a particularly remote corner of the neighborhood - a few wind-lashed streets, lined with warehouses, hemmed in by canals and a highway flyover.

''They call this area Fish Island,'' McCabe said. ''I'm not much of a fisherman, but many of the roads here are named for fishes - freshwater fishes, I believe. So just here you've got Bream Street.'' He gestured down a road where a lumberyard was set back behind a corrugated metal fence. ''Follow that to the end, you'll come to Dace Road. You've got Roach Road. All names of fishes.''

McCabe had spent the last three years of his life thinking about London's roads and landmarks, and how to navigate between them. In the process, he had logged more than 50,000 miles on motorbike and on foot, the equivalent of two circumnavigations of the Earth, nearly all within inner London's dozen boroughs and the City of London financial district. He was studying to be a London taxi driver, devoting himself full-time to the challenge that would earn him a cabbie's ''green badge'' and put him behind the wheel of one of the city's famous boxy black taxis.

Actually, ''challenge'' isn't quite the word for the trial a London cabbie endures to gain his qualification. It has been called the hardest test, of any kind, in the world. Its rigors have been likened to those required to earn a degree in law or medicine. It is without question a unique intellectual, psychological and physical ordeal, demanding unnumbered thousands of hours of immersive study, as would-be cabbies undertake the task of committing to memory the entirety of London, and demonstrating that mastery through a progressively more difficult sequence of oral examinations - a process which, on average, takes four years to complete, and for some, much longer than that. The guidebook issued to prospective cabbies by London Taxi and Private Hire (LTPH), which oversees the test, summarizes the task like this:

To achieve the required standard to be licensed as an ''All London'' taxi driver you will need a thorough knowledge, primarily, of the area within a six-mile radius of Charing Cross. You will need to know: all the streets; housing estates; parks and open spaces; government offices and departments; financial and commercial centres; diplomatic premises; town halls; registry offices; hospitals; places of worship; sports stadiums and leisure centres; airline offices; stations; hotels; clubs; theatres; cinemas; museums; art galleries; schools; colleges and universities; police stations and headquarters buildings; civil, criminal and coroner's courts; prisons; and places of interest to tourists. In fact, anywhere a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.

If anything, this description understates the case. The six-mile radius from Charing Cross, the putative center-point of London marked by an equestrian statue of King Charles I, takes in some 25,000 streets. London cabbies need to know all of those streets, and how to drive them - the direction they run, which are one-way, which are dead ends, where to enter and exit traffic circles, and so on. But cabbies also need to know everything on the streets. Examiners may ask a would-be cabbie to identify the location of any restaurant in London. Any pub, any shop, any landmark, no matter how small or obscure - all are fair game. Test-takers have been asked to name the whereabouts of flower stands, of laundromats, of commemorative plaques. One taxi driver told me that he was asked the location of a statue, just a foot tall, depicting two mice sharing a piece of cheese. It's on the facade of a building in Philpot Lane, on the corner of Eastcheap, not far from London Bridge.

If you go to LTPH headquarters, where the examinations are conducted, you will behold a grim bureaucratic scene, not much different than the one you might find in an office devoted to tax audits: nervous test-takers, dressed in suits, shuffling into one-on-one sessions with stone-faced examiners. But for more than a century, since the first green badge was issued to a hackney cabman piloting a horse-drawn carriage, the test has been known by a name that carries a whiff of the occult: the Knowledge of London.

The origins of the Knowledge are unclear - lost in the murk of Victorian municipal history. Some trace the test's creation to the Great Exhibition of 1851, when London's Crystal Palace played host to hundreds of thousands of visitors. These tourists, the story goes, inundated the city with complaints about the ineptitude of its cabmen, prompting authorities to institute a more demanding licensing process. The tale may be apocryphal, but it is certain that the Knowledge was in place by 1884: City records for that year contain a reference to 1,931 applicants for the ''examination as to the 'knowledge' [of]...principal streets and squares and public buildings.''

In 2014, in any case, the Knowledge is steeped in regimens and rituals that have been around as long as anyone can remember. Taxi-driver candidates - known as Knowledge boys and, increasingly today, Knowledge girls - are issued a copy of the so-called ''Blue Book.'' This guidebook contains a list of 320 ''runs,'' trips from Point A to Point B: Manor House Station to Gibson Square, Jubilee Gardens to Royal London Hospital, Dryburgh Road to Vicarage Crescent, etc. The candidate embarks on the Knowledge by making these runs - that is, by physically going to Manor House Station and finding the shortest route that can be legally driven to Gibson Square, and then doing the same thing 319 more times, for the other Blue Book runs.

But the Knowledge is not simply a matter of way-finding. The key is a process called ''pointing,'' studying the stuff on the streets: all those places ''a taxi passenger might ask to be taken.'' Knowledge boys have developed a system of pointing that some call ''satelliting,'' whereby the candidate travels in a quarter-mile radius around a run's starting and finishing points, poking around, identifying landmarks, making notes. By this method, the theory goes, a Knowledge student can commit to memory not just the streets but the streetscape - the curve of the road, the pharmacy on the corner, the mice nibbling on cheese in the architrave.

Decades ago, most Knowledge boys did their runs on bicycles. Now, nearly all test-takers buy or lease motorbikes. In 2014, there are thousands of men and women plying the city's streets on two wheels, at all hours, in all weather, doing runs and gathering points. It's a ubiquitous London sight: a Knowledge boy on a bike, with a map or notepad strapped to his Plexiglas windscreen. When the candidate has completed his 320 Blue Book runs - and his accompanying 640 quarter-mile radii point-gathering expeditions - he will have covered the whole of central London. At which time he takes a brief written exam, proceeds to the first stage of the oral examination process, and the test begins in earnest.

The testing takes place at the LTPH office in a series of ''appearances,'' face-to-face encounters between Knowledge candidate and examiner. The test-taker is asked to ''call a run'': to identify the location of two points and to fluidly recite the shortest route between the points, naming all the streets along the way. A Knowledge boy is first given 56 days between appearances to study; then, as he progresses, 28 days, and 21. The questions, meanwhile, get harder, with candidates asked to locate more obscure points and to recite longer, more byzantine journeys across London's byways. Each appearance consists of four runs, and each run is scored according to an elaborate numerical system. Your total score earns you a letter grade, from AA to D. (AA's are exceedingly rare; D's aren't.) Candidates who acquire too many bad grades are bumped backward - ''red-lined'' from appearances every 28 days back to every 56 days, or from 21s to 28s. There is no such thing as ''failing'' the Knowledge. You can either quit, or persevere and pass: proceed all the way through to the end of your 21-day appearances, gaining sufficient points to earn your ''req'' - to meet the ''required standard,'' and complete the test.

For Matt McCabe, that goal was within spitting distance. He was''on 21s, on six points,'' making appearances just three weeks apart, with six points on his tally, and only six more needed - just two solid appearances, perhaps, away from getting his req. It was a pointing mission that brought McCabe to Fish Island that morning in January. He'd visited the neighborhood before, but had heard that a new point had come up in a candidate's appearance a couple of days earlier. So he'd returned to take another look at the area - in particular, at H. Forman & Son, a wholesale fishmonger on Stour Road.

''Forman's is quite famous,'' McCabe said. He was standing outside the H. Forman & Son warehouse, a shedlike structure the size of a small airplane hanger. ''They supply fish to the top restaurants in London. But now they've opened their own restaurant.'' McCabe scrutinized the menu posted on a wall outside the building. He took a note on a small pad: ''Chef: Lloyd Hardwick.'' Hardwick, McCabe discovered by checking Google, had been the executive chef at the sleek restaurant on the top floor of the Tate Modern museum. ''You have to look into these things. You know, the examiner could turn around and say, 'Name me two Angela Hartnett restaurants,' or 'Name me four Gordon Ramsay restaurants.' '' McCabe showed me a sign indicating that the restaurant also housed an art gallery. ''You've got to note that. Instead of Formans restaurant, the examiner might give you Forman's Smokehouse Gallery. That could be enough to throw you off.''

McCabe said: ''This is an up-and-coming area. It looks like nothing, you know - but you put a bit of paint on the brickworks, smarten the place up, and all of a sudden it becomes a spot for little boutique stores or the up-and-coming D.J.s. You've got warehouse conversions; you'll see guys coming out of the buildings in the morning - suit-and-tie, briefcase. If you're driving a cab, you could pick someone up in the City at the end of the day heading back this way.''

McCabe had spent his entire professional life in the building trade. He'd worked alongside his father, an electrical engineer, and then as the owner of his own small firm specializing in roof maintenance, steel work and asbestos removal. He liked the work, but it was grueling - 15 hours days, seven days a week - and the £50,000 ($80,000) he took home wasn't enough, to his mind, to justify the sacrifices. A job as a taxi driver seemed an attractive alternative. London cabbies are self-employed businessmen who set their own schedules. The metered fares of taxis are high, and drivers keep what they earn. The overhead - the cost of gas and of owning or leasing a taxi - can be steep, but cabbies who put in the hours can make a good living. There are no official statistics, but drivers themselves will tell you that London cabbies can earn around £65,000 per year, about $100,000, while maintaining an enviably flexible schedule. As a cabbie, McCabe figured, he could work seven, 10, 15 days straight - and then take four days off to spend time with his wife Katie, a hairdresser, and their children, Archie, 4, and Lulu, 3. He sold his engineering outfit and devoted himself full-time to the Knowledge, living off the savings he'd gained from the sale of his business.

It was now 37 months since he'd paid the £525 enrollment fee to sign on for the test and appearances. ''The closer you get, the wearier you are, and the worse you want it,'' McCabe said. ''You're carrying all this baggage. Your stress. Worrying about your savings.'' McCabe said that he'd spent in excess of £200,000 on the Knowledge, if you factored in his loss of earnings from not working. ''I want to be out working again before my kids are at the age where someone will ask: 'What does your daddy do?' Right now, they know me as Daddy who drives a motorbike and is always looking at a map. They don't know me from my past, when I had a business and guys working for me. You want your life back.''

The Knowledge is a uniquely British institution: a democratization of what P. G. Wodehouse winkingly called the feudal spirit, putting an army of hyperefficient Jeeveses on the road, ready to be flagged down by any passing Bertie Wooster.

The Knowledge is notorious for snatching away lives, and for putting minds in a vise grip. ''Everything becomes about the Knowledge,'' McCabe said. ''My wife will be talking to me about plans or the kids, and it's not even registering what she's saying. Because all I'm thinking is, 'I can't turn right into that road in Hammersmith, can I?' If you read the paper, or watch the news or a film, you're looking at the background. 'Oh, I know that road there.' ''

McCabe said that he dreamed about the Knowledge: sometimes exhilarating visions of zooming through London streets, more frequently nightmares about unfamiliar roads or disastrous LTPH appearances. Often, McCabe would wake in the middle of the night and hurry downstairs to study the map. In his dining room, there were three maps: two jumbo London street plans - one laminated on the dinner table and one tacked to the wall - and an enlarged view of the W1 postcode, the bustling zone which stretches south from Marylebone to Piccadilly and east to Soho. McCabe had ledgers he'd filled with jottings on topics like ''Small and Awkward Squares.'' There were also flashcards that McCabe had made up, listing a point on one side (''Tooting Mosque, SW17'') with information about its location and navigation on the other (''Gatton Road, one way, access via Fishponds Road''). McCabe stacked the cards in piles of 300; he had 40,000 in all. His home, he said, had become a library of the Knowledge.

McCabe had ledgers filled with jottings on topics like "Small and Awkward Squares," and 40,000 flashcards.

But book-learning gets you only so far. ''You've got to get out on the bike,'' McCabe said. When he was doing Blue Book runs, McCabe would ride the streets all night, leaving when his wife got home from work at 9 p.m. and returning at 4 in the morning. Pointing, McCabe told me, can be ''very cold, very lonely, very dangerous.'' One night, McCabe was out pointing on his motorbike when a driver slammed into him from behind. McCabe went over the roof of the car, but suffered just a few scrapes and bruises. The bike was totaled. ''I'm stationary in the filter lane, and the car just came around the bend and hit me,'' McCabe said. ''This was on a road called Pound Lane. Right across from the fire station at the corner of Harlesden Road.''

As McCabe progressed through the Knowledge, his pointing technique had become more refined. ''At the beginning you might go to the Savoy Hotel on the Strand,'' he said. ''That's a famous point; everyone knows it. But you start to think: What's a more obscure point on the Strand? So you'll pick up the Coal Hole Public House a few doors along. You start looking at George Court and find a little bar called Retro, a gay bar that plays '80s music. You start thinking about the bits and pieces. I'm at the stage now where I'm looking at a new bar that just opened - inside a cinema. I'm picking up handbag shops, bowling alleys. You learn to kind of savor them little gems.''

It is tempting to interpret the Knowledge as a uniquely British institution: an expression of the national passion for order and competence, and a democratization of what P. G. Wodehouse winkingly called the feudal spirit, putting an army of hyperefficient Jeeveses on the road, ready to be flagged down by any passing Bertie Wooster. But the Knowledge is less a product of the English character than of the torturous London landscape. To be in London is, at least half the time, to have no idea where the hell you are. Every London journey, even the most banal, holds the threat of taking an epic turn: The guy headed to the corner newsagent makes a left where he should have gone right, blunders into an unfamiliar road, and suddenly he is Odysseus adrift on the Acheron. The problem is one of both enormity and density. From the time that London first began to spread beyond the walls surrounding the Roman city, it kept sprawling outward, absorbing villages, enlarging the spider-web snarl of little roads, multiplying the maze. Take a look sometime at a London street map. What a mess: It is a preposterously complex tangle of veins and capillaries, the cardiovascular system of a monster.

All metropolises are quirky, but in most of them efforts have been made to mitigate the idiosyncrasies, to make the cities legible, navigable, beautiful. In Manhattan and Chicago, planners tamed chaos with gridded street schemes; Baron Haussmann obliterated twisty medieval Paris with his sweeping grands boulevards, transforming the city into a linked chain of vistas, plazas and parks. London, though, makes no sense. It was the capital city of the greatest empire in history, yet it doesn't look or feel imperial. There are miles of monotonous ugliness, disrupted not by splendor, but by gentility - the pretty whitewashed homes and stately squares in the well-heeled districts of West and North London. St. Paul's Cathedral sits at the back of a small semicircular plaza that is pinned-in by the office towers and bendy streets of the financial district. It is difficult to get a decent view of the most beautiful building in town.

The genius behind St. Paul's, the architect Christopher Wren, nearly became London's Haussmann. Just days after the catastrophic Great Fire of 1666, Wren produced a plan to rebuild London as an Italian-style city, with wide boulevards that terminated in piazzas and raised stone quays. But the plan never gained traction. The explanation usually given is economic: If Chicago is an expression of American pragmatism, and Paris an ode to symmetry, then London is a monument to English mercantilism and love of private property, to the power of the bourgeois freeholders and shopkeepers, who clung too tightly to their little patches of land to permit the clearing of space for Wren's plan. In London, lucre trumps grandeur.

A London street map is a mess: a preposterously complex tangle of veins and capillaries, the cardiovascular system of a monster.

The result is a town that bewilders even its lifelong residents. Londoners, writes Peter Ackroyd, are ''a population lost in [their] own city.'' London's labyrinthine roadways are a symbol - and, perhaps, a cause - of the fatalism that hangs like a pea-soup fog over the Londoner's consciousness. Facing the dizzying infinitude of streets, your mind turns darkly to thoughts of finitude: to the time that is flying, the minutes you are running late for your doctor's appointment, the hours ticking by, never to be retrieved, on the proverbial Big Clock, the one even bigger than Big Ben. You can see it every day in Primrose Hill and Clapham, in Golders Green and Kentish Town, in Deptford and Dalston. A nervous man, an anxious woman, scanning the horizon for a recognizable landmark, searching for a street sign, silently wondering ''Where am I?'' - a geographical question that grades gloomily into an existential one.

Which is where the Knowledge comes in. It is a weird city's weird solution to the riddle of itself, a municipal training program whose graduates are both transit workers and Gnostics: chauffeurs taught by the government to know the unknowable.

If you follow your London A-Z Street Atlas halfway up Caledonian Road, in Islington, you'll find Knowledge Point, the largest of London's 10 schools dedicated to the test. The school occupies a nondescript two-story building, but you can't miss it: At all hours of the day, Knowledge boys' motorbikes line the sidewalk out front. For several years in the 1990s, there was something else parked alongside the bikes: the steed of a mounted Metropolitan Police officer, who did the Knowledge on horseback, after, and during, his working hours.

The school offers specialized lectures on dozens of topics: ''Hotels Outside Central London,'' ''South West London Turnarounds,'' ''Barracks & Military Establishments,'' ''Lambeth & Waterloo.'' Pupils pick up trade secrets, the aides-mémoires and acronyms that have been passed between generations of Knowledge boys. There's ''Cat Eats Well Then Shares Her Beef Gravy,'' a mnemonic denoting a path north from the Aldwych - the crescent-shaped road that loops above the Strand - along a sequence of one-way streets: Catherine, Exeter, Wellington, Tavistock, Southampton, Henrietta, Bedford, Garrick. To access C.A.B. - the Chelsea, Albert, and Battersea bridges - you take C.O.B.: respectively, Chelsea Bridge Road, Oakley Street and Beaufort Street. A series of streets running north to south through Soho - Greek, Frith, Dean, Wardour - are Good For Dirty Women.

But the majority of a student's time at Knowledge Point is spent in two cramped rooms on the school's ground floor, where maps are arranged on flat tables and angled easels. These rooms are devoted to ''calling-over'': sitting with a partner, taking turns reciting runs, in an effort to replicate the conditions of oral examinations at the LTPH office. Anytime you step into Knowledge Point you will find students, faces pinched in concentration, calling-over runs in the specialized jargon mandated by Knowledge examiners. A skilled caller - a ''woosher,'' in Knowledge slang - can sound like a slam poet or a rapper, whipping off street names and turnings in a pleasing syncopated rhythm as he races through London streets in his mind's eye: Leave on the right Lillie Road, left Eardley Crescent, left Warwick Road, forward Holland Road, comply Holland Circus, leave by Uxbridge Road, forward and right Shepherd's Bush Green. More often, what you will hear at Knowledge Point is the sound of strain: groans, hems and haws, cursing.

Matt McCabe had been coming to Knowledge Point since he started on the test. A stickler for routine, he arrived each morning at 8:45. When the doors opened at 9, he would sit down across a table from his call-over partner, Steven Vine. I met McCabe and Vine at Knowledge Point one morning and watched them call-over. They spent hours switching off, settling into a patter of run-calling punctuated by mumbled expletives and other exclamations: ''good pull'' (when you correctly identify a tricky point), ''bad drop'' (when you forget a point or road that you should know), ''nice line'' (when your call sketches a nice straight path across the map).

To call-over effectively is to find a golden mean between geography and geometry. The aim is not just to navigate cleanly, naming the right roads, but to make the shortest and most elegant line between points. While McCabe called-over a run, Vine followed along, tracing his partner's route with a marker on the laminated map. When McCabe finished, he and Vine stretched a ball-baring chain over the map to assess the straightness of his call. This practice is known as ''cottoning the run,'' a phrase that dates to the days when Knowledge boys would use lengths of cotton twine to measure their runs. ''They have a saying, 'Don't let the cotton strangle you,' '' McCabe said. ''It's a reminder: Don't get too tied up in having the perfect line. You're always trying to calculate: 'Which one would look the prettiest on the map?' But sometimes you just gotta let it flow.''

The London landscape throws up constant impediments to the ideal of traveling in a straight line: parks, railway yards, one-way streets. The Thames presents another challenge. Because the area below the river is referred to as South London, most people assume that the dozen central London bridges spanning the water stretch north-to-south. In fact, the Thames's flow is meandering; in places, the river crossings run along the opposite axis. (A Knowledge boy mnemonic instructs: ''East to West, Lambeth or Westminster Bridge is best.'') At Knowledge Point, McCabe leaned over the map and pointed to the King's Road in Chelsea. ''If you were going from here, say, all the way out to Canary Wharf, you might cross the river twice to make it the shortest line. So you might run it across Westminster Bridge and bring yourself back across Tower Bridge. That will be a straight line, because you're understanding the bends in the river.''

At his late stage of the test process, McCabe found himself facing a novel problem: too much Knowledge. ''London now feels very small. At the beginning, you would be standing in Piccadilly and someone says to you, 'Take me to Kilburn,' and you would say: 'Oh my God, that feels miles away.' Now, I can take you endless amounts of ways. And that's the dilemma you've got now: you see too many options.''

Seeing, for a Knowledge candidate, is everything - at its heart, the Knowledge is an elaborate exercise in visualization. When McCabe called-over, he closed his eyes and toggled between views: picturing the city at street level, the roads rolling out in front of him as if in a movie, then pulling the camera back to take in the bird's eye perspective, scanning the London map. Knowledge boys speak of a Eureka moment when, after months or years of doggedly assembling the London puzzle, the fuzziness recedes and the city snaps into focus, the great morass of streets suddenly appearing as an intelligible whole. McCabe was startled not just by that macroview, but by the minute details he was able to retain. ''I can pull a tiny little art studio just from the color of the door, and where it's got a lamppost outside. Your brain just remembers silly things, you know?''

The posterior hippocampus, known to be important for memory, is bigger in London taxi drivers than in most people and, for successful Knowledge candidates, enlarges as the test progresses.

The brains of London taxi drivers have attracted scholarly attention. Eleanor Maguire, a neuroscientist at University College London, has spent 15 years studying cabbies and Knowledge boys. She has discovered that the posterior hippocampus, the area of the brain known to be important for memory, is bigger in London taxi drivers than in most people, and that a successful Knowledge candidate's posterior hippocampus enlarges as he progresses through the test. Maguire's work demonstrates that the brain is capable of structural change even in adulthood. The studies also provide a scientific explanation for the experiences of Knowledge students, the majority of whom have never pursued higher education and profess shock at the amount of information they are able to assimilate and retain.

Historically, taxi driving has been a white ***working-class*** industry, dominated by East Londoners: first, the Irish, and later, cockneys and Jews. For a century at least, the London black taxi has been a vehicle of upward mobility, steering a path into the middle class. Today's Knowledge candidates include a new generation of London strivers. At Knowledge Point, there are nearly as many black and brown faces bent over maps as white ones, and in the clamor of voices calling runs you hear a variety of accents - South Asian, West African, Caribbean - mingling with the broad vowels and glottal stops of Estuary English.

The students are united by shared suffering, and by a common adversary. For a Knowledge boy, the LTPH examiners have a kind of mythic status, inspiring a mixture of fear, resentment and awe. Appearances are highly ritualized. Candidates heed longstanding Knowledge traditions, wearing suits and ties to appearances and addressing the examiners formally. McCabe said: ''It's: 'Yes, sir, three bags full, sir.' You can sit in there and before you've even done anything, you've said 'sir' 15 times.''

Examiners insist that the formality is important, designed to inculcate a professional code and to prepare future cabbies for the ornery London public. But there is also humor, of a sort, in the testing room. For generations, Knowledge examiners have seized on the poetry of London nomenclature to craft cheeky runs: Snowman House to the ICE Train, Hamlet Gardens to the Globe Theatre, the Eye (the giant Ferris wheel on the South Bank of the Thames) to the Nose (a tiny sculpture, reputedly modeled on Lord Nelson's nose, embedded in Admiralty Arch). One examiner, Tony Swire, likes to quiz candidates about their lives and use that information to concoct runs, off the top of his head, that flaunt his own vast London Knowledge. When Swire learned that Matt McCabe's wife was a hairdresser and that his children were named Archie and Lulu, he gave McCabe a run from the Mayfair salon of celebrity hairstylist John Frieda, the ex-husband of Scottish pop singer Lulu, to Archie Street, a tiny dead-end road in Bermondsey.

At Knowledge Point, McCabe explained the quirks of various examiners. There was Mr. Gunning, who favors runs with difficult strictures: He likes to impose road closures, or to ask candidates to do runs while steering clear of streets with traffic lights. Ms. Gerald, one of two women examiners, specializes in runs with lots of novel points. ''There's another examiner, Mr. Hall,'' McCabe said. ''He's a tricky one. They have a nickname for him. Everyone calls him the Smiling Assassin.''

David Hall is, in fact, quick with a smile. He's 53 years old and bald-headed. He wears rimless glasses and dark suits and ties. I met him one afternoon at the LTPH office. He was sitting at the desk where he conducts examinations, with a large London map and various notes spread out in front of him. ''It isn't so bad in here, is it?'' he said. He nodded slightly towards the area down the hall where Knowledge candidates wait to be called in for appearances. ''You can't believe everything you hear.''

Hall knows what it's like to sit on the other side of the examiner's desk. Like all examiners, he is a cabbie, a Knowledge graduate with many years of taxi-driving on his CV. He left school at age 16, and got a job in the confectionery department at Harrods before becoming an electronics engineer. At age 27, he decided to try for a career as a cabbie. Hall had a keen sense of direction and had always loved maps. He passed the Knowledge in less than two years.

At its heart, the Knowledge is an elaborate exercise in visualization: picturing the city at street level, the roads rolling out in front of him as if in a movie, then pulling the camera back to take in the bird's eye view.

Hall became an examiner in 2008, and soon developed the reputation that earned him the Smiling Assassin moniker: He was a kind man, with a warm, welcoming manner, who asked very difficult runs. It is common knowledge among test-takers that Hall supports Crystal Palace, the football team based in South East London, and that he lives somewhere nearby. He is known, and feared, for giving vexing South London runs. Matt McCabe had Hall in two appearances, when he was on his 28s. McCabe said: ''He's fair, but very hard. He'll take you from Kensington or Chelsea and he'll get you to run it down to Peckham or to Dulwich. He'll put you in the dilemma: Do I take Vauxhall Bridge or Battersea Bridge? He's very technical. And he's very into South London.''

Hall is also known for doing his homework. Examiners have to burnish their own Knowledge to keep a step ahead of examinees, reviewing road closures and traffic patterns, and, in their spare time, hitting the streets to pick up new points. Hall is a dedicated pointer. When I told a Knowledge boy that I was planning to interview Mr. Hall, he said: ''I heard he went out pointing on Christmas Day.''

One afternoon, I met Hall outside Palestra House, the office tower in Southwark that houses LTPH. He was carrying a digital voice recorder and a clipboard with notes and maps, which he'd drawn himself. We walked north, crossing the Millennium Bridge, which links the South Bank of the Thames with the City of London, and then turned east, following the thrumming traffic along Queen Victoria Street. At a corner, Hall started scribbling notes. ''You have to work out: How do the roads go? Is Queen Victoria Street curving there? Is Friday Street going north? At the end of Friday Street - yep, you've got a forced left with a blue arrow. A Knowledge candidate needs to take a mental picture of the road or the arrow there.'' Hall drew an arrow on his map, indicating the forced left.

Just west of the intersection, on the north side of Queen Victoria Street, stood an elegant old church, with a spire that jutted above the surrounding buildings. Hall said: ''That's St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. It's a Wren church. In fact, the church predated Wren by several centuries, but it was destroyed in the Great Fire, and Wren rebuilt it. That's a point I'll ask occasionally- I have done before. I'm very fond of City of London churches.''

It is said that the Knowledge is as much about learning history as learning your way around. After completing the Knowledge, Hall undertook a years-long course of study to earn the ''blue badge'' of an official London tour guide. While Hall strolled around the City pointing - logging road works and making notes about new restaurants and bars - he led me on an impromptu walking tour: more Wren churches, medieval livery companies and guild halls marked with elaborate coats of arms, the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, the Innholders Hall, a carved likeness of Winston Churchill's face in the center of a clock above the doorway of an office building. Toward evening, we made our way back along Queen Victoria Street, passing a massive three-acre building site, the future home of Bloomberg L.P.'s European headquarters. The construction project had revealed further remains of the Temple of Mithras, a Roman ruin first discovered in 1954. The temple once stood on the banks of the Walbrook, a now-buried river that brought fresh water to Roman Londinium. Hall said: ''In the religion practiced here, they used to have seven ordeals. If you were a Roman soldier, one of the ordeals was to put you over a fire pit. If you could withstand that particular ordeal, you went to the next stage in that religion.''

Hall said: ''The thing about London is, it's forever changing. The old city is preserved, of course, but there's always a new city coming forth. There really is no end to the Knowledge. It's infinite.''

The test-takers of a century ago who tottered their way to the Knowledge on bicycles earned a heady reward: not just a green badge, but something close to a guaranteed living. Today's Knowledge candidates are banking on that pattern holding, but history seems to be veering in a different direction. These days, a person can walk into the LTPH office and, with relatively minimal effort, acquire a license to drive one of London's nearly 60,000 minicabs, a fleet that vastly outnumbers the approximately 25,000 black taxis. Minicab drivers do not have to demonstrate familiarity with London; an applicant is merely required to pass a background check and take a ''topographical test.'' Minicabs can also offer cheaper fares than taxis, whose metered pricing schemes are strictly regulated.

For years, the black taxi industry has decried minicabs as an inferior service that poaches business rightfully belonging to Knowledge graduates. But many consumer advocates regard minicabs as a welcome corrective - a reasonably priced alternative to black taxis, whose hefty fares are beyond the reach of most Londoners. (A 2013 survey by the travel website TripAdvisor deemed London's taxis the world's most expensive, with an average cost per trip of £27, about $43.)

In theory, there are rules in place that offer advantages to traditional London cabbies: Theirs are the only rides that can legally be hailed on the street. But times are changing, and curbside hailing may soon be as quaint a relic of old London as the clubman striding through Mayfair in his bowler hat and boutonniere. Recently, the London taxi trade has been roiled by the rise of Uber, the smartphone app-based ride-sharing company. On June 11, thousands of drivers staged a one-hour-long ''strike,'' gridlocking streets to protest what they view as Uber's illegal evasion of London's metering laws. The Licensed Taxi Drivers Association, a black-cab advocacy group, has brought series of lawsuits against Uber drivers. But at the demonstration, the cabbies' anger was directed less at Uber, per se, than at Transport for London and Boris Johnson, London's mayor, whom taxi drivers regard as a zealous deregulator, friendly to big business at their expense. (At the rally, cabbies held placards that read: ''Uber: Under Boris Exempt from Regulation.'')

In his public statements on the matter, the mayor has walked a fine line. ''London's black-cab trade is crucial to the fabric of the city,'' Johnson said. ''There must, however, be a place for new technology to work in harmony with the black cab, and we shouldn't unnecessarily restrict new ideas that are of genuine benefit to Londoners.'' Others are less hedging. In July, Forbes ran an editorial by staff writer John Tamny, extolling Uber as a ''disrupter'' of the taxi business and casting London's cabbies as passé: ''Just as automation, free trade and general economic progress have allowed us to shed previously important skills such as sewing, farming, and yes, addition/subtraction, so does it allow us - indeed, it requires us - to shed once-relevant knowledge. . . . As for London, the GPS has, much to the chagrin of some cabdrivers with telegraphic memory, rendered their knowledge of one of the world's great cities largely irrelevant.''

Taxi drivers counter such claims by pointing out that black cabs have triumphed in staged races against cars using GPS, or as the British call it, Sat-Nav. Cabbies contend that in dense and dynamic urban terrain like London's, the brain of a cabbie is a superior navigation tool - that Sat-Nav doesn't know about the construction that has sprung up on Regent Street, and that a driver who is hailed in heavily-trafficked Piccadilly Circus doesn't have time to enter an address and wait for his dashboard-mounted robot to tell him where to steer his car.

To support the Knowledge is to make the unfashionable argument that there's something dystopian about the outsourcing of humanity's hard-won erudition to gizmos.

Such arguments may hold for a while. But given the pace of technological refinement, how long will it be before the development of a Sat-Nav algorithm that works better than the most ingenious cabbie, before a voice-activated GPS, or a driverless car, can zip a passenger from Piccadilly to Putney more efficiently than any Knowledge graduate? Ultimately, the case to make for the Knowledge may not be practical-economic (the Knowledge works better than Sat-Nav), or moral-political (the little man must be protected against rapacious global capitalism), but philosophical, spiritual, sentimental: The Knowledge should be maintained because it is good for London's soul, and for the souls of Londoners. The Knowledge stands for, well, knowledge - for the Enlightenment ideal of encyclopedic learning, for the humanist notion that diligent intellectual endeavor is ennobling, an end in itself. To support the Knowledge is to make the unfashionable argument that expertise cannot be reduced to data, that there's something dystopian, or at least depressing, about the outsourcing of humanity's hard-won erudition to gizmos, even to portable handheld gizmos that themselves are miracles of human imagination and ingenuity. London's taxi driver test enshrines knowledge as - to use the au courant term - an artisanal commodity, a thing that's local and homespun, thriving ideally in the individual hippocampus, not the digital hivemind.

You could also call the Knowledge the greatest tribute a city has ever paid to itself, a love letter more ardent than ''I ❤ N.Y.'' or anything else a Chamber of Commerce might cook up. The Knowledge says that London is Holy Writ, a great mystery to be pored over, and that a corps of municipal Talmudists must be delegated to that task. To the extent that the mystifying clichés hold - that taxi drivers are London's singers of songlines and fonts of folk wisdom, carrying not just the secrets of London navigation but the deep history of the city and its streets - the disappearance of the Knowledge would be an assault on civic memory, a blow, if you will, to historic preservation. Smartphone apps and Google Maps may ensure that Londoners will never again be lost in their own city, but if the Knowledge disappears, will something of London itself be lost - will some essence of the place vanish along with all those guys on mopeds, learning the town's roads and plumbing its depths?

Like most cabbies and Knowledge boys, Matt McCabe worries about the future of the taxi business. But in January 2013, he had more pressing concerns. A few days after his visit to Fish Island, McCabe went on an appearance and scored a B, leaving him with 10 points, just two shy of his goal. Barring a calamity, a brain-freeze, it seemed a foregone conclusion that his next appearance would be his last.

Three weeks later, on a Friday, McCabe rose, as usual, early, with his children, and went through a routine he'd established over many months. He made sure he was cleanly shaven, that his shoes were polished, his suit pristine. He took the train into London, disembarked at London Bridge station, and walked to the LTPH office at a measured pace, trying to keep his heart-rate steady. He arrived with time to spare and took his seat in the waiting area with a dozen or so other Knowledge candidates.

At around 2 p.m., McCabe's name was called, and he was ushered into the office of a man he'd never met before. David O'Connor is a veteran examiner with a reputation as a hard marker. McCabe knew that O'Connor liked to test whether candidates had been getting around on the bike, and liked to give runs that worked the center of the map.

McCabe sat down and breezed through his first three runs. He was nervous, but his calls, he thought, were solid. Surely it was a done deed now? For the session's final run, O'Connor asked McCabe to take him from the Sun and Doves to Emirates Stadium. McCabe closed his eyes. He could see the Sun and Doves: It was a pub on the corner of Coldharbour Lane and Caldecot Road, down in Camberwell. Of course he knew Emirates Stadium, the home of Arsenal, the Premier League football team. McCabe said: ''Sun and Doves, Coldharbour Lane. Emirates Stadium, it's Drayton Park. That's the North Bank entrance.'' O'Connor nodded: the Knowledge boy had identified the points correctly. McCabe closed his eyes again, to make sure he saw the line clearly. Then he called the run:

Leave on the right, Coldharbour LaneLeft into Denmark HillForward Camberwell RoadForward Walworth RoadComply Elephant and CastleLeave by Newington CausewayForward Borough High StreetForward over London BridgeForward into King William StreetForward Lombard StreetForward Bank JunctionForward Prince's StreetForward MoorgateForward Finsbury PavementForward Finsbury SquareForward City RoadComply Old Street roundaboutLeave by City Road continuedRight Provost StreetRight Vestry StreetLeft into East RoadForward New North RoadForward Canonbury RoadComply Highbury CornerLeave by Holloway RoadRight Drayton ParkSet down on the left

It was a nearly seven-mile-long journey, due north, from Camberwell to Holloway, in Islington, north-central London. When McCabe finished the call, he and O'Connor sat in silence for what seemed to McCabe an eternity. Finally, O'Connor stood up and extended his hand. He said: ''Well done, Matt. Welcome to the club. I'm pleased to say that you're now one of London's finest.'' It was the first time in the more than three years McCabe had been coming to LTPH that an examiner had called him by his first name.

''It was an emotional moment,'' McCabe said. ''It was hard to hold back the tears. Three years of complete financial stress, family stress - studying for 13 hours a day, seven days a week. Suddenly, the whole thing was very casual. It was quite, you know, 'Sit back, relax, loosen your tie.' And then Mr. O'Connor was telling me what to expect doing the job. He was giving me his inside knowledge after being a London cabbie for, like, 20-odd years.'' McCabe went home to his family. He and his wife, Katie, ordered take-out from a Thai restaurant, put on loud music, and danced around the house with their children. When the kids went to bed, the McCabes drank a few beers and dismantled the Knowledge library: stored the flashcards and pages of notes, took the maps off the wall. Katie, McCabe said, ''cried for about two days solid.''

McCabe has been driving a taxi for just over a year and a half. He is still new at the job, relatively speaking; in London cabbie lingo, he's a ''Butter Boy'' - but a boy, a recent Knowledge graduate. He has the leanings of a traditionalist, though. Many cabbies today are opting for new minivan-style Mercedes taxis, or cabs decorated with ''full wrap-liveries,'' advertisements in eye-popping hues. McCabe owns a TX4 Elegance, a car with the classic London black cab look. ''I like the iconic shape,'' he said. ''To me, if you're gonna be a London cabbie, that's what you should be driving.''

When he's in his cab, McCabe keeps his eyes peeled for another London curiosity: the LTPH Knowledge examiners, his erstwhile tormentors, now colleagues.

In June, McCabe took part in the demonstration against Uber. He said, ''We're trying to be the best in the world, and trying to stay competitive as well. And, you know, the way Uber seems to operate in London - when it's quiet, they do the work for next to nothing, when it's busy, the rates are three times dearer than a London cab.'' For now, McCabe is making a good living. ''The rewards are there. You have to do the hours. I mean, a normal day for me is a 12-hour day.''

He said: ''What I've done is a trade. A minicab driver, an Uber driver - they won't do the undertaking I done. They won't put in the three years.''

''I had a gentleman in the cab recently,'' McCabe said. ''He told me that a couple of nights earlier he'd been eating in a restaurant in Chelsea, and the Uber car turned up. He said, 'We want to go to Wapping.' And the driver said, 'Where's Wapping? Is it in London?' And it's, like, a massive borough. He's never heard of it! So, I picked this guy up. He said, 'Wapping.' I went, 'Yes, sir.' And he said, 'Kennet Street.' I went, 'Yes, sir.' He got in the back, and we were off. And he told me, 'That's why I'm reverting backto London cabs.' ''

McCabe said, ''The moment a person tells me at the window where they want to go, we're going. There's no mucking about. I want to get you from A to B as quickly as possible. Because as nice as the person may be, I want to get them in and out. So I can get the next person in the back of the cab, and I'm earning more money.''

McCabe is still doing the Knowledge, after a fashion. He's embarked on the three-year course to become a licensed London historian - an official tour guide, like David Hall. ''I'm fascinated with the quirky little bits of London history,'' McCabe said. ''The famous lamps at the Savoy. The secret tunnels that link up to St. James's Palace.''

When he's in his cab, McCabe keeps his eyes peeled for another London curiosity: the Knowledge examiners, his erstwhile tormentors, now colleagues, who may be out driving their own taxis, or gathering new points. Each workday, McCabe makes his way into the city's center via South London, guiding his taxi through the streets that have flummoxed many a Knowledge boy attempting to call one of Mr. Hall's runs. McCabe hasn't spotted Hall yet, but he hopes he will sometime. It would be nice, he says, to have a beer with the Smiling Assassin.

Back in the winter of 2013, shortly before McCabe's final appearance, I asked him how he was handling the pressure. He said: ''If you overcome the nerves, your training will take over. When I get into that room, I try to think: 'This guy is an examiner, but when he's not sitting here, he's behind the wheel, driving a cab.' He could pick me up tomorrow, you know, or pick my wife up. That calms me down. I think to myself, 'This guy is just a cab driver, same as what I want to be. He's just a London cab driver. He doesn't know everything.' ''

**Load-Date:** November 10, 2014

**End of Document**



[***For Children***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-00T0-000D-G3J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 1991, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 19; Column 1; Weekend Desk; Column 1;; Schedule

**Length:** 1570 words

**Byline:** By Dulcie Leimbach

By Dulcie Leimbach

**Body**

Children's Tap Concert and Tap Jam

Woodpeckers Tap Dance Center

170 Mercer Street

Manhattan

(212) 979-6005

Recommended ages: 5 and up

Sunday

National Tap Dance Day, on May 25, is actually a weeklong celebration that starts clicking this Sunday at the Woodpeckers Tap Dance Center, a professional tap-dancing school in SoHo. In the concert, 35 students 5 to 15 years old are to demonstrate the routines they've learned in class, with a solo here and there choreographed by a student. The concert, set to big-band music, is to last about a half-hour, then segue into an old-fashioned jam session, in which the audience members, provided they've brought tap shoes, may jump in and dance, too. In the session, similar to a jazz session, the hoofers will trade steps, with one tapping out a short routine and another trying to upstage the first, with slight variations. During the concert, the audience will sit on risers until the beginning of the jam session, which should last 45 minutes. The concert and session are from 1 to 2:15 P.M. and from 2:45 to 4 P.M. Tickets, $7 for adults and $5 for children under 12, will be sold tomorrow from 9 A.M. to noon at the center. They also may be obtained about a half-hour before the shows start.

'The Good Times Are Killing Me'

Second Stage Theater

2162 Broadway, at 76th Street

(212) 873-6103

Recommended ages: 7 and up

Through June 23

Edna Arkins is a white preadolescent who would like her life -- and everyone's around her -- to stay as it has been: simple, lively, consistent and opportunistic. But, of course, this doesn't happen. Her father, a gregarious ***working-class*** man who likes to bowl, leaves his two daughters and attractive wife for another woman. Edna's friend, Bonna Willis, who lives next door and who is black, suffers the loss of her wily young brother in a drowning accident. Meanwhile, even tastes in music change drastically, making Edna, who basks in the glow of romantic music from the late 1950's and is unaware of the surge of 60's rock, suddenly uneasy about everything, which is what growing up is all about. In this two-hour play, written by the cartoonist Lynda Barry, the friendship of Edna and Bonna will be the source of interest for young theatergoers. And with its overtones of racism engendered by the girls' parents, neighbors and friends, this likable play also evokes a few timely messages. The music, which recalls the television show "American Bandstand," may not cater to the tastes of young people today, but at least they'll see what might have brought their parents together. The show is at 8 P.M. Tuesdays through Saturdays; 2 P.M. Wednesdays and Saturdays, and at 3 P.M. on Sundays. All seats are $30; on Sundays, when an adult buys a ticket, a child 7 or older will receive one free.

Turtle Show

New York Turtle

and Tortoise Society

Village Community School

West 10th and Washington Streets

Manhattan

(212) 459-4803

Recommended ages: 6 and up

Sunday

The 21-year-old New York Turtle and Tortoise Society is holding its 21st annual turtle show, where turtles of every type, shape, size and color will be judged by their health, longevity and whether they are in captivity (which is encouraged). Turtles from five continents will also be exhibited, including those that can swim and those that can't, spotted turtles, musk turtles and snapping turtles. The experts will tell why the Trachemys scripta elegans has such a short life span and why the Teen-Age Mutant Ninja Turtles, apparently the same type, do not. The show is open only to members, but the society makes joining easy: anyone can sign up to become a member for $15 at the show. Members may be accompanied by as many guests as they like. A member of the society is also entitled to a subscription to The Plastron Papers, a quarterly publication; a newsletter; admission to all meetings, and field trips. The show runs from 12:30 to 5 P.M.

Model Search

Columbus Preschool and Gym

606 Columbus Avenue,

near 89th Street

Manhattan

(212) 586-8484 or (212) 586-8483

Recommended ages: 6 months to

12 years old

Today

Everyone's child, we all know, is beautiful, highly intelligent and charming. But does he or she have any unusual features, like a long aquiline nose, cheeks swimming with freckles or tightly curled hair? Closeups Kids, a children's modeling agency in Manhattan, which has represented some of the children who are models in the Gap and Esprit advertising campaigns, is conducting its first search in the New York metropolitan area for children, especially babies, who have a quirkiness about them, whose facial expressions might be eye-catching and memorable. Does the whole notion of child models make you queasy but slightly interested? A panel of magazine editors, fashion photographers and a children's clothing designer will answer questions, including whether pursuing a career in child modeling is worth it. The search will be held at the preschool from 2:30 to 6:30 P.M.

Cirque du Soleil

Battery Park City

Battery Place and West Street

Manhattan

(212) 509-5550

Recommended ages: 2 and up

Through June 2

This French-Canadian circus is unconventional in content, form and passion. Its mainstay is a crew of eerie, almost freaklike clowns, and David Shiner, a striking clown who uses mime, wears an ill-fitting suit and is simultaneously tragic, neurotic and witty. His antics and main performance are enhanced by the participation of audience members, and they are asked to participate, like it or not. For example, Mr. Shiner has no compunction about running his hand over a balding man's head, nor is he unwilling to climb across a row of people, mussing up their hair or spilling their soda along the way. The circus also enlists such eccentric, stylish performers as a quartet of young female contortionists who can bend their bodies in unimaginable ways. Vladimir Kehkaial is a Soviet aerialist who flies around the circular stage supported by straps while he shows off his muscular body. But mostly what enthralls everyone, though very young children may find some of the clowns startling and creepy, but not for long, is the entourage of clowns, with their awkward body movements, Cyrano noses and garish, jesterish costumes. In addition, the live, stirring music and miasmic light effects, especially during afternoon performances when sunlight peeps through the tent flaps, create an otherworldly experience, as if reality were being swept behind the curtains. Strollers are checked (free) upon entering. Booster seats, which may be tied to the benches, are generously given out. There is a chance to buy a bucket or two of popcorn during the intermission. Tickets are $13.50 to $39.50 for adults and $7 to $27.50 for children 12 and under. Tuesday through Thursday performances are at 8 P.M.; Friday, 9:30 P.M. (next Friday and thereafter, there will also be a 6 P.M. show); Saturday at 4:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sunday, 1 and 5 P.M.

Keep in Mind

CINE DE MESTIZAJE, the National Latino Festival, featuring film and video programs for families. Program No. 1 features "The Air Globes," a 12-minute English-language film about a young woman at Christmas who recalls memories of her childhood in Colombia, and four other videos and films, starting at 3:15 P.M. on Sunday. Program No. 2, starting at 5:35 P.M. on Sunday, features "Las Plumas del Mucaro," a Spanish-language animated film based on a popular Puerto Rican folk tale about a bashful owl; two more films are included. The programs are sponsored by the Museo del Barrio and held at the Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Avenue, at Second Street, Manhattan. Admission, $5 for adults for each program and free for children under 12 accompanied by an adult. Information: (212) 831-7272.

"RING AROUND THE RAINBOW," a musical about three characters on their way to the Land of the Rainbow, which does not have a pot of gold at the other side but which does have something else. Performed by the Shadow Box Theater, at 1 P.M. on Sunday, Memorial Hall Theater, corner of Atlantic and Third Avenues, Fort Greene section of Brooklyn. Tickets, $5. Information: (718) 875-1190, extension 675.

60th ANNUAL FAIR, held by the Friends Seminary, with hayrides, a haunted house, face-painting artists, carnival events and games, crafts tables, music, food, a flea market and silent auction. Tomorrow from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. at the seminary, 222 East 16th Street, Manhattan. Admission, $3 for adults and $2 for children. Information: (212) 979-5045.

"CLAIRIERE," an original play by the Montreal-based Theatre de la Marmaille, about two children, one blind and one who can see, who are abandoned in a forest clearing. The play is intended for visually impaired and sighted audience members, who are asked to participate in the play. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene section, 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. tomorrow. Tickets, $12 for adults and $7 for children. Information: (718) 636-4130.

"THE SPEAKING OF TREES," a short theater piece about the ways that people and nature communicate, sponsored by the Central Park Conservancy and the Touchstone Center, a Manhattan-based nonprofit educational organization devoted to stimulating the imagination of children. Readings of children's writings and an exhibition of children's artwork will also be presented. Tomorrow at 1 P.M., at the Dairy in Central Park, 65th Street, north of Wollman Rink. Free. Information: (212) 397-3165.

**Graphic**

Photos: Christina Farenga with a Chinese box turtle at turtle show. (Anita Bashin-Salzberg/New York Turtle and Tortoise Society); Clowning around at the Cirque du Soleil at Battery Park City. (Cirque Du Soleil); A scene from "Clairiere" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 1991

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[***NEW YORK AT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XFV0-000D-G31T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***She Won't Give Up on a Place Called Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XFV0-000D-G31T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1991, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1489 words

**Byline:** Dalma De La Rosa

By CELIA R. DUGGER

By CELIA R. DUGGER

**Body**

New Yorkers will put up with a lot to hold onto a rent-controlled apartment, but Dalma De La Rosa turned that ordinary struggle into a crusade.

After the landlord dismissed the superintendent and abandoned her once-handsome building to rot in the early 1980's, Mrs. De La Rosa rallied the 30 tenants who remained in the 87-unit building. They decided to fight for their red-brick home near the Bronx Zoo.

Together, they endured a winter without heat, huddled around kitchen stoves for warmth. They survived without water, carting buckets from a fire hydrant. They cooked on hot plates. And they held all-night vigils in the lobby, armed with a machete and a baseball bat, to keep drug addicts from stealing the building's fixtures and marble entryway.

"Rita, Irma, Carmen -- so many people I know in that building," Mrs. De La Rosa, who is 51 years old, said recently. "We take pride in each other's children and know each other's secrets. We are family in that building."

The building, at 795 Garden Street in the Crotona section, was a shambles when the city took it over in 1984. But when city officials said they wanted to close it, Mrs. De La Rosa, president of the tenants association, and her "family" refused to move.

The residents' solidarity led them to join what a city housing official called a "powerful movement" of low-income tenants who buy their apartments from the city and manage the buildings themselves.

Tenants Buying Units

With the help of Build, a nonprofit housing agency, Mrs. De La Rosa, who had no previous experience in real-estate management, now runs 795 Garden Street. The city, which will spend up to $40,000 an apartment for repairs, plans to sell the units to Build, which will train the poor and ***working-class*** tenants to run the building and sell them their apartments for $250 each. The sale will come after the renovations are completed next year, said William E. Spiller, deputy commissioner for property management at the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development.

The hope is that homeownership will help stabilize shaky neighborhoods. So far, tenants own and run 290 such buildings, with 7,000 apartments. Another 333 buildings, with 6,900 units, are in the works.

The prospect of ownership has created a new pride in 795 Garden Street.

"If I paint my lobby and someone writes on it, I go crazy," said Mrs. De La Rosa, who has lived at 795 Garden Street since she was a young bride. "Kids see freshly painted walls -- to them it's a canvas. I constantly have the porter with a paint brush in his hand."

Mr. Spiller said the city took over 795 Garden Street after the owner failed to pay taxes. Once the tenants buy it, the building will return to the tax rolls and the city will avoid the annual $2,500 cost of maintaining each apartment.

"Typically, you have one or two charismatic women in the building who organize the other tenants," Mr. Spiller said. "They are natural leaders."

At 795 Garden Street, a six-story building constructed the 1920's, Mrs. De La Rosa was that woman.

"In Crotona, the signs of devastation emerged in the late 60's and proceeded through the 70's," said Joseph P. Muriana, urban affairs director at Fordham University, who has worked with Mrs. De La Rosa on affordable-housing efforts. "Large sections were almost leveled. It looked like it had been bombed. It remained to people like Dalma to glue things back together."

Mrs. De La Rosa was 4 years old when her mother moved to New York from Quebradillas, P.R., with her six children in 1944. They settled in a cold-water flat in East Harlem. Mrs. De La Rosa's mother worked as a waitress in a clam house in Times Square.

"My mother always believed you cannot eat a piece of bread you have not sweated for," Mrs. De La Rosa said. "We were poor, but who knew?"

In 1964, Mrs. De La Rosa, then 24, moved with her husband, Ed, a die maker, and their month-old son, Anthony, to 795 Garden Street, and she spent the next 20 years as a housewife, raising her son. They were the first Hispanic family to move into the building, then home to mostly Italians and Jews. For the De La Rosas, the Bronx was a big step up.

"The building was beautiful," Mrs. De La Rosa said. "There was a long brown awning at the entrance. In the lobby, there were tables and chairs and niches with vases of gladiolas."

But the Bronx began to decline in the late 1960's. Many white families moved from 795 Garden Street to the suburbs. And on streets throughout Crotona, landlords abandoned apartment buildings. Some owners, their profits squeezed by rent control, rising costs and vandalism, set fire to their buildings to collect the insurance.

As tenants left 795 Garden Street, the landlord did not replace them. Nor was the building kept up.

A Long, Cold Winter

In the winter of 1982-1983, the residents went without heat and hot water for four months. The De La Rosa family slept in the kitchen near the stove to keep warm. Frigid winds whisked through the boarded-up windows in their apartments.

Every night till dawn, a group of women sat up, playing dominoes and gossiping in the lobby to keep scavengers from stripping the building. Mamie Rose made her special fried chicken. Rita Torres brought pasteles.

"Mrs. Lachapelle had the biggest mouth," Mrs. De La Rosa said of her friend Idalmi Lachapelle, a 38-year-old mother of four. "She patrolled the halls with a machete someone brought her from Puerto Rico."

One day a man came, saying he was there to give the boiler a water treatment. The water was actually gasoline. "We chased him out," Mrs. De La Rosa said.

"We thought about leaving, but we had seen so many abandoned apartments that we decided somebody had to make a stand," she said. "Garden Street has humongous apartments at very reasonable rents. It's right across from the zoo, a couple of blocks from the Botanical Gardens. There's a bus stop at the corner. And the kids go to school two blocks away. St. Martin of Tours, our church, is also two blocks away.

"I can look from my apartment and see the monorail and sky ferry," she added. "I hear the seals; they're craziest in mating season. In late summer, we have cicadas in the trees. We have crows nesting on top of the elevator. It's home."

Units for the Homeless

By 1984, when the city took over because the landlord had defaulted on tax payments, whole lines of apartments in the building were decimated. Ceilings had collapsed and windows were gone. The building was known as the ice castle: Pipes had burst and the front of the building was a cake of ice.

In the spring of 1985, Mrs. De La Rosa went to a meeting of the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition, where people talked about how they had turned their buildings around.

She began taking groups of tenants to negotiate building repairs with city housing officials. Eventually, the city fixed the plumbing and the wiring and put in new windows and a new roof.

The city also repaired some abandoned apartments for homeless people, and agreed to let the existing tenants screen their new neighbors. Now, 73 of the 87 units are occupied, 30 by previously homeless families.

"We were almost homeless ourselves," Mrs. De La Rosa said. "We are not going to turn people away who need homes. Now the formerly homeless are on our screening committee for the new homeless. They're stricter than we ever were. They say, 'This is our home. We want to bring in people who won't bring our building down.' "

In 1988, Build began running the building and hired Mrs. De La Rosa as manager, citing her commitment to the building and her experience as head of the tenants group. She now manages five other buildings for the group as well. She works out of a small windowless office, but she does not spend much time behind her battered desk.

"We had one person who tried to sell drugs," she said. "I knocked on the door. I said, 'You know me and I'm against drugs. You have two choices. You can stop what you're doing and we're family again. Or you know who will send the police to your door.' The man moved out two weeks later."

Staying on Garden Street

The women of 795 Garden Street -- both new and old -- stick together. Mrs. De La Rosa got Mrs. Lachapelle a job with Build as a rental agent and off the welfare rolls. Mrs. Lachapelle recently helped Cynthia Avery, who was formerly homeless, to find a baby sitter so Ms. Avery could return to school.

The building and the neighborhood are still a far cry from paradise. Rust-colored paint covers the marble entry to fool thieves. The gladiolas are gone from the lobby. There is a drug-infested, city-owned building a block away and a vacant, rubble-strewn lot across the street.

Still, Mrs. De La Rosa is satisfied. When she dies, she said, she will know that she did her best to improve life on Garden Street.

"Give me my little corner of Garden Street," she said. "Have them bury me there. My epitaph will say, 'Here lies Dalma De La Rosa. She never left Garden Street.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Dalma De La Rosa, who led a successful struggle to save her Bronx apartment building. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Chart: "Dalma Iris De La Rosa"

Born: March 27, 1940, in Quebradillas, Puerto Rico

Education: Graduated Morris High School, in the Bronx, 1960.

Career highlights: 1963-1983, mother and housewife; 1984-present, president of the 795 Garden Street tenants association; 1988-present, manager of 795 Garden Street for Build, a non profit housing organization.

Hobbies: Needlepoint, reading Agatha Christie mysteries and Gothic romances, listening to Mozart. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** May 7, 1991

**End of Document**



[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN GLEN COVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B2K0-0007-J34V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 9, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 8; Page 9, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1550 words

**Byline:** By GENE RONDINARO

**Body**

IN Glen Cove, construction crews seem to be everywhere these days, laying pipe, clearing lots and hoisting steel beams to forge a new commercial role for this Nassau County community.

And as deteriorated downtown retail buildings are demolished to make way for major office and other commercial projects, a new sense of confidence has emerged among the 25,000 residents of this small city on Long Island Sound, just 35 miles from Manhattan.

''We are definitely on our way back,'' said Mayor Vincent A. Suozzi. ''Our goal is to re-establish Glen Cove's traditional role as the hub of commercial activity on the North Shore.''

The current building boom, which will include construction of a 200-room hotel and about 220,000 square feet of office space downtown, is the culmination of a $70 million, 20-year urban-renewal investment in Federal and state funds to improve roads, sewers and other vital city services in anticipation of private development.

If you're thinking of living in: article on Glen Cove, New York; cites area's growing commercial role; photos; maps (M)

As a corollary of this activity, several major office and residential projects have been planned or are under construction along Hempstead Harbor and in the affluent northern section of the city on once-lavish estates.

Bordered on the east by Lattingtown, Locust Valley and Matinecock; on the west and south by Hempstead Harbor, Sea Cliff and Glen Head, and on the north by Long Island Sound, it is a multiracial and -ethnic community with a median family income of $25,139, according to 1980 census statistics.

From ***working-class*** neighborhoods reflecting their ethnic origins to tree-lined middle-class subdivisions and perhaps some of the most elegant estates along the North Shore, Glen Cove offers a greater variety of housing and economic life styles than can be found in any other Long Island community. Nearly 50 racial, ethnic and religious groups are represented in its population, adding a dimension of cultural diversity and urban sophistication to community life.

In the predominately Italian-American neighborhood of Franklin Park, for example, two-family stucco houses are common, as are the Italian bakeries and delis that cater to the sons and daughters of original immigrant families. The 400-seat St. Rocco's Roman Catholic Church on Third Street is at the center of community life and 9 A.M. Sunday mass is still celebrated in Italian.

''In a real sense, Glen Cove is a microcosm of America,'' said Lee Drucker, a 25-year-resident of the area and owner of Drucker Company Realtors on Forest Avenue. ''Our heterogeneous mix is one of the prime attractions to newcomers and a major source of municipal pride.''

Those of Italian descent make up the largest ethnic group among the 6,436 families in the city, followed by those of Polish origin at 18 percent and Irish at 10 percent. Blacks and Hispanics make up 15 percent of the overall population.

For most of its history, Glen Cove has relied on the Sound for its livelihood. Excavations in the Garvey's Point area, for example, found that predecessors of the Matinecock Indians relied primarily on a diet of fish, oysters and shellfish.

The area was settled by the English in the late 1600's, and there was a lucrative clandestine trade with foreign vessels seeking to avoid British import taxes on a variety of goods, especially rum. Late in the 19th century, Glen Cove's natural beauty and recreational opportunities attracted bankers and industrialists such as the Whitneys, Pratts and Morgans, who built huge mansions overlooking the Sound and Hempstead Harbor.

The city has taken the lead in many areas of social reform. It was one of the first municipalities on the Island to integrate its schools, and it maintains a substantial number of subsidized housing units to its elderly and low-income residents.

The seven-square-mile city also offers perhaps the widest variety of housing available on the Island, including single- and two-family houses, rental apartments, cooperatives and condominiums. The prices can be steep. According to brokers, single-family houses range from about $135,000 for smaller properties in need of much repair near the business district, to about $800,000 for newer, much larger houses on one-acre lots in the northern section of the city. The average house on a quarter-acre plot sells for about $200,000, according to Mr. Drucker.

Prices for one-bedroom co-ops, most in older converted apartment buildings, begin at about $100,000, according to the city's Buildings Department. The agency said prices of existing condominiums range from about $300,000 to $400,000.

At present, there are about 110 units either recently completed or under construction in the city. Work is about to begin on Gatsby's Landing, a 390-unit condominium project on a 25-acre former landfill overlooking Hempstead Harbor.

Prices for the Victorian-style units, which will include fireplaces, marble appointments, central air-conditioning, terraces or decks, will range from $150,000 to $300,000.

According to Mr. Drucker, a significant number of resales involve residents who sell and move to another section of the city as their housing needs expand.

One-bedroom apartments begin at about $500 a month for a rental.

''Glen Cove is a wonderful place to live and offers its residents more than any other community on the North Shore,'' said Susan Freelund, a 16-year-resident who is a reference librarian at the Glen Cove Library. ''We have beaches, parks, centralized city services and fine schools.''

These amenities are, of course, costly, and their price is reflected in taxes. For example, a four-bedroom Cape Cod on a quarter acre that recently sold for $195,000 pays $3,328 in annual taxes.

The 3,000-student Glen Cove school system, which includes five elementary schools, a middle school and a high school, is a source of much municipal pride. Eighty percent of its teachers hold advanced degrees and more than 75 percent of its graduates go on to higher education.

''This is quite an achievement for a school system with a high proportion of underprivilaged youngsters,'' said Robert Finley, superintendent of Glen Cove schools for the last 17 years. Average S.A.T. scores of 437 verbal and 469 math for last year's senior class are above national and state averages.

There are also a number of private and parochial schools, including Friends Academy, off Piping Rock Road, and St. Patrick's elementary school on Glen Street.

For most commuters, the one-hour Long Island Rail Road trip to Pennsylvania Station on Oyster Bay Division diesel-powered trains is not popular. Residents complain about lack of air-conditioning and the time-consuming switchover at Jamaica, Queens, among other things. M ANY say they can get to Manhattan 10 to 15 minutes earlier by driving to Port Washington, where they can avoid the change at Jamaica by boarding the modern electrified trains. Monthly commutation tickets from Glen Cove cost $109 and $97 from Port Washington.

Most residents prefer the convenience of shopping in the downtown business district, but they are within a 10- to 15-minute drive of major shopping malls in Manhasset, Hicksville and Garden City.

Among the city's other amenities are Garvey's Point Museum, featuring Indian artifacts; the 100,000-volume Glen Cove Library; the 278-bed Glen Cove Community Hospital; two art galleries, two public beaches, a fishing pier, an 18-hole municipal golf course and several outdoor tennis courts. There are 47 food outlets, including 10 major restaurants, among them LaPace, specializing in French-Italian cuisine, and Asahi Tokyo, with a Japanese menu.

Despite their ethnic, racial and religious differences, there is a genuine desire by most groups to cooperate with each other in the public good and resolve potential conflicts before they arise.

''We have people here from every walk of life and every background imaginable,'' Mayor Suozzi said. ''Yet everyone seems to get along. Even the Sons of Italy currently rent space at the Polish Meeting Hall. Now that's what I call cooperation.''

A LONG ISLAND RARITY: A CITY UNTO ITSELF rrGovernmental responsibilities in most Long Island communities are delegated to a confusing maze of fire, school, water and sewage districts that are seldom coterminous. Glen Cove, however, is one of just two cities in Nassau County (the other is Long Beach), and as such offers the benefits of centralized government.

Glen Cove became a city on Jan. 1, 1918, after a sometimes acrimonious debate with officials of the Town of Oyster Bay in which it was then an unincorporated village of 10,000 residents. The support of powerful business interests, including J. P. Morgan, a resident of Glen Cove, was crucial in passing state legislation that allowed it to secede and form its present strong-mayor and council form of government.

As a result, Glen Cove residents enjoy the convenience of having police, fire, sanitation, roads, parks and most other municipal services provided by agencies that report to City Hall.

''Centralized government is one of the great things about living in Glen Cove,'' said Susan Freelund, who lives in Glen Cove near the border of Locust Valley, a village in Oyster Bay. ''After a heavy snow storm, the border is obvious - our side is always plowed first.''

**Graphic**

Photo of house on Highfield Road in residential area (NYT/Gary Guisninger); Photo of commercial construction under way downtown

**End of Document**



[***WHAT THE CHARTS SAY ABOUT THE HEALTH OF POP MUSIC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BBM0-0007-J0X9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1596 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

Pop music is in the throes of a new boom cycle, both economically and artistically.

The robust health of the record industry, which was seriously ailing just three years ago, is symbolized by USA For Africa, one of the most spectacular displays of charity in show business history. ''We Are the World,'' the ''supersingle'' for African famine relief, has already sold 5.5 million copies and remains first on Billboard's pop singles chart. Written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie and sung by an all-star chorus of 45, the exhortatory pop-gospel anthem more than matches in inspirational power such musical prototypes as George Harrison's ''My Sweet Lord'' and the Edwin Hawkins Singers' ''Oh Happy Day.''

The ''We Are the World'' album, which was released just over a month ago and now tops Billboard's album chart, is fast approaching the four million mark in sales. Besides the title tune, the album includes ''Tears Are Not Enough,'' a softer, more amorphous chorale recorded by a 53-voice coalition of Canadian pop stars calling itself Northern Lights. Also included are eight cuts donated by individual acts. By far the most impressive are a version of Jimmy Cliff's ''Trapped,'' recorded live in concert last August by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, and Tina Turner's ''Total Control,'' a rock ballad written by Martha Davis and Jeff Jourard of the Motels. Both songs convey with almost operatic force a mood of compressed, smoldering obsession .

Stephen Holden on state of pop music, which he says is in throes of new boom cycle, both economically and artistically; photos (M)

As it happens, Mr. Springsteen and Miss Turner also have albums in Billboard's Top 10 that attest to the artistic maturity of the best 80's rock. Both records are nearly a year old, yet they continue to spawn hit after hit. Mr. Springsteen's ''Born in the U.S.A.'' employs a traditional rock and roll vocabulary, modernized with jagged jackhammer rhythms and flavored with synthesizer. His songs, mostly despairing dramatic monologues by blue-collar workers who have lost touch with the American dream, portray the dissolution of hope and community experienced by ***working-class*** America in a postindustrial age. Miss Turner's ''Private Dancer'' expresses much the same spirit of embattled self-sufficiency in songs that blend American rock and soul with a moody synthesizer music. Mr. Springsteen and Miss Turner emerge on these albums as heroic popular symbols of resilience and passion.

The oddest contribution to the ''We Are the World'' album is Prince's ''4 the Tears in Your Eyes,'' whose unambiguous Christian message (''He died for the tears in your eyes''), reveals a new facet of American pop's most self-consciously mercurial personality. With slick, glitteringly produced contributions by Chicago, the Pointer Sisters, Steve Perry and Kenny Rogers, ''We Are the World'' also serves as a showcase for the latest in Hollywood production styles.

Besides raising millions of dollars for a worthy cause - USA For Africa and its related merchandising have already netted more than $35 million - ''We Are the World'' has solidified the changing relationship of pop music to American mass culture in general. After coming into its own in the late 60's as the music of ''revolution,'' rock in the 70's remained at least superficially opposed to establishment values. But how can you resist the establishment when, like the artists, managers and producers who put together USA For Africa, you *are* the establishment?

The coalescence of a new pop establishment was largely achieved by MTV. By bringing 24-hour pop, including a ''We Are the World'' promotional blitz, into millions of homes, MTV has given pop music a national center of consciousness. The latest demonstration of MTV's extraordinary power has been its impact on heavy metal rock. The cable channel's recent decision to cut back sharply on its programming of heavy metal videos has pushed a once-flourishing genre virtually out of the top 50 albums. At the same time, the proliferation of movie soundtracks based on pop records (''Beverly Hills Cop'' and ''Vision Quest'' were respectively 4 and 11 on Billboard's album chart last week), continues. Records, video and movies have become interdependent components in an increasingly monolithic entertainment consortium.

''We Are the World'' symbolizes the corporate mentality of this multimedia edifice. It is an unashamed celebration of managerial clout and collective star power in the service of a noncontroversial humanitarian movement rather than a partisan political cause. USA For Africa triumphantly cuts across the demographic boundaries of pop. In the single, Quincy Jones's stately production, with its rolling gospel rhythm and elegant synthesized texture, finds a common aural ground for voices as dissimilar as those of Ray Charles, Willie Nelson, Bob Dylan, Cyndi Lauper, Bruce Springsteen and Diana Ross to express themselves with total freedom. Instead of promoting a musical generation gap, the record emphasizes artistic lines of descent that span three decades - from Harry Belafonte to Lionel Richie, from Ray Charles to Stevie Wonder to Michael Jackson, from Bette Midler to Cyndi Lauper, from Bob Dylan to Bruce Springsteen.

Most significantly, ''We Are the World'' underscores the fundamental role of black music in American pop. Four of the top five stars of American pop - Michael Jackson, Prince, Lionel Richie and Stevie Wonder - are black, as is pop music's most successful and admired producer, Quincy Jones. Addressing the National Association of Record Manufacturers last month, Mr. Jones called for the dissolution of the demographic categories of music - pop, black, country, etc. - enthusiastically proclaiming that ''the music is truly color-blind now.''

Further examination of last week's album chart in Billboard bears out Mr. Jones's contention. Even mainstream English pop is thoroughly infused with American pop-soul and funk influences. The enigmatic art-rock songs on Phil Collins's ''No Jacket Required'' (second place) are grounded in contemporary black dance grooves inspired by Prince and Motown. Motown, the early-60's girl-group productions of Phil Spector, and the blue-eyed soul of the Bee Gees are also primary influences on Wham!, the British pop duo whose album, ''Make It Big,'' was 10 in Billboard. The duo's simple, bouncy synthesizer pop, composed and produced by the 22-year-old teen-age heartthrob George Michael, is the 1980's equivalent of the clean-cut pop of 25 years ago by the likes of Cliff Richard and Paul Anka. Madonna, with her teen-age magazine sex appeal and tough-cookie singing style, is the female American equivalent of Wham! The music on her second album, ''Like a Virgin,'' is assertive, glistening post-disco pop sung in a voice that knowingly echoes 1960's girl groups like the Angels and the Supremes.

The year's most impressive debut album, ''Diamond Life'' (sixth place), by the 24-year-old British/Nigerian singer Sade, also has its roots in American pop-soul, and particularly in the sultry, layered Caribbean-flavored idiom of Marvin Gaye's ''What's Goin' On.'' Sade, whose real name is Helen Folsade Adu, sings with a vibratoless alto whose cool, seductive insouciance recalls the young Astrud Gilberto and, in its lower register, the dark, ruminative quality of Betty Carter. ''Smooth Operator,'' a haunting pop-jazz song that coldly assesses the life of a high-rolling playboy, is the first major hit from an album that seems destined to have a long life near the top of the charts. ''Sally,'' the record's artistic centerpiece, is a bitter tale of prostitution and drug addiction that recalls the mordant pop-jazz vignettes of Steely Dan.

Bruce Springsteen's and Tina Turner's albums aren't the only albums in the top 10 to use rock as the springboard for serious explorations of the American psyche. The finest rock album to be released so far this year, ''Southern Accents,'' by Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, is a sequence of dramatic monologues by a young working man - a symbol of the New South - who combines a fierce regional pride along with a streak of restless self-destruction. ''It's just something in our blood. . .we're just dogs on the run,'' observes the narrator of the down-and-dirty blues song, ''Dogs on the Run.'' An almost Faulknerian sense of the intoxicating intensity of the landscape informs the songs and their richly atmsopheric arrangements, which run from bluesy folk-rock to Memphis-style soul to a stately title song reminiscent of Stephen Foster.

John Fogerty's ''Centerfield'' (seventh place) offers dyed-in-the-wool American rock and roll of a more traditional sort. Mr. Fogerty's blues-based songs, which remain close in flavor to Chuck Berry, Little Richard and Elvis Presley's early hits, paint a rock and roll cartoon mythology of American culture. Along with explicit references to classic rock and roll tunes, the songs introduce shadowy bogeyman symbols with names like ''Mr. Greed'' and ''The Old Man Down the Road.'' ''I Saw It on TV,'' the album's most biting song, is a capsule video history of modern America, from ''coonskin caps and Yankee bats'' through the Vietnam war, in which, it turns out, the song's narrator has lost a son.

The success of so many serious mainstream albums suggests a large and still-growing mass audience for popular music that is quite discriminating in its tastes. With ''We Are the World'' setting the pace, mid-80's pop is a diverse grab bag of compassionate exhortation, pungent social commentary and pure fun.

**Graphic**

Photo of Bruce Springsteen; Photo of Tina Turner; Photo of Lionel Riche; Photo of Madonna

**End of Document**



[***Dublin: Now Fair And Worldly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41D8-N1X0-00MH-F3X8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FLORENCE WILLIAMS

By FLORENCE WILLIAMS

**Dateline:** DUBLIN

**Body**

ALEX WILLIAMS put down his mop and apologized for the mess. "I had a raging party in here last night," he said. Even so, the apartment looked good. A sleek blue sofa and expensive stereo accented the living room. Oak shutters framed wide windows.

Mr. Williams, 30, an unmarried software designer, moved into Dublin's new Wooden Building two months ago. It is the latest -- and most expensive -- addition to an ambitious state-sponsored redevelopment of Temple Bar, a previously down-and-out neighborhood on the south bank of the River Liffey. The area was full of obsolete four- or five-story brick warehouses and empty lots. About half the warehouses have been completely renovated, half knocked down.

"I'm in the center of town, but it's quiet, I can walk to work," Mr. Williams said of his one-bedroom home that he rents for around $1,100 a month. "It's like no other building in Ireland, with all the wood and the big canopy at the top, and inside, it's really well finished."

Mr. Williams represents a vanguard demographic in a vanguard type of architecture. In Ireland, a country with Europe's highest rate of home ownership, he is in the first wave of successful young professionals to rent an apartment in the central city. Both the luxury building and Mr. Williams's capacity to live in it would have been unthinkable just a decade ago. Since then, Ireland has become Europe's hottest, fastest-growing economy, drawing a huge influx of high-tech and financial-services companies.

After a century of exporting its young professionals, the country is enticing them back in droves as well as attracting emigrants. Mr. Williams, who is Irish, lived in Japan, Belgium and the United States before returning to work for an Internet start-up, WorldofFruit.com.

In the mid-1990's, Ireland became the grateful recipient of substantial urban renewal and tourism grants from the European Union, including $25 million to transform Temple Bar into a new cultural quarter for the city. Still, the Irish, known for their fierce, sentimental love of tradition and for their stubborn independence, view the Europeanization of Dublin with a mixture of pride and alarm.

Planners were determined not to turn the neighborhood into a EuroDisney of faux-Georgian architecture, but to encourage innovative design. In 1991, Temple Bar Properties, a state-run agency, hired a young team of Dublin architects to draw up guidelines for the 36-square-block area, previously slated to become a city transportation depot. Now, Temple Bar has restaurants, bars, shops, 10 cultural centers and 1,000 new residential apartment units. Of the units, about half were developed privately and the others were commissioned from a variety of architectural firms. The Wooden Building, designed by the Dublin firm Blacam & Meagher, was part of the neighborhood's final development phase.

The nine-story building, named for its exterior and actually comprising two free-standing halves separated by a narrow air shaft, has 17 one- and two-bedroom units. Part of the building is fully wrapped in untreated iroko wood, part in stucco accented by large iroko-framed windows, and part in thick mortared brickwork. References abound to medieval and contemporary Northern European design. The architects insisted on hiring artisans for much of the custom features, like six-panel oak doors and copper window casements.

"Temple Bar Properties essentially said, 'Go for it,' " said Shane de Blacam, a principal architect at Blacam & Meagher and a Dubliner with sparse but unruly reddish-gray hair. "A lot of the buildings there had been pretty boring. We think our building lives with what the modern notion of a tower is." Mr. de Blacam, who worked with Louis I. Kahn in Philadelphia in the early 1970's, is known for his innovative use of timber in such buildings as the Beckett Theater at nearby Trinity College, and in another multistory Temple Bar building that received an award last year from the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland.

Mr. de Blacam said of the Wooden: "It's appropriate to this climate and culture, and we want it to be about Dublin. I'm delighted people are making a fuss about it."

Last spring, its apartments were sold at auction -- a first for the city -- and fetched prices rivaling those in Paris and New York. Mr. Williams's landlord bought his one-bedroom for $287,000. Martin Keane, a bar and nightclub owner, says he bought his two-bedroom (with a small roof garden) for $641,000, not including the parking space. "The price was higher than I expected," Mr. Keane, a married empty nester, said, "but if you want something bad enough you go the extra mile." Some are already calling it Dublin's most beautiful apartment building.

"The city is being reinvented before our very eyes," said Frank McDonald, an architecture and environment reporter for The Irish Times who lives in a converted fifth-floor warehouse in Temple Bar. "In the mid-1980's, Dublin was a backwater, so incredibly bleak it looked like a different city. There were 150 acres of derelict land. Now, there's hardly any. To a large extent, the inner city has been saved."

Today, down the street from the Wooden Building, jazz musicians give free concerts in Meeting House Square under an aluminum awning by Santiago Calatrava, the Spanish architect and engineer. Internet cafes vie with bars for attention from Dublin's young digirati. Half of Dublin's population is under 30. "I feel like a vanishing breed," Mr. McDonald, well over 30, said. "There's a real sense that the city has been taken over by this changeling species with no memory of thrift, poverty, no folk memory of famine. They're interested in money and having a good time. It's not dissimilar to the U.S."

Unemployment is at a record low, 3.8 percent, and jobs have grown 39 percent since 1994. In that time, greater Dublin's population grew 10 percent. With such heady growth comes headaches, especially for planners, environmentalists and those hurt by staggering traffic congestion, currency inflation and escalating housing costs. Dublin, with 1.3 million people -- a much higher figure than planners anticipated a decade ago -- has no subway system. The city will need 200,000 more homes for its workers in the next 10 years, Mr. McDonald said. At the same time, ***working-class*** families -- "true Dubs," as they are known -- are being priced out of the city. In short, sprawl has begun.

"We're at a crossroads," Mr. McDonald added. "Our planning is already infected by an Anglo-American, car-dependent thesis. The question is, how much can you control the spread of the edge city? We haven't yet reconciled ourselves to real urban living and higher density housing. Do we want to be a European city or an American city built around motorways and detached housing?"

The Irish have always considered apartments as either the unfortunate fate of those on the dole (like Chicago and New York, Dublin is scarred by disastrous public-housing high-rises) or the temporary domain of students. There is still no attempt to institute rent control or fair-eviction laws. The sentiment against renting springs from the oppressive legacy of English landlords. But changing demographics, a dire shortage of affordable housing and longer commutes are making apartment life more desirable.

The Irish are also catching up to Americans and other Europeans in marrying later, having fewer children and, since it was legalized in 1997, being divorced. As recently as 1972, women were forced to leave civic jobs upon marrying. That has all changed. "We're a post-Catholic country now," Mr. McDonald said.

The number of single-person households increased 17 percent from 1992 to 1997, and the number of couples without children increased 22 percent in the same period, vividly changing housing needs. Though people are waiting longer to start families, as in other industrialized nations, the change here seems swift and striking. "Dublin has acres of mindless, cheap flats," Mr. de Blacam said. "Apartments weren't considered proper. Now, that idea is being completely transformed."

In the wake of Temple Bar, other quarters of the city are planned for high-density redevelopment, notably the Docklands, an industrial warehouse and shipping district. Throughout central downtown, planners would like to replace the existing low-rise skyline with a more European seven- or eight-story skyline. For the most part, Dubliners still thumb their noses at anything higher.

Like so many other cities before it, Dublin is struggling to retain its small-city identity, and the gentrification of Temple Bar has its critics. Artists, once a catalyst for preserving the area, can no longer compete with dot-comers for rents. The city's oldest Catholic Church, around the corner from the Wooden Building, was converted to what many consider a cheesy tourist operation called Dublin's Viking Adventure.

"I found it began to show the same trend as SoHo," Dr. Mary Corcoran, a sociologist at the National University of Ireland, said. "An area with a bohemian ambience and low rents for alternative-arts people very quickly became a developers' paradise, with swanky new apartment buildings. The bohemian element feels pushed out -- it's not really an indigenous vernacular community anymore." In the last four years, 2,000 to 3,000 luxury apartments have been built in central Dublin, changing the once comfortably dowdy feel of the streets.

Michael Smith, the National Heritage Trust president, bemoans the loss of the vernacular pub. Only one Temple Bar pub out of every two dozen has retained its character, he said, adding that a lot "have been plasticated." "It's a drinking mile rather than a cultural quarter," he said.

Like New Orleans's French Quarter and London's Covent Garden, Temple Bar became a magnet for college rowdies, young European weekenders and those attending stag parties. Two years ago, pub owners agreed to ban the latter. But what had once been intimate, etched-glass and oak establishments have been transformed into mega-theme bars, like the All Sports Cafe, Thunder Road Cafe and House of Rock. Initially wanting to attract tourists, the city provided tax incentives to encourage pubs to build or expand in the neighborhood. With the theme bars comes a further dent in Irish identity, even as, ironically, Irish pubs are being replicated elsewhere. Even the Guinness Brewing Company is now owned by a British food and beverage company.

"In the old pub," Mr. Smith said, "typically the barman would be a true Dub with lots of character and wisdom to share. Now, foreigners have those jobs. Conversation was a major facet of national character, typically veering between politics and quasi philosophy. Now, the standard topic is the price of property."

Mr. de Blacam also regrets the change. He said: "I feel it was wrong to persist with commercial development in Temple Bar, because apartments went for astronomical prices in the end. The wisdom was that shops on the ground floor maximize investment, but if we want children and families to live in the city, that has to change. It may be a long time before we build a city quarter that feels truly residential."

Deyan Sudjic, architecture critic of The London Observer and editor of Domus, the Italian design magazine, said that Ireland is not alone in its increasing urban sophistication. "Housing throughout Britain is finally emerging from the stone ages," when only large, crude houses dominated the outer city, he said. The difference is that tasteful single-family houses are affordable in cities like Glasgow and Edinburgh, but not in Dublin, he said, adding, "Dublin is on an entirely different planet economically."

For its part, the Wooden Building also sparked a contentious neighborhood debate over building heights. Originally designed to be four stories higher, the building was reduced when protests forced the architects to compromise. "We took a strong stance, because Dublin is under enormous, vicious pressure to produce high-rises," said Mr. Smith of the National Heritage Trust. "Now, I'm somewhat embarrassed after what has turned into one of the most exciting and highest quality new schemes, but we needed to stop a dangerous precedent."

Mr. Williams, preparing for the next party, doesn't think he'll live in Temple Bar forever. "I'll do it for a year and then see," he said. "I do think the old city is a really nice area, and I might think of buying here. If I have kids, though, I'd probably move back out to the suburbs."

Does he think apartment-dwelling will become a commonplace? "Well," he said, "renting has not been that popular. But we're an adaptive people."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: EUROPEANIZATION -- Shane de Blacam designed Dublin's Wooden Building. (Kieran Harnett for The New York Times)(pg. F1); DOWNTOWN -- Alex Williams at the window of his new apartment.; THE NEW WAVE -- Above, Switch, a basement nightclub; below, Thunder Road Cafe, a bar themed with motorcycles and animal prints.; ENDANGERED -- Michael Smith in the Capitol Bar, above, one of his favorite pubs and one of the rare survivors of plastification.; THE WOODEN BUILDING -- The latest, and most expensive, addition to the redevelopment of Temple Bar. (Photographs by Kieran Harnett for The New York Times)(pg. F4)

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[***SHAPING A GORY CLASSIC FOR TV***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BJ10-0007-J091-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Michael Billington; Michael Billington writes frequently about the arts in England.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

is yeaIf a modern dramatist came up

with a play involving rape, mutilation, cannibalism (with a mother

feeding off the flesh of her own

children) and more than a dozen violent deaths, it is unlikely it would ever reach a television screen. But ''Titus Andronicus,'' because it bears Shakespeare's imprimatur, is accorded classic status; this week it takes its place in the final leg of the BBC and Time-Life Television Shakespeare series in a carefully rethought but blood-soaked production by Jane Howell. Channel 13 will show it Friday evening at 9.

Written around 1593, ''Titus'' has not, until recently, had a good press. A Restoration adapter, Edward Ravenscroft, dismissed the play in 1678 as ''rather a heap of rubbish than a structure.'' The Shakespeare scholar John Dover Wilson in 1948 interpreted it as ''a huge joke.'' But this blood-red Revenge drama - in which Tamora, Queen of the Goths, avenges herself on her Roman captor, Titus, who in turn greedily avenges himself on her - was reclaimed in a glittering stage production at Stratford-on- Avon in 1955 by Peter Brook, with Laurence Olivier as Titus. Since then it has been revised by the Old Vic (in 1957), by the Royal Shakespeare Company (1972) and by Stratford Ontario (1980) and is now seen as a forerunner of ''King Lear'' rather than simply a sensationalist melodrama.

Miss Howell, a down-to-earth woman in her mid-40's with a strong ***working-class*** accent, has directed a number of plays with a fair quota of cruelty to them. For the BBC Shakespeare series she directed ''Richard III,'' ''The Winters Tale'' and the three parts of ''Henry VI,'' and at London's Royal Court Theater she staged a number of Edward Bond plays that deal unflinchingly with violence. But even she, after 20 years as a professional director, found the only way to come to terms with ''Titus'' was through a personal link.

''I was given,'' she said during a recent interview at her London home, ''a choice of six Shakespeare plays and 'Titus' seemed impossible - so, I decided to do it. I couldn't make sense out of it to start with, but there's a scene where someone kills a fly and Titus asks, 'How if that fly had a father and mother?' Until then I wasn't sure if the play was by Shakespeare, but that beautiful, simple image told me it was. Also in that scene Titus's grandson, Young Lucius, makes his first appearance, and it was the boy that made me decide to do it.

''I thought that there is a small boy at the end of that dinner table sitting alongside people with hands cut off. And so, what kind of world is he being brought up in? I related it to the fact that my own son had terrible nightmares when he was 9 - he's now a large 18-year-old - and I couldn't find any way into the world of the play except through this child. I suddenly thought that if a child watched a TV news bulletin with its catalogue of violence and war, read a book about the fall of Rome to the Goths and then went to bed and dreamed, he would have dreamed a play like this. It is not done as a dream play, because that would wrench the structure, but the boy is palpably there all the time so that, if two people are arguing, he is to be seen behind them watching. You have to find a hook for yourself and, in this case, the viewer is constantly forced to think - what are we doing to the children?''

But ''Titus Andronicus'' still presents a crucial problem for television. Does one opt for stylized violence, like Mr. Brook's stage production, which used red ribbons to symbolize bleeding flesh? Or does one go for a graphic depiction of carnage?

''I've done it reasonably realistically,'' said Miss Howell. ''I think it would look strange to see red ribbons on the screen and so, when throats are cut, there are rivers of blood. I suspect it will seem shocking, but the play is very like what is going on today. It is set at the end of the Roman Empire when the Goths were sacking Rome, but you can't shrug it off as some past barbaric age. People are still having their hands cut off. Women are still being raped. People are still being slaughtered.

''If I had not been working under the conditions of the Shakespeare series - which insists on historical authenticity - I would have made the Goths Irish and looked at the revenge- motive from the viewpoint of colonized peoples endlessly seeking retribution. But I still think the play makes its point. The only stylization I've adopted is the use of masks for the people of Rome - it seemed like a society where everyone was faceless except for those in power. And it has, I hope, a strange, dislocating effect.''

''Titus Andronicus,'' with its emphasis on sadistic slaughter, can easily seem like an Elizabethan equivalent of ''The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.'' But working on the play taught Miss Howell that it is infinitely more than that.

''There is a movement in the play I'm very fond of, which is that Titus, like a forerunner of Lear, grows with pain,'' she said. ''His son, Lucius, who takes over at the end, goes the other way and hardens through pain and becomes worse than the regime that went before. Titus also understands the Goths mentality, which is very different from Rome. The Romans sit upon their emotions in a very English way and formalize the violence. The Goths have no shame about their actions.

''But at the heart of the play is a great universal plea about suffering. It also has a chain of Christian imagery: The emphasis on brothers, the black pit into which several characters descend, the messenger who arrives with two pigeons. But what I like about the play is that it offers an extraordinary series of images about the way life goes. I suppose, being a woman, my concern all the time was what happens to children if you bring them up in this kind of extreme world.''

At a time when the lack of opportunity for women classical directors is a red-hot issue in Britain, Jane Howell remains surprisingly unmilitant. She wishes there were more women directors around, but she feels lucky to have had the chance to do so many of the BBC Shakespeares - more, she proudly points out, than any other single director - as well as strong plays like ''Saint Joan'' and ''The Dybbuk'' for television. Given that she has now done six plays for the Shakespeare series, what had she learned about the tricky business of transferring the Bard to television?

''The basic problems in televised Shakespeare are scenic,'' Miss Howell said. ''I've learned that if you obey the rules of theater, such as putting the action in a single space, it can work. Other directors had realistic sets - some worked superbly, some didn't. I personally think television Shakespeare should be like Elizabethan theater but in the round: hence, the circular wooden stockade I used in the Henrys. I don't see the point in a lot of explicit scenery or filming on location. If a character says, 'So, this is the Forest of Arden,' you don't need to have a lot of trees. If you are going to do Shakespeare filmically, then you've got to do it like Kurosawa in 'Throne of Blood' and go the whole hog. What you need in television is a space which can be inside or outside and which leaves you free to create: Once you start having all those palaces, it takes away from people's imagination and ties it down.''

It is a lesson that has been slowly learned during the seven years of the Shakespeare series: the less scenery, the better. But Miss Howell is the first to admit that televised Shakespeare involves artistic loss and gain. ''What you miss on television is the sense of overall design,'' she said. ''You also miss the tension of actors performing to an audience. But I always bring a few people in to a run-through to ginger the actors up. Obviously, there are esthetic disadvantages to TV Shakespeare, but you get through to an awful lot of people.''

What she likes most is working closely with her actors; in ''Titus Andronicus,'' her hand-picked cast includes Trevor Peacock, whom she compares to ''a rusty old tank,'' as the titular Roman general; Eileen Atkins as Tamora, Queen of the Goths; Anna Calder-Marshall as the mutilated Lavinia, and Hugh Quarshie as the black villain Aaron.

But for Miss Howell the ultimate justification for televised Shakespeare lies in the audience response. ''After the 'Henry VI' played, I sat in this room and answered 250 letters from mums and dads and kids asking what they were going to do now the show was finished. I've never received a response like that, and it makes it utterly worthwhile.''

As Miss Howell said this, her eyes moistened with tears. It will be fascinating to see whether ''Titus Andronicus'' elicits the same heartfelt response from American viewers and whether, in fact, they see the play in the same terms as the late critic Kenneth Tynan (''like Goya's 'Disasters of War,' this is tragedy naked, Godless and unredeemed'') or simply as the Elizabethan, blank-verse equivalent of ''The A-Team.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Eileen Atkins, Michael Crompton and Neil McCaul

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[***Poorer New York School Districts Challenging State Aid as Unequal - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0290-000D-G1FH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By SAM HOWE VERHOVEK,

By SAM HOWE VERHOVEK,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MASTIC BEACH, L.I.

**Body**

Just a few miles from this Suffolk County community, there are public-school districts that spent more than $17,000 for each student last year, with schools that boast of computers in every classroom and a vast array of extracurricular programs.

But in the William Floyd School District here, which spent $7,614 for each student, nearly half the students attend school in temporary trailer-style buildings, because there is no money to build new classrooms. At the high school, built for 1,300 students, the enrollment is 2,000, and lunch starts at 9:06 A.M -- that is the only way the school can avoid violating fire-safety codes in the cafeteria.

Such huge disparities in spending are common among neighboring school districts throughout Long Island and elsewhere in New York State, and the gaps have been growing. Now some of the poorer among the state's 720 districts, outraged by the inequality, have taken their anger to a courtroom.

The spending differences arise largely because districts with low property values and poorer residents collect less in local taxes to spend on schools. Many educators argue that the state has a responsibility to narrow those gaps. Instead, they say, the Legislature makes the problem worse with its complex system for distributing billions of dollars a year in state aid to schools -- a haphazard and highly politicized system that insures that every district, no matter how affluent, gets state money.

The legal challenge, filed in State Supreme Court in Mineola, comes from 20 Long Island districts, including the William Floyd District. They are asking the court to declare the differences in total spending unconstitutional.

In challenging the system, the school districts have been emboldened by recent judicial decisions in New Jersey, Texas, Kentucky and elsewhere that overturned those states' methods of financing public schools. Although decisions elsewhere have no legal force in New York, state courts are often influenced by rulings in other states.

New York City is considering filing a separate challenge of its own later this year, city officials said, possibly modeled on a Federal lawsuit that led to an order channeling more money to schools in Kansas City, Mo., from surrounding suburbs. The Kansas City suit contended that the existing system was racially biased because gaps in funds for education hurt the many minority students in cities disproportionately.

Nine years ago New York State's highest court rejected a constitutional challenge to the school financing system. But the decision appeared to leave room for another challenge later if "gross and glaring inadequacy" in the financing could be demonstrated.

State Aid Being Cut

The fight over education spending has become a bitter spring ritual in the State Capitol, where school aid has often been the final item holding up approval of the state budget. It is particularly harsh this year, with lawmakers forced to cut as much as $1 billion from last year's total of $9 billion in aid because of the state's fiscal turmoil.

If the legal challenges succeed, school administrators agree, they could lead to radical changes in the state's financing of education. Some affluent districts could face higher property taxes to cover a loss of state aid and could even be ordered to share some of their tax revenue with poorer districts.

State aid accounts for about 45 percent of all school spending.

The question at the heart of the Long Island school suit is this: With some districts spending six times more than others, should the state be obliged to mandate a more equitable formula for school financing?

To say that the state even has a school-aid formula may be misleading, because there seems to be hardly anything mathematical about the process by which the Legislature determines who gets the money.

There are 51 categories of aid in all, covering everything from dropout prevention programs to asbestos cleanup, and lawmakers can direct the money in almost any direction by deciding which categories to emphasize.

Aid to 94% of a Student

The haphazard nature of the process was underlined in 1987, when many suburban and upstate lawmakers complained that the "formula" had driven too much of that year's increase in school aid to New York City.

At the last minute, those objections were addressed when the Legislature decided to rejuggle the formula to count each New York City student as just 94 percent of a student, thereby decreasing the city's total allocation.

"What we're saying here is that the system just doesn't work," said Wayne Williams, the superintendent of the William Floyd District and one of the plaintiffs in the lawsuit. "It clearly discriminates against students and taxpayers in low-wealth districts, and what is required here is nothing less than major reform."

The court challenge comes after years of legislative inaction on the recommendations of at least three major study panels that called for reorganizing school aid in favor of needier districts and similar proposals from Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and his predecessor, Hugh L. Carey.

The lawsuit comes, too, after New York State's highest court, the Court of Appeals, rejected in 1982 a challenge to the financing system led by the Levittown, L.I., school district.

That decision, while acknowledging differences in the resources available to various districts, said there was no constitutional requirement that school spending be equal among districts.

But it appeared to leave open the possibility that the financing system could be challenged later, saying that proof of "gross and glaring inadequacy" in the financing of some districts could lead the courts to compel changes.

Under the current system, poorer districts -- those with low property-tax bases and resident incomes -- do get more state aid for each student than wealthier districts. But this adjustment is far from enough to bring overall spending levels into balance.

"Many people will agree that the present system is unfair, that it needs to be changed," said Louis Grumet, executive director of the New York State School Boards Association, which represents virtually every school district in the state. "But whether it is illegal or unconstitutional becomes a separate question."

Robert E. Sapir, a lawyer for the Long Island districts, which have banded together under the name Refit, or Reform Educational Financing Inequities Today, said the gap between rich and poor districts had grown much wider since 1982. "What was uneven and unequal then, we believe, should now clearly be found to be against the law," he said.

On Long Island, Mr. Sapir said, the difference in spending for each student between the 10 poorest districts and the regional average has quadrupled in the last eight years -- to about $1,600 from $400.

The average spending gap between the poorest and the wealthiest has risen even more, he said -- to about $5,000 for each student.

Statewide there are even starker differences that go well beyond disparities in the cost of living. Some districts in Westchester County with fewer than 1,000 students spent $30,000 for each student last year, while others in rural Allegany County in southwestern New York spent barely $5,000.

The William Floyd District, which encompasses Mastic, Mastic Beach, Shirley and Moriches, is a ***working-class*** area with virtually no industrial or commercial tax base. Its financial problems stem from the district's property values, which are the lowest of any of Suffolk County's 70 districts.

The property valuation in the district amounts to $82,980 for each student, according to State Education Department figures, compared with a county average of $297,335. Valuations in some districts are vastly higher; the nearby Quogue School District, for example, has $10.3 million in property valuation for each student.

What this means is that while taxpayers in the William Floyd District pay more in taxes as a percentage of their income than taxpayers in almost any other district on Long Island, they wind up having far less than other districts to spend.

State aid, meanwhile, takes only a small step toward rectifying the problem. The district got $5,500 for each student from the state last year, while many other districts that generated 10 times more in local property taxes still received up to $2,600. The result is that the William Floyd District had less to spend than all but two other major districts on Long Island, Miller Place and Sachem.

The most common benchmark for measuring performance in elementary schools -- state test scores -- focuses only on the percentage of students who can read at acceptable levels. In the William Floyd District last year, 94 percent of its sixth-grade students passed the state reading test.

Whether the court will demand proof that students get inferior education at poorer districts, or simply focus on whether the fund differences are objectionable in themselves, is uncertain.

Performance at Issue in City

In New York City, where many districts do have many students who fail to meet state standards, city officials may argue that financing problems are responsible. The city has long complained that although it has about 37 percent of the state's students, high property values in a few districts in Manhattan have driven down state aid so the city gets but 33 percent of the education funds in the state budget.

Since the Legislature failed to correct financing imbalances in the 1980's, when it had large annual school-aid increases to work with, many educators think it will be far more difficult to do so now, when districts are fiercely competing to avoid spending cuts. They believe court action may be the only way to force the Legislature to act.

"Some districts are created rich, and some are created poor," said Thomas Y. Hobart Jr., president of New York State United Teachers, an Albany-based lobbying group. "The state aid formula could go a long way toward correcting the situation, but so far it's never worked out that way."

**Correction**

A chart on May 6 with an article about public school districts challenging New York State's school-financing law misstated spending per pupil in Mount Vernon. It is $8,283 a pupil, according to the state Education Department. In addition, the chart, which listed the highest- and lowest- spending districts in the New York metropolitan area, described its scope incompletely. It covered only districts that offer kindergarten through grade 12.

**Correction-Date:** May 23, 1991, Thursday

**Graphic**

Table: 'How Much New York Districts Spend' lists school districts that spend the most and least per student in New York (Source: New York State Education Department) (pg. B4)

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[***Dust Off the Disco Ball: The Fever Rises***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7PY0-0005-G2G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ADAM SEXTON

**Body**

Anybody here from New Jersey?" the WPLJ disk jockey Scott Shannon inquired disingenuously. It was a balmy evening in late June, and a few thousand fans had assembled for a concert sponsored by the station and featuring Irene Cara, Vicki Sue Robinson, Tavares, Rose Royce and Alicia Bridges. "Long Island?" he asked. "Westchester? How about Connecticut?" The Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden fairly quaked with each bellowed-and-whooped response.

But the decibel level rose for real, and the crowd rose to its feet when a disembodied voice like that of God or Charlton Heston introduced the headliners: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Vil-lage PEOPLE!"

It has been a decade and a half since the group had its last hit record. The 1979 bonfire of thousands of disco records after a baseball game at Comiskey Park in Chicago is now ancient history.

Yet, disco songs have been turning up with striking regularity of late in movie soundtracks and beer commercials. Gloria Estefan performs "Everlasting Love" and "Turn the Beat Around" on her current album of purported pop standards, and both songs have been big hits. Donna Summer and Barry White (yes, that Barry White) are touring the alfresco concert circuit this season, the latter in support of his comeback CD, "The Icon Is Love" (A & M). Finally, a Broadway musical of "Saturday Night Fever" is said to be in the works.

Arguably, the vintage disco sound returned as long ago as 1990, when Lisa Stansfield and Soul II Soul released their debut albums. And certainly, disco never really disappeared from the gay nightlife culture that helped nurture it in the first place. But in the mainstream, the music is truly reasserting itself only now. So shake your booty. Disco is back.

But why disco? And why now?

The easy answer is nostalgia. As anyone who has channel-surfed past the VH1 show "Big 80's" knows, each decade ripens for recycling the instant the ball drops in Times Square and inaugurates the next one.

There's the camp factor, too. Forget "La Traviata": you don't know camp until you've bumped under a revolving mirror-ball while Gloria Gaynor belts "I Will Survive."

Oh, and there's one more reason why disco struts again among the living: the music. It's . . . well, it's good.

"Of course disco is good music," said Carolyn Krasnow, a doctoral student in American studies at the University of Minnesota, who is writing her dissertation on disco. "People focus on the beat, but if you just pay attention, there's an enormous amount in addition to that beat."

A close listen to "Mighty Real" (EMI), an anthology of dance classics compiled to benefit the music industry AIDS charity Lifebeat, seems to bear her out (the album will be available in stores on Tuesday). At the very least, after 15 years of industrial and gangsta rap and the like, the sheer warmth of these supposedly robotic records can be astonishing. Sure, some disco was inane and disposable. But for every boneheaded "Fifth of Beethoven" there was a boogie-on-the-edge-of-breakdown "Stayin' Alive." For every cartoonish Village People, there was an ace Swat team like Chic.

If disco were a ship, Ms. Summer would be the noble figurehead carved into its bowsprit. In contrast to the one-hit wonders who crowded the 70's pop charts, she hung in there. Since the 1975 release of the sexually explicit "Love to Love You Baby," she scored 14 Top 10 hits, including four No. 1's. All are on "Endless Summer" (Mercury), her latest greatest-hits collection.

MS. SUMMER now lives in Nashville. It is little known that she was a co-author of the Dolly Parton country hit "Starting Over Again." She has also branched out since the end of the first disco age, performing rock-and-roll, jazzy pop and nondisco dance music of various kinds.

Does she resent the way the disco label is still affixed to her? "I don't resent it, as long as it doesn't hold me back," she said by telephone last month from Baltimore, where she was preparing for her daughter's wedding. "I mean, disco's been very, very good to me. I'm just thankful to have been a superstar once in my life."

Ms. Summer, who is to perform at the Jones Beach Theater on July 20 and the Garden State Arts Center on July 26, seems sanguine about the ebb and flow of her career, recalling that when disco expired, at the start of the 80's, her main reaction was, "God, I can sit down for a minute."

Regarding disco redux, she offered an analogy: "It's like, recently I took some Geritol. A younger friend of mine offered me some. And I went: 'Geritol! That's for old people.' But it's like a great vitamin! I took it, and I thought, 'This works!' "

Disco certainly did work: it pulled a generation onto the dance floor and kept it there for five years or so. And disco was never just about the beat, despite the constant 120 pulses a minute of the bass drum.

"It seems clear to me that it's a very complex, very well-put-together layering of sounds," Ms. Krasnow said. "That's a tremendously difficult engineering and production task. You get this extraordinary beat, and the horns, the classical strings and, of course, the vocals. And you get all kinds of intensities at once, too."

Anything from Beethoven to gospel shouts to German avant-pop, was grist for disco's mill, as long as it made people dance. The result, Ms. Krasnow says, was a major shift in the way popular music was made and one that has had a profound impact on rap music in particular, with its cacophonous collage of sampled sounds. "Disco reorganizes music in important ways into this kind of post-modern reconfiguration that is really quite brilliant," she added.

So who killed "Fly, Robin, Fly"? In what sounds suspiciously like a blame-the-victim tactic, the music industry's traditional answer is that it was disco fans themselves. They stopped buying the records, preferring merely to get down to the latest hits in the clubs or tune into them on radio, at most spending a couple of bucks on a favorite single. And as a music dominated by producers, disco offered the audience few opportunities for star identification.

"Disco hurt the record business," Lenny Beer, the editor in chief of Hits, a music industry trade publication, said last month. "It didn't create any new artists with catalogue potential." Mr. Beer argued that disco performers failed to develop artistically, citing Gloria Gaynor as an example. "And Donna Summer evolved a bit, then went away," he continued. "The real money has always been in breaking a rock act. Look at Pink Floyd."

Then there's the Polyester Factor: the white suits, the gold chains, the platform shoes. And disco's oily "what's your sign?" aura detracted from the music itself.

"Disco died for one good reason and one bad reason," said Dave Marsh, the editor and publisher of the music-and-politics newsletter Rock and Rap Confidential and the author of "The Book of Rock Lists."

"The good reason was that it was more rigid, less fluid, than soul music," he said. "The bad reason was naked racism. The people who disdained disco most had other cultures to protect." Mr. Marsh also mentioned sexism and homophobia in this connection -- from the start, disco's core audience included so many women and gay men. And the ***working-class*** milieu of "Saturday Night Fever" inspired snobbism.

Mr. Beer differs. "It was clearly a fad," he said. "It came and went as any fad does."

Or did it? Did disco merely retreat and then return, tricked up as something else? But just as dinosaurs lived on as birds (if you believe the new exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History), disco may very well be flourishing all around, disguised as Nine Inch Nails.

According to this theory, disco went undercover as hip-hop, Prince's Minneapolis sound, Madonna and her imitators and the music once marketed as New Wave.

Many of those who wished disco dead in 1979 probably spent the Reagan-Bush years exercising to it. But then it was being performed by a sallow horde of early-80's British bands like Depeche Mode, the Cure and Tears for Fears, who combined those programmed beats, vocal inflections and chord progressions to spawn an entire radio format called Modern Rock.

Meanwhile, in the clubs, the same people who had been dancing in the 70's just kept on moving, to techno, industrial and especially the Chicago-born style known as house music. The metronomic thump never really quit, but now the violins are back, too (albeit synthesized). And so is John Travolta.

Freddie Gershon, once a co-manager of the Bee Gees, says his former partner, the impresario Robert Stigwood (the producer of "Saturday Night Fever") is preparing a Broadway-bound musical version. Mr. Stigwood did not return messages left at Barton Manor, his estate in Isle of Wight, England.

AND the beat goes on. WPLJ currently devotes four hours each evening to an all-70's program as dense with disco chestnuts as with Abba classics. The popularity of 70's theme clubs like 8-Trax at Disney World in Orlando, Fla., and four branches of Polly Esther's (two in Manhattan, one in Levittown, L.I., one in Boca Raton, Fla.) indicates that, at least as nostalgia, disco remains profitable.

Meanwhile, a couple of Thursday nights ago, the Roxy was jammed with sweaty celebrants paying ecstatic homage to gay pride and the summer solstice. Harry Wayne Casey -- K. C. of K. C. and the Sunshine Band -- was also on hand, along with Vicki Sue Robinson, to herald the impending release of the "Mighty Real" compilation.

Shortly before midnight, K. C. took the stage. The crowd cheered. To a taped accompaniment, he sang "Get Down Tonight." The audience complied.

"Our children grew up listening to our music," Ms. Summer said. "When it's played now, it strikes a chord. At least that's my theory."

Mr. Gershon, has a simpler analysis: "It's the dancing," he said, with an implicit James Carville "stupid."

Perhaps a touch uneasily, the Roxy dancers were laughing as they did the hustle -- "This is a joke, right?" -- but they were dancing, and at least apparently, they were loving it. Turn the beat around, indeed.

**Graphic**

Photo: Dancing into the second disco age at Polly Esther's on First Avenue. (David Corio for The New York Times)(pg.36)

**Load-Date:** July 2, 1995

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[***DESIGN NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7VV0-0005-G28S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Where the Quiet Holds No Terror***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7VV0-0005-G28S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

**Dateline:** YONKERS

**Body**

THREE and a half years and a lifetime ago, in a public housing project on the other side of town, Darlene Walker's life was circumscribed by nightfall.

"You wanted to be in before the sun went down," said Ms. Walker, 32, the mother of two girls, 10 and 9. "You'd hear gunshots on weekends. You'd get used to it, and when you got used to it, you'd get very depressed. My children saw things they shouldn't see, up close and personal. You'd stay up at night consoling them."

Three years ago this month, Ms. Walker, who is black, and her daughters, Teicia and Darcell, moved to the predominantly white east side of town, with its two-car garages and Spanish colonial homes and the scent of barbecuing permeating the summer air.

Their house is one of 14 new row houses on the block, and one of 200 in seven locations throughout white ***working-class*** and middle-class neighborhoods of Yonkers, a city of 188,000. The houses were built in response to the 1985 order by a Federal court to desegregate Yonkers, which had deliberately built 97.7 percent of its public housing in an isolated corner of the city. The Walker family's house has a peaked roof, brick siding, two small bedrooms and a staircase with turned bannisters. It has a front yard and a back yard. For the first time in her life, Ms. Walker bought a garden hose and a lawn mower. It took her a while to get used to the quiet because on the other side of town, quiet meant something was wrong.

Walking past the houses today, where gardening is serious business, it's difficult to imagine this place as a legal battleground. The neat 800- and 1,000-square-foot homes were conceived with the help of the architect Oscar Newman, a housing adviser to the city. They represent a partial closure of a community's decade-long struggle and an attempt to redress the past.

As the country continues to debate the future of public housing, particularly in Chicago -- where the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development has taken over the Housing Authority and announced that it will demolish up to a third of the notorious high-rises at the Cabrini-Green and Henry Horner projects -- the new row houses in Yonkers may serve as a model for a smaller-scale, more humane approach to low-income housing. Their presence raises some provocative questions, perhaps not yet answerable, about how much difference a house makes. How much can design affect the quality of life? For some residents, the houses, though by no means a panacea, have brought about a profound definition of "interior design": they say their new homes have made a positive change in the way they perceive themselves.

"It's gorgeous," Celeste Jackson, 36, said, referring to her new home. "Here, you've got a back yard, there's an upstairs and a downstairs. There are no elevators where you get mugged or stuck."

"Design is crucial," said Vincent Lane, the former chairman of the Chicago Housing Authority. "It's the platform for changing these families' lives."

Mr. Lane, now a partner in a public and private effort to redevelop public housing in Philadelphia, emphasizes "de-densifying poverty" -- revamping existing high-rises into spaces with larger units and fewer people.

Cottage Place Gardens in Yonkers, where Darlene Walker and her daughters used to live, along with about 2,000 other tenants, is in many ways emblematic of traditional public housing design. Built in 1949, with nary a garden in sight, it was designed in a style aptly called New Brutalism.

On a recent morning, lobby doors were propped open with rocks, and drug dealers could be seen soliciting in the entrances.

Though the 14 buildings of Cottage Place Gardens are only three stories tall, they function like high-rises because of the nature of their public spaces -- long empty corridors, numerous unmonitored exits and entrances. They are set in a sea of unkempt grass, broken bottles and concrete. "It's an environment people can't break apart," Mr. Newman said. "But it's so antagonistic and alien that people start behaving in a way you're trying to prevent. It was architecture that said, 'You deserve the worst,' that 'you're a nobody.' "

Initially, the new public housing in Yonkers was to be more of the same. But Mr. Newman, a Montreal-born son of a union organizer, and the Municipal Housing Authority, led by Peter A. Smith, its executive director and a former priest, argued in favor of small-scale, single-family "scattered sites" that would blend in and wouldn't undermine the stability of the surrounding neighborhoods. They cost about $105,000 a unit and were paid for by H.U.D., with the city, as directed by the court, contributing the land.

Residents pay 30 percent of their income for rent, in addition to utilities. They were selected by lottery, and only half of those eligible applied -- a motivated group, Mr. Newman pointed out. Half are on welfare, half, like Ms. Walker, have jobs. Demographically they reflect Yonkers's public housing population: 80 percent black, 15 percent Hispanic, 5 percent white. Approximately 85 percent are households headed by women with children.

Row house design was chosen for its potential to promote safety and community. Most crimes that occur in public housing projects take place in the anonymous public areas, said Mr. Newman, the architect, who also trained as a sociologist and is a pioneer in the field of "defensible space," or how the physical environment affects crime and human behavior. By contrast, the new houses were designed to foster a sense of pride and ownership. Brick fronts, bay windows and other suburban imagery were chosen to blend in with the neighborhood and "capture the aspirations of the family," Mr. Newman said. Each house has a front yard and a back yard, which are clearly the responsibility of the family who inhabits it. There is no interior public space, or as Mr. Newman put it, "nowhere to hide."

His belief that people who control their own spaces generally take care of them does not grow out of a rosy optimism, he said.

"I'm a skeptic," he said. "It's all about a primitive trait: 'What's mine is mine.' Because they care about the place, it gives them something to lose."

One mother, whose previous residence was a shelter for battered women, said: "I never thought I'd have a washer-dryer or a frost-free refrigerator and a window I can look out on and watch the kids play. It makes me feel a lot more hopeful." Rudolph Driver, 64, a retired carpenter, has decorated the front garden of his new house with begonias and clamshells, using brass curtain rods as poles for climbing plants. In his back yard, Mr. Driver has fashioned a bright blue sun canopy out of plastic and a homemade grill out of half a metal drum. "The first night, I slept so good," he said. "There was no noise, no gunshots, fresh air. I got up in the morning and it was a different life."

On Celeste Jackson's wall, a sign says: MY CHOICE , DRUG FREE . She said that getting away from the old neighborhood was the push she needed, adding, "I'm doing things I should have done three years ago." Of course, a new house doesn't guarantee a new life. The new housing did not come with a built-in network of social services, playgrounds or community centers. Houses don't solve domestic problems, cure drug addiction or create jobs. One result of a network of magnet schools set up in response to the court's school desegregation order: neighborhood children don't necessarily go to the same school -- arguably a missed opportunity to know one another.

The debate over public housing in Yonkers is by no means over, with the timetable for constructing a court-ordered 800 units of mixed-income housing still unclear. Doubt and suspicion about "the low-incomes," as some residents refer to their new neighbors, still flourishes, though the nightmarish predictions of crime seem not to have come true. Robert K. Olson, the former Police Commissioner of Yonkers who recently became the Chief of Police in Minneapolis, said the new housing's effect on neighborhood crime has been "zero," and he added, "All of the fears did not materialize."

Watering the pachysandra in his front yard last week, William Ferguson, who moved to Yonkers from the Bronx as a newlywed in 1947 and raised five children here with his wife, Pat, spoke of a decline in property values but acknowledged the care the newcomers had lavished on their houses. "Basically we haven't had a problem," Mr. Ferguson said. "Basically."

The houses themselves aren't perfect either; they include institutional-looking touches like chain-link fences and come named after Yonkers political figures in the manner of old-style projects. Residents had to petition for small necessities like peepholes and mail boxes.

And isolation from the old neighborhood isn't necessarily all for the better. Miranda Russell, the president of the Tenant's Council at the Francis Reagan Townhouses, misses her mother, who was a 10-minute walk from the project and is now three bus transfers away. Now, she and her 6-year-old daughter Alya visit on weekends. "I'm the only one who lives way out here," she said.

She said her new neighborhood makes her feel self-conscious. "They'll watch you at the deli, like you're going to take something, touch something," she said. "They'll come over here looking, like this is some zoo. They roll up their windows. They bring their kids. I mean, should we charge admission? "

Yet, Ms. Russell is the first to admit that the new environment has positively changed her life. "I live on Central Park Avenue," she said. "There's a little touch of class. I have a place I can be proud to live in."

Most important, a number of women said, is how the move has affected their experience of being mothers, letting their children really be children at last. "It was something to see, my children getting roller skates for the first time," Ms. Walker said.

Sitting in her living room, waiting for her daughter to arrive from school, Ms. Russell said: "She needs to be a kid, to blow bubbles, to have water balloon fights. It does you good to see her in her Big Wheels or running around sprinklers. She'll say 'Mom, can I go outside and play in the yard?' And you feel so good about saying yes."

**Graphic**

Photos: Esther Fuller plants petunias with Dinky Robert in her yard in Yonkers. Residents say suburban-style public housing, right, has enhanced their self-images. (pg. C1); New face of public housing: neighborliness blooms with a rose-covered trellis.; Darlene Walker in the Yonkers project that was her home.; Peter Smith (left), city official, and Oscar Newman, architect, visit Celeste Jackson. (pg. C4) (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN: PROSPECT HEIGHTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BKW0-0007-J397-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ANN BARRY

**Body**

BY the reckoning of a resident jogger, Prospect Heights is just a mile into Brooklyn from the Manhattan Bridge. Yet only recently has it become a popular refuge from the high cost of living in Manhattan.

Prospect Heights has grown even more attractive as prices continue to rise in neighboring Park Slope, which began its brownstone boom late in the 1960's.

Unlike the Slope, however, it has remained Manhattan-like in its melting-pot population: Blacks and whites, West Indians, Haitians, Hispanics and Asians occupy adjoining brownstones, row houses and apartments. Upper-class professionals and middle-class municipal and corporate employees live side by side with ***working-class*** and welfare families.

Ann Barry If you're thinking of living in: article focuses on Prospect Heights section of Brooklyn, NYC; notes area has grown more attractive as prices continue to rise in neighboring Park Slope; photos; map (M)

A barometer of the changes in Prospect Heights - a neighborhood roughly defined by Atlantic Avenue, Flatbush Avenue, Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue that some urban geographers say is the westernmost slice of Crown Heights - is St. Marks Avenue, one of its principal brownstone blocks, which was a showcase street around 1915. (Among the neighborhood's other brownstone blocks are Prospect Place, Park Place, Sterling Place and Carlton Avenue.)

The residents with perhaps the longest tenure on the block are Rudolf and Margaret Kalen, 90 years old and 83, respectively, who moved there from Czechoslovakia in 1953. The neighborhood then in cluded Swedes, Irish and Italians; within five years the Kalens saw an influx of blacks, many from the Caribbean.

Among them was Edgar Clarke Sr., who was born in Jamaica and reared in Cuba. He bought his house on St. Marks Avenue in 1959 for $17,500. He can compare those days, when many whites began leaving the neighborhood, with the onset of gentrification in the late 70's.

Mr. Clarke's neighbor, William E. Moore, who grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section, arrived between those two eras. He bought a house on the avenue in 1967 with a down payment of $3,000, only to see brownstones deteriorate into boarding houses, the neighborhood Italian restaurant and German delicatessen shut down and vandalism by a transient element become common. In 1972, Roni and Paul Ramos, who had become dissatisfied with their apartment on the Lower East Side, bought a house on the avenue for what they then considered the enormous sum of $53,000, affordable only because it had possibilities for tenants. ''You want to look on the *other* side of Flatbush Avenue?'' asked their real-estate agent, who had been showing them housing in Park Slope. The Ramoses have noticed a change on the street in the last eight years or so. ''Even though it's a positive change - there are more trees and houses fixed up - we don't always see it that way,'' Mrs. Ramos said. ''We recognize fewer people on the block. Now there are some we don't even know, since they live in a world inside their houses.''

The Ramoses are not acquainted, for example, with Evan Cornog and Ann Goldstein, who live just down the street. The couple, both editors, were looking for more space and moved into a brownstone, for which they paid $74,500 in 1980.

As relative newcomers and homeowners, they are keen about what they call their ''unfrenzied'' surroundings. They appreciate having a nearby double-feature moviehouse, Plaza Cinema; a favorite bar, Charlie's, and a favorite restaurant, the New Prospect Cafe, all within a five-minute walk on Flatbush Avenue. In addition, they value the availability of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn Public Library, Prospect Park and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, all nearby.

''You don't feel like you're not living in a city,'' Mr. Cornog said. ''And one of the nice things is that Prospect Heights doesn't feel as homogeneous as Park Slope.''

Today, comparable brownstones in the neighborhood fetch $250,000 and more, according to Richard Lazarus, a retired renovator and real-estate agent who moved to Park Place in 1956. At that time, a floor-through garden apartment rented for $90 a month, a top-floor apartment $75; today, these rents run about $850 (with garden privileges) and $650.

Mr. Lazarus said a brownstone costing $200,000 would pay about $1,200 in taxes.

RECENTLY, co-ops have become an option in the neighborhood. An eight-family unit on Vanderbilt Avenue between Park Place and Sterling Place has just sold out its two-bedroom apartments for $75,000 to $80,000. A completely renovated former rental apartment house on Vanderbilt and Park Place currently has one- and two-bedroom units available, ranging from $74,000 to $149,000.

While Prospect Heights is enjoying a comeback, questions are raised by a recent study, entitled ''Brooklyn in Transition,'' conducted for the New York Foundation by the Municipal Research Institute, which found that since 1977 Brooklyn had suffered the most severe economic losses of any of the boroughs.

The study painted a picture of a borough whose population had shrunk by 71,000 people in the decade as it lost tens of thousands of manufacturing jobs, as its population in general became poorer and as economic disparities between its white and minority populations become more striking.

In the study, Prospect Heights showed a population loss since 1977 of 27 percent. According to longtime residents such as Mr. Lazarus, the decline was caused in part by the decrease of rooming houses in the neighborhood and their replacement by single-family houses.

The study also noted that ''blacks constituted a higher percentage of the school population in Brooklyn than in any other borough.'' For example, the neighborhood's one elementary school, Public School 9, at 80 Underhill Avenue, has 982 black pupils in a total enrollment of 1,221. Dr. J. Jerome Harris, Superintendent of Community School District 13, said 47.8 percent of its pupils read at or above grade level.

Just outside the neighborhood, at Classon Avenue between Union and President Streets, Prospect Heights High School has a totally minority student body of 2,300. Steven C. Appelbaum, the principal, said that 88 percent of last June's graduating class of 260 seniors went on to higher education.

The former P.S. 9, at the corner of Sterling Place and Vanderbilt Avenue , was closed in 1976 and is being maintained and upgraded by the Prospect Heights Neighborhood Corporation, using public and private money. The corporation hopes to convert ''Old 9,'' as it is called, into artists' housing and a center for social-service programs.

The increase in owner-occupied buildings has reduced crime, according to John W. Bell, detective specialist of the 77th Precinct, which includes Prospect Heights. He said that in the year ending December 1984 there had been a 14.3 percent reduction in reported felonies.

Yet there are pockets of crime, notably Washington Avenue, a dreary strip of rundown stores, frequented, many residents say, by drug dealers. Flatbush Avenue, on the other hand, has experienced a resurgence of new businesses.

And on Vanderbilt, an ice-cream parlor and gourmet delicatessen at the corner of Prospect Place have recently joined the Spanish-American and Haitian-American grocery stores.

Flatbush and Vanderbilt are the principal shopping streets, although many residents rely on Seventh Avenue in Park Slope for its clothing shops, delicatessens, health-food shop and so forth.

''The real story here is livability,'' said Richard Golden, a lawyer who moved into his St. Marks Avenue brownstone on the day the Ramoses' first child was born in 1973.

''The neighborhood is ideal for people who enjoy the advantages of the big city and its diversity but dislike the city's crowding and anonymity, and don't want to be as far away as the suburbs.''

Beyond livability there is availability - of transportation: Commuters to jobs in Manhattan can get to midtown in just about a half hour on either the D train of the IND or the Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 trains of the IRT

A COMMUNITY REHABILITATION EFFORT

Thirty-three members of the St. Marks Avenue Block Association have banded together to rehabilitate an abandoned structure at 191 St. Marks Avenue - a double-bow front, center-hall, four-story brick building - and convert it into a co- op. They bought it for just $1.

The project was initiated by Raleigh Cox, president of the Block association, her husband, Tom, and a neighbor, George Morgan. They formed a general partnership and rallied 30 limited partners who are contributing either money or work - volunteering for such jobs as carpenter, plumber or electrician.

The building was purchased last October from the city under the Dollar Sale Program, created to put deteriorated housing back on the market. ''We were the first community group to close with the city under this program,'' said Mrs. Cox. Manufacturers Hanover Trust agreed to lend $200,000 to finance rehabilitation and Dime Savings Bank gave the group a permanent mortgage commitment.

Eight two-bedroom, two-bath apartments are being created and they will be sold to local residents to provide low-cost ownership within the neighborhood. The average price of the units will be $50,000. Occupancy is expected in October.

**Graphic**

photo of Charlie's bar and restaurant; photo of Brownstones on St. Marks Avenue (NYT/Don Hogan Charles); map of Prospect Heights

**End of Document**



[***Firestone Workers Cite Lax Quality Control***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:416H-FSG0-00MH-F28K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DAVID BARBOZA

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**Body**

In April 1990, just months before the Bridgestone/Firestone plant here began making tires for Ford Explorers, John J. Boettner, the plant manager, gave a speech at the local Kiwanis club saying that the company had spent millions to modernize the 30-year-old plant.

The quality "is the highest in the plant's history," Mr. Boettner said. "And we're building the most complicated product."

A decade later, the huge plant, on the northeast side of this ***working-class*** city, has become Exhibit A in one of the biggest tire recalls ever.

Firestone and the Ford Motor Company say that an unusually high number of tires produced at the plant were prone to tread separation. And on Tuesday, a Firestone executive told a Senate committee that the company now believes that design flaws and variations in manufacturing at the plant were chiefly to blame.

The mystery everyone is trying to crack, though, seems far less of a mystery in Decatur, where about 40 percent of the recalled tires were made, in a process that still depends largely on workers building tires by hand. Interviews with more than two dozen current and former employees suggest that heavy production demands and lax quality control were basic causes. And workers maintain that despite what Firestone says, a prolonged and bitter strike in the mid-90's played a big part.

Last month, when four former plant employees gave depositions criticizing the plant's operations, Firestone dismissed the accusations as those of disgruntled former employees. But now, other retired employees and workers still in the plant are saying similar things.

Though many workers insist that they followed the rules and produced the best tires they knew how, several say that rubber was allowed to sit too long, that solvents were used haphazardly to try to improve the rubber's adhesive properties, and that efforts to speed up the vulcanization process may have led to flawed tires.

Some workers also say that poor supervision of the tire-making process and poor training of new workers persisted after a 10-month strike ended in May 1995.

Cecil Aldridge, who has worked at the plant since 1963, said he noticed poorly trained workers and quality-control problems when he returned after the strike.

"I knew there'd be some kind of problem with the tires," he said last week. "I just didn't know it would be this serious."

Scientists and industry experts say they are zeroing in on design and manufacturing flaws that would weaken the bonding of tires. And they say quality-control lapses, like those some workers mentioned, could be a critical reason tire treads shear off.

Indeed, the accounts of workers like Mr. Aldridge, as well as interviews with industry experts and lawyers investigating the recall, paint a portrait of a company and a plant that have struggled to keep costs down and production in line with soaring demand for tires for popular vehicles. They portray a company so eager to keep pace that it delayed, neglected or even ignored design and manufacturing problems.

In a surprisingly candid admission, Yoichiro Kaizaki, president of the parent Bridgestone of Japan, said as much in a Tokyo news conference on Monday, when he acknowledged that Bridgestone executives ignored signs of trouble.

"If there was a problem with a Bridgestone tire," he said, "our technology staff in Tokyo would rush to the site" overseas to help out. "But if a problem arose with a Firestone tire, they wouldn't do anything."

As a result, Firestone's recall of 6.5 million tires last month now looks similar to its troubles in 1978, when it was forced to ask buyers to return 14.5 million tires in what remains the largest tire recall in history.

Then as now, the company singled out the Decatur plant. (The initial recall involved about 400,000 tires made in Decatur.) And then as now, the cause was thought to be faulty manufacturing, although this time many more factors seem to be involved, such as the tendency of sport utility vehicles to roll over when they lose a tire. At the time, Firestone officials said the plant had allowed moisture to seep into the vulcanized tire, resulting in corrosion of the steel belts and eventually -- often when tires reached high temperatures -- tread separation.

This time, Bridgestone/Firestone has not yet determined the exact cause. An engineering professor at the University of California at Berkeley has been hired to examine the problem. But again, experts say, early indications are that something was weakening the sliver of rubber that bonds the two steel belts together below the surface of the treads.

"Much of this is about the steel bonding to the rubber," said Alan Milner, a materials scientist and consultant in some lawsuits against Firestone. "The failures mostly start off with belt edge separations, and then the treads come off."

Firestone has not yet come to that conclusion. It says it is re-examining the design specifications of the recalled tires and the width of the belt. The company is also looking at "process controls" at the Decatur plant.

"It's very, very evident there was something going on in Decatur that caused this," John Lampe, an executive vice president of Bridgestone/ Firestone, said in an interview today. "When we do something in the plant we want to do it the same exact way every time. We don't want to see a variance."

Ford and Firestone say the statistics on tread separations point clearly to Decatur. Damage claims were sharply higher for tires produced at this sprawling plant, which served as a military depot in World War II. Firestone, for example, released a chart to Congress this week that showed 356 damage claims for every million ATX tires produced here. That was more than double the figure at the Wilson, N.C., plant and nearly 10 times the figure for a plant in Oklahoma City.

Decatur also produced a vast majority of the tires listed in a consumer warning by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. On Sept. 1, the agency asked Firestone to recall an additional 1.4 million tires. Firestone refused, saying it interpreted the figures differently.

Tires with the highest tread separation rate, company documents show, were produced from 1994 to 1996, during and shortly after the strike, which affected 4,200 employees. About 1,400 workers at the plant went on strike at a time Decatur was also burdened by strikes at Caterpillar and A. E. Staley, two of the city's other large employers.

The strike began in July 1994. A month later, Firestone began hiring replacement workers, persuading some strikers to cross the line. Things turned ugly, with some saying that this contributed to defective tires. "It takes two years to become a good tire builder," said William Newton, a retired tire builder. "By the time I got back, I saw a lot of people who didn't know how to build tires."

Mr. Boettner, the former plant manager, now retired, defended the work done during the strike. "We had a lot of technical people at the plant," he said. "We were monitoring things."

But workers say the number of scrap tires -- those thrown out because of defects -- soared during the strike. Rubber stock piled up and often became too dry to use. And supervisors and newly hired employees were often called on to master highly skilled jobs to keep the plant running.

When workers returned in May 1995, they said many problems lingered, partly because many seasoned workers retired.

The company also started operating seven days a week. Employees began working 12-hour shifts, often alternating between days and nights -- a practice that was scrapped after numerous complaints. "It made a difference in my workmanship," Mr. Newton said. "My production went down during the last four hours."

The basics of manufacturing tires, though, remained the same at Firestone's biggest and oldest American plant, which today produces more than 25,000 largely handmade tires a day.

In giant red-brick buildings spread across 52 acres, rubber components are mixed in a machine invented in the 1890's; workers build tires piece by piece, with machines sifting and distributing rubber, nylon, steel belts and other components. The raw tire is still cooked -- or vulcanized -- in a steamy curing machine.

This is the process that investigators are now focusing on.

Firestone will not say what its experts have found. But tire consultants involved in lawsuits against Firestone say they have evidence that throughout the 1990's, Decatur was poorly managed and proper procedures were either not in place or not followed. "The problem is bad housekeeping and bad material," a consultant, R. J. Grogan, said. "It's a weak rubber, and they don't take care of it; they use stale stuff and freshen it up."

Many experts say the critical bond between the steel and rubber, aided by the use of brass and other materials, may be flawed. Investigators are trying to determine what solvents were used to aid the adhesive process.

Workers at Decatur say they commonly "gassed," or sprayed, a chemical solvent on the rubber to make it tackier. Several workers say they were told to stop using the solvent in the last year. Others say that it is still regularly applied, and that its use has been common for decades.

"During the strike they were using it all the time," said Jared Thompson, a tire builder, "because the quality of the material going from one department to another wasn't as good."

Four former Decatur plant workers said in depositions that solvents were employed to make use of otherwise unusable rubber, that production quotas made thorough inspections nearly impossible, and that plant conditions made it possible for moisture to seep into the rubber linings.

Still, industry experts say none of these factors is likely to be a smoking gun. They say that there may have been design flaws, and that poor quality control made Firestone tires more vulnerable on heavy sport utility vehicles.

"It's partly a design and partly a manufacturing problem," said Dennis Carlson, who once tested tires for Michelin and is now advising lawyers about the recall.

Still, many suspect one of the problems may be that the Decatur plant uses older equipment than other plants and is only beginning to switch to more highly automated technology that will reduce the margin of error that comes in making tires by hand. The company has spent about $60 million over the last few years on new equipment that highly automates the process.

Workers here, however, insist that they followed proper procedures and that they never witnessed defective tires being approved for shipment.

Indeed, despite some lapses they saw at the plant, many of them suspect that the problem lies not with the Decatur plant but with the Ford Explorer. The Decatur plant is a scapegoat, they say, and that has many worried about the future of the plant.

"I hate to see the reputation of the plant tarnished," said Roger Gates, union chief at Decatur. "And I don't think the reputation of the workers deserves to be tarnished."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The huge Bridgestone/Firestone plant in Decatur, Ill., functioned as a military depot in World War II. (Tim Boyle/Newsmakers)(pg. C5); A Ford Weighs In -- William C. Ford Jr., above, Ford's chairman , defended his decision to let the company president, Jacques Nasser, handle all public appearances concerning the Firestone tire problem. Page C5. (Sam Varnhagen/Ford)(pg. C1)

Chart/Diagram: "How the Rubber Eventually Meets the Road "

Tires are made out of rubber, steel, textiles and chemicals. How those ingredients are combined varies from manufacturer to manufacturer, but the process is the same.

FABRIC

Fabric, either polyester, rayon or nylon, is used in tire making.

FABRIC CALENDER

The fabric is coated with rubber.

FABRIC CUTTER AND SHEET CALENDER

Three kinds of fabric -- cords, apexes and chafer strips -- are produced.

RUBBER

BANBURY MIXER

Raw rubber is mixed with chemicals and broken down. Varying the mix and type of chemicals produces different kinds of rubber for different tire parts.

EXTRUDER

The rubber goes through a milling machine where it is flattened and made into strips. Those strips are cut for the sidewalls and treads and coated with adhesive.

TIRE-BUILDING MACHINE

The rubber, steel belts, fabric and steel beads are put into a machine that assembles the tires.

WIRE CALENDER

Some rubber is mixed with steel to make the steel belts that give the tire strength.

STEEL

BEAD CONSTRUCTION

Some steel is wound into hoops, called beads, which will fit against the wheel rim and give the tire stability. These are coated with rubber and wrapped together.

WIRE CUTTER

Strips of steel belts are cut to size.

CURING PRESS

The tires are inspected and then baked in a curing machine, which vulcanizes and molds the tires, giving them their tread patterns and markings.

The tires get a final inspection and some are randomly selected and cut apart or X-rayed.

(Source: Goodyear Tire Company)(pg. C5)

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PKW-M1D0-TW8F-G0FW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

ART

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art.

Museums

BROOKLYN MUSEUM: 'INFINITE ISLAND: CONTEMPORARY CARIBBEAN ART,' through Jan. 27. This large show, with 45 artists and a collective of designers, photographers and architects from the Dominican Republic adding to the count, fills two floors of temporary exhibition space, and care has been given to the selection. Several of the most substantial pieces were commissioned for the occasion. Organized by Tumelo Moshaka, associate curator of exhibitions at Brooklyn, it's an in-house job, a labor of love, though an uneven one. Too much work treads ground already covered by other art over the years. But what's good is really good, and the very existence of a show about identity politics, out of mainstream fashion in 2007, is cause for serious reflection. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org.

(Holland Cotter)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM: 'RICHARD POUSETTE-DART,' through Sept. 25. The youngest member of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists, Pousette-Dart (1916-1992) helped break the ice for the movement, only to be omitted from its histories. This show, while too small to make sense of his enormous output, confirms his originality, but also that he did his best work after 1960, when he extended his Ab-Ex origins into an eccentric hybrid of Minimal and Op Art that is alternately hallucinatory and kitschy. His late paintings don't so much hang on the wall as float in front of it, looking like either planes of granular light or slabs of jeweled stucco. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, (212) 423-3500, guggenheim.org.

(Roberta Smith)

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: 'EXCELLENCE AND ELEGANCE: DECORATIVE ARTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY QING COURT,' through Nov. 25. The consummate ambition that Chinese artists brought to diminutive scale is a striking feature of this small show of art from the Qing dynasty, China's last imperial line. The Qing were both conservatively antiquarian and expansively cosmopolitan, and those trends can be seen in the European-inflected versions of ancient Chinese forms in this show. (212) 535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

THE MET: 'FRANK STELLA ON THE ROOF,' through Oct. 28. Two large Pop Art sculptures, two architectural models and a model enlarged into a sculpture-installation piece confirm that one of the greatest American artists of the postwar era doesn't do himself or anyone else any favors when he strays from the wall to work fully in the round. The results have a certain Stella-like verve but are otherwise generic. (See above.) (Smith)EL MUSEO DEL BARRIO: 'EL MUSEO'S BIENAL: THE (S) FILES,' through Jan. 6. You feel the growing pains and attempts to stretch out in the fifth edition of ''The (S) Files'' (short for ''The Selected Files).'' The show provides a survey of 51 emerging artists based in New York and from this year's invited guest country, Ecuador. Some of the works distinctly consider location, displacement and identity. Others are less concerned with issues that make for good biennial panel discussions and more interested in mining older art -- Surrealism, Minimalism and Postminimalism -- and employing craft techniques. Many of the artists in ''The (S) Files'' have appeared in other local survey shows, which raises the criticism often leveled at biennials: that in trying to cover the waterfront of contemporary art, they end up making the waterfront look, from every angle, increasingly the same. 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, (212) 831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Martha Schwendener)

NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM: 'THE ABSTRACT IMPULSE: FIFTY YEARS OF ABSTRACTION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, 1956-2006,' through Jan. 6. This exhibition illuminates the troubled history of abstraction at the academy over the last half-century, with a selection of 47 paintings, sculptures and works on paper by its members, many only recently elected, who took part in movements like Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism and Kinetic and Op Art. Drawn almost entirely from the museum's collection, it may not be an outstanding group of artworks, but it helps to explain how this once-celebrated museum and school lost much of its prestige. 1083 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, (212) 369-4880, nationalacademy.org.

(Benjamin Genocchio)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART: 'IL LEE: BALLPOINT DRAWINGS,' through Sept. 30. A selection of drawings -- striking indigo and black ink abstractions, all done exclusively in ballpoint pen, on paper and canvas -- makes up this engrossing show by the veteran Korean artist Il Lee. The centerpiece is a 50-foot drawing that took two and a half months and 400 to 500 ballpoint pens to complete, with the artist working on sections at a time that were propped up against the wall in his Brooklyn studio. It is a sweeping, rhythmical abstraction in blue recalling the Italian Futurist paintings of Giacomo Balla, combined with elements of traditional Asian ink and wash painting. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, (718) 592-9700, queensmuseum.org.

(Genocchio)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: 'RUDOLF STINGEL,' through Oct. 14. The work of this Italian-born artist, who is based in New York, seduces the eye while also upending most notions of what, exactly, constitutes a painting, how it should be made and by whom. His favored materials include carpet and Styrofoam, as well as paint on canvas. His style swings between abstract purity and Photo Realism. As enthralling as it is perturbing, his work combines beauty, humor and a democratic slant with a rigorous sense of economy. It also forms one of the best-looking exhibitions seen lately at the Whitney. (212) 570-3600, whitney.org. (Smith)

Galleries: 57th Street

'AMERICANS IN PARIS: ABSTRACT PAINTING IN THE FIFTIES' This show comes loaded with associations: Gertrude Stein and Hemingway, Gershwin's tone poem. (The Met also mounted a show of paintings last year titled ''Americans in Paris: 1860-1900.'') Paintings here echo what was popular in New York in the 1950s. Although the canvases aren't as large, the gestures are big, and bold colors, splatters and drips abound in works by Al Held, Norman Bluhm, Seymour Boardman, Shirley Jaffe, Joan Mitchell and Sam Francis. One artist who ran against the Abstract Expressionist tide is Ellsworth Kelly, whose horizontal collage with hard-edged stripes makes him seem less like an American in Paris than a painter forecasting Daniel Buren -- or what the French would do in the 1960s. Tibor de Nagy, 724 Fifth Avenue, (212) 262-5050, tibordenagy.com, through Sept. 29. (Schwendener)

'KOREAN FUNERARY FIGURES: COMPANIONS FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE OTHER WORLD' What makes this somewhat unusual for a show of mortuary art is that the kkoktu, or figures adorning funeral biers, were created for ordinary citizens rather than for aristocrats or the wealthy. They're also rather fun and friendly. Brightly painted clowns, acrobats and animals were meant to accompany the dead into the next world, to ease the journey and provide consolation for the mourners. Among the 74 kkoktu are versions of ''The Guide,'' riding an animal; ''The Guard,'' who protects the soul from evil spirits; ''The Caregiver'' (generally women); and ''The Entertainer,'' as well as a replica of a funeral bier modeled on a late-18th-century original from Tongyoung, South Kyongsang Province. The Korea Society, 950 Third Avenue, (212) 759-7525, koreasociety.org, through Nov. 20. (Schwendener)

Galleries: Chelsea

'THE LATH PICTURE SHOW' The title signals that a certain predominance of wood -- raw, finished, real, fake -- among the efforts of 20 contemporary artists. It is deployed in assorted forms to cheerfully crowded nearly carnivalesque effect. There is leaning, stacking, signage, old-fashioned carpentry, as well as photography and installation. Unless you count Robert Melee's colorful, wall-size variation on rec room decor (and parquet flooring), painting is absent. In other words, playing on Peter Bogdanovich's 1971 movie, this is the show beyond ''The Last Picture Show.'' Friedrich Petzel Gallery, 535 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 680-9467, petzel.com, through Sept. 22. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

MARTIN CREED: 'FEELINGS' Operating somewhere between a sardonic court jester and an art-world Martha Stewart (try this at home), the British Conceptualist Martin Creed pokes fun at the avant-garde while extending its traditions. Occupying 24 spacious galleries, this show includes marker-pen monochromes; sculptures consisting of stacks of beanbag chairs and sheets of plywood; a person who runs through the galleries every 10 minutes; videos of people engaged in basic bodily functions; and a gallery full of dark blue balloons that is the next best thing to an antigravitational chamber. Immense and provocative fun, the work also strikes deep at the heart of art and its role in the world. Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y., (845) 758-7598, through Sept. 16. (Smith)

Last Chance

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM: 'THE GREAT COVER-UP: AMERICAN RUGS ON BEDS, TABLES AND FLOORS' The more than 60 rugs in this extraordinary show count among the best pictorial art of 19th- and early-20th-century America, which means that quite a few of the women who made them qualify as great, if unidentified, artists. Densely textured, gloriously colored, boldly scaled and exuberantly frontal, they were made between 1800 and 1950 and provide something of a history of the American handmade rug, from bed to floor, and from mostly yarn-sewn to the wildly popular hooking technique. Their intuitive intelligence, where space and composition are concerned, proves once more that modern form is not a modern invention 45 West 53rd Street, (212) 265-1040, folkartmuseum.org; closes on Sunday. (Smith)

NINA BERMAN: 'PURPLE HEARTS' One of the more shocking photographs to come out of the current war in Iraq was taken last year in a rural town in the American Midwest. It's a studio portrait by Nina Berman of a young Illinois couple on their wedding day. The bride is dressed in a traditional white gown; the groom, a former Marine sergeant, is in full dress. Her expression is unsmiling, maybe grave. His face is all but featureless, with no nose and no chin, as blank as a pullover mask, the results of disfiguring wounds sustained in combat. The show also includes 10 portraits of wounded veterans from Ms. Berman's series ''Purple Hearts.'' Whatever your politics, the show, installed in a small storefront gallery, adds up to a desolating antiwar statement. Jen Bekman Gallery, 6 Spring Street, between the Bowery and Elizabeth Street, Lower East Side; (212) 219-0166, jenbekman.com; closes tomorrow. (Cotter)

'DOUBLE X-RATED: WHERE THE GIRLS ARE' The ''Double X'' in the title of this all-woman group show, organized by Amelia Abdullahsani, refers to female chromosomes, which clearly do not determine any one art style. Despite a shared realism, goth-subculture portraits by the Stockholm-based Ulrika Minami Warmling are very different from Noel Grunwaldt's beautiful watercolors of dead birds. Katrin Sigurdardottir hides landscapes in boxes; Francesca Gabbiani conjures them up in collages; Joy Garnett continues her project of painting the contemporary political landscape, in this case in images derived from news reports of burning Paris immigrant neighborhoods. Stellan Holm Gallery, 524 West 24th Street, (212) 627-7444, stellanholm.com; closes tomorrow. (Cotter)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 'BIOGRAPHICAL LANDSCAPE: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN SHORE, 1969-1979' In 1971 the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave Stephen Shore its second-ever exhibition by a living photographer. (Alfred Stieglitz had the first.) He was 23 when it opened. What he did comprises most of this wonderful show. Mr. Shore has reprinted the photographs digitally, with rejuvenated colors as fresh and subtle as the day the pictures were shot. The work's wit and affection add buoyancy to scenes of America from a moment when the country was depressed by war and years of civil unrest. Its formal rigor makes an uncanny order out of images that, at first glance, look like no place or nothing. Look again. His show reminds us of a period when cutting-edge American art and the tradition of straight, documentary photography got together. 1133 Avenue of the Americas, at West 43rd Street, (212) 857-0000, icp.org; closes on Sunday. (Michael Kimmelman)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 'LET YOUR MOTTO BE RESISTANCE: AFRICAN-AMERICAN PORTRAITS' This show of photographic portraits is a praise-song in pictures, a shout-out to history. It's also a fancy-dress inaugural party for the yet-to-be-built National Museum of African-American History and Culture in Washington. It tends to be a little too fancy, a little too short on grit. Still, what a party it is, with a Who's Who of charismatic black statesmen, from Frederick Douglass to Malcolm X, and with Leontyne Price, Mahalia Jackson and the Supremes sharing a stage. (See above.) Closes on Sunday. (Cotter)

SOL LEWITT: 'DRAWING SERIES ...' If the greatness of Sol LeWitt, the Minimal-Conceptual artist who died in April at 78, has so far escaped you, this exhilarating show of 14 of his mind-teasing, eye-filling wall drawings from the late 1960s and early '70s may do the trick. Selected and arranged by the artist, they proceed in carefully sequenced contrasts and echoes that are both insightful and idiosyncratic. Since their generating instructions are part of their titles, they reduce the creative process to a short, highly visible straight line. But their crisp geometries, accumulating marks and radiating patterns force us to mind the gap between artistic thought and artistic action, to experience the inability of language to account fully for visual outcome. Dia:Beacon, 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, N.Y., (845) 440-0100, diabeacon.org; closes on Monday. (Smith)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY AFRICAN DIASPORAN ARTS: 'THE FRENCH EVOLUTION: RACE, POLITICS & THE 2005 RIOTS' Alexis Peskine serves as an informed guide to recent events in France, although his position is somewhat complicated. Son of a Franco-Russian father (an architect) and an Afro-Brazilian mother, Mr. Peskine holds a bachelor of fine arts degree from Howard University and a master's from the Maryland Institute College of Art, which set him distinctly apart from the ***working-class*** youth in the banlieue, or suburb. His training as a graphic artist is evident in paintings that appropriate elements from comics, cartoons and food products, while his interest in hip-hop culminates in a music video titled ''Ripa'' (slang for Paris). Uneven at times, Mr. Peskine's work is ambitious and reflective. It also succeeds in showing us how in France's difficulties we feel echoes of our own. 80 Hanson Place, at South Portland Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 230-0492, mocada.org; closes on Sunday. (Schwendener)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: 'RICHARD SERRA SCULPTURE: 40 YEARS' This retrospective is a landmark by a titan of sculpture. At 67, Mr. Serra is still nudging the language of abstraction, constructing ever more awesome mazes of looming Cor-Ten steel. His ''Torqued Ellipses'' and ''Torqued Toruses'' and other recent works like ''Band'' and ''Sequence'' have their origins in pieces he did 40 years ago in rubber and lead, as this retrospective handsomely affirms, but these are nonetheless unprecedented variations on the theme of dumbfounding spirals and loops. These shapes and experiences are new. That's about the best, and the rarest, compliment you can give to any artist. (212) 708-9400, moma.org; closes on Monday. (Kimmelman)

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO: ART: A portrait of the playwright Lorraine Hansberry, about 1960, above, is at the International Center of Photography in ''Let Your Motto Be Resistance,'' closing on Sunday. Page 24. (PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY)(pg. E21)

'KOHEI YOSHIYUKI: THE PARK' It is hard to characterize this unusual exhibition of black-and-white photographs from the 1970s by the Japanese photographer Kohei Yoshiyuki. Basically they are snapshots, taken in Tokyo parks at night using a 35- millimeter camera, infrared film and flash to document the people gathered for amorous trysts, as well as -- and this is the bizarre part -- the hordes of spectators hiding in the bushes who watched, and sometimes even participated in, the action. The three dozen images at Yossi Milo Gallery in Chelsea show more or less equal numbers of heterosexual and homosexual couplings, but they are not simply about sex or even the social strictures of Japanese society at a time when loving couples were forced into the park. They are about the guilty, if electric, pleasure of voyeurism, which drew people to these lonely locales all those years ago and draws us to Mr. Yoshiyuki's photographs, which by and large are not terribly well composed or printed. Several pictures are slightly out of focus, and at times movement blurs the figures. But somehow it all adds to the allure, giving them a grainy realism. We delight in the naughty, clandestine quality of the imagery, viewed in safety from another time and place. But the experience is no less engrossing. (Through Oct. 20, Yossi Milo Gallery, 525 West 25th Street, 212-414-0370, www.yossimilo.com.) BENJAMIN GENOCCHIO (PHOTOGRAPH BY KOHEI YOSHIYUKI/YOSSI MILO GALLERY)(pg. E21)

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[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BYP0-0007-J3HW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GROWING UP MISUNDERSTOOD IN TODAY'S AMERICA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BYP0-0007-J3HW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Vincent Canby

**Body**

It's 10 P.M. Do you know where your children are? Do

you care? The evidence provided by most teen-age

movies these days is that you probably don't. It isn't a

silver cord that is tying our kids into emotional knots,

but parental alcoholism, sadism, despair, spinelessness and indifference.

Take poor Morgan Hiller (James Spader), the teen- age hero of Fritz Kiersch's ''Tuff Turf.'' When Morgan's ineffectual dad loses the family business back in Connecticut, the Hillers, for reasons never made clear, must not only abandon their country-club existence but move 3,000 miles west to a shabby section of Los Angeles where dad drives a taxi and Morgan goes to a local high school more dangerous than San Quentin. To survive, and to win the respect of the girl he loves, Morgan must use fists, guns, axes, and boards with exposed nails in them, simply to get from one day to the next.

Vincent Canby article on recently-released films that deal with being adolescent in US; they include Tuff Turf, Breakfast Club, Vision Quest, Fast Forward and Seventeen; photos (M)

In John Hughes's ''Breakfast Club,'' about an all-day encounter session among five troubled teen-agers, the off- screen parents are too busy either making money or drinking, or both, to give their children the affection they need. One father takes delight in stubbing out lighted cigars on his son's arm.

Harold Becker's ''Vision Quest'' takes a fairly benign view of growing up. However, Ronny Cox, who plays the father of Matthew Modine, a high school wrestling champ, is presented as a failure whose wife left him after he lost the family farm. In Mel Damski's ''Mischief,'' written by Noel Black and set in a small town in Ohio in an almost mythically sweet 1956, the worldly behavior of a kid named Gene (Chris Nash) is explained by the fact that when Gene's mom died his father, a musican, ''just crawled into his shell.'' Adds Gene, ''He had to quit his job with the Chicago Symphony to take care of me.''

In Francis Ford Coppola's screen adaptations of S. E. Hinton's ''young-adult'' novels, ''The Outsiders'' and ''Rumble Fish,'' both released in 1983, adults virtually don't exist or, if they are seen, it's as drunken, battling silhouettes that are forever out of the reach of their children. Herb Ross's ''Footloose'' is set in an idyllically pretty town out west, but it's a place that is so morally uptight that even high school dances are forbidden the film's libidinous teen-agers.

The kids in Walter Hill's ''Streets of Fire'' (1984) live in a stylishly bleak urban environment, from which everyone over 30 appears to have been exiled, and fight for their lives on a daily basis with, among other weapons, sledge hammers and chains.

Just as oversimplified, perhaps, but somewhat less depressing - at least in terms of sociology - are the current ''dance'' films, including Sam Firstenberg's ''Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo'' and Sidney Poitier's upbeat ''Fast Forward,'' about a group of eight ambitious, racially integrated high school students from Sandusky, Ohio, who give themselves two weeks in New York to become dance stars. Like the kids, the parents in Mr. Poitier's film are so nice and decent and squeaky clean you might think he had borrowed them from a breakfast cereal commercial.

Standing far apart from - and above - these more or less prefabricated visions of teen-age angst or teen-age achievement are two films. They are ''The Flamingo Kid,'' which is very much a mainstream, commercial comedy about growing up in Brooklyn and the Rockaways in 1963, and ''Seventeen,'' a ferociously provocative, feature-length documentary about life as it's lived by a group of high school students in Muncie, Ind.

However, as much as I admire the wit, the genuine emotional impact and the slickness of ''The Flamingo Kid,'' directed by Garry Marshall and written by him and Neal Marshall, it's ''Seventeen'' that haunts the memory and may even provide some clue as to what Hollywood movie makers think they are up to.

''Seventeen,'' coproduced, directed, photographed and edited by Joel DeMott and Jeff Kreines, was originally conceived by producer Peter Davis to be one of a six- part series of TV films on life in Muncie, which was the locale of Robert and Helen Lynd's classic sociological studies, ''Middletown,'' published in 1929, and ''Middletown in Transition'' (1937). The other five films in the series were telecast, as scheduled, by the Public Broadcasting System. Because of the language and raw nature of much of the material, including an interracial affair between two teen-agers, ''Seventeen'' was never shown. Television's loss may be a gain for theaters, at least for those with the guts to show ''Seventeen'' without apologies.

''Seventeen'' is a fascinating example of the sort of documentary film making that Albert and David Maysles (''Salesman,'' ''Gimme Shelter'') call ''direct cinema.'' Miss DeMott and Mr. Kreines, each equipped with a portable camera and sound rig, moved into the lives of a small group of Muncie teen-agers and their ***working-class*** families to record a story that has no artificial narrative shape. Instead it has the characters and the language - as well as the vitality and honesty - that are the raw material of the best fiction.

The focal point of the film is a pretty, bristly, foul- mouthed teen-ager named Lynn, who's having a rather one-sided romance with a young black fellow named John, who seems to be able to take Lynn or leave her. ''Listen,'' she tells John at one point, when on a double- date with a white girlfriend and one of John's buddies, ''you got nothing to lose. But when white girls like us go out with you, no white boys are going to want to touch us again.''

I'm not sure of the quote, but the point is made that what, at the beginning of the film, appears to be a society untroubled by racial tensions is, in fact, seething. In the course of ''Seventeen,'' Miss DeMott and Mr. Kreines record tumultuous classroom scenes, boozy beer parties, the preparations for a neighborhood race war (which, apparently, never takes place), an unexpected pregnancy, plus the off-screen death of a young friend, fatally injured in an auto accident, who, as a classmate later reports, was buried wearing tennis shoes.

Though Lynn is the center of the film, two of the more arresting figures in ''Seventeen'' are her mother and father, whose very dimness makes more effective the point that the commercial teen-age movies hammer home about the relations between parents and children. As seen by the cameras of Miss Demott and Mr. Kreines, Lynn's father is an unassertive type who leaves all of the decisions to Lynn's mother, a youngish woman who seems torn between trying to give Lynn some guidance and trying to keep up with her, almost as a sister.

Her advice to Lynn, you suspect, is no more helpful than the advice given her by *her* mother. She attempts to remain unshocked by Lynn's behavior, though she's unsettled when a cross is burned in their front yard. Increasingly apparent as the film proceeds is the fact that Lynn and her mother, like so many Americans, can't communicate because they simply don't have the language - the vocabulary - by which thoughts can be formed and then expressed.

While watching ''Seventeen,'' I kept wondering what kind of Hollywood movies Lynn and her friends would go to see. Would they be moved by the tearful, sentimental confessions made by the five teen-agers in ''The Breakfast Club''? Might they not find terribly square Matthew Modine's drive to become a state wrestling champion in ''Vision Quest''? And, even more important, what would they think of the comic emphasis so many of these Hollywood movies place on teen-age boys desperately trying to lose their virginity? Would they recognize the truth of the situation or suspect, possibly correctly, that these movies are made by older people who are imposing the manners of their own teen-age years on a generation that has moved far beyond them?

These are not questions for which I have any answers. I get the impression from the not consistently great box office returns for these movies, and from the theater audiences with whom I see them, that they are made primarily for pre-teeners, who are anticipating the angst to come, or for the over-30 generations, people who might want to look back fondly to the 1960 of ''The Outsiders,'' the 1963 of ''The Flamingo Kid,'' to the 1956 of ''Mischief,'' or to their youth in general.

I'd be willing to bet that Lynn and her gang would much prefer to see movies with the big beat and high-tech sheen of ''Flashdance'' and ''Heavenly Bodies'' or, even better, slash-and-hack horror films like ''Friday the 13th, Part Six'' or ''Halloween: Yet Another New Beginning, Part 7.'' After all, there isn't much that movies like ''The Outsiders,'' ''Tuff Turf,'' ''Mischief'' and ''The Breakfast Club'' can tell them about growing up misunderstood that they don't already know.

**Graphic**

Photo of young dancers in ''Fast Foward''; Photo of Lynn Massie in ''Seventeen''

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:418F-NT50-00MH-F10R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Sticking to It, One Way or Another***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:418F-NT50-00MH-F10R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Dana Kennedy is an entertainment reporter for MSNBC.

By DANA KENNEDY; Dana Kennedy is an entertainment reporter for MSNBC.

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

BEAUTIFUL" may be the title of the new movie that marks her debut as a film director, but it's not an adjective Sally Field has heard much during her 36-year career in Hollywood.

"I was never pretty enough, I was never sexy enough," says Ms. Field, 53, in the den of her cozy, modest Brentwood home, where her two Oscars and one Emmy sit inconspicuously on a shelf next to her youngest son's sports trophies. "Casting directors would say it to my face. I've spent a whole lot of my time being devastated. The business can be profoundly painful."

Painful, perhaps, but not enough to deter Ms. Field, whose unusual tenacity and often fierce nature have kept her a serious player in movies and television despite the kind of adversity and petty humiliation that might have sidelined others years ago.

"It's never been easy, it's always been a struggle," she says of a career that ranges from the 1960's sitcoms "Gidget" and "The Flying Nun" to Oscar-winning performances in "Norma Rae" (1979) and "Places in the Heart" (1984).

"I'm the original little engine that could," says Ms. Field, who is indeed little at five feet two inches and 100 pounds, and whose childlike voice and easygoing demeanor belie her competitiveness. "I simply refuse to go away."

Ms. Field is celebrating the start of her fifth decade of refusing to go away with both "Beautiful," which opens Friday and stars Minnie Driver as a driven beauty-pageant contestant, and a six-episode guest-starring stint on NBC's "E.R." this fall. She will play the mother of the nurse-turned-resident Abby Lockhart. The "E.R." gig, which came in the form of a personal request from the executive producer, John Wells, was a pleasant surprise. "I can't even say what kind of character I play yet," she says. "But it's an actor's dream."

"Beautiful," however, came as much less of a surprise. It's the result of the same dogged, sometimes outrageous, career strategy that Ms. Field has used since 1967, when "The Flying Nun" ended after a three-year run and she was 21. Ms. Field faced the daunting task of convincing Hollywood that the lively young woman who had played Sister Bertrille was a serious actress worthy of film roles. "No one wanted to see me at that point, no one," she says. "That was one of the biggest walls I ever faced. Back then, there was a real stigma attached to television actors. Hardly anybody crossed over."

Ms. Field got over that hurdle after an audacious audition with the director Bob Rafelson, when he was casting the 1976 film "Stay Hungry." Ms. Field showed up at the audition and heard Mr. Rafelson tell the casting director that he wanted no part of the former flying nun. Ms. Field, who says she came to the audition dressed in character as the movie's "little tart," impulsively slipped the receptionist a note for Mr. Rafelson in which she bragged explicitly about her sexual prowess.

"It was what the character would have said," Ms. Fieldinsists. And it got Mr. Rafelson's attention. "I'm not the kind of man who will decline that kind of note," he recalls, "I said, 'Send her up immediately.' "

After several more auditions, Ms. Field got the part. "I still didn't think Sally was the sassiest, sexiest actress I could have gotten," Mr. Rafelson says. "But she had the most talent."

Six years ago, Ms. Field realized she had hit a different kind of industry wall: her age was working against her. "It's been very gradual," she says of the difficulties facing older actresses. "But it started creeping up on me and I started preparing. It's just been fewer and fewer roles. Women over 45 tend to get lost in this industry. It's not something I dwell on; it's just a fact. So I decided to look for another way to tell stories outside myself and stay in the game."

To that end, in 1994 Ms. Field began working at the filmmaking lab at Robert Redford's Sundance Film Institute, first as an acting adviser to student filmmakers and then in other aspects of production.

She is now on the board of the institute and works at the lab with students for several weeks every year. In 1996 she was the director, executive producer and co-writer of a television movie called "The Christmas Tree," starring Julie Harris. Two years later she directed an episode of her friend Tom Hanks's miniseries, "From the Earth to the Moon." "I wanted to fall in love with directing and I have," she says. "Now it's just about becoming really good at it."

Ms. Driver and her sister Kate, who produces many of her movies, brought the "Beautiful" script to Ms. Field, who was drawn by its strong roles for women. And she saw parallels between Ms. Driver's character, Mona, a ***working-class*** woman who sees beauty pageants as the only escape from her troubled past in a dysfunctional home, and her own life.

Unlike Ms. Field, who appears to be a devoted mother to her sons -- Peter, 30, and Eli, 28, by her first marriage and Sam, 12, by her second -- Mona is ruthless. As she single-mindedly pursues her goal of winning a pageant, she allows her own daughter, played by Hallie Kate Eisenberg, to be reared by her best friend (Joey Lauren Adams), whom the child is led to believe is her mother.

Ms. Field elicits an especially strong performance from Ms. Eisenberg, 7, as a tough little girl who suspects Mona is her true mother. Ms. Field "used all the tricks and tools I've learned as an actor" to help the soft-spoken Ms. Eisenberg speak up forcefully. "We would scream at each other so she could learn to shout back at Mona," Ms. Field says. "She knew I wasn't really angry at her. It helped her come up with the right emotions."

But, Ms. Field says, there are many similarities between herself and Mona. "I empathized with her need to win and how as a child she goes to this fantasy world to escape her family," she says. "But like a lot of us, she puts a cloak on as a child because it's cold in the house, and keeps it on even when she grows up and doesn't need it anymore."

Ms. Field grew up in a show-business family. Her mother was the B-movie actress Margaret Field, and her stepfather was Jock Mahoney, a successful stuntman and the star of the 1950's television show "Yancy Derringer."

Most interviews with Ms. Field over the years have included stories about the domineering six-foot four-inch Mr. Mahoney, who was, Ms. Field has said, capable of tossing her across the yard in a fit of temper. "He was a big, loud, uh, colorful person," she says dryly. "You were either the world's most wonderful human being and should be anointed in oil or you were an absolute harlot and should be boiled in that oil."

Nevertheless, Ms. Field says, she does not harbor bitterness toward her stepfather, who is now dead, and credits him with toughening her up. "I was a thorn in his side because I was a fighter," she says. "I decided if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. I decided to be as big and bold and ugly as he was."

BUT some of her friends and colleagues -- like the actresses Kate Capshaw (whom she hikes with) and Goldie Hawn and the Hollywood power broker Michael Ovitz, a former junior high and high school classmate -- say it took a while before Ms. Field truly became big and bold.

One of her oldest friends, Madeleine Sherwood, 78, a retired Broadway and film actress who played Mother Superior on "The Flying Nun," says Ms. Field "had an air of desperation" when she was younger.

That desperation may have come from her dislike of working on "The Flying Nun," a job that entailed such indignities as agreeing to fly through the air on a wire at the second Golden Globes awards ceremony, in 1965, and landing in John Wayne's arms.

Ms. Sherwood recalls that Ms. Field "smiled so much back then -- this big grin all the time." But she says Ms. Field is "not that concerned about pleasing everyone anymore."

During the last season of "The Flying Nun," it was Ms. Sherwood who forced Ms. Field to audition at the West Coast branch of the Actor's Studio, of which Ms. Sherwood was a member. "Sally said she wanted to do more but was afraid," recalls Ms. Sherwood, who played opposite Ms. Field in the audition scene that won her acceptance into the studio. Ms. Field adds, "And she made sure I kept studying there as well."

Though she went two years without a job after another short-lived sitcom, "The Girl With Something Extra," her part in "Stay Hungry" led to her Emmy Award-winning role in the television drama "Sybil" that same year.

Soon Ms. Field was on her way to movie stardom, complete with high-profile romances like her stormy five-year relationship with Burt Reynolds, with whom she co-starred in "Smokey and the Bandit" (1977) and "Hooper" (1978).

"More than anyone, she's paid her dues," says Robert Benton, who directed her in "Places of the Heart" and who watched her give her infamous "You like me!" acceptance speech after receiving the best actress Oscar the next year.

Of that speech, which has entered Hollywood lore as one of the Oscars' most cringe-inducing moments, Mr. Benton says: "She just voiced what a lot of people really feel but would never say when they win. She's not as cynical as the rest of the world. But she's as smart as they come. Reinventing herself over and over as an actress, a producer, a director, she's a textbook case of how to stay alive creatively."

Reinvention comes at a price, however. And her need for people to like her -- or at least to like what she does -- has not entirely gone away. When Ms. Field, who is currently single, took her old friend Ms. Sherwood to the premiere of "Beautiful" at the Toronto Film Festival this month, Ms. Field was "dreadfully nervous" about how the audience would react to the movie, Ms. Sherwood says.

"I could feel waves of tension emanating from her while she sat curled up in the seat next to me," she says. "I was tense too. I kept reminding both of us to breathe."

Events took a bizarre turn when Ms. Sherwood and some of the film's producers spotted Burt Reynolds, who is currently filming a movie in Canada, sitting quietly in the same row as Ms. Field during the movie. Ms. Sherwood says he never came over to say hello, and Ms. Field says she hasn't seen him in more than 15 years.

"We weren't going to tell her Burt was there, but after we left, a man out on the street shouted at her that Burt was still inside," Ms. Sherwood says. "She was startled, to say the least."

When Ms. Field is asked about the Toronto premiere, she admits that she felt slightly overwhelmed. Suddenly, she sounds very much like the giddy woman at the Oscars in 1984 who wanted people to like her and was thrilled when they did.

"I had my little Madeleine by the hand," she says of Ms. Sherwood. "It was all a big blur. I just kept holding on tight."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sally Field, who has directed "Beautiful," her first film, at her home in Los Angeles. (Misha Erwitt for The New York Times)(pg. 13); Backstage at a beauty contest in "Beautiful": from left, Kathleen Robertson, Ali Landry and Minnie Driver, whose character Mona is single-minded in her drive to succeed. The comedy opens on Friday. (Suzanne Hanover/Destination Films)(pg. 17)

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[***GLEANINGS FROM THE TABLE REVEAL SOCIAL PATTERNS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BTT0-0007-J2FG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1634 words

**Byline:** By NANCY JENKINS

**Body**

''GARBAGE is really - eloquent!'' said Nan Rothschild, with a smile at her own enthusiasm. Dr. Rothschild, an anthropologist, archaeologist and associate professor at Barnard College, has experienced directly the eloquence of garbage. From the dust heaps and middens of early English and Dutch settlements in lower Manhattan, to Sanitation Department gleanings from 20th-century high-rise cooperatives on the Upper East Side, she studies the food New Yorkers ate and eat. From her data she tries to draw conclusions about social patterns and relationships that will improve our understanding of who we are and how we live.

Dr. Rothschild is a food anthropologist, one of a growing number of scholars who take literally the adage that we are what we eat. ''An anthropologist looks at how food choices are made,'' said George Armelagos, an anthropology professor at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst and the author, with Peter Farb, of ''Consuming Passions'' (Houghton Mifflin), a popular survey of food anthropology. ''But it's not enough to say a food has certain vitamins and minerals,'' he said. ''You have to deal with this in the context of the whole culture. Eating is so entwined with ourselves that we don't think about it, just as fish don't think about water.''

Anthropology studies which consider food and eating customs as reflections of social patterns discussed; Nan Rothschild describes artifacts revealing Manhattanites' eating habits from Dutch days to present; Sidney Mintz, Judith Good and other food anthropologists comment on research; photos (M)

Studying food in this broad context means examining such things as how foods are produced, distributed, prepared and disposed of; the structure of meals and menus; who sits with whom at the table; the sense of what foods are appropriate or not at different times; the biological and sociological effects of poverty and plenty; the transactions that take place around or through food, and the relationships of power and identity within families, villages, groups and cultures expressed in food.

By studying food, anthropologists are learning how societies function; the methods by which immigrant groups adapt to American life; the biological and social effects of malnutrition; the problems created in traditional societies by introducing new foods and new ideas about food; how different groups cope with famine, and why some societies repeatedly fail at this task.

In the popular view, the anthropologist is an earnest scholar diligently observing exotic primitives in their native settings, what Sidney W. Mintz, an anthropology professor at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, jokingly calls ''the Explorers Club view of anthropology,'' according to which ''if they don't have blowguns and you can't catch malaria, it's not anthropology.''

Today, however, food anthropologists are likely to be working closer to home, as is Shalom Staub, the director of the Pennsylvania State Folklife Programs, whose doctoral work involved the Yemenite restaurant workers in Arab restaurants in Brooklyn. They may be examining how food reinforces ethnic identity, like Judith G. Goode of Temple University, who is studying third- generation Italian-American families in Philadelphia. Or, like Norge Jerome, director of the community nutrition division at the University of Kansas Medical Center, they may be determining how and why food habits change in a mostly black, urban, ***working-class*** community. Carole Counihan of Stockton State College in Pomona, N.J., has worked in Italy studying the ways in which maleness and femaleness are expressed through giving and receiving food. ''The person who gives is in power vis- a-vis the person who receives,'' Dr. Counihan said. ''The idea is that giving leads to receiving, which leads to repaying. That's how people maintain their connections. And women have traditionally given food.''

Italian women, she said, give food as a way of tying people to them. ''It's a way of maintaining strong family solidarity,'' she said. ''The family circles around the mother, who provides the most basic needs.'' Often, the other family members do not know and are not taught how to buy, prepare and serve food. As a result, Dr. Counihan said, ''The Italian mother is a magnet for the family.''

Dr. Counihan's approach to anthropology relies on her own observations and informants' statements about their culture. For Dr. Rothschild, material culture, specifically garbage, is the key. From excavations in lower Manhattan, in an area defined by Pearl, Stone and Broad Streets and Coenties Slip, Dr. Rothschild and colleagues can describe dietary changes as European traditions combined with the array of new foods available locally. Dr. Rothschild said the Manhattan remains had much less deer meat than similar sites in New England, suggesting ''the Dutch here had established such poor relations with the Indians that they didn't want to go wandering around the woods.''

There are gaps in the data, especially concerning fruits and vegetables. Yet, Dr. Rothschild said: ''We can see that people in the early period were using more fish and birds from inland and upriver. By the later 18th century, there is more evidence of coastal trade.''

Dr. Rothschild has found similar differences in food patterns among income and ethnic groups in modern-day New York. After sifting through garbage from eight city blocks, including ones in Chinatown, Spanish Harlem, Park Avenue and Brooklyn, her team found comparatively less food from the Park Avenue block, suggesting that people in the neighborhood eat out frequently. ''In ethnic neighborhoods,'' she said, ''there was much more food that didn't come out of a can.''

Other anthropologists attempt a quantitative approach to their subject. Anna Lou Dehavenon, for example, has been working since 1979 with the East Harlem Interfaith Welfare Committee in a program to provide emergency food for households that have run out of food or are in imminent danger of doing so. From her statistical data, which range from the age and sex of household members to whether anyone reported begging or stealing food, she is trying to tabulate how and why food emergencies occur.

Carol Laderman's anthropological work is more in line with the popular view of what anthropologists do. An assistant professor of anthropology at Fordham University, Dr. Laderman spent several years in Malaysia studying childbirth and nutrition. The results of her research, ''Wives and Midwives,'' has just been published by the University of California Press.

Her current interest is humoral systems, the belief that foods are hot or cold intrinsically, regardless of their physical temperatures: ''Scotch on the rocks,'' she said, ''would be considered very hot, while squash, even taken boiling from the stove, would be cold.'' In humoral systems, illness results from a hot- cold imbalance.

Such beliefs, Dr. Laderman said, exist throughout the world, except in Europe and America, where they have been largely replaced by the theory that germs cause illness. But folk maxims such as ''feed a cold and starve a fever,'' she said, are holdovers from humoral systems, which are prevalent throughout Hispanic communities in the Western Hemisphere.

Misunderstandings about such beliefs and their associated food prohibitions have contributed to misguided programs to aid third-world countries, Dr. Laderman said. She cited Malaysia as an example: ''A father-to- be should not slaughter animals because otherwise the child will be born with some deformity. People from outside the culture claim this is a cause of protein deficiency in pregnancy.'' Dr. Laderman contends that the reality is quite different. ''Fishing is a mainstay of the economy and fish is a major element in diet,'' she said. ''And there are mitigating rules that allow fathers to continue fishing.''

''In the nature of your work as an anthropologist, you confront a lot of the daily experiences of your hosts,'' said Professor Mintz, whose study of the economic and social role of sugar in history and modern culture, ''Sweetness and Power,'' will be published by Viking in May.

One of the most important experiences is food.''Lots of what we do when we eat is not just a way of feeding ourselves, but also of sending messages,'' Professor Mintz said. ''As the work of Mary Douglas has demonstrated, these are ways of declaring who we are.'' (Professor Douglas, who declined to be interviewed, is an anthropologist at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill.) Those messages communicate degrees of hierarchy in a society, inclusion and exclusion, boundaries and transactions across the boundaries and more, Professor Mintz said.

He said his own interests are in ''how people learn to eat things and what they choose from the array that is made available to them.'' As he noted: ''It is impossible to analyze food or a meal without reference to the availability of the substances that compose it, the origins of those substances and what forces made them available to people to eat.'' These questions, he said, say something important about the ways societies have organized themselves.

''Before 1650, sugar in England, for example, was a luxury as valuable as silver,'' he said. ''By 1850, sugar had become an everyday necessity. This transformation has to be referred to larger political and social forces.''

''The field of study is growing by leaps and bounds, with the roster showing some 400 people in this country alone,'' said Dr. Jerome, who is also head of the American Anthropological Association's committee on nutritional anthropology.

''Human societies everywhere are experiencing change as they never have before,'' he said, ''and every aspect of the change involves food. Anthropology gives us an opportunity to understand it.''

**Graphic**

photo of Sidney Mintz (page C8); photo of Nan Rothschild (page C8); photo of Dr. Anna Dehaveron (page C8)

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[***Anthropology Casts an Eye On the Culture That Made It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0850-000D-G178-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DANIEL GOLEMAN

**Body**

BY studying other societies, Western anthropologists have sought to derive lessons about their own, as Dr. Margaret Mead did in her classic 1928 study, "Coming of Age in Samoa." In a signficant new trend, some anthropologists in this country are focusing on coming of age here at home, using the same methods of ethnography they would apply in an exotic land.

The new effort casts anthropology in the role of cultural critic, able to examine and lay bare the hidden assumptions that shape the main institutions of American culture. Among recent subjects of this sort of field work have been New York art dealers and museum curators, advertising agencies, high-energy physicists and pro- and anti-abortion groups in Fargo, N. D. There is even a study called "Coming of Age in New Jersey."

Conveniently, in a day when tight money and hostile regimes make it more difficult for anthropologists to study people in distant and often discomfitting places, the new approach allows them to ply their trade amid the comforts of home. "The idea is to use ethnographic methods to touch a nerve, to raise questions for the people studied themselves, so that the scientists, bankers, lawyers or whoever the subjects happen to be can't shrug it off as the work of someone who doesn't know their world," said Dr. George E. Marcus, an anthropologist at Rice University and editor of the journal Cultural Anthropology.

Although the disciplines overlap a bit, anthropology is the systematic description of culture, while sociology analyzes the interplay among different forces in a society, and psychology studies the forces in individual behavior.

Anthropology itself has been one of the first targets of the new approach, providing the reseachers with the opportunity to question their own preconceptions. As a result, some have concluded that the objectivity assumed by ethnographers reflected the superior attitude of colonial powers that governed the peoples they tended to study.

"We anthropologists are subject to the same influences as everyone else," said Dr. Ivan Karp, an anthropologist at the National Museum of Natural History in Washington. "Anthropological categories were unthinkingly derived from those of our culture. Anthropologists can't claim some superior objectivity; we have to question and critique ourselves, too."

The rallying cry for those who take this approach was sounded in Dr. Marcus's 1986 book, "Anthropology as Cultural Critique." He and his co-author, Dr. Michael Fischer, another Rice University anthropologist, argued that an as-yet-unfulfilled promise of anthropology is to "make us re-examine our taken-for-granted assumptions."

The book "caused a sensation in the field," said David Brent, editor in chief of the University of Chicago Press, the book's publisher. "It's been a best seller for us for several years."

Still, some anthropologists see potential dangers in the approach. One is that seemingly objective observations will actually be serving a political or ideological agenda, a greater danger when studying one's own culture rather than a foreign culture, where one has fewer, if any, vested interests.

Another has to do with the nature of field work itself. "Anthropology is founded on the advantage of the observer's distance, which makes it a way of seeing things others can't see," said Dr. Clifford Geertz, an anthropologist at Princeton University. "You lose that distance in your own society, because you understand things too readily in the categories you share with the people you study."

"That's not to say it can't be done," Dr. Geertz added. "But it means you have to work very hard to make the familiar less so."

To be sure, there has been a tradition in anthropology, pioneered by Margaret Mead, of questioning American mores in light of those of other cultures. Dr. Mead inferred from her field work in Samoa that if social attitudes toward sexuality in the United States were less repressive, adolescence would not be so emotionally tumultuous.

While later anthropological studies suggest that Dr. Mead's view of Samoans was idealized and inaccurate in some respects, the use of anthropological data from elsewhere to examine American culture has been a fixture of the field since her work was published.

Typically, those anthropological insights have served to startle Americans into realizing that what had been considered a universal of human nature was in fact an arbitrary cultural convention. Dr. Mead's later work in New Guinea, for example, described a culture where sex roles were largely reversed from the American norm, and was often cited in challenges to gender bias. What had once been assumed the natural order of things could now be seen as arbitrary and variable.

The new form of cultural critique does not depend on ethnographies of exotic peoples, but on intensive field studies of America itself, sometimes with an added comparison of the same aspect of another culture.

"Coming of Age in New Jersey," (Rutgers University Press) for example, is the title of a 1989 study by Dr. Michael Moffat, an anthropologist at Rutgers, of sexuality among students in a coed dormitory there. Dr. Moffat lived in the dorm during the school year 1983-84, taking notes and conducting interviews just as he had done in his earlier field work in a village in southern India.

While some of what he discovered would not surprise most anyone who came of age anywhere in America within the last decade or two, there are some revelations. A few are relatively trivial -- for example, the student folklore, that "if your roommate commits suicide, the deans have to give you a straight A average that semester."

Others, though, point to contradictions within the student subculture that reflect trends in the wider culture as well. For example, Dr. Moffat found that, in theory, most students endorsed a new sexual orthodoxy: that no one should feel guilty about sex, and that women have as much right to sexual pleasure as men. In practice, however, most men and women he studied actually experienced relations between the sexes as a battle between aggressive men who sought sexual conquest and reluctant women who bartered sex for love, and that women were of two types, "good" and "sluts."

The Role of Accidents

Using other research methods, sociologists and psychologists have come to similar conclusions. But as an anthropologist, Dr. Moffat explored the cultural influences that shape these sexual attitudes. One was the ritual viewing of the movie "Deep Throat" each year by coed groups of students at Rutgers.

A study of women on both sides of the abortion rights struggle in Fargo, N.D., was undertaken by Dr. Faye Ginsburg, an anthropologist at New York University.

What was most crucial in determining the view a woman took, Dr. Ginsburg found, was not her background; women on both sides came from religiously conservative families, mostly Lutheran. But accidents of personal history gave them differing outlooks: those who had children after an early marriage, then found themselves wanting more freedom, tended to favor abortion rights. But those who delayed having children until after they had been working tended to take the opposite stance.

Another major focus of the genre is the study of the subculture of science, Dr. Marcus said.

Dr. Laura Nader, an anthropologist at the University of California at Berkeley, organized a symposium on the subject at a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington. Among the presentations was a study of men and women who do research on nuclear weapons by Dr. Hugh Gusterson, an anthropologist at Stanford University. For the scientists who develop nuclear arms, Dr. Gusterson said, weapon testing serves as a ritual that reassures them about the rightness of what they are doing, confers status on those who lead them and bonds them into a community.

Dr. Gusterson also found that many researchers see nuclear weapons as esthetically pleasing. "Some of the scientists talk about being sad that the bomb is going to be destroyed because the technology in it is so intricate and beautiful," he said.

Often the work on American groups is an extension of earlier work in other cultures by the same anthropologist. For example, some of Dr. Marcus's original ethnographic work was on Polynesian aristocrats and how they passed on their status from generation to generation. Currently, Dr. Marcus is studying American dynastic families, starting with a wealthy family in Galveston, Tex.

Between Myth and Reality

"A generation or two after such families reach the peak of their power and wealth, they become more open to telling their story to someone like me, an anthropologist," said Dr. Marcus.

In Polynesia as in Texas, there is often a discrepancy between the shared legends and myths of the family, and the reality, Dr. Marcus finds. For instance, the myth often suggests that the traits or mission of the founder have been passed on to later generations, and that the lives of family members still revolve around carrying on that mission.

That is typically wrong on two counts. For one, those in later generations often find their lives taking very different directions from that outlined in the family legend. For another, said Dr. Marcus, "what gets ignored in the retelling of the family story is that what begins as a family ends up as a cultural institution."

"The family dynasty includes the functionaries -- lawyers, publicists, foundation administrators, and so on -- who run things day to day," he said. "They have virtually nothing to do with the people in the family."

Perhaps one of the most natural ways to see American culture with fresh eyes is to be from a different culture altogether. "A longtime fantasy among American anthropologists has been that someday there would be Trobriand, Bororo or Ndembu anthropologists who would come to the United States and study us," Dr. Marcus said.

One anthropologist who fills that bill is Dr. John Ogbu, a Nigerian who now teaches at the University of California at Berkeley. One of his first studies was of the school system in a small California city, where one high school was all white and middle class, and the two others were mainly mixtures of black and Hispanic students from the ***working class***.

While the pattern is a common one in American cities, Dr. Ogbu saw it in a larger context: as evidence of a de facto caste system at work. Around the world, he observed, members of lower castes attend inferior schools where they are trained in the skills that will keep them in menial jobs like those of their parents. The better education, of course, goes to the children of the privileged caste.

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Kurt Andersen is the author of "Turn of the Century" and a founder of Inside, a new media company.

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**Body**

"How the lunatics flung up their caps and roared in sympathy with the headlong engine and the driving tide!" -- Charles Dickens, on arrival in New York, passing the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island aboard the steamboat New York

Sure, there are people who simply wind up in New York, find themselves living here the way people wind up in Des Moines or Fullerton or Fort Worth, by accident or default. She is raised at 74th and Amsterdam, rents her own first apartment up West End Avenue at 103rd, then settles in a brownstone duplex in Park Slope; he grows up in Bayside and after dental school decamps a few miles west, to a junior two-bedroom at 67th and York with a view (of Queens). Or they arrive for college and never leave; or they're transferred in for a headquarters tour of duty; or they tag along with a wife or boyfriend. But surely, for more people here than anywhere else, moving to New York was an urban choice, particular and self-conscious, bedazzling and scary. Moving to New York requires a yearning -- to live by one's wits or test one's mettle; to make art or a pile of cash (or, during the 80's, both at once); to live nakedly or anonymously or simply to get as far as possible from Des Moines or Fullerton or Fort Worth; or even, still, to breathe free. Fifty-one years ago, E.B. White wrote that those who were "born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something" make up "the greatest" New York. Each of them "embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love" and must come here "willing to be lucky."

Given the cost of living, the ambient hypertension and the clattering grind, the decision to move to New York remains at least somewhat irrational, requiring a kind of quasi-religious commitment. And yet in this ostensibly hyperrational age, people from all over still make that decision in staggering numbers. It's corny but true: arriving in New York, from the provinces or overseas, remains a central episode in the American narrative, a kind of living iconic rite. The mythic pull of the city has been gathering force for a long time, encoded in a body of literature so extensive and so familiar as to constitute its own genre. Walt Whitman invented (and embodied) the modern ode-to-New York mode, embracing the coarse and unlovable aspects of the place together with the plainly grand ones. His poems have colored coming-to-New York stories ever since, seeping into American Bildungsromane that celebrate the grunge and stink and bloody-minded rattle of the city along with the martinis and art and sleek talk. In this romantic urban landscape, game tyros dare the tough big city to defeat or disillusion them -- David Copperfields without all that David Copperfield stuff that Holden Caulfield was too cool to indulge explicitly. Stories as various as "Catcher in the Rye," "The Godfather," "A Chorus Line," "New York, New York," "Working Girl," "Bright Lights, Big City," "Wall Street," "Slaves of New York," "Angela's Ashes" and "Felicity" are all New York newcomer stories, each somewhere on the spectrum between the perpetually wowed ("Breakfast at Tiffany's") and the relentlessly dark ("Midnight Cowboy").

Each generation and each caste has had its fresh iteration of the New York myth. (Jackson Pollock and the Beats replace John Reed and the Communists, Don DeLillo replaces John O'Hara, "Seinfeld" replaces "Annie Hall," Tito Puente replaces Duke Ellington, Fran Lebowitz replaces Dorothy Parker, Wendy Wasserstein and Paul Rudnick replace Kaufman and Hart, Melissa Bank replaces Dawn Powell, Jeff Koons replaces Andy Warhol, Biggie Smalls replaces Charlie Parker.) But the city's starring role in that myth -- and its resulting position in the popular imagination of America and the world -- remains the same. Even the New York that Dickens depicted in 1842 is uncannily familiar: the city, he wrote, was manic (people and vehicles "all travelling to and fro: and never idle. . . . These restless Insects"), physically delirious ("confused heaps of buildings"), fashion-forward ("Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! What pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels") and media-mad ("fifty newspapers . . . pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and . . . imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives").

The real-life city of New York, of course, has recently undergone a radical transformation. Twenty-five years ago, the city was in bankruptcy, the sidewalks teemed with crazy people, commercial sex was in its golden age and swaths of West 42nd Street and the Bowery were druggy dead zones. (All of which young knee-jerk nihilists, nurtured by a century of Whitmans and Allen Ginsbergs and Lou Reeds, regarded as attractive anti-amenities.) Today there are brand-new chunks of New York that could pass for Toronto or San Diego; Times Square is spectacularly family-friendly (again); Central Park and Bryant Park have been redeemed to an extent not possible to imagine in the 70's. There are a third as many murders, thousands of new information-age jobs, a shocking sense of civic life more or less in control. But while starting salaries have doubled, some rents have quintupled. For people without an M.B.A. or a law degree, entry-level pay no longer covers a decent one-bedroom in a pleasant Manhattan neighborhood. The supply of cheap garrets has been outsourced to Brooklyn.

For most people who come here from Sri Lanka, or Nigeria, or Ecuador, of course, there is nothing bittersweet about the new, improved New York of 2000. They do not come here because they loved "Bright Lights, Big City" in high school or heard about the Cedar Tavern on N.P.R. They come for the same reason immigrants have always come: the chance to make more money than they could in Bangladesh or Ukraine or Ireland. And while today they don't believe (if they ever did) that the streets are paved with gold, they do know, or sense, that nowhere in America is there more opportunity for sheer stamina to be rewarded. A taxi can be driven 18 hours a day. Drywall can be taped 70 hours a week. Wallets and umbrellas and falafels can be peddled on the sidewalks pretty much all the time. In other words, the workaholic money madness of New York is part of the attraction for new arrivals at the bottom of the ladder as well as at the top. The couple from St. Kitts working five jobs between them surely belies the newest New York myth -- that there is no more middle or ***working class***, only the rich and the permanently poor.

But for the immigrants who were drawn here from the American sticks (like me), the appeal is less obvious. Manhattanism has spread deep into the provinces. Epicurean grocery stores and Miramax films and alternative weeklies and imitation SoHo's are now a part of even small cities and leafy suburbs. So how has New York itself sustained its spell? Why do people still come here in such numbers, from so many other American places? For approximately the same reason, I think, that the new nationwide ubiquity of casino gambling and strip clubs improbably fed the explosive growth of Las Vegas during the last 20 years -- as more and more Americans acquire a taste in their hometowns for sin or old-fashioned urban civilization, more and more of them yearn for the wellspring, the big show, the real thing.

In retrospect, my childhood in Omaha, a half-mile from a cornfield, looks like a New York 101 distance-learning experiment. Every week on TV during the 1960's, I watched a couple of movies from the 1930's or 40's, almost all of them glorifications of this city -- My Man Godfrey," "His Girl Friday," "On the Town." On TV, half my pleasure in programs like Leonard Bernstein's "Young People's Concerts," "The Dick Cavett Show" and Johnny Carson's "Tonight" (before the move to California) derived from their unmistakable Manhattan tang -- the occasional evening clothes, the jokes about Central Park, the unapologetic cosmopolitanism. I played the cast album of "West Side Story" over and over and spent years studying Mad magazine, by far the New Yorkiest artifact generally available to children in Nebraska. Venturing regularly by bus into downtown Omaha -- alone, almost sneakily -- I managed to see the big old stone buildings, the used-book shops, the single adult theater, the liquory breezes from pitch-black bars, the people of color, the policemen on foot, the kooks, the bums, the suspicious characters and all the rest as a thrilling miniature glimpse of what New York might be like.

So, just after college, I turned down a good job in Alexandria, Va., and moved, unemployed, directly to New York. Like all newcomers, I felt my outsiderdom acutely. I've found that this is a feeling that attenuates but never entirely goes away -- living here is always part "Blade Runner," part Edith Wharton. And some of the pleasure of the place derives from those regular frissons of alienation.

Unlike San Francisco's or Seattle's, New York's scale makes overfamiliarity impossible. That rule extends to professional subcultures as well as to geography. Unlike Washington or Los Angeles, New York has no single, oppressively dominant professional realm, but a half-dozen different major leagues, countless self-obsessed pecking orders you've never even heard of. Whereas in more anodyne, more normal American cities, the treacly breeze from the Cinnabon shop at the mall is the single-most intense public aroma, New York assaults pedestrians with intense odors -- South Street's dead fish, the meat district's day-old beef, horse manure on Central Park South, peppers and hot fat in Chinatown. And whereas those cities are optimized to anticipate every consumer desire, New York, with its tiny markets and tinier kitchens, demands a constant rhythm of commercial interactions -- newspaper here, bread here, vegetables here, wine there -- that can be exhausting once the novelty wears off.

It is not a Welcome Wagon kind of place. Yet it can be more comfortable for newcomers than overtly "friendly" cities. New York's waves of immigration and emigration become a self-perpetuating spiral: newcomers as a class feel less like oddballs here, and so new newcomers keep pouring in, attracting more newcomers still. They ride that great assimilation machine, the subway, an egalitarian marvel that permits (O.K., forces) a real and immediate engagement with the urban tide unavailable in cities where everyone drives cars. Newcomers here wander on streets crowded with people and shops, getting a de facto crash course in urbanism. They eat among crowds of interesting strangers (during my first year here, I probably ate more restaurant meals than my relatively cosmopolitan parents ate in their whole lives), and every meal out is another chance to eavesdrop and stare at people you don't know -- a pleasure that in other cities can result in the police being summoned. So the newcomers don't stay newcomers for very long.

I envy new New Yorkers. not the rents they have to pay, or the loneliness that goes without saying. Assuming they arrive equipped with some basic New York catechism, I envy them that first year's plunge into the city of their imaginations.

Am I sentimentalizing? Should I be embarrassed by the civic-booster goosebumps I still get when I hear the first bars of "Rhapsody in Blue" and read the 30-year-old Dickens's first glimpses of the city? Is it undue pleasure I take in my 24-year-old niece's giddy arrival in the city this summer? She could have stayed in Minneapolis -- where she had an excellent job, free housing, plenty of friends, a progressive civic ambience and hot and cold running espresso -- rather than pay her share of $3,000 for a small three-bedroom walk-up on the unfashionable edge of Williamsburg. But instead she has moved to New York, simply because it's New York: New York for New York's sake.

The other night, she told me, she discovered a charming dive just down the block from her apartment where Latin Americans drink sweet cocktails and dance to merengue on the jukebox. "I thought there was just 'merengue music,"' she said, sounding like a postmodern That Girl, both amused by her own newcomer's excitement and also genuinely excited. "It turns out there are like a hundred different kinds of merengue!" A 43-year-old Peruvian she met at the bar, a man named Pepe, wants to take her out dancing in Manhattan. I doubt she'll go, but she couldn't be more pleased to have been asked, and to be here.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Scenes in the key of New York by Vladimir Syomin, who arrived from Russia in September 1999. (Vladimir Syomin)

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[***Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PJC-R2T0-TW8F-G1DB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

ART

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art.

Museums

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM: 'THE GREAT COVER-UP: AMERICAN RUGS ON BEDS, TABLES AND FLOORS,' through Sept. 9. The more than 60 rugs in this extraordinary show count among the best pictorial art of 19th- and early-20th-century America, which means that quite a few of the women who made them qualify as great, if unidentified, artists. Densely textured, gloriously colored, boldly scaled and exuberantly frontal, they were made between 1800 and 1950 and provide something of a history of the American handmade rug, from mostly yarn-sewn to the wildly popular hooking technique. Their intuitive intelligence, where space and composition are concerned, proves once more that modern form is not a modern invention. 45 West 53rd Street, (212) 265-1040, folkartmuseum.org.

(Roberta Smith)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 'BIOGRAPHICAL LANDSCAPE: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN SHORE, 1969-1979,' through Sept. 9. In 1971 the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave Stephen Shore its second-ever exhibition by a living photographer. (Alfred Stieglitz had the first.) He was 23 when it opened. What he did comprises most of this wonderful show. Mr. Shore has reprinted the photographs digitally, with rejuvenated colors as fresh and subtle as the day the pictures were shot. The work's wit and affection add buoyancy to scenes of America from a moment when the country was depressed by war and years of civil unrest. Its formal rigor makes an uncanny order out of images that, at first glance, look like no place or nothing. Look again. His show reminds us of a period when cutting-edge American art and the tradition of straight, documentary photography got together. 1133 Avenue of the Americas, at West 43rd Street, (212) 857-0000, icp.org.

(Michael Kimmelman)

\* THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: 'INCISIVE IMAGES: IVORY AND BOXWOOD CARVINGS,' through Nov. 25. This extraordinary show, drawn almost entirely from the Met's vaults, presents an array of nearly 100 carved figures, crucifixes, reliefs, containers, hand-held weapons and the occasional piece of furniture. It is an engrossing hive of religious fervor, Classical erudition (and occasional naughtiness), style shifts and multicultural crosscurrents. And among the many feats of drop-dead artistic skill are several of traffic-stopping caliber. Don't miss it. (212) 535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

THE MET: 'NEO RAUCH AT THE MET: PARA,' through Oct. 14. The figurative style of the leader of the Leipzig School is never less than ambitious, but here it looks almost fatally retro, as if the context of the Met had made the painter's mind turn to thoughts of browned-out colors; characters of a Romantic 19th- century mien; and settings that often suggest garrets or hunting lodges. The result is an exhibition that looks too much at home in the museum and sells Mr. Rauch's talent short, but is still one that should be seen. (See above.) (Smith)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY AFRICAN DIASPORAN ARTS: 'THE FRENCH EVOLUTION: RACE, POLITICS & THE 2005 RIOTS,' through Sept. 9. Alexis Peskine serves as an informed guide to recent events in France, although his position is somewhat complicated. Son of a Franco-Russian father (an architect) and an Afro-Brazilian mother, Mr. Peskine holds a bachelor of fine arts degree from Howard University and a master's from the Maryland Institute College of Art, which set him distinctly apart from the ***working-class*** youth in the banlieue, or suburb. His training as a graphic artist is evident in paintings that appropriate elements from comics, cartoons and food products, while his interest in hip-hop culminates in a music video titled ''Ripa'' (slang for Paris). Uneven at times, Mr. Peskine's work is ambitious and reflective. It also succeeds in showing us how in France's difficulties we feel echoes of our own. 80 Hanson Place, at South Portland Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 230-0492, mocada.org.

(Martha Schwendener)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: 'NEW YORK DIVIDED: SLAVERY AND THE CIVIL WAR,' through Sept. 3. New York has a cosmopolitan pride in itself, but as this exhibition shows, it is not always well deserved. Even after slavery belatedly came to an end in New York State in 1827, New York City was a ''hotbed of pro- slavery politics,'' inspired by close commercial links with the South and the international cotton trade. For every instance of abolitionist activity, there was another in which slavery was defended or supported. This powerful exhibition, focused on the years between Emancipation and Reconstruction, and featuring documents, videos, books and historical objects, shows how divided the city was, even during the years of the Civil War. But it also draws attention to the importance of black abolitionists and to the forces that countered slavery's horrific heritage. It brings to a close the Historical Society's multiyear exploration of slavery in New York. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, (212) 873-3400, nyhistory.org.

(Edward Rothstein)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER: 'ORGANIZING CHAOS,' through Sept. 24. With John Cage as spirit guide, this exhibition presents eight works by eight artists in eight large galleries with no muss, no fuss, no nasty spillover, although this doesn't rule out many interesting connections. The subject of ''organizing chaos'' is broached in film, video, text and photographs that alternate between macrocosmic and microcosmic, silence and noise, anarchic and tightly scripted. Orchestras, entropy, human hatred and life in the studio, the Sunday papers and the backyard are invoked in contributions from Luke Fowler, Rivane Neuenschwander and Cao Guimaraes, Bruce Nauman, Christian Marclay, Tomoko Takahashi, Robert Smithson, Hans-Peter Feldmann and Stephen Vitiello. (See above.) (Smith)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART: 'GENERATION 1.5,' through Dec 2. Generation 1.5 refers to people who emigrate during their adolescent years, whose identity is shaped by both their old and new cultures. Some of the works in this exhibition address this process; elsewhere the show floats into general meditations on globalization and cultural dislocation. Lee Mingwei's ''Quartet Project,'' a sound and video installation, uses monitors playing a performance of Dvorak's ''American Quartet.'' Seher Shah's drawings combine lotus patterns, Mecca cubes and Western architectural motifs, and works by Rirkrit Tiravanija and Emily Jacir explore the successful contemporary artist as a globalized citizen. The show is emblematic of the museum's program, which is increasingly devoted to reflecting the borough's extreme diversity, but risks turning the immigrant experience into a platitude. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, (718) 592-9700, queensmuseum.org.

(Schwendener)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: 'SUMMER OF LOVE: ART OF THE PSYCHEDELIC ERA,' through Sept. 16. Tear gas, pot and patchouli were the scents of the 1960s. You can almost detect the last two wafting through this two-floor display of rock posters, light shows, photographs and paintings. But the burn of tear gas, with the association of political emergency it brings, is missing in a show that remembers a lot, but forgets much more, about what was happening 40 years ago, when America was losing its mind to save, some would say, its soul. (212) 570-3600, whitney.org. (Holland Cotter)

Galleries: Chelsea

'MICROWAVE, FIVE' Where most galleries reveal their ''program,'' or general slant, with more or less candor in summer group shows, ''microwave, five'' is like a manifesto. A few veteran artists who work with obsessive precision, like Yayoi Kusama and Tom Friedman, offer some historical grounding. Younger artists include Ken Solomon, whose hand-painted postage stamps sent through the mail are here, as well as Jacob El Hanani, Adam Fowler, Xawery Wolski and Gloria Ortiz-Hernandez. Missing is Yuken Teruya, maker of virtuosic tree sculptures cut out of paper bags, and one of Ms. Bienvenu's most popular artists and probably the best representative of this meticulous aesthetic. Josee Bienvenu, 529 West 20th Street, joseebienvenugallery.com, through Sept. 15. (Schwendener)

'PACKEDSOCKDRAWER' This is a strong candidate for best 2007 summer show title, even if, by no fault of its own, the recently closed ''NeoIntegrity,'' at Derek Eller, with nearly 200 artists, felt more like a packed sock drawer. The compactness of the show's title is echoed in both the works and the installation of Steve McCall's abstract, biomorphic paintings; David Moreno's photographs with concentric-circular compositions; Gary Batty's minute filigrees drawn on thick, cream-colored, handmade paper; and Tamara Zahaykevich's petit, colorful wall-mounted sculptures made with foam board, tape and glue. The caveat with a great show title is that you're tempted to stretch it out to the work, which here means comparing it to footwear, but we won't go there. Feature Inc., 530 West 25th Street, featureinc.com, through Sept. 20. (Schwendener)

Galleries: Other

SOL LEWITT: 'DRAWING SERIES ...' If the greatness of Sol LeWitt, the Minimal-Conceptual artist who died in April at 78, has so far escaped you, this exhilarating show of 14 of his mind-teasing, eye-filling wall drawings from the late 1960s and early '70s may do the trick. Selected and arranged by the artist, they proceed in carefully sequenced contrasts and echoes that are both insightful and idiosyncratic. Since their generating instructions are part of their titles, they reduce the creative process to a short, highly visible straight line. But their crisp geometries, accumulating marks and radiating patterns force us to mind the gap between artistic thought and artistic action, to experience the inability of language to account fully for visual outcome. Dia:Beacon, 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, N.Y., (845) 440-0100, diabeacon.org, through Sept. 10. (Smith)

NINA BERMAN: 'PURPLE HEARTS' One of the more shocking photographs to come out of the current war in Iraq was taken last year in a rural town in the American Midwest. It's a studio portrait by Nina Berman of a young Illinois couple on their wedding day. The bride is dressed in a traditional white gown; the groom, a former Marine sergeant, is in full dress. Her expression is unsmiling, maybe grave. His face is all but featureless, with no nose and no chin, as blank as a pullover mask, the results of disfiguring wounds sustained in combat. The show also includes 10 portraits of wounded veterans from Ms. Berman's series ''Purple Hearts.'' Whatever your politics, the show, installed in a small storefront gallery, adds up to a desolating antiwar statement. Jen Bekman Gallery, 6 Spring Street, between the Bowery and Elizabeth Street, Lower East Side; (212) 219-0166, jenbekman.com, through Sept. 8. (Cotter)

Public Art

MAD. SQ. ART 2007: ROXY PAINE This installation is made up of two stainless-steel tree sculptures, ''Conjoined'' and ''Defunct,'' and a glacierlike boulder, ''Erratic,'' by Mr. Paine. The tree sculptures are made from thousands of pieces of metal pipe and rod elements that have been cut, welded and polished. They are real enough to resemble actual trees but not so real that they form a continuum with the surrounding foliage. What captures your immediate attention is ''Conjoined,'' a 40-by-45-foot sculpture of two trees whose gleaming steel branches cantilever and then improbably connect in midair. It is impossible to tell where the branches of one tree begin and the other's end. But the piece is also beautifully eccentric, a futuristic fantasy of streamlined vegetation manufactured in imitation of the real thing, only much more appealing and exciting. Madison Square Park, 23rd Street and Fifth Avenue, (212) 538-4689, madisonsquarepark.org, through Dec. 31.

(Benjamin Genocchio)

Last Chance

'EMANCIPATORY ACTION: PAULA TROPE AND THE MENINOS' Paula Trope's work with the meninos, children who live in the favelas, or shantytowns, in Rio de Janeiro, is similar to Zana Briski's ''Kids With Cameras'' project, chronicled in the film ''Born Into Brothels.'' Like Ms. Briski, Ms. Trope distributes cameras among the children, but the cameras are rudimentary pinhole devices, and the grainy, blurry photographs, which look as if they were taken with a fisheye lens, are less photojournalism than elements in a larger conceptual project. Influenced by Brazilian artists from the 1960s and '70s -- Helio Oiticica, Cildo Meireles, Miguel Rio Branco and the filmmaker Glauber Rocha, figures central to Neo-Concretism, Tropicalia and Cinema Novo -- Ms. Trope cites ''otherness'' and issues of authorship as central to her project. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, at 68th Street, (212) 249-8950; closes tomorrow. (Schwendener)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM: 'THE SHAPES OF SPACE' The Guggenheim takes time off from thematic blockbusters to bring the public up to date on recent acquisitions, provocatively installed by three younger curators among an astute selection of older works from the collection. The theme is space, one of modern art's central concerns. The results are mixed, but cause for optimism. It is not every day you can look at a Mondrian while listening to disco and rap emanating from another kind of grid: the flashing patterns of a digitized dance floor by Piotr Uklanski. The atmosphere can get a bit mall-like at times, but this is what every New York museum needs to do more: play with the collection and find new ways to bring it to life. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, (212) 423-3500, guggenheim.org; closes on Wednesday. (Smith)

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: 'HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT: CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION' A small but potent exhibition of contemporary photographs from the museum's collection that opens with an epigraph by Henry David Thoreau: ''The question is not what you look at but what you see.'' Artists here find beauty in the everyday and mundane, from Walker Evans's late series of Polaroids to Stephen Shore's landscapes and Rachel Harrison's photograph of a house in Perth Amboy, N.J., where thousands believed that they saw the face of the Virgin Mary on a second-floor window. Although this is a small show -- only a few dozen photographs installed in two rooms -- it could take you longer to absorb than a much larger exhibition. It is not just about viewing photographs, after all, but about learning a new way to look at the world. (212) 535-7710, metmuseum.org; closes on Tuesday. (Schwendener)

'OLD SCHOOL' The contemporary painters in ''Old School'' are interested in what might be called the proto-Surrealist sensibility of art made centuries before Freud. Anj Smith, Jakub Julian Ziolkowski and Hilary Harkness work well alongside Brueghel. A painting attributed to the School of Caravaggio serves as a reasonable springboard for grotesque still-life reinterpretations by Glenn Brown and John Currin, and portraits by Elizabeth Peyton and Jan van Noordt, among others. ''Old School'' skips the heavy art history explaining how paintings functioned as religious tracts, sermons on morality and proof of social status. But if you want art history, the Frick is only a block away. Zwirner & Wirth, 32 East 69th Street, Manhattan, (212) 517-8677, zwirnerandwirth.com; closes today. (Schwendener)

'SUBSTANCE & SURFACE' This impressively consistent but slyly varied group exhibition takes the modernist monochrome as its not-so-subtle subtext. Nearly everything on view has corners, a single dominating color and adheres to the wall one way or another. The theme is ostensible purity achieved by impure means, including sliced towel, unfurled cassette tape, homemade sandpaper, carpet, painted pebbles and pegboard. This 20th-century staple just keeps keeping on. Bortolami, 510 West 25th Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2050, bortolamidayan.com; closes today. (Smith)

'THROUGH THE LIES OF YOUR DARK, DARK EYES' AND 'ALAIN DISTER: ELEGY FOR THE SUMMER OF LOVE' It might not have been planned, but both of these shows now at Envoy have something to say about the role of aesthetics in youth movements. ''Through the Lies of Your Dark, Dark Eyes'' is like an epilogue to art of the last decade that borrowed heavily from Gothic music and literature -- only here doom and gloom are tempered with ''bits of sentiment'' and the ''calm in endless despair,'' according to the gallery release. Alain Dister's photographs taken in New York and California in 1967 and 1968 rely on the good looks and canny fashion sense of his counterculture subjects, but Mr. Dister was on to something, identifying how youth movements are often characterized by -- and even find substance in -- style, from the black lipstick of the Goths to the barefoot dandy strutting down Haight Street. Envoy, 131 Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, (212) 226-4555, envoygallery.com; closes tomorrow. (Schwendener)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: 'RESISTANCE IS ... ' This is an earnest sort of show about social unrest and upheaval, but it's smart, engaging and nicely put together, combining a pleasing diversity of artists, mediums and styles. Several of the two dozen works are documentary photographs of acts of social disobedience, public demonstrations and political counteraction, among them now-famous images by Richard Avedon, Gordon Parks, Larry Fink, Gilles Peress and Garry Winogrand. Timing is everything, and this gathering of works couldn't look or feel more apposite. (212) 570-3600, whitney.org; closes on Sunday. (Genocchio)

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**End of Document**



[***GENERATIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411V-0TF0-00MH-F3HP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Raising More Than Consciousness Now***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411V-0TF0-00MH-F3HP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

**Body**

BESS GORNICK was an only-in-New-York New Yorker. The kind of woman who, living alone at age 90 in a Manhattan apartment, thought nothing of bounding up to a police officer, with the back of her sweater half-fastened, and demanding, "Button me!"

The city and its tempestuous motion -- its bus drivers, cashiers, pretzel vendors, street talkers, dog walkers -- were a perpetual source of renewal to Mrs. Gornick, a "***working-class*** toughie from the Bronx," in the words of her daughter, the writer Vivian Gornick.

When Bess became housebound in the mid-1980's, unable to roam freely, her deterioration was rapid. Within herself, she began to drift, growing listless and withdrawn. "For the first time in her life she lost definition," Ms. Gornick recalled. "My mother had suddenly become a generic old woman." But one day, Ms. Gornick brought along a friend to visit, and in no time at all her mother and friend were deep in conversation. "The change in my mother was astonishing," the writer recalled. "She began to look again like herself."

Those last years of Bess Gornick's life made her daughter, who has inherited both her socialist mother's vigor and luminous skin, think about her own aging, and of the loss of connections that Bess craved. Their situations were strikingly similar. Like many creative city people, Ms. Gornick lives and works alone, one of the legions, she has written, who "stare out the window of a room empty of companionship." Like many writers and artists, she finds herself growing old without a pension or benefits.

"I looked around at my own soul," Ms. Gornick said the other day in Greenwich Village, while engaged in her mother's favorite activities, walking and talking fast. "I discover as I go on that the loneliness is crippling."

Thus was born the idea for the House of Elder Artists, or Thea, a confederacy of kindred souls dedicated to creating an un-retirement home for female writers, artists, community activists -- and those game enough to grow old among them. They envision Thea, as yet unbuilt, as a sort of Yaddo with superintendents: a nonprofit residence and cultural center in Manhattan with 100 rental apartments, many reserved for people of low to modest means. To build it, the group has teamed up with the Women's Housing and Economic Development Corporation, a nonprofit organization dedicated to women's housing issues, although the project must still surmount major hurdles, from finding a site to securing financing. Today, communal living arrangements of various sorts are appealing to a broad group of single women. From shared housing, where housemates are often matched by nonprofit or religious groups like the National Shared Housing Resource Center, to golf resorts in Florida for those seeking the Dinah Shore lifestyle, housing is beginning to address profound statistical realities: between 1970 and 1998, the number of women living alone across the country doubled, from 7.3 million to 15.3 million, according to the American Association of Retired Persons. In New York City alone, 41.8 percent of all women age 65 and older live alone, versus 20.8 percent of the men.

In many ways, the Gornicktchiks are following squarely in the tradition of the material feminists of the 19th century, women like Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who proposed a feminist apartment hotel in New York City and campaigned for redesigned spaces that would support women's public work and end their physical isolation.

The group currently is made up of the advocates of yesteryear, as one puts it, including the novelist Helen Yglesias, 85, the writer Alix Kates Shulman, 67; the children's book illustrator and author Vera B. Williams, 72, the documentary filmmaker Lilly Rivlin, 62, and assorted lawyers, judges, painters and Village leftists, 53 and older.

"You might say, Why now? Why us?" Emily Goodman, a judge in her 50's, said over Italian food in a Manhattan restaurant one recent evening with some Thea sisters. They shared some dishes, rejecting the ones saturated in olive oil as too fattening. ("Are we going to do this at Thea?" one wondered.)

"We're a group who've always been involved in movements," Ms. Goodman said. "If we sat around and waited, it would never happen."

Ms. Gornick, who pulls up a Murphy bed each morning to make space for her office at home, speaks of spiritual isolation as the great, largely unspoken fear. In her 1987 memoir, "Fierce Attachments," she recalls life in the Bronx tenement apartment building where she grew up, the connection her mother felt each time she opened the window onto the alley, where women were calling to each other, "the sound of their voices mixed with the smell of clothes drying in the sun."

As an old woman, she said, her mother had an even stronger desire to connect to the life of the city, but she became unable to reach out. "My mother and her friends got old sealed off in little apartments," she said.

As more women live alone and housing costs climb, "shelter poverty" among older women is rising, said Marci LeFevre, a consultant for the AARP, resulting in more and more older women pooling resources to live together.

"When you think about it," said Ms. Williams, whose eyes exude youthful mischief, "it's odd that it should be unusual that people who've had great autonomy get together to think about arranging their lives as they get older."

In contrast to the glory days of the feminist movement, middle-age women prefer sofas to the floor. Thea has gone through many permutations since Ms. Gornick went through her phone book three years ago and invited "almost every woman I'd known in the past 20 years" to think about her proposition.

It was probably fortunate that David Letterman was not a fly on the wall. The original idea was a feminist retirement residence, a concept that was shot down almost immediately by the room of feminists.

Ms. Gornick remembers the conversation:

"Too broad."

"Too narrow."

"Too inclusive."

"Too restricting."

"What, no men?"

The second suggestion was to make it a residence for women in the arts. But that didn't wash with the lawyers. ("What, no men?") The third idea was to make Thea a residence for women active in political causes. ("Activists? What does that mean? They'll think were Communists." "What, no men?") The meetings went on -- and on -- with about 20 to 30 women in attendance. "It was talk, talk, talk that went nowhere, like an academic faculty meeting," Ms. Gornick recalled.

Then one night, Ms. Rivlin said, "Why are we calling this a retirement home? Who's retiring? We have to be a part of the polis, the city, and have the city come to us." It was a galvanizing moment. "Every face in the room lit up," Ms. Gornick said.

The idea took hold of a residence organized around a strong shared public sense of things, in her words, where writers and artists would give back to the city and keep their own working minds alive by inviting the neighborhood in for master classes, readings and the like. The preliminary ideas call for a common dining room as well as studio space and rooms for public performances.

But the endless tortured discussions about minutiae might have continued to eternity had Thea not hooked up with Nancy Biberman, a housing advocate, developer and lawyer, who founded the Women's Housing and Economic Development Corporation and was responsible for the $23 million transformation of the vacant Morrisania Hospital in the South Bronx into a low-income apartment building for 132 families, many of them formerly homeless.

Ms. Biberman, 52, whose first experience with building was barricading Hamilton Hall at Columbia University in 1968, became a partner with Thea and the project's developer. To make Thea a reality in Manhattan, she said, as either a new building or a renovated one, would cost about $20 million. About $16 million would come from tax-exempt bonds through the city's Housing Development Corporation, a loan that would be repaid with rental income over 30 years.

Thea also qualifies for tax credits, because it has committed itself to setting aside 20 percent of its one- and two-bedroom apartments for low-income tenants. The sliding scale of rents would range from $857 to $3,500, including two meals a day, with residents selected by lottery. The design would allow spaces for home health-care attendants, whose services might be shared.

The women of Thea themselves will need to raise an additional $2 million. The project is so daunting that some members of the original group have dropped out, among them the writer Susan Brownmiller. "Fund-raising wasn't my thing, and the whole project sounded fearfully expensive," she said.

Given the current real estate climate, would the group consider living outside Manhattan? Ms. Gornick wouldn't hear of it, convinced not only of the long-term benefits of Manhattan's cultural richness but also of the contributions the group could make to it. She remembers once asking her mother, the ultimate Manhattanite, to consider moving to Florida. Not long afterward, Ms. Gornick went there on assignment.

"Ma!" she shrieked into the telephone. "You were right! I hope you die in a blizzard running for the 23rd Street crosstown."

Last year, Ms. Biberman said, the group negotiated for an option to purchase a piece of vacant land on West 46th Street but chose not to pursue it because of a more desirable possibility. "We're pursuing that now," she said.

The walls of Thea, which could resemble a gray-haired version of a 60's college dorm, would be resonant with the rich experiences of women like Ms. Yglesias, whose latest novel, "The Girls," is about four sisters in their 80's and 90's living in Miami. Ms. Yglesias, who has three children and five grandchildren, divides her time between a house in Maine, where she hires people to drive her around, and the Markle Residence in Greenwich Village, an intergenerational apartment building run by the Salvation Army.

She published her first novel, "How She Died," at age 54, after raising a family. "Life intervenes for many women," she said. "I was lucky." She remains committed despite the fact that she may not live to see the project's fruition. Ms. Yglesias, who describes herself as "a seasoned voyager in the territory of the aged," continued, "I don't really think in terms of Thea happening in time for me, not that I brood."

Like Ms. Gornick, Ms. Williams regards Thea not only as a personal solution but as a social model. She has already pioneered alternative housing: in 1955, she and a group of friends from Black Mountain College in North Carolina got together to establish a radical cooperative community at Stony Point, N.Y.

Today, she shares a graffiti-spattered waterfront studio in the Village with fellow artists and, after years living alone, has begun sharing her apartment with a roommate. "I'm not interested in the acquisition of property or furnishing places," she said. "They don't fascinate me the way solving social problems does."

She wasn't sure at first she had the energy for Thea. "There's a reluctance to make any plans for old age, because you're reluctant to be old," she said. "You need solitude. But you also need crosscurrents. Here you would be in a place where you might be needed by other people, where there would be others around to talk about your work. It would be enlivening, harder to get into ruts. "

Most important, she said, eyes crinkling, "It would be fun."

It would be a place where Ms. Gornick could continue writing about "the lovely human bustle at noon, a density of urban appetites and absorptions." In an essay she describes the searing New York loneliness "that engulfs me like dry heat." She finds an antidote walking the city streets -- as she hopes to do at age 95 -- grinning to herself at the exhilarating lengths people will go to to survive, the "50 different ways people struggle to remain human until the very last minute.

"I join the anxiety," she writes, "I share the condition. I feel in my nerve endings the common refusal to go under."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: PLANNING A SHARED RESIDENCE -- Vera Williams, on floor; seated, from left, Edith Isaac-Rose, Maggie Cammer, Joan Snyder, Helen Yglesias, Emily Jane Goodman, Alix Kates Shulman; standing, from left, Bea Kreloff, Toby Sanchez, Julia Markus, Nora Eisenberg, Vivian Gornick, Linda Trichter Metcalf; left, Ms. Gornick. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times; left, Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. F1); SEARCHING FOR A DECENT OLD AGE -- Clockwise from above, Thea's founders, Helen Yglesias at her summer home in Maine; Nora Eisenberg; Nancy Biberman; Vivian Gornick in her Village apartment; and left, Vera B. Williams in her studio on West 12th Street. (Carol Halebian for The New York Times); (Michael York for The New York Times); (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. F4)

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[***Golly, Jimmy Olsen Writes Librettos!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPD-68T0-007F-G1RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

**Body**

When the writer Jack Larson was in his 30's, he received the first grant the Rockefeller Foundation ever awarded to a playwright. But that's not what he will be remembered for. His elegant, fanciful plays, written mostly in rhymed verse, have been presented in theaters from the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, his hometown, to the Edinburgh Festival Theater in Scotland. He also wrote the libretto for Virgil Thomson's opera "Lord Byron." And in another turn of career, he was associate producer on films like "The Paper Chase," "Urban Cowboy" and "The China Syndrome."

But even these endeavors are a mere blip on the radar screen of public attention in comparison with the true source of his lasting fame: In the 1950's, he played Jimmy Olsen, cub reporter for The Daily Planet, on "The Adventures of Superman," a television series that continues today in syndication.

Mr. Larson is an icon of American popular culture. The bow tie he wore as Jimmy Olsen is on display at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, next to Archie Bunker's easy chair and Dorothy's ruby slippers. He still gets fan mail and is stopped on the street by strangers.

But Mr. Larson's latest work is another literary project. He has written the text for a chamber opera with narrator, "The Astronaut's Tale," with a score by Charles Fussell. The work will receive its premiere on Sunday evening, staged by the ensemble Collage New Music at the C. Walsh Theater at Suffolk University in Boston.

Mr. Larson is to narrate the story, which is loosely based on Stravinsky's chamber work with narrator and actors "L'Histoire du Soldat," but updated and Americanized. In Mr. Larson's version, the protagonist is not a fiddle-playing soldier, but a farm boy who dreams of becoming an astronaut. And Stravinsky's devil, who gives the soldier a book that tells the future, becomes in Mr. Larson's version a wandering peddler who does not seem at all evil and gives the boy a calculator.

Mr. Larson has spent his life shuttling between the world of arts and letters and the world of pop culture. At 65, he still has Jimmy Olsen's impish smile and close-cropped, though now gray, hair. As his friend the actress Debra Winger has put it, "Jack still has a lot of 'golly gee' in him."

Mr. Larson regards Jimmy Olsen as his doppelganger. "I've shared my life with him since I was quite young," he said recently. "And now, I see that Jimmy has been very good to me, and I've been very good to him."

A Role Not Wanted

It wasn't always that way. Mr. Larson never wanted the role, accepted it reluctantly and was dismayed by his success. He grew up in a ***working-class*** suburb of Los Angeles, where his father was a milk-truck driver and his mother a Western Union clerk. He was always getting into trouble, cutting school and going bowling. Only reading kept him quiet, especially adventure tales and comic books.

At a school for disadvantaged youths with creative talent, teachers fostered his love of reading and introduced him to Shakespeare. Later, he attended a junior college where he directed and acted in his own plays, written in a kind of hip rhymed verse. An agent from Warner Brothers spotted him and signed him in the same week as Debbie Reynolds. He was 17.

At the studio, Mr. Larson was cast in "mostly forgettable" films, he said, like "Fighter Squadron," directed by Raoul Walsh. His dream was to go to New York and become a playwright and theater actor. A sympathetic agent suggested a way for him to do it.

"It was a one-shot deal, a show for kids, and my agent told me that it didn't have a sponsor and would probably never be broadcast," Mr. Larson said. "They wanted me to film 26 episodes."

The show, of course, was "Superman." This was 1951. After he completed the assignment, he took his cash, went to New York, was befriended by the poet Frank O'Hara and other writers and artists and presented his verse plays in loft readings.

Typecast? Not So

In 1952, "Superman" found a sponsor and was broadcast to enormous success. And even more than Superman, it was Jimmy -- the adolescent Everyman who was always getting himself and Lois Lane ensnared in perilous mix-ups with nefarious no-goods -- whom Americans took to heart.

"I thought I would be typecast as an actor, and ruined forever as a writer," Mr. Larson said. But needing the work, he returned to Los Angeles and played Jimmy for nearly seven seasons, until George Reeves, who portrayed Superman, died, apparently by suicide, though Mr. Larson says he has never accepted this explanation. The most Mr. Larson ever earned was $350 an episode. At that time, actors were not paid residuals when a show was rebroadcast.

While working on the show, Mr. Larson said, he had a formative romantic relationship with the brooding, darkly handsome actor Montgomery Clift, 13 years his senior. He realized, in retrospect, that some of his adolescent angst had been due to turmoil over his sexual orientation.

During this period he also met James Bridges, then a young actor and aspiring screenwriter. They began a 35-year domestic partnership, much admired in Hollywood circles where relationships can be so fleeting. Bridges, who died in 1993, was the director and screenwriter on the film projects that Mr. Larson produced, which included "Bright Lights, Big City."

A Writing Life

When "Superman" ended, Mr. Larson again devoted himself to his writing, and had success with verse plays like "The Candied House," a retelling of the Hansel and Gretel story. In Mr. Larson's version, though, the characters are endowed with striking introspection and complexity; the parents who desert their children in the forest are victims of cruel poverty, delirious with hunger and failure, who are sick with remorse when they realize what they have done.

When the play had its premiere in 1966, Margaret Harford, a critic for The Los Angeles Times, wrote, "In a day when the ugliest words in the English language are perpetrated onstage in the guise of realistic drama, it's a joy to hear from a man who loves and respects words and does not see language as the enemy of images."

Here is Mr. Larson's witch as she tells the captive Hansel of her plan to fatten him up:

But with care you will be a digestible joy,

A meaty, well-nourished muscular boy.

When your skin swells sweet with muscle and meat,

When your veins seem to flood with rich red blood,

When you're fed till you're an Adonis of food,

Then dear, you'll be most delicious to eat.

During these years, his texts were set to music by some renowned composers, including Irving Fine and Ned Rorem, who introduced him to Thomson, who was searching for a librettist. Their eventual collaboration, "Lord Byron," was commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera, but never presented there. Instead, the premiere was held in 1972 by the Juilliard School. And when Mr. Larson showed up for rehearsals, he was a hero to the students, who had grown up with "Superman." Thomson, who never owned a television, was struck by his collaborator's popularity.

"Those Juilliard kids were hard to impress," Thomson said in a later interview. "They had had master classes with Callas and Heifetz and Casals. But, oh boy, were they excited when Jimmy Olsen showed up."

Accepting Jimmy

By this point, Mr. Larson welcomed the attention. Though he had long struggled to escape his popular culture past, as time went on, he had mellowed and realized that Jimmy Olsen was a good life companion.

"Everywhere I go, I get the warmest feelings from people about Jimmy," he said. "They love him, and I grew to feel that I could never have done anything more special than be Jimmy Olsen."

Since Bridges's death, Mr. Larson has refocused his attention on writing. Last year, he provided a narrative text for "Lelio," Berlioz's work for chorus and orchestra, which Michael Tilson Thomas conducted at the premiere of this version with the San Francisco Symphony. Mr. Larson also recently completed "The Hyacinth From Apollo," the last piece in a series of monodramas with music by the composer Gerhard Samuel, given its premiere last fall at the Cincinnati College of Music.

Idea Steeped in Time

The idea for "The Astronaut's Tale" came to Mr. Larson more than 20 years ago, when he wrote a new version of the text for Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat," which was performed by members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

"A lot of people asked me then about writing a companion piece," he said. "Stravinsky's 'Soldier's Tale' is about heaven and hell told from a Russian point of view. 'The Astronaut's Tale' is an American point of view. The protagonist, a farm boy from a fundamentalist religious background, dreams of the cosmos and is exposed to the new universe of Einstein. The devil is a stand-in for Einstein. He represents change and challenge, which is scary. But to say he is a real devil is to say Darwin was a devil, or Galileo."

Mr. Fussell, who had a notable success last season in New York when the New Amsterdam Singers gave the premiere of his "Specimen Days," a work for chorus and orchestra on texts of Whitman, said that in setting Mr. Larson's version of the story, he steered clear of anything that would remind listeners of Stravinsky's music.

"It wasn't as hard as I'd feared," Mr. Fussell said. "Though 'The Astronaut's Tale' has narration, it's essentially a chamber opera with a lot of music, lasting about an hour. 'L'Histoire' is a great piece, but no one ever called it an opera. There is not that much music in it."

Mr. Fussell, whose compositional language is pungently tonal and clear-textured, said he was delighted with Mr. Larson's text; he called it "a fairy tale for adults." It treats the astronaut's training with humor and adventure, yet presents a graphic evocation of the Challenger disaster.

Lately, Mr. Larson has been making surprise comebacks as Jimmy Olsen on television. Jerry Seinfeld, a huge fan, asked him to make a cameo appearance in an American Express commercial, in which the comic meets up with an animated Superman. And in 1996, Mr. Larson played his character for an episode of the popular series "Lois and Clark." In the episode, the Generation-X Jimmy, played by Justin Whalin, begins to age rapidly through the trick of a mad scientist villain. Mr. Larson played the aged Jimmy.

For now, he says he hopes "The Astronaut's Tale" will touch audiences and have a future. But no amount of success in other endeavors will eclipse his renown as Jimmy.

"I've done much I'm proud of in my life," he said. "But I know my tombstone will say, 'Here lies Jimmy Olsen.' And that's O.K. with me."

World Premiere

The world premiere of the opera "The Astronaut's Tale" will be presented at the C. Walsh Theater at Suffolk University, 41 Temple Street, in Boston on Sunday at 7 P.M. The music is by Charles Fussell with a libretto by Jack Larson. The opera will be performed by Collage New Music under the direction of David Hoose. Tickets are $12 for adults; $6 for students and the elderly. Information: (617) 325-5200.

**Graphic**

Photos: From The Daily Planet to opera: The librettist and actor Jack Larson. (Bart Bartholomew for The New York Times)(pg. E1); George Reeves, left, and Jack Larson in an early episode of the series "The Adventures of Superman." (Jack Larson)(pg. E24)

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[***Be-Bop-a-Lula, Wildwood's My Baby***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4139-TP10-00MH-F0YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By TRACIE ROZHON

**Dateline:** WILDWOOD, N.J.

**Body**

EVEN the name is perfect right out of the 50's and 60's, when teenagers were watching "The Wild One" and "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini" at the drive-in, humming doo-wop ballads and spending their summer vacations at this Jersey Shore town, where practically every motel has a plastic palm tree overhanging its car court and every third motel owner is a character deserving of his own sitcom.

In Wildwood's heyday, its boardwalk amusement park buzzed. Its neon streets thronged with tourists. Its 301 motels, with names like the Caribbean, the Pink Champagne, Ebb Tide and Costa del Sole, never brought in their No Vacancy signs during the summer season. Wildwood was hot then, and neighboring Cape May, with its dowdy Victorian summer houses, was dead.

But the good times rolled by, and the turquoise and pink metal motel doors, opening to concrete rooms overlooking parking lots, lost their appeal. Families stayed away, drug dealers roamed the boardwalk, absentee landlords neglected their properties and the architecture began to look dated. As older motel owners died or moved to Florida, the paint began to flake and the neon to flicker.

"I had an aunt who loved to go down to the beach and watch the motels put on their neon lights," said Anne Hufnal, 67, who with her husband, Albert, 69, owns a red brick bungalow on a side street here. "Then they kind of faded -- the lights went out."

But the neon is coming back, and with it ambitious plans for Wildwood and its sister towns, Wildwood Crest, West Wildwood and North Wildwood, all suspended in time on a barrier island about three hours by car from Times Square. In the Wildwoods, what was once dismissed as ***working class*** is now lauded as "midcentury modern."

In 1999, nearly three decades after Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour wrote their homage to the 1950's, "Learning From Las Vegas," Mr. Izenour joined a group of architects and design students as they unveiled a jazzy blueprint for a town revival here, complete with offbeat motel makeovers and campy new buildings. They called it "Learning From the Wildwoods." Now that it has had time to sink in, the unofficial doo-wop preservation master plan is prompting a new respect among townspeople for "trophy" motels like the Kelly green and daffodil-yellow Caribbean and bringing momentum to redesign dozens of other vintage motels and small businesses.

Doo-wop preservation, as defined here, aims to keep the pizazz of the 50's and 60's without freeze-drying it.

Thomas Hine, an architecture critic formerly with The Philadelphia Inquirer and the author of "Populuxe," a look at popular culture from 1954 to 1964, said that the Wildwoods epitomized the cheap construction and throwaway ethic of that time. "You knew something better was going to come along," he explained. "The belief in progress was so strong you didn't have to save anything."

Now, he and others are turning Wildwood into Exhibit A in a national debate over the value of 50's and 60's architecture. "For most preservationists, the period after World War II is a dead spot," said William C. Bolger of the National Park Service, which will hold a conference Oct. 11 to 13 in Philadelphia on "Preserving the Recent Past." "As the interest in fast food joints and the doo-wop stuff grows, I hear colleagues say they're getting out, that it's time to retire. But for people like me it gets the blood moving again."

Until recently, even the people who lived and worked here thought preservation was something suitable only for precious 18th-century villages and turn-of-the century mansions. "Just a few years ago, when they saw the success of Cape May, they were saying: 'Hey, we have a few 19th-century buildings. Why don't we do our town over as a Victorian resort?' " Mr. Hine said.

Mayor Duane Sloan of Wildwood recalls the debate: "We came to the realization that we have our own unique character. We're not Cape May. We're not Ocean City. We're very Americana. We're not upper crust, and we don't want to be."

Many of those who vacation here are middle-class working people, said the mayor, 34, who was born and raised here. "Wildwood is a fun kind of place," he said. "We don't have any pretensions whatsoever."

Wildwood is a time capsule just cracked open. The motels are still motels, Mr. Hine explained, and they are still owned by individuals.

"Wildwood is one of the last places where the chain motels haven't taken over, one of the last Mom and Pop places," said Richard Stokes, a Philadelphia architect involved in Wildwood's renewal. "That's why it will never turn into a kind of theme park. We're hoping it will be recreated the same way it was created, by the moms and pops -- hopefully keeping its quirkiness."

Mr. Stokes is helping Jack Morey, whose family owns four of Wildwood's five giant amusement piers, to "reinvent" the Starlux, a motel Mr. Morey bought recently. A down-at-the-heels brick box a few blocks from the ocean, the Starlux just got a wavy metal fence with Swiss cheese cutouts and a round glass tower for the reception desk. The small rooms have been redone with blond wood furniture and Lava lamps. Already, the motel is booked most weekends despite the $139 rate, almost twice what a night costs at the Bel-Air, an unrenovated gem nearer the water.

Mr. Morey's family settled in Wildwood in the 1920's. In 1986, the Moreys built Seapointe Village, a 500-unit condominium at the south end of the beach. Jack Morey is also president of the Doo-Wop Preservation League, founded by Wildwood devotees in 1997. His family also financed a substantial chunk of the 104-page, visually frenetic master plan, written with help from design students at Yale, the University of Pennsylvania and Kent State.

Mr. Morey says he likes the approach of architects like Mr. Izenour, who want to capture Wildwood's exuberant spirit. "Guys like Steve, the only thing he wants to preserve is the spirit of zaniness," Mr. Morey said.

What counts as zany? One student proposed beachfront changing rooms in the form of pastel soft ice cream cones with cherries on top. Another suggested marking intersections with "giant inflatable kitsch beach creatures." Another student called for an allee of plastic palms, which Mr. Izenour hailed as "very simple but immensely powerful," and "Wildwood's equivalent of the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak."

Despite its loud colors and Disneyesque touches, the plan has been well received, even among the most conservative motel owners, because the town is desperate for a fresh approach. Though a quarter of a million visitors descend on the Wildwoods every year, they come mainly in July and August -- and this July was a bad one, Mayor Sloan said. A 10-month-a-year infusion like the one in Cape May, a 10-minute drive away, is viewed as the only sure way to revive vacant storefronts and raise property values, which lag far behind those in nearby Avalon and Stone Harbor, rival beach communities where houses routinely sell for $400,000. (Wildwood's average is closer to $165,000.) While a few motel owners view doo-wop preservation as a gimmick, even they say that Wildwood is, in the end, different from a lot of other beach resorts.

Because Wildwood has not changed -- really not changed. Incorporated in 1895, the town started skidding so quickly at the start of the 1970's that it remains virtually untouched. The motels have much the same look they did in the 1950's, 60's and 70's. You almost expect to see Sandra Dee, the star of "Gidget," in a halter top, short shorts and strap sandals driving down Ocean Avenue and waving to her fans from a canary yellow '57 Chevy convertible.

In fact, some say the revival began with old cars: each spring and autumn for eight years, the New Jersey Hot Rod Association has sponsored a car show along the two-and-half-mile boardwalk, creating a parade of pink and purple hot rods, muscle cars and Beach Boys convertibles.

But to Wildwood's principal boosters, vintage wheels can carry the town only so far. "The older folks tend to be more nostalgia based," Mr. Morey said. "But if we focus on the old music and the old cars, you'll lose the younger people."

Wildwood really caught on as a place to study in 1995, when Daniel Vieyra, an architecture professor at Kent State, picked it as the location for a convention of the Society for Commercial Archaeology, a group devoted to the study of America's commercial roadside architecture.

"It was simply the best collection of post-World War II resort architecture in the country," Mr. Vieyra said. "It's all there: the critical mass, not one or two icons made cute."

Wildwood is also the only such collection in the country. (A boardwalk fire on Tuesday, which destroyed a two-story building, did not damage any doo-wop icons.) While one might have expected whole enclaves of 50's buildings in California, "the West Coast is very fragmented and, anyway, has been gentrified beyond recognition," he said.

Mr. Vieyra asked Mr. Izenour to speak at the 1995 convention. Captivated, Mr. Izenour brought students from his classes at Yale and later from Penn. In July, Mr. Vieyra asked eight Kent State students to draft projects and work with motel owners to preserve the best of what they had while jazzing up some of the more mundane properties.

The drive to keep the exuberance alive explains why no one is yet proposing plans for a historic district. "There's a certain spontaneity here," Mr. Vieyra said. "The question is whether you can use traditional preservation regulation without killing it, without freezing the place in time. Then you are a historian, not a designer, and that's an easy trap."

While most of Mr. Vieyra's students have been working on specific plans with motel and shop owners, the only doo-wop project that has been completed is Maureen's, a restaurant designed in the summer of 1999 by Michael Hill, a Kent State student, who took an existing brick box and decorated it with white mesh screen, brightly colored circles and martini glasses. Scheduled for construction in 2001 are a Wawa convenience store and a McDonald's.

Still on the drawing boards are sketches of a 50's housewife who would hail tourists from the blue-and-white checked roof of an early 60's motel called the Cara Mara, and a replacement facade for a local Christmas shop, redoing it as a huge green package wrapped in bright red ribbon and layered with boomerang-shaped ornaments.

"Wildwood is such a small town, the new design effort has so overwhelmed us," Mayor Sloan said of the academic attention focused on the town all summer. "Wildwood was without direction for a long time, and this movement is the type of thing that gives a town direction."

Although Wildwood has been selected by the state for a new $70 million convention center, the mayor, Mr. Morey and others lament that they had no influence on the design: despite their lobbying, it is rising as a plain box, undoo-wopped. Both men are hoping to secure a $2.1 million federal grant to fix up the town's main shopping street, which is paved with bricks and lined with empty stores. "There's no other way to put it," the mayor said. "The downtown area has failed."

Asked how far the town has really come from its nadir in the mid-90's, Mr. Morey said, "Maybe 10 percent." He paused. "Maybe 20 percent. So many people left Wildwood. The young people moved away. But we want them back. Maybe someday they'll say, 'I miss Wildwood,' and then they'll come back." He paused again. "Maybe."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: (Photographs by Steven Izenour)(pg. F1); BEHIND THE BOARDWALK -- When hard times hit in the 70's, Wildwood began to fray in places, including the back of the Ocean Avenue amusement zone. Town boosters say that even so, a spunky cheer lies beneath the surface, ready to fuel a comeback. (Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)(Steven Izenour); DO-WOP'S IN -- The Starlux face-lift, top, with wavy metal fence and glass tower. In the works is a Wawa store. ('Vette not included.)(Cybermill Studio/Lynch Martinez Architects)(Richard Stokes Architect); PALM SPRINGS EAST -- Jack Morey, left, is giving his faded Starlux motel a 50's-contemporary fusion look. Anne and Albert Hufnal, above, are weekenders who recently decided to stay year round. (Above and left, Laura Pedrick for the New York Times); SURF'S UP -- Wildwood has a soft spot for beach blankets, muscle cars and vintage motels. In hopes of luring tourists and revving up the local economy, the town is spiffing up its 50's look. (Steven Izenour)(pg. F7)

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[***Hospital Land***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J50-43X0-TW8F-G1VR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JIM RASENBERGER

Jim Rasenberger, the author of ''High Steel: The Daring Men Who Built the World's Greatest Skyline,'' is writing a book about America in the early 20th century.

**Body**

ON a recent bright afternoon, New Yorkers blithely courted medical disaster at every turn. In Central Park, joggers with iPods bashed away their knee cartilage, risking futures of orthopedic reconstruction and tinnitus. Farther east, a middle-aged man gobbled a hot dog on the corner of Lexington Avenue and 68th Street -- conveniently en route to New York-Presbyterian/Weill Cornell's department of cardiology -- while the happy-hour crowd assembled at a bar on First Avenue to sip alcohol (hepatology) and smoke on the sidewalk (pulmonary oncology), apparently indifferent to the looming mass of Hospital Land just a block away.

Hospital Land: no term better captures the vast medical domain that rises along the eastern edge of Manhattan, lying parallel to the Upper East Side but not quite of it. There, within an area running roughly from 62nd to 72nd Streets, and from First Avenue to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, are gathered five world-renowned institutions -- New York-Presbyterian Hospital/Weill Cornell Medical Center, Weill Medical College of Cornell University, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, Rockefeller University, and the Hospital for Special Surgery -- all devoted to the study and practice of healing.

Each of the five is a formidable entity in its own right; collectively, they cover more than 20 contiguous blocks, occupy many millions of square feet of real estate, and compose one of the most remarkable medical communities in the world.

To enter the blocks of ''bedpan alley,'' as the area is locally known, is to discover a part of the city where ambulettes are as common as taxis, wheelchairs are more common than strollers, and the usual New York fashion palette of grays and blacks is overwhelmed by the sky-blues and aqua-greens of hospital scrubs. Even the trash is a little different here: a surgical cap tossed into a tangle of ivy, a latex glove draped neatly over a bike rack.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this medi-tropolis, though, is how dimly it registers in the minds of most New Yorkers. Even among those who live nearby, it was, until recently, pretty much out of sight and out of mind.

''It was honestly never a big part of my life,'' said Judi Squire, a three-decade resident of the neighborhood who serves as co-chairwoman of the 10021 Community Coalition, a group seeking to limit local hospital development. ''Certainly there were lots of doctors and nurses in the area, and ambulances speeding down 70th Street, but the hospitals were always something over there to the east, on York. It was all very far away.''

That is no longer the case. Much to the dismay of Ms. Squire and other residents, the institutions along York are undergoing a significant expansion that began several years ago and shows no sign of abating. Four of the five institutions are either engaged in or are about to begin significant building projects. Although some of the new construction is on land already occupied by hospital properties, much of it is farther to the west, encroaching on blocks well beyond the hospitals' traditional boundaries. ''Now,'' Ms. Squire said, ''I don't even know where it ends.''

Where it ends, she and others fear, will be in the fatal transformation of their neighborhood into a canyon of medical commerce. ''Our beautiful neighborhood is going to be a nightmare,'' said Marlene Yokel, another resident, voicing the gloom that has settled over many who live in the area.

To apply Elisabeth Kubler-Ross's five stages of grief, it would be fair to say that denial is no longer an option for these residents, but that acceptance is still a long way off. Which leaves anger, bargaining and depression.

One Hospital Leads to Another

If the current expansion seems to cast the medical institutions as brazen interlopers, the fact is that their roots run deep in the neighborhood, all the way back to the turn of the last century, when York Avenue was still Avenue A and the tract where Rockefeller University stands was a last patch of scrubby farmland in an otherwise industrial neighborhood. Goats and cows grazed on the grasses on a bluff above the East River. On the riverfront blocks to the north, known years earlier as Jones's Woods, stood a large brewery and a lumberyard. The neighborhood to the immediate west was inhabited by ***working-class*** families, many of them immigrants from Eastern Europe -- ''30,000 Bohemians,'' as The New York Times estimated in 1908.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was the first to arrive, after buying the land in 1903. The next year, workers began blasting away outcroppings of Manhattan schist, leveling the landscape and setting the excavated stone into three-foot-thick walls along the edge of Exterior Street (now the F.D.R. Drive).

For more than two decades, the Institute (later renamed Rockefeller University) stood alone on its bluff above the river, enjoying its growing reputation as the country's premier biomedical research center. Then, in the 1920's, the governors of New York Hospital, allied with Cornell Medical School, set their sights on land to the immediate north of Rockefeller's grounds, drawn by its proximity to the great institution.

Nobody would have suggested that the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, with its dazzling white walls and soaring Gothic arches, was anything but a boon to the neighborhood when it opened in 1932. Describing the new hospital as ''indisputably exhilarating,'' The New Yorker magazine declared that ''coming upon these buildings from the sordid streets around the bridge, dominated by the gasworks, is like leaving a dirty third-class railway carriage and suddenly beholding the ice-fields and the summit of a glacier.''

The same could not be said of Memorial Sloan-Kettering's building, which opened in 1939, after a move from a castlelike dwelling on West 106th Street. The new structure was architecturally dreary, but the hospital, already the oldest and most prestigious cancer center in the country, added luster to the neighborhood nonetheless.

The last to arrive was the Hospital for Special Surgery, another of the city's oldest and finest when it moved to its site along the East River in 1955. This was, at least for the moment, the final piece in the crazy quilt of medical institutions.

From the start, the growth of the hospitals has been sporadic but inexorable. NewYork-Presbyterian Hospital/Weill Cornell Medical Center (as the hospital came to be called after a 1998 merger) long ago replaced its breezy courtyards with infill. Memorial Sloan-Kettering added several structures to its own superblock between 67th and 68th Streets. Rockefeller University extensively developed the southern portion of its grounds with residential and laboratory towers.

But as the institutions grew, they mainly grew inward, keeping to their original footprints while linking together in an informal campus. In some cases, they were linked literally by a system of underground tunnels, still used today to transport patients and equipment under York Avenue. In the 1970's, the city granted Rockefeller University, New York Hospital and the Hospital for Special Surgery air rights to build large additions over the F.D.R. Drive -- a deal that prompted much local complaining at the time -- but even then the hospitals remained far to the east and largely self-contained.

So it remained for years, hospitals and residents coexisting in relative harmony, each growing more prosperous; the hospitals by virtue of their reputations, the residents by virtue of rising real estate values. Ms. Squire remembers jogging near the hospitals and counting herself lucky to live so close to such great medical facilities. ''I always liked having the hospitals there,'' she said. ''At least, I never minded them.'' But that was before the arrival of what she calls ''the monstrosity.''

The Dark Tower

The ''monstrosity'' is Memorial Sloan-Kettering's nearly completed 23-story research lab building on 68th Street between First and York Avenues. This tower has become the lightning rod of the neighborhood, figuratively and probably literally. Though not the first of Memorial Sloan-Kettering's westerly forays into the neighborhood -- that came in 2001 with the Sidney Kimmel Center for Prostate and Urologic Cancer -- this tower is significantly larger than anything built by any of the institutions in recent years, and has stirred up emotions commensurate with its size.

For hospital administrators, the need for the building was dictated by Memorial Sloan-Kettering's core mission: to control and cure cancer. ''I think quite frankly the big prompter was the final analysis of the genome, which provided all manner of targets and new research opportunities in the cancer field,'' said John Gunn, the cancer center's executive vice president. ''Since that's what we do, and we were pretty well full up, we had to move.''

To erect such a large building in a neighborhood zoned for residential development, the hospital obtained a variance from the City Planning Commission. Like churches, universities and other so-called community facilities, hospitals are entitled to such variances on the assumption that they improve life in their neighborhoods.

Local activists insisted from the start that Memorial Sloan-Kettering's tower did not in fact qualify as a hospital, since the building will be used for biomedical research, not care and treatment of patients. To some, the potential hazards of biological and chemical work that will go on inside the building gave extra urgency to the fight to block it.

Adding insult to injury, many in the community, even those who ultimately supported Memorial Sloan-Kettering's right to build, perceived arrogance and inflexibility on the part of the cancer center -- ''an attitude of we're Memorial Sloan-Kettering and you're not,'' as Charles Warren, president of Community Board 8, put it.

''I think they made a mistake in doing that,'' Mr. Warren said.

No offense was intended, Mr. Gunn countered: ''The arrogance was more not realizing how we might be coming across. We're extremely proud of what we do here, and we perhaps fell short in thinking other people would feel equally proud. We went on the assumption: 'Oh, we've been here 60 or 70 years. The community knows us. Many of them have been treated here, and they understand how important the work we do is.' Not all of them did.''

After more than a dozen fractious community board meetings, and eventual approval of the project by the City Council, the case landed in State Supreme Court in Manhattan. In March 2004, a judge ruled in favor of the hospital, and construction proceeded. The building will open next year.

Though this particular battle is over, the wounds are far from healed. Indeed, no sooner had the construction dust settled on East 68th Street than Memorial Sloan-Kettering announced plans to close the Beekman Theater at Second Avenue and 66th Street and replace it with a breast cancer treatment and imaging center. The Beekman, built in 1952, was one of the city's last single-screen theaters and a much-loved neighborhood institution. News of its demise made the pages of The Hollywood Reporter and ricocheted across Internet message boards, as cinema buffs urged one another to defeat the hospital's plans. But these exhortations proved futile. The hospital has nearly completed demolition work on the site, and will begin construction in March.

The hospital is philosophical about such disputes. ''We don't want to go out of our way to be a pain with the community,'' Mr. Gunn said. ''To the extent there are issues, we'd just as soon work them out. But every once in a while, they're going to be things we can't back off of.''

Lost: The Human Scale

That Memorial Sloan-Kettering should have become the bogeyman of development is ironic given that until a few years ago, it was the institution that had expanded least of all. And the cancer center is hardly alone in expanding now. Weill Medical College of Cornell University is completing a new center for ambulatory care and medical education at York Avenue and 70th Street. The Hospital for Special Surgery is about to build a new extension over the F.D.R. Drive. Most notably, NewYork-Presbyterian Hospital will soon begin tearing down a block of handsome row houses on First Avenue, between 71st and 72nd Streets, to build a 19-story building to house employees and medical offices.

A stroll along First Avenue reveals what is to be lost there. The old row houses look recently evacuated and forlorn. The names of former occupants are still listed on the panels next to the buzzers. Blinds and curtains hang in some windows. Downstairs, the windows are painted over. Gone are a restaurant, a health food store and the barbershop where Ms. Squire's brother got his hair cut for 20 years.

Ron Shiffman, former director of the Pratt Center for Community and Environmental Development in Brooklyn and a former member of the City Planning Commission, says he thinks that the toll taken on neighborhoods by large-scale institutional development may seem elusive, but is very real.

''You can't quantify it, but you can talk about it in qualitative ways,'' Mr. Shiffman said. ''What's lost are connections, social networks, the places where people hang out. The neighborhood dance studio, the place you send your kid for art class. These things that create a sense of community.''

Easier to quantify are the gains: the jobs, the revenue provided to local business by increased traffic, the neighborhood's economic vitality. To Barry Schneider, a member of Community Board 8 and president of the East 60's Neighborhood Association, this vitality is precisely what he likes about the area, and why he supports hospital development. ''Take a look around you,'' he said. ''This is not an enclave in Chappaqua. This is a vibrant, multiuse neighborhood.''

An unavoidable reality is that health care institutions are increasingly important to the city's economic well-being. According to the office of New York State Comptroller Alan G. Hevesi, the health care industry accounted for an astonishing 370,500 jobs in New York City last year, more than 10 percent of the total, and has proved to be the city's most consistent job engine.

It's true that as operating costs rise, many smaller area hospitals are struggling financially, even shutting down. But when they do, they drive patients to larger, more prosperous hospitals, like the institutions along York Avenue. This, along with the fact that both Memorial Sloan-Kettering and Weill Medical College of Cornell University are in the middle of ambitious fund drives -- with Sloan-Kettering seeking $1 billion and Weill Cornell seeking $750 million -- makes it reasonable to assume that more expansion lies ahead.

Construction, Demolition, Death

The drama near York Avenue is a story that plays itself out across the city every day in ways large and small -- and has done so for centuries. It's a variation of the theme Henry James fretted over in ''The American Scene'' a century ago, when he cursed the ''monsters of the market''-- skyscrapers -- that he found towering over the steeple of Trinity Church, ruining the view he had long cherished.

The city continually walks a fine line between the past and present, between fustiness and heedlessness. ''It's the balance that's important,'' said Mr. Shiffman, of the Pratt Center. ''How do we make sure that we don't completely erase the past but we don't fear embracing the future?''

In the end, maybe the reason New Yorkers can get so exercised about the dry and intricate subject of land use is that it combines our two greatest sources of anxiety: real estate and mortality. The changing of the city alerts us to our own transience, all the more urgently when the new shadow across the window is cast by a hospital. It's a reminder that not even New Yorkers get to be fit, fabulous and 29 forever.

The good news is that great institutions like those in Hospital Land can deliver us, at least briefly, from the very mortality they force us to contemplate, providing the surgically enhanced knees, the repaired heart, the state-of-art treatment we might someday require, and thereby allow us to return to our lives and worry about more important things, like the hideous new building going up around the corner.

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

**Graphic**

Photos (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

(Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. 9)

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**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TBG0-008G-F12S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Uninhibited, Opinionated, It Must Be Helen Mirren***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TBG0-008G-F12S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BERNARD WEINRAUB

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD

**Body**

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST open secrets is that the acclaimed British actress Helen Mirren actually lives here. Few seem to notice, however. "People always tell me how much they love my work, but they never ask me to do anything," she said not long ago with a shrug and a laugh. "I'm a difficult person to fit into the American film thing."

It was mid-morning and Ms. Mirren was seated in a near-empty cafe on the edge of Hollywood, sipping cappuccino and wishing briefly that she were elsewhere. She wanted to talk about her forthcoming Broadway stage debut, but another drama had intervened.

"I was quite angry about this today because Rosa Lopez is testifying and I'm not watching," she said, referring to the maid in the O. J. Simpson trial. "And I thought, 'No, Helen, this is really getting to be too much. Get hold of yourself.' "

The star of the popular television series "Prime Suspect" and a recent Academy Award nominee for best actress, in "The Madness of King George," Ms. Mirren, who is 48, is unpredictable not only in her down-to-earth tastes ("Face it, Marcia Clark would be a great character to play") but also in her offbeat acting favorites (Doris Day and Judy Garland), her personal life ("I prefer younger men in the Cher sense") and her career decision to play women who shed their clothes and inhibitions. Several years ago Ms. Mirren was called the thinking man's sex symbol.

"I would quite like to be the sexy man's think symbol," she said without missing a beat. Then: "Yes, in many movies I've taken off my clothes. Not in 'King George.' I tried, but they wouldn't let me." She burst out laughing. "That's not true!"

Within days, she will fly to New York from Los Angeles -- where she lives with the film director Taylor Hackford -- and begin rehearsals for the Roundabout Theater Company production of Turgenev's melancholy comedy "A Month in the Country." The play opens on Tuesday, with Ron Rifkin and F. Murray Abraham in a cast directed by Scott Ellis.

Ms. Mirren plays the wealthy, bored Natalya Petrovna, who falls recklessly in love with her son's young tutor (Alessandro Nivola). Last year in London, the actress appeared in the same role in a different production on the West End.

"I don't think of it as a period piece but more like a Woody Allen film, a drama with a lot of comedy," Ms. Mirren said. "It's amazing that it was written in the 1850's. It could have been written in the 1990's because it's so psychologically perfect."

Her own Russian background has helped her draw a portrait of Natalya, "a fabulous character" who is "absolutely absurd, just a fool in love like we all are." Ms. Mirren's great-great-grandfather is mentioned in Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and her father came from a Tsarist military family that lived near St. Petersburg and had country estates. (Her father's name was Vasily-Petrov Mironoff, and only when she was 10 was the family's name changed to Mirren. Her mother is English.)

"I actually come from a very ***working-class*** background," she said. Her father eked out a living in England as a musician and taxi driver. "It was a hand-to-mouth existence," she said. "You lived on what you earned that week." Ms. Mirren began to appear on the stage as a teen-ager at the British Youth Theater. That led to the Royal Shakespeare Company, where she made her mark in the 1970's and 80's with a wide range of classical roles from Ophelia to Lady Macbeth to Cleopatra.

Her film and television work includes "Cal," "The Long Good Friday," "The Comfort of Strangers," "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover" and, of course, the gritty, award-winning "Prime Suspect" series, shown on PBS. Most recently, there was "The Madness of King George," in which she plays the loyal Queen Charlotte to Nigel Hawthorne's British monarch.

Mr. Hawthorne said of Ms. Mirren: "The first thing about Helen is her approachability. She's totally democratic. There's no temperament, no snobbery. She adapts to everything you do. And she's sexy and playful and quite naughty. She has lots of jokes."

Nicholas Hytner, the director of "King George," who also staged the recent hit revival of "Carousel" in London and New York, said: "Helen doesn't like to be battered into the ground with line readings and moment-to-moment detail. She's very spontaneous. If you give her some ideas, she'll run with them. Of all the English actresses now, nobody is capable of more things than Helen."

Ms. Mirren seems to view acting -- as well as life -- as a no-holds-barred adventure. "In some ways, my inspiration is not actors but athletes," she said. "Look at someone like Carl Lewis. The way they prepare. The expression on their faces before they start, and then the way they just . . . go. The commitment is so complete and direct. That's what acting should be. The best actors are children and dogs because they're not acting at all; they're simply a life force.

"Judy Garland had that. She didn't mess around with technique. She went straight into the heart. It was all very unpsychological. Like Anna Magnani. One of my great heroines, who was so naked and just so bare."

"Doris Day was different," she continued. "She had extraordinary subtlety and was transparent as well. Unfortunately, she had horrible material and those dreadful clothes and horrible hair, always. But there was this wonderfully expressive and subtle face. I'd love to see her come back and do something really good."

In taking on her own roles, Ms. Mirren learns the lines slowly, thinking about the part but never dwelling on or analyzing the character's psychology. She has a reputation for being willing to expose herself quite literally. Shedding her clothes on film mortified her at first. "I just wanted to die," she said. "I wanted the earth to open and swallow me up. But then you get on with it and it becomes absolutely fine."

What has especially raised Ms. Mirren's profile in England, and to a degree the United States, has been her portrayal of the complex and tenacious detective Jane Tennison in "Prime Suspect," Parts 1 and 2. She won a best-actress award for the role from the British Academy of Film and Television Arts and recently completed another installment of the show, which is scheduled to be shown in the United States later this year.

MS. MIRREN REGARDS the American film industry, which fails to employ her, with some humor. "People here love the British accent, but in the film business there seems to be a love-hate relationship," she said. "Don't ask me why. It's so interesting. Whenever a totally disgusting evil person is depicted in American films, it's usually played by an English person. In all those biblical films, the Roman emperors were always played by very English people saying, 'Throw them to the lions,' British accents and all. And the good ones were Americans in various shapes and forms."

While British visitors are sometimes quick to trash Los Angeles, Ms. Mirren will have none of it. "I love this strange, disparate, funky, funny community, and I do feel very much part of it," she said. "What I don't like about L.A. is the anger, which is frightening. And I don't mean the anger of the dispossessed. I mean the anger of the very rich ladies in their BMW's with their manicured fingernails who scream at you if you change lanes in front of them. You see these coiffed women in their Armani suits and their faces just distorted with rage screaming at you from behind the glass."

Ms. Mirren moved to Los Angeles after meeting Mr. Hackford in 1985, while appearing in "White Nights," which he directed. (His films include "An Officer and a Gentleman" and the just-released "Dolores Claiborne.") She lives in Mr. Hackford's Spanish-style home and keeps a London apartment.

To her amazement, Ms. Mirren has received almost as much attention for her personal life as for her acting, especially her four-year relationship in the early 1980's in London with Liam Neeson, seven years younger and an unknown actor at the time.

It's nonsense, Ms. Mirren said, to say that she took Mr. Neeson in hand and guided his career. "I loved him, and we had a great relationship," she said. "Liam developed his career all on his own, just by his talent and the person that he is." She remains close friends with the actor and his wife, Natasha Richardson. "We speak all the time," she said. "I was very happy when they got together."

The age difference with Mr. Neeson was unimportant: "My mother was older than my father," she said. "Besides, I don't think people blink much anymore at this age thing."

Ms. Mirren said she generally prefers younger men, although Mr. Hackford is her age. "I tend to find that men under 35 are nicer and easier to talk to and more fun than over 35," she said. "Younger men seem to find it much easier to treat women as friends or equals. This is a terrible generalization, of course, but the older ones grew up as boys and then everything got turned over and they were just left confused, and a lot of them went into a state of rejection."

Ms. Mirren has finished her cappuccino. Before she leaves the empty cafe, she breaks into a smile and picks up the thread: "With older men there's a cloudiness in their eyes, and when they look at you they seem to say, 'You're a woman, and I don't know how to deal with this.' Younger men seem to have a clarity of vision. They look at you as a person." She laughed. "This is a dangerous area to talk about. People will misconstrue what I say. Oh, my."

**Graphic**

Photos: Film -- Helen Mirren in "The Madness of King George" -- A view of acting and of life as an exciting, no-holds-barred adventure. (Samuel Goldwyn Company); Television -- Ms. Mirren as the detective Jane Tennison and Tom Bell in "Prime Suspect" -- A complex and tenacious character role.

(Mystery!); Stage -- Alessandro Nivola is the tutor and Ms. Mirren is the older woman who loves him in "A Month in the Country." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 36); Ms. Mirren, near her home in Los Angeles -- She plays "just a fool in love like we all are" in "A Month in the Country," which opens on Tuesday at the Criterion Center on Broadway. (Steve Goldstein for The New York Times)(pg. 5)

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**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Old Songs Revisited By Voices Of Today***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B3T-4JN0-01KN-2060-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

ONE way to draw the map of popular music in the new millennium would be to divide the world into two volatile, interacting territories. One, the world of pop for grown-ups, is a land of song where the sunsets are dramatic and the pace is leisurely. The other, younger world is a defiant nation under a groove, a fast-food franchise in which tornado watches are announced daily.

Every pop record, of course, borrows elements from both sides. The most aggressive rap hit still carries a suggestion of song structure, and the dreamiest pop ballad has a time signature, even if the beat is faint. Despite communication between the two worlds (often carried on in the form of remixes, which can pump hard rhythm into just about anything), they have never been further apart than they are today.

The distance between them has allowed a resurgence of a pop classicism that sees the past in a new light. The old generation gap between rock and pre-rock music has given way to a new and even wider one, with hip-hop and metal and their assorted hybrids on one side, and everything else on the other.

A flurry of recent standards albums by artists identified with rock and soul blurs the old distinctions between music made before and after 1960. As "American Idol" has demonstrated in its tacky way, pre-rock standards like "Over the Rainbow" and golden oldies like "Respect" are increasingly seen as pretty much the same thing. Today, the most famous songs of the Gershwins, Richard Rodgers, the Beatles, Motown, Burt Bacharach, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell and Sting share an uneasy artistic parity.

You have only to listen to two of the year's most satisfying adult pop albums, Michael McDonald's "Motown" (Motown) and Barbra Streisand's "Movie Album" (Columbia), to sense the changes. Both recordings are vocal tours de force that extend the repertory of popular standards into the rock and soul era.

And who knew until recently that that rusty-voiced rock roustabout, Rod Stewart, had a fondness for vintage American standards? The newer of his two best-selling collections, "As Time Goes By: The Great American Songbook, Volume II" (J Records), includes 14 pre-rock songs arranged in a bland, bouncy ballroom-dancing style with a British music hall flavor. The record, whose tempos never really slow down, includes breezy duets with Queen Latifah ("As Time Goes By") and Cher ("Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"). Mr. Stewart croons them in a high, croaking half-voice reminiscent of Billie Holiday in her final years, but without Holiday's jazz phrasing and interpretive depth. Whether or not you like these two albums (and I don't much), Mr. Stewart at least deserves credit for perpetuating the lives of songs that have at least as good a shot at longevity as "Maggie May" and "Tonight's the Night."

Other recent collections of standards by singers who have never gone there before find Michael Bolton (also at half-voice), Aaron Neville (as twirly-gospelly as ever), Boz Scaggs (swinging agreeably with a small pop-jazz group) and Cyndi Lauper digging into the past.

The best of these is Ms. Lauper's "At Last" (Epic), whose far-reaching repertory ranges from "Makin' Whoopee" (a duet with Tony Bennett) to Motown ("You've Really Got a Hold on Me"). The quirky chamber pop arrangements showcase Ms. Lauper as a smart, offbeat kook (the nostalgic version of her "She's So Unusual" persona), and her performances are intensely committed. The one inconsistency is Ms. Lauper's uncertain pitch. Half the time, she sounds like a naive, vocally insecure disciple of Rickie Lee Jones.

Celebrating Breakthroughs

The McDonald and Streisand albums lead my list of this year's recommended adult pop albums because they're so beautifully sung. Both records are late-career breakthroughs from artists who seemed adrift. Both are forceful reminders that after the song, the voice is still the thing.

Mr. McDonald's "Motown" is the kind of album that everyone hoped he would make after leaving the Doobie Brothers but that he held off recording for two decades. He is one of the few male blue-eyed soul singers to grasp instinctively the soul man's attitude of impassioned humility, in which vulnerability is a badge of virility. There has always been a seam of genuine sorrow and heartbreak in Mr. McDonald's rich, chocolaty baritone, which shades up into an anguished bark. Here his voice is pushed to the foreground on the album's 14 songs, all of them pop-soul standards, including "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" and "Ain't No Mountain High Enough."

If Mr. McDonald doesn't slam out a home run every time out, his heart-rending versions of Marvin Gaye's "I Want You" and Stevie Wonder's "All in Love Is Fair," along with a sly jazzy version of Mr. Wonder's "Higher Ground," match the originals in power and surpass anything Mr. McDonald has done. The arrangements refer to the Motown originals without straining to be copies. This wonderful record reminds you that the genius of Motown was in finding a seamless blend of song and groove in which the two sides had equal weight.

Ms. Streisand's "Movie Album" is far and away her most satisfying recording since "The Broadway Album," released 18 years ago. Since then, she has demonstrated an unfortunate late-blooming fondness for saccharine kitsch. For the inspirational album "Higher Ground," she adopted a tone of hectoring grandiosity. But all that has been radically softened in "The Movie Album," a well-chosen collection of Hollywood chestnuts that include the gospel ballad "Calling You," from "Bagdad Cafe." Ms. Streisand has also pared away many of her mannerisms. Gone are self-dramatizing gasps and ostentatious sobs, and her whining nasality is kept to a minimum. The result is revelatory. The pure, restrained singing on "The Movie Album" is, in a word, beautiful.

The ballad-dominated collection includes three definitive interpretations: "Wild Is the Wind," "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?" and a swooning bossa nova version of "I'm in the Mood for Love." Yes, there's still too much aural gloss for a real sense of intimacy to be communicated. But this indication that Ms. Streisand has finally discovered that less is more is very encouraging.

A Selection for Grown-Ups

Here is a selection of other worthy adult pop albums released in the last year that won't wear out their welcome after one listen. New names like the singer-songwriters Phil Roy, Damien Rice and Teitur are mixed in with rock, folk and jazz veterans, many of whom are over 50 and going stronger than ever. (CD's range in price from $9.98 to $18.98.)

STING: "Sacred Love" (A&M). Sting has done more than anyone else lately to forge a sophisticated and flexible fusion between world music and traditional pop without reducing international influences to kitsch references. The music on "Sacred Love" is dense and swirling, the mood earnest, the tone spiritual. As always, one of the strongest tools in Sting's musical arsenal is his gift for simple, repetitive melodic phrases that stick in your consciousness even as they are put through sophisticated harmonic changes. If the album has its dull moments, its high points are thrilling. "The Book of My Life," a fireside meditation on memory and approaching death, set amid swirling sitars, is as deep and memorable a song as any Sting has composed. And in "Whenever I Say Your Name," a soaring call-and-response duet with Mary J. Blige, the two singers egg each other on to peaks of enthusiasm.

PHIL ROY: "Issues and Options" (Or). Mr. Roy, who lives outside Philadelphia, worked as a professional songwriter in Los Angeles for two decades (he wrote for the movie "Leaving Las Vegas") and had minor hits for the Neville Brothers and others before beginning his career as a solo performer. He is now in his 40's. His emotionally naked singing in a style midway between folk and soul conveys a piercing honesty. (Imagine an amalgam of Van Morrison, Leonard Cohen and Jesse Colin Young.) Anyone can relate to his autobiographical lyrics expressing the spiritual crisis of someone determined not to succumb to the pervasive nihilism of the age. He is the rare songwriter who can talk about God without sounding preachy and doctrinaire. Mr. Roy is a natural melodist and a gifted arranger whose songs blend folk and pop-soul hooks with echoes of bossa nova into music that is fairly complex yet entirely accessible.

ANNIE LENNOX: "Bare" (J Records). Ms. Lennox's third solo album almost matches the achievement of "Diva," her 1992 tour de force of chameleonic singing and layered production. "Bare," an anguished, introverted breakup album, is just as lavish. Its finest songs, "The Hurting Time" and "Honestly," are self-scrutinizing ballads in which this Scottish singer projects equal measures of vulnerability, imperiousness and diffidence. "Honestly," in particular, is a sweeping midtempo ballad that rides on irresistible, shifting dance-floor grooves and has an internal chorus of overdubbed voices that express the narrator's conflicting inner thoughts; a bravura pop moment.

DAMIEN RICE: "O" (Vector). This Irish singer-songwriter projects a raw, undiluted passion whose intensity recalls Jeff Buckley and the Van Morrison of "Astral Weeks." His song "Delicate" begins as a dreamy folk-pop meditation for acoustic guitar and strings, then builds into a cracked half-scream. That unpredictability is typical of his quirky, asymmetrical songs, which intensify as they go along and sometimes abruptly break off (as in "Amie"). His potential is extraordinary.

RICHARD THOMPSON: "The Old Kit Bag" (Apart). This venerable British folk-rocker is as brilliant and sardonic as ever in "The Old Kit Bag," which is bit more contemplative and folk-leaning than his recent albums. The characters in these vignettes include the usual battling lovers and ***working-class*** blokes with their tragicomic inner lives. The strangest song is the monologue of a cranky misanthrope who dismisses Einstein, Newton, van Gogh and Charlie Parker -- shorthand for every major artist and scientist who ever lived. The most profound song is the minimalist life-and-death meditation "First Breath."

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: "So Damn Happy" (Southbury). "Much Better Bets," the most biting new comic song on a live album that blends recent compositions with old favorites, sarcastically concludes that the only true love to be found in his world comes from pets. Others of the newer songs also find this most astute folkie humorist of the baby boom waxing nostalgic in "Westchester County" and "The Picture." Even in a gentler mode, Mr. Wainwright's reminiscences include one or two barbed insights to make you squirm. In getting his own number, he gets ours, too.

RON ISLEY: "Here I Am: Isley Meets Bacharach" (Dreamworks). Ron Isley, a founding member of the Isley Brothers and a chip off Sam Cooke's pop-gospel block, has recorded an opulent, joyful album of Burt Bacharach songs (11 classics written with Hal David, plus two newer collaborations with Tonio K.). The tempos are markedly slower than in the original recordings by Dionne Warwick and others, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Bacharach, glows. The most adventurous number, "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head," turns the breezy musical boast from "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" into a freedom anthem in the mode of Cooke's "Change Is Gonna Come."

CASSANDRA WILSON: "Glamoured" (Blue Note). As is her way, this loamy voiced pop-jazz-folk singer stretches across many genres to apply her brooding personal stamp to both original songs and nonoriginals, all given spare folk-funk arrangements that underscore the earthiness of her voice. The most memorable cut is a sad, ruminative version of Sting's ballad "Fragile." She makes Abbey Lincoln's great folk-jazz song "Throw It Away" a statement of personal liberation. Although the record is strong and intelligent, it lacks the variety of musical color to be found in Ms. Wilson's two memorable 90's collaborations with the producer Craig Street.

LUTHER VANDROSS: "Dance With My Father" (J Records). Before his nearly fatal stroke, this great pop-soul balladeer made "Dance With My Father," his first album ever to find a fruitful balance between the fluffy, flowery sound of his 80's albums and contemporary hip-hop. If the atmosphere is still charged with romantic possibility, there's usually a beat kicking things along. The title song and best cut, written by Mr. Vandross with Richard Marx, is a touching, detailed personal tribute to Mr. Vandross's father. The most sumptuous cut is his remake with Beyonce Knowles of the Roberta Flack-Donny Hathaway duet "The Closer I Get to You."

TEITUR: "Poetry and Aeroplanes" (Universal). The songs on the debut album by Teitur, a singer-songwriter from the Faeroe Islands, mingle sweetness and wistful whimsy in a style that suggests early Paul Simon crossed with Stephen Bishop. The airy, gossamer arrangements (produced by Rupert Hine) and dreamy vocals evoke the reveries of a romantic troubadour musing out loud as he travels the world. Best songs: "Sleeping With the Lights On" and "I Was Just Thinking."

SEAL: "Seal IV" (Warner) Although the fourth album by this British pop-soul singer reteams him with the producer Trevor Horn, whose dense quasi-symphonic arrangements placed the singer on an oracular pedestal, that sound has been sharpened on their fourth collaboration. Seal's post-hippie sensibility is still rooted in a 70's one-world-living-in-peace ethos typified by the catchy, inspirational "Get It Together."

KENNY LOGGINS: "It's About Time" (All Time Best Records). The best songs on "It's About Time," an ambitious midlife summing-up, are three churning ballads the singer wrote with Richard Marx. "With This Ring" is a grand, heartfelt wedding song; "I Miss Us" a man's lament to his wife that the romantic idyll of their courtship has been pre-empted by children; and "The One That Got Away" a father's poignant plea for understanding and forgiveness to an angry son from a previous relationship. On all three, Mr. Loggins's air of eager sincerity, which sometimes borders on the mawkish, rings true.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: This season's notable adult pop albums include works by, clockwise from right, Barbra Streisand, Sting, Ron Isley (shown with Burt Bacharach) and Michael McDonald. (Photos by Dave Hogan/Getty Images Sting ; Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times Isley ; Associated Press)(pg. E1); The Irish singer-songwriter Damien Rice, whose album is called "O." (Photo by Getty Images)(pg. E4)

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[***Seville, A Perpetual Fiesta***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SNB-CS30-007F-G425-00000-00&context=1519360)

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MICHAEL MEWSHAW has lived and traveled extensively in Spain.

By MICHAEL MEWSHAW;  MICHAEL MEWSHAW has lived and traveled extensively in Spain.

**Body**

A LUSH oasis in the Ur-womb of Andalusia, alternately austere and sybaritic, Seville boasts a rich history of religious fervor rivaled only by its sensual self-indulgence. Christians, Jews and Muslims have all etched indelible marks on a city that seems to have been confected out of spun sugar and whipped cream.

Or so the guidebooks say. What they rarely reveal is just how hot and sun-baked Seville is for six months a year. I didn't realize this myself until, after half a dozen visits, I went back off season. In the past, I had admired the Giralda Tower, the city's most famous Moorish landmark, from a distance, but I had never dared climb it for fear of desecrating the monument with my sweaty, huffing and puffing presence. This time, cool February weather and a clutch of energetic college kids persuaded me to give it a try.

Instead of a staircase, the tower has gently graded ramps that lead up to a landing where the muezzin used to call the faithful to prayer five times a day. Now it offers a stereoscopic view of colliding cultures. In every direction there are the domes and campaniles of churches, the crenelated walls of Arab strongholds, and the tile roofs of the Jewish quarter. Directly below it in the Patio de los Naranjos, a parade of pollarded citrus trees marches across the courtyard like a column of bizarre soldiers in green and orange polka dot sombreros.

Ages ago, Muslims congregated in the courtyard for ritual ablutions, but in 1401 the mosque was razed by Christians who resolved to replace it with "a cathedral so immense that everyone on beholding it will take us for madmen." While reluctant to accuse anybody, much less these devout believers, of mental instability, I will concede that the cathedral is constructed on a scale that left me dizzy. The third-largest church in Christendom, after St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London, it exceeds them in total volume, a fact the Guinness Book of Records has certified with all the logical lunacy of a Jesuit calculating how many angels can dance on a pinhead.

Although I'm willing to accept some things on faith, I do wonder about another of the cathedral's claims. A massive marble sarcophagus contains the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus, or so a plaque on the wall says. But I recall visiting a tomb in the Dominican Republic that declared itself to be Columbus's final resting place. In Seville my questions about this matter were dismissed with breathtaking haughtiness.

In contrast to the cathedral's Gothic spires and flying buttresses, the nearby Alcazar, or Alcazares Reales, is a fantasy of arabesque fretwork. Constructed in the 14th century by the infamous King Pedro the Cruel within the grounds of earlier, Moorish palaces and expanded during the Renaissance by Charles V, this ensemble of patios and irregularly shaped rooms is reminiscent of the Alhambra -- which isn't surprising since many of the craftsmen who decorated it in the Mudejar style were imported from Granada. Strolling through it, I ruminated on what it must have been like to live here. In summer, the place is cooled by fountains and thick stone walls. But on my trip, the Alcazar was as frigid as a meat locker, and I wondered how its residents had survived in cold weather. A shivering guard explained that the rooms were warmed in the old days by braziers and carpets and wall tapestries. He agreed that it would be nice to wrap up in a rug right then and there. Instead we kept our blood pumping by stamping our feet like flamenco dancers.

Beyond the walls of the Alcazar nestles the Barrio Santa Cruz. Originally a Jewish quarter, later a neighborhood for nobility, the barrio is one of Seville's prime attractions, with streets as convoluted as a chambered nautilus and houses as white as sugar cubes. All year long great swags of bougainvillea sway from window boxes, and painted ceramic plaques serve as discreet signs for boutiques, restaurants and hotels. Each pocket-sized plaza, furnished with stone benches and canopied by orange trees, has the feel of a stage set. In high season the chaotic cross-action of tour groups would defy Steven Spielberg's directorial talents. Between October and April, however, the barrio is often empty, or at least sparsely populated, and pedestrians stroll through it with no fear of being trampled.

The life's blood of the town pulses along the Paseo de Cristobal Colon, a primary artery that parallels the Guadalquivir River. The Torre del Oro, "tower of gold," on the east side of the river was built by the Moors in 1220 and formed part of an elaborate defense system. To thwart invading ships, a chain was stretched across the river to a companion tower on the opposite shore. Through this port the treasures of South and Central America later poured into Seville, enriching aristocratic families and financing public works projects. Today the area is the tranquil setting of the evening paseo. In hot weather the quays can be infernal. But when I was there, people thronged the place at all hours, lollygagging in cafes and bars.

In one direction a hike along the Guadalquivir leads to the university, a formidable 18th-century stone structure whose high fences and moats are reminiscent of a fortress. Much of this cluster of buildings within buildings, courtyards within courtyards, used to be a tobacco factory -- the one where, according to legend, Carmen toiled. Although Carmen was never more than a fictional character from Merimee's novel and Bizet's opera, her passionate Gypsy personality is still said to symbolize the spirit of Seville.

But in my opinion the boisterous students represent the true spirit of the city -- something I hadn't noticed on previous visits when classes weren't in session. Clad in blue jeans like their contemporaries around the world, these kids look as up to date as a newly minted coin, yet they remain traditional children of their landscape. At night I saw them in tapas bars and clubs, singing and dancing flamenco.

One bright morning when the wind had buffed the sky until it shone like scoured aluminum, I hiked out to the site of the World's Fair, Expo '92, where futuristic glass and steel pavilions glinted in the sun. The grounds were deserted and a copy of the Santa Maria, Columbus's sailing ship, bobbed in the river, a ghostly empty galleon. I had the sense that I had stumbled onto the set of one of those sci-fi films where the last living man on earth has inherited all the wealth and technology and toys of the world, and then realizes in his solitude that they are worthless. When I finally spotted another human being, he assured me that some of the shops and restaurants at Expo '92 open for business in the evening and on weekends and there's a move afoot to transform the facility into a sort of technological theme park. But for fear of being trapped in this eerie Twilight Zone, I didn't return. Instead I sought out the consolation of crowds. During Semana Santa, or Holy Week, the Calle Sierpes is the starting point of the city's celebrated processions. Accompanied by hooded penitents with candles in hand, men from different neighborhoods compete in carrying huge polychrome statues through the crowded streets. Shuffling and dancing to fife and drum bands, they chant religious laments that somehow manage to sound festive and fun-loving.

To my delight, improvised ferias appear to continue throughout the year. Or perhaps the local populace simply has the sort of stage presence that transforms every shopping expedition into a theatrical performance. As kids on Rollerblades go rocketing past, skating fierce figure eights in front of video arcades and swaying to the beat of the Virgin Records store, old ladies in black dance clear of catastrophe with all the agility of matadors dodging bulls.

On the other side of the river, signs playfully proclaim independence for the ***working class*** suburb of Triana. Neighborhood Gypsies maintain that their ancestors invented flamenco in the 19th century. In any case, there's no refuting the fact that flamenco dominates this district. While some of the shows have been tarted up for tourists and choreographed to synchronize with the courses of a pricy meal, it's still possible to soak in the plangent melodies of Triana by osmosis simply by wandering through its mazelike alleys and plazas.

On every street corner people break into spontaneous dance and strike up the distinctive arrhythmic clapping. The action doesn't start until 9 P.M. or later -- and no one eats before 10 P.M. -- and continues until long after 2 A.M. In tapas bars there's the grave strophe of voices crooning tales of treacherous women, and the growl of waiters rattling off lists of aperitivos in a staccato rush that rivals the virtuosity of a rap artist. Of course, this heart-stirring music is sometimes accompanied by the jarring counterpoint of dropped glasses and cutlery, raucous laughter and the roar of motorbikes.

But that's contemporary Seville -- a marriage of seigniorial dignity and Gypsy dervishing, secular energy and sacred faith, easily seen off season when the sun is temperate and most tourists are hibernating.

Charming hotels and a Hemingway hangout

Hotels

Dona Maria, 19 Don Remondo; (34-954) 224-990. Situated on the cathedral square, across from the Gi ralda Tower, this comfortably appointed, reasonably priced hotel also has a swimming pool on its roof, with impressive views of the city. Doubles: $122.

Hotel Simon, 19 Garcia de Vinuesa; (34-954) 226-660. An establishment equal in charm, if not in elegance, to its high-price competitors. Doubles: $72, $58 after June 1.

Alfonso XIII, 2 San Fernando; (34-954) 222-850. Seville's swankest and one of Spain's best hotels, a plush Mudejar palace with 20th-century conveniences and excellent, unobtrusive service. And even those who don't stay here might still want to dine in the restaurant or spend an hour in the bar patio for drinks. Doubles: $327.

Restaurants

La Tasca del Burladero, 1 Canalejas; (34-95) 4222-900. Old fashioned and an old favorite. Hemingway is said to have hung out here with bullfighters. The menu, naturally, leans toward red meat and robust red wines from Rioja. Dinner for two with wine, about $40.

Kiosko de las Flores, 1 Betis, (34-95) 433-3898, across the Guadalquivir, just beside Puente de Triana, has long specialized in fried fish, served, weather permitting, at outdoor tables overlooking the river. Dinner for two with wine, about $24.

Tapas Bars

Seville is top-heavy with tapas bars, and it's difficult to predict on any given day which will have the best fare or the most folkloric clientele. Friends assure me that Casablanca, Casa Trifon Gomes and Enrique Becerra, all near the Plaza Nueva, have authentic ambiente. In the Barrio Santa Cruz, Casa Roman, El Rinconcillo and Bodeguita las Teresas come highly recommended.

But some of the best tapas are to be found across the Guadalquivir in Triana, and an evening at La Albariza can last long into the night. With cool jugs of manzanillo served straight from barrels and upturned casks serving as tables, La Albariza offers olives (green, garlic cured or anchovy cured), toasted almonds, cubes of Manchego cheese, fresh sliced ham, pimientos de piquillo filled with codfish, croquettes, baby lamb chops and empanadas.   MICHAEL MEWSHAW

**Graphic**

Photos: Outside the Casa Roman, in the Santa Cruz section. Restaurant at the Alfonso XIII Hotel, a Mudejar palace. Views of the Cathedral. Jardin de las Damas in the Reales Alcazares, home to Spanish kings for almost seven centuries. The Torre del Oro. (pg. 9); Maria del Valle Pereda instructs both Spaniards and foreigners in the subtleties of flamenco. (Lionel Delevingne for The New York Times)(pg. 22)

Map of Spain showing the location of Old Seville. (pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** May 10, 1998

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[***Yesterday's Borscht and Knishes Return as Today's Reading List;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4139-TP10-00MH-F100-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Alumni of Faded Catskill Hotels and Bungalows Analyze Summer Experience, Reborn as Writers' Shticks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4139-TP10-00MH-F100-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JOSEPH BERGER

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**Body**

The Catskills have always been synonymous with comedy, with the shtick and shpritz of Sid Caesar, Jerry Lewis and Mel Brooks. But the glorious mountains here and the flavorful summertime crowds they drew have also proved to be a fertile ground for more thoughtful dramas, fiction and films about love, betrayal, even struggles with faith.

In the bungalow colonies -- the Jewish ***working-class*** family's chance to flee the city's sweltering apartments on the cheap -- wives and children would be left on their own during the week until the husbands drove or bummed rides back for the weekend.

That premise inspired Pamela Gray, a bungalow baby herself, to write the screenplay that became the 1998 film "A Walk on the Moon," which tells of the affair between one of these stranded wives and a hippie "blouse man" who comes to the colony to peddle clothes during the Woodstock summer of 1969.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, in "Enemies: A Love Story," mined the poignant contrast between the carefree exterior of these summertime Edens and the inner melancholy of refugees who just a few years earlier had lost their families in Hitler's war. More recently Allegra Goodman, in her first novel, "Kaaterskill Falls," looked at soul-searching among pale-faced Orthodox Jewish men and their long-sleeved wives spending their summers as anomalies in the bedrock American villages of these mountains.

Though it may seem too grandiose to say so, the Jewish world of the Catskills that thrived from the start of the 20th century until the 1970's seems to be accumulating something of a genre worthy of serious literary and cinematic study. Add Herman Wouk's 1955 novel "Marjorie Morningstar," the 1987 hotel movies "Dirty Dancing" and "Sweet Lorraine," and a library shelf of Catskills memoirs, and you have enough for an academic conference, which in fact was staged last weekend for the sixth summer at one of the surviving dowager hotels here, Kutsher's Country Club.

Amid classic Catskills ambience -- clamorous dinners of borscht and boiled beef, games of shuffleboard and a nightclub performance by four gray-haired doo-wop singers, the Elegants, who joked about their triple bypasses and enlarged prostates -- 100 Catskills alumni, hotel owners, writers and sociologists spent three days reading from and analyzing Catskills novels and memoirs.

Of course they could not escape the laughter.

Arthur J. Tanney, who frequented the bungalows as a child, read excerpts from short reminiscences he has placed on a Web site ([*www.brown.edu/Research/Catskills*](http://www.brown.edu/Research/Catskills) Institute) that evoked the single phone shared by all of a colony's denizens, the invasive loudspeaker announcements, the flickering movies shown in the casino. (Year after year it was always "The Guns of Navarone" and something with Rock Hudson and Doris Day.)

And he remembered Ruby the Knish Man, who drove up to the colony to sell his goods and announced his presence in a gravelly Yiddish-inflected voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Ruby the Knish Man. I'm now on the premises with my homogenized, pasteurized and recently circumcised potato knishes. Please folks come. I need the money."

Kidding aside, what was it about the Catskills that still fires the literary imagination?

"Some places simply seem to be the repository of stories," said Terry Kay, a Southern writer who read from his 1994 novel "Shadow Song."

The book tells the story of Madison Lee Murphy, known as Bobo, a Georgian so provincial he knew only one Jew, who comes up to the Catskills to work as a waiter and falls irrevocably in love with a beautiful Jewish girl. Mr. Kay, who comes from Ty Cobb's northern Georgia town, Royston, did in fact work for three summers in the 1950's at the Colonial Hill in Pine Hill to help pay for college, though after one grueling weekend washing a mountain of dishes, he told his brother he did not want to go to college anymore.

What gives Mr. Kay's novel much of its emotional power is the contrast between Bobo and the Jews who people the hotel, some of them with numbers tattooed on their arms. In real life it sometimes made for comedy. "I made a lot of money saying 'Gut morgen, y'all," he says in a resonant Billy Graham voice. But it also gave him a more serious theme for his fiction.

"It was a place where the guests were made to feel they belonged, and to them belonging was important," he writes of the hotel. "Most were Jewish refugees from the First and Second World Wars. They understood what it meant to be displaced, and they understood, even more keenly, what it meant to belong."

Mr. Kay's narrator, after all, is as displaced in the Catskills as the guests are in America.

It was in such contrasts between gentile and Jew, between cornbread and challah, between community and loneliness that his story blossomed and, he says, much of the other Catskills literature has found its voice. "The most essential thing in writing fiction is understanding contrast, and that world was a great contrast to this boy from the rural foothills of the South," he said.

The vulgarity and excess associated the Catskills have been easy to mock, and the hotel comedians were more than willing to do so right in the face of the summer revelers. But writers have also felt a need to portray with tenderness the impulse that brought tenement Jews who had known hunger during wars or the Depression up to these mountains in the hope of seizing some relief in pine-scented air, bracing lake water and merciful shade.

"They didn't have to be like the greenhorns and stay in tenements," said Phil Brown, a 51-year-old professor of sociology at Brown University (no relation). "They could come up here and have a regular vacation like the Americans."

Mr. Brown, the child of a family that operated a Catskills hotel in the late 1940's and early 1950's, has made the Catskills his passion. He is a founder of the Catskills Institute, the year-round organization that runs the conferences, and he has even taught a seminar at Brown on the Catskills experience, complete with a five-page reading list.

The world of the Catskills was rich in the kind of quirky and colorful situations that writers love to milk. The bungalow colonies, for example, were not just clusters of cottages around a lawn but a distinct culture. The heart of this necklace of cramped two-room shacks was the loftily named casino, a social hall where the only gambling involved bingo or the cigar-flavored poker games that men played on weekends.

In the daytime it was where teenagers gathered to play Ping- Pong and take their first stabs at sex. In the evenings it was where their parents came to watch third-rate comics, hypnotists, magicians, even an occasional stripper sent up from New York by the Broadway Danny Roses of that time.

Mr. Tanney captures the pleasure children took in sneaking peaks into the casino and relishing their hard-working parents' rare forays into merriment.

At the hotels, which had a slightly more upscale crowd, the sexual attraction between the vacationing women and the staffs of muscular busboys and waiters inspired "Dirty Dancing" and "Marjorie Morningstar." Mr. Wouk had been the children's waiter at the Tamarack Lodge in the 30's, and in his novel, Marjorie is a camp counselor who, like thousands of counselors and bungalow inmates in real life, sneaks into a hotel, where she falls in love with its social director, Noel Airman. Marjorie's parents though want her to marry someone traditionally successful, and a songsmith is not what they had in mind.

Those at the conference were profoundly aware that they were visitors to a vanishing world; one guest compared her capering at Kutsher's to getting a chance to sail on the Titanic before it sank. A world that in its heyday had more than 500 hotels and bungalow colonies and a million summertime visitors has been reduced to a handful of hotels surrounded by decaying bungalows and swimming pools with trees growing out of them.

For writers, that sense of loss gives their works an extra piquancy. Mr. Kay, in his novel, describes the mountain towns he visits decades after his waiter days as "ghost towns."

"Each moment is a visit with the ghost of who I used to be, and with the ghosts of all the people I knew," Mr. Kay writes. 'I see them. They are walking in their toddling steps on sidewalks and they are sitting in the fold-out lounge chairs beside the neglected ruin of the swimming pool. They ask me for water -- 'Wasser! Wasser!' -- in the dining room."

Many of the Catskills tales are seen from the point of view of children coming of age savoring the freedom to roam and experiment in pastoral safety rather than the dicey streets of New York.

"I had my first kiss in the woods behind the bungalow colony," said Ms. Gray. "And the people writing about the Catskills probably had those experiences back then."

She knew that in writing her screenplay she was aiming not just for a wide public but for Catskills aficionados grateful that their little-known world was finally getting an airing. But at last year's conference purists quibbled with the size of the kitchen in Ms. Gray's movie -- she acknowledges that it had to be made big to squeeze in a film crew -- and with the fact that there never was a vendor that looked like the handsome lover of her film.

"They looked more like Dom DeLuise," Mr. Tanney said.

Much of the Catskills fiction of course has been seen through rose-tinted glasses of adults looking back nostalgically at their impressionable youth. And there were some at the conference who were not shy about pointing out the discrepancies.

"They say those were the good times, but that's baloney," said Bob Fuller, an 82-year-old real estate owner in Brooklyn Heights who remembers renting a kochalayn ("cook alone") -- a room in a boarding house with a common kitchen -- for $75. "I was poor. I envied the people in the hotels. When I wanted to go back to the city, I had to hitch a ride. That wasn't a good time. Now is the good time."

But the reason for the sunburst of Catskills writing is that writers are eager to look back at their youth, when as Mr. Tanney said, the days seemed endless and most complicated thing he had to think about was what was for lunch.

"We're more connected than we've ever been in history, with the Internet, cell phones and cable TV," Mr. Tanney told the conference. "As connected as we are, we're more disconnected than we've ever been. And that sense of community that I experienced in the bungalows, of belonging, of being in the same place together is gone."

… As Today's Reading List

FICTION

Allegra Goodman, "Kaaterskill Falls" (Dial Press, 1998)

Terry Kay, "Shadow Song," (Pocket Books, 1994)

Thane Rosenbaum, "Bingo by the Bungalow," story from collection "Elijah Visible" (St. Martin's Press, 1996)

Philip Roth, "The Professor of Desire" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1977)

Isaac Bashevis Singer, "Enemies: A Love Story" (Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1972)

Art Spiegelman, "Maus II" (Pantheon Books, 1991)

Herman Wouk, "Marjorie Morningstar" (Doubleday, 1955)

HISTORY

Stefan Kanfer, "A Summer World: The Attempt to Build a Jewish Eden in the Catskills, From the Early Days of the Ghetto to the Rise and Decline of the Borscht Belt" (Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1989)

Alf Evers, "The Catskills: From Wilderness to Woodstock" (Overlook Press, 1982)

MEMOIRS

Phil Brown, "Catskill Culture: A Mountain Rat's Memories of the Great Jewish Resort Area (Temple University Press, 1998)

Tania Grossinger, "Growing Up at Grossinger's" (D. McKay Company, 1975)

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Top, guests sunning at the Concord Resort Hotel in Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., around 1966; above, a Simon Says game at Grossinger's in Liberty in 1985; right, the author Terry Kay, at the Catskills Institute's meeting at Kutsher's in Monticello; below, a grandfather and grandsons in Kerhonkson in 1969. (Above, Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times; inset, Chris Ramirez for The New York Times); (Barton Silverman/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 31, 2000

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[***THE YEAR'S BEST: 1984 IN REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GFR0-0008-N0C0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***POP MUSIC MADE A COMEBACK AND VIDEO HELPED IT OUT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GFR0-0008-N0C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

If nothing else had happened in pop music this year,

1984 would have been remembered as the year the

record industry regained its footing. Thrown off-balance earlier in the decade by a combination of factors,

the industry frantically cut corners, trimmed staffs and artist rosters, and anxiously waited for a new sensation - *any* new sensation to get the customers back into the stores.

Million-selling albums were beginning to look like an endangered species. But this year's record sales were more than encouraging. Michael Jackson's ''Thriller,'' which was last year's hot album, continued to lead this year's pack, with worldwide sales now in the vicinity of a staggering 20 million. Prince's ''Purple Rain,'' with sales of around 10 million, was 1984's sensation. And a number of other albums sold more than 2 million - Bruce Springsteen's ''Born in the U.S.A.,'' Tina Turner's ''Private Dancer,'' Cyndi Lauper's ''She's So Unusual,'' the Cars' ''Heartbeat City,'' Van Halen's ''1984,'' ''Sports'' by Huey Lewis and the News, and more.

Black music, spurred on by the likes of Michael Jackson and Prince, made a spectacular commercial comeback in 1984. As recently as last year, black artists were finding it almost impossible to get a hearing on album- rock radio or a viewing on MTV, both of which had be come the almost exclusive domain of white performers. Then Michael Jackson broke MTV wide open with his consummately crafted videos, and won widespread radio play with the help of a stratetic solo from heavy- metal's reigning guitar king, Eddie Van Halen. This year, Prince attracted a massive following among white and black young people with the one-two punch of his ''Purple Rain'' album and film. Other black artists, among them Tina Turner, Kool and the Gang, and Donna Summer, also enjoyed chart success and widespread radio play this year. Break dancing, invented and refined in New York's black and Latin neighborhoods, was the year's dance sensation.

But these breakthroughs hardly tell the whole story of black music's rise this year. The most popular black artists - the Jacksons, Prince, Tina Turner - achieved their own ingenious fusions of black gospel and soul roots with the flash of white guitar rock. Meanwhile, white pop artists almost unanimously capitulated to the sway of black dance rhythms. Even Bruce Springsteen, the poet laureate of America's white ***working-class*** kids, hired an expert blender of black funk rhythms, Arthur Baker, to remix a l2-inch single for the dance-music market. The J. Geils Band, their former lead singer Peter Wolf, Hall and Oates, Madonna, and countless other white artists grounded their records in the black funk rhythms that originally sprang from James Brown's innovative late- 1960's recordings. The steady backbeat and shuffle rhythms that were the foundation for almost all rock until recently are now quite passe.

An exceptionally broad cross-section of pop music consumers - black families and their kids, white families and theirs, young professionals of all sorts - flocked to 1984's longest-running pop roadshow, the Jacksons' ''Victory'' tour. After their last shows, which took place in Los Angeles December 7-9, the Jacksons announced total attendance figures of 2,331,500 and a gross of some $70 million. The real victor was Michael Jackson. He was the one the crowds came to see, and his lead vocals and lithe dancing dominated every show. The proof is in the albums sales figures; the public bought more than 2 million copies of the Jacksons' ''Victory'' album, but that was peanuts compared to the still-skyrocketing sales of Michael Jackson's ''Thriller.''

Prince launched a tour of his own in the fall of 1984, playing for stadium crowds to accommodate the new fans he won with the film ''Purple Rain.'' The Monday after the film's weekend premiere, sales of the ''Purple Rain'' album went through the roof, snarling the Warner Brothers computers with an unparalleled crush of orders and reorders. Together, the film and the record made Prince a more sympathetic character than the satyr-like *enfant terrible* of his earlier albums. The conflict between his parents and his reaction to it was something most young people seemed to identify with, and provided a firm foundation on which Prince, this year's brightest pop sensation, can build in the years to come.

The pop music-video synergy that began to revolutionize the industry a few short years ago continued to dominate the marketplace this year. Virtually every artist seriously courting mainstream success made a video for at least one of his or her songs. Established artists like David Bowie and the Rolling Stones marketed video albums that were snapped up by consumers. ''Flashdance,'' another utterly forgettable film with a platinum-selling soundtrack album, and Prince's success with ''Purple Rain'' seemed to guarantee the future of feature films designed as promotional vehicles for pop music.

All that glittered was not gold in pop music's video wonderland. Many artists sent out their video clips to win fans and sell albums rather than performing live, and many who did do live shows were outclassed and outdone by their videos before they started. But there were few complaints. Videos sold records; the record companies keep financing them, the stars and would-be stars keep making them, and the public keep responding to them in a Pavlovian manner. The end of all this is nowhere in sight.

The women who achieved pop success this year were an impressively independent lot. Tina Turner's comeback, after years of struggling to establish her credentials without the help of her ex-husband and ex- bandleader Ike Turner, was especially welcome. Her ''Private Dancer'' album, which has sold more than three million copies in the U.S. alone, and spawned a succession of hit singles, was a splendid showcase for her indestructible voice and steel-shearing intensity. Cyndi Lauper's creatively deranged visual sense and cartoonish clowning in videos made her one of the year's best-selling artists, and at least one of her hits, the lovely ''Time After Time,'' became an instant standard, thanks in part to a keening jazz interpretation by Miles Davis. Donna Summer's revision of the Drifters' evergreen ''There Goes My Baby,'' actually more a rewrite, especially melodically, demonstrated the continuing artistic and commercial vitality of another exceptional woman performer. Compared to these distinctive achievments, Madonna's peek-a-boo videos and vapid disco-thump hits were unimaginatively sexist. They sold millions of records anyway.

The pop-music year in Britain was dominated by the unlikely success of Island Records, an independent company that first made its mark selling reggae and rock artists with something less than mass appeal. Bono Vox, the lead singer with Island's U2, walked a tightrope, singing songs dedicated to Martin Luther King and protesting the continuing slaughter in northern Ireland while leading the most popular rock band in Britain, and a potent commercial force in the U.S. as well. Another group whose albums are distributed by Island, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, swept the British singles charts this year with the somewhat lubricious ''Relax'' and with the anti-war sentiments, stirred by the deployment in England of American cruise missiles, of the thunderous ''Two Tribes.'' An Island album of reggae hits by the late Bob Marley was another huge British hit this year.

U2 was the most visible of a growing number of young, guitar-dominated rock bands that have been attracting an audience wary of today's commercial mainstream, an audience that expects music to be both visceral and thought-provoking. Georgia's R.E.M. released a superb second album, ''Reckoning,'' and became a major concert attraction this year. The lyricism and probing self- analysis of the Smiths, the heady guitar lyricism of Tom Verlaine, the jangly garage-pop of the dB's, and British imports like ''The Wonderful and Frightening World of the Fall'' made 1984 a banner year for thinking- person's guitar-rock.

''Paisley Underground'' was a phrase one heard a lot this year in the rock clubs. Most of the musicians tagged with this label, which refers to the flavor of 1960's psychedelia that informs their music, did their best to distance themselves from it. They insisted that while their music may have been influenced by psychedelic rock from the sixties, it is contemporary, rather than a rehash - and the best of it is. The Dream Syndicate and the Rain Parade were two of Los Angeles' most talked-about bands, and there were impressive first albums this year from similarly-inclined New York bands, most notably the Vipers.

While madras and love beads were making a reapperance, several of the year's most exciting new rock bands worked their distinctive transformations on another staple of 1960's pop music, the country-rock sound. The ringing lyricism of True West's ''Drifters'' album, along with releases from the Long Ryders, Rank and File, Blood on the Saddle, and the voodoo-rocker-turned-country-balladeer Chris D., made Los Angeles the center of the country-rock revival. And there were country colorings in disks by the Violent Femmes, the Del Lords, Jason and the Scorchers, and other up-and-coming bands from all over the map.

**Graphic**

photo of Tina Turner; photo of Bono Vox; photo of Cyndi Lauper

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[***WINTER IN THE SNOW; Change Is in the Air at Mammoth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49YR-PY90-01KN-231C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2130 words

**Byline:**  By TIM GOLDEN; TIM GOLDEN is a journalist in New York.

**Body**

FOR years now, some of the most caustic debate over the future of Mammoth Lakes, Calif., has centered not on the quirky ski town itself but on a lonely, windswept stretch of ground about six miles away, just off Highway 395.

It is there, at the tiny Mammoth-Yosemite Airport, that developers and their allies see a crucial next step in the resort's transformation into a national and even international destination. Having long depended on California skiers willing to drive six or seven hours each way, Mammoth's expansionists want to widen and lengthen the airport's runway to accommodate midsized passenger jets like Boeing 757's.

It is also at the airport, which now serves only smaller private planes, that Mammoth's preservationists see a last dagger pointed at their laid-back way of life. Their nightmare is of jets roaring over the magnificent Eastern Sierras, of affluent hordes rolling in from Dallas and Chicago. In no time, they say, Mammoth could become another Aspen, or close enough.

The airport battle was stilled at least temporarily last April, when a federal district judge in San Francisco ruled that Federal Aviation Administration must produce a comprehensive environmental impact statement before going ahead with the $30 million overhaul. This process is expected to take more than a year.

Whatever the fate of its airport, though, it is quickly becoming apparent that Mammoth's future is already here. This season, the Mammoth Mountain Ski Area and the Intrawest Corporation, the Vancouver, British Columbia, development company that swooped in to help remake the resort in 1996, will cut the ribbon on some of the biggest pieces of a $1 billion makeover that is perhaps the most ambitious in American skiing.

Mammoth residents are not yet finished arguing about the impact of the changes on their community. But for out-of-state visitors willing to brave both a flight and a drive (165 miles from Reno, 310 from Los Angeles), this winter may be a great opportunity to judge the transformation for themselves before the crowds get bigger.

On Nov. 26, three weeks after Mammoth's official opening day, a new, high-speed gondola is scheduled to begin running skiers from the edge of town to the base of the mountain, making that trip possible for the first time without a car or shuttle bus. The gondola is the latest in a long series of lift improvements that have reduced the once-endless weekend lines and opened up new trails on one of the biggest and most challenging ski mountains in North America.

A new 17,000-square-foot day lodge will open beside the gondola, offering not only lift tickets and rentals but also a special floor for children and even space for wedding receptions. The Mammoth Mountain Inn, the dowdy old lodge at the foot of the mountain, has been partly remodeled. Summer tweaking of the various rails and half-pipes is said to have improved the terrain parks that have made Mammoth a favorite of the more X-minded snowboarders and skiers in recent years.

The biggest of the big-ticket items is a 20-acre development, the Village at Mammoth, a four-story complex of restaurants, shopping areas and high-end condominiums that its developers say will be the critical mass Mammoth never had.

"Mammoth was really like Oakland: there was no 'there' there," said Dana C. Severy, who oversaw the planning and development of Intrawest's properties at Mammoth. "The Village provides some gravity. It's the ingredient that's always been missing in terms of a town center."

Like Los Angeles, its primary source of visitors, Mammoth has always been a car town. Its restaurants, motels and ski shops lined a half-dozen small strip malls and a few main streets, most of which did not even have sidewalks. Condominium developments spread from the edges of the town to the base of the mountain and the Forest Service land that surrounds it.

When I started skiing at Mammoth in the 1970's, one of the keys to a good day was to start out early enough to find a parking space within a half-mile's hike to the lifts. Things have improved with the addition and expansion of two base lodges closer to town, but it is still hard to imagine spending even a weekend in Mammoth without a car.

How much the Village might shift Mammoth's center of gravity remains to be seen. Its nice pedestrian mall and ersatz European styling notwithstanding, some residents seem to have taken more note of the franchise outlets like Starbucks and Ben & Jerry's. Most of the town's popular restaurants and bars are some distance away.

But Intrawest is working from a well-tested formula. The company helped to develop two of Canada's most successful ski resorts, Whistler-Blackcomb in British Columbia and Tremblant in Quebec. Among its other ski resort properties are Copper Mountain in Colorado, Stratton Mountain in Vermont, Snowshoe in West Virginia and Mountain Creek in New Jersey.

What Intrawest saw on Mammoth Mountain is clear. It has always had some of the best skiing in the West. With a summit of 11,053 feet, it averages 32 feet of snow a year, and its season often stretches from before Thanksgiving through Memorial Day.

Above the tree line, Mammoth is a mecca for strong skiers and boarders. I was reminded of its joys one afternoon last spring, when the top of the mountain opened up after a two-day dump of new snow.

Such moments at Mammoth have always brought giddy stampedes for fresh tracks: the hungriest powder skiers lurk by the chairlifts that reach just shy of the summit -- No. 3, which parallels the summit's Panorama Gondola, No. 5 to its left and No. 23 to its right. When the first tell-tale cars swing out of the gondola station, the rush is on.

On the best days, there is a surfeit of good options once you arrive at the top. The volcanic shoulders of the mountain are covered with wide bowls that are a joyous experience in deep snow. On steep, open runs like Scotty's, one can ski almost a straight line to the bottom, hop the gondola back up and do it again.

The top of the mountain is cut with steep, rocky chutes that carry appropriately forbidding names: Wipe Out, Hangman's Hollow, Huevos Grande. When the wind whips up the face of the mountain, as it loves to do, even the prospect of dropping into wider runs like Climax and the Cornice Bowl can shrivel one's courage to nothing.

But there are lots of ways down. Toward the end of a long day, I realized that I had skied six or seven different runs from the top -- and it had only opened up after lunch.

The bottom half of the mountain is as comfortably blue-green as the top is forbiddingly black, and even more expansive. Twenty of the mountain's 27 chair lifts and gondolas serve this lower part , which mixes "the corduroy," as ski people call the groomed runs, with narrower alleys through the trees and a few more bowls and steeps.

"Mammoth is a skier's mountain," said Doug Ogilvy, the regional vice president for Intrawest. "We've got the terrain. We've got the snow. We've got the sunshine. If we can improve the resort experience at the Village and elsewhere in the community, we think we can compete with anybody."

At the peak of its popularity, in the mid-1980's, Mammoth also had weekend lift lines that recalled the freeway traffic jams that many of the out-of-towners had fought through to get there. As resorts in Utah and Colorado became more easily accessible, thousands of Southern Californians quit making the drive. After attracting 1.4 million skiers in 1985-86, Mammoth saw its annual visitors plunge to 767,000 in 1993-94.

There were other conspirators in the drop, a multiyear drought and the long California recession among them. But Intrawest and the McCoy family, which had owned the mountain, also saw problems they might profitably attack: creaky old lifts, mediocre mountain services and a sagging nightlife, not to mention the travel time.

Since Intrawest bought 33 percent of the ski area in 1996 (it later increased its shares to 58 percent, while leaving voting control with the McCoys), Mammoth has replaced all of its outdated lifts, expanded its snowmaking and revamped or rebuilt all of its lodges. The modernization has improved the capacity of the lifts to 55,570 rides an hour from 41,338 in 1985.

The advent of high-speed quad chairs has made it possible to ski Mammoth up one face and down another, chasing the best snow and shortest lines. While the weekends and holidays can get crowded, most weekdays are, by comparison, blissfully empty.

That emptiness is a continuing cause of concern for the developers. But if they don't seem overly worried, it may be because of another set of indicators. Since Intrawest came to town, property values have increased at a dizzying rate. By various calculations, real estate prices have risen perhaps fivefold over the last decade. And Intrawest's betting seems to be that the boom isn't over.

The Village that has risen on Minaret Road, for example, is merely the first phase of at least four or five that are planned. (The second phase is already under construction.) The company is negotiating with the Westin chain to operate a 313-bed hotel, and it expects to add some 750 more condominium units to the 166 there already. Other developers are planning to build 1,000 condominium units in the same area.

Intrawest is also negotiating with the Four Seasons chain to build a 350-room luxury hotel beside a golf course at yet another high-end condominium complex.

"The development projects that are planned are about to avalanche over us," said Mammoth's mayor, Rick Wood, a vocal supporter of the plans. "I think we are doing well, but we are now having to deal with the consequences of our success."

By Mr. Wood's admission, the real estate boom has priced most ***working-class*** families out of the market if they didn't already own a home and created a severe shortage of affordable rental housing. "You can't find anything in this town for less than $500,000," he said, with a hint of satisfaction.

Many of Mammoth's 7,000-odd residents are less pleased by the gentrification.

"A lot of families are moving out," Greg Newbry, a senior planner for Mono County, which encompasses Mammoth, said. "A lot of the new property owners are affluent people from places like Los Angeles. The sense of soul, the sense of home, seems to be escaping us."

There is still some quirky charm to be found. Breakfast at the Stove, on Old Mammoth Road, remains a chaotic banquet of oversized pancakes, egg dishes and biscuits. The morning lines are equally long at Schat's Bakery and Cafe on Main Street.

Comical echoes of Mammoth's swinging 1970's bar scene come with the steaks at two old standards, the Chart House and Whiskey Creek. On Mexican night (which tends to be more Tex-Mex or Cal-Mex), my favorite is Roberto's. But high-end renovation has come to Mammoth's food, too, with good new restaurants like Skadi, a vaguely Scandinavian restaurant that looks out at the mountains from atop a strip mall.

There is still the challenge of attracting visitors from beyond California. Despite the mountain's improvements and a considerable marketing effort, Mammoth continues to draw 87 percent of its visitors from inside the state. Town officials and developers said the federal court ruling in April, requiring a full environmental impact statement before the Mammoth airfield can be overhauled, could delay the introduction of larger jets until at least two winters from now.

For the time being, the developers are resisting a less-controversial alternative proposal to refurbish the runway of an airfield at Bishop, Calif., about 45 minutes away. They are also trying to revive commercial service to the Mammoth airport from Southern California with a regional carrier and much smaller jets.

Pam Murphy, a senior vice president for the mountain, said the improved Mammoth airfield had been expected to bring in no more than 36,000 out-of-state visitors over its first winter. Eventually, though, proponents of the project hope it will help level out the area's surge-prone flow of visitors.

"We need 500 instructors during Christmas vacation, and we need 100 on a typical Wednesday," she said. "It's just a very roller-coaster way to do business."

It isn't hard to understand the argument, especially when you hear it from small-business owners in town who struggle with similar ups and downs. Selfishly, though, I can only hope it takes a while before the empty weekday of skiing in the Sierras becomes one more thing of Mammoth's past.

For information on Mammoth Mountain, see [*www.mammothmountain.com*](http://www.mammothmountain.com) or call (800) 626-6684. Adult daily lift tickets cost $46 to $62; for four days, including a weekend, they are $202.

For information on the area, contact the Mammoth Lakes Visitors Bureau, (888) 466-2666 and [*www.visitmammoth.com*](http://www.visitmammoth.com).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mammoth Mountain and new Village; Bill Glynn mounts ski bindings; a new gondola will take skiers from town to the mountain. (Photographs by Jim Grant for The New York Times Glynnand gondola and Mammoth Mountain Ski Area)(pg. 14); Mammoth Mountain's trails loom over the Mammoth-Yosemite Airport. (Photo by Jim Grant for The New York Times)(pg. 16) Map of California highlighting Mammoth Mountain Ski Area. (pg. 14)

**Load-Date:** November 9, 2003

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[***Chemical Plant Explosion Kills 4 in New Jersey Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VBC0-008G-F2F5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY

By ROBERT HANLEY

**Dateline:** LODI, N.J., April 21

**Body**

An old chemical plant in the heart of downtown Lodi exploded and burned this morning, killing four workers, injuring eight others, forcing the evacuation of nearby homes and sending a dense plume of toxic black smoke over much of western Bergen County.

The blast at Napp Technologies, which had a history of environmental violations and workplace accidents, was described as an industrial accident, apparently tied to a malfunctioning mixing vat for chemicals. Residents were urged today to keep their windows closed, and their children and pets off the street in case smoke from the plant was dangerous.

For a few unsettling moments after the 7:50 A.M. explosion, as storefronts shattered along North Main Street and bricks, glass, and flaming debris scattered over nearby backyards, residents were terrified that their ***working-class*** community had been hit by a bomb similar to the one that destroyed a Federal building in Oklahoma City on Wednesday.

Dolly Bevilacqua, 68, was knocked out of a chair at her breakfast table in a trailer court across the Saddle River from the rear of the plant.

"I thought about Oklahoma and I thought we're next," Ms. Bevilacqua said.

The explosion forced the evacuation of about 400 residents and intensified animosity that has existed for decades about the presence of chemical plants in the middle of Lodi's commercial district, next to a tanning salon, an aquarium, a basket store and scores of homes.

Over the last 25 years, many said, there have been several explosions, some minor and some major, that have rocked the block-long row of factories that have housed several chemical companies. One accident in 1973 at the Mallinckrodt Chemical Company killed seven workers.

"How do they let these chemical companies stay right in the middle of town?" asked Linda Tedesco, who lives near Napp Technologies.

Officials said the identities of the four dead workers would not be released until the County Medical Examiner had positively identified the bodies, which were badly burned, through dental records.

For much of the afternoon and evening, workers were unable to enter the factory to remove the bodies because of concern over the lingering fumes. Finally about 9:15 tonight, the bodies were removed, and at the request of family members were taken to Borough Hall, where a priest and a minister performed last rites. Then the bodies were transported to the county morgue.

Relatives and friends who could not track down their loved ones began gathering in late afternoon at the Lodi firehouse and were then moved to the Borough Council chambers of the municipal building to await news.

One of the eight injured workers was in critical condition at Hackensack Medical Center tonight with burns over most of his body, officials said. He was identified as Buster McKenzie, 35, of Paterson. Four of the injured had been treated and released by late tonight.

After the six-hour blaze was brought under control in the early afternoon, Mayor Philip V. Toronto called Napp Techonologies an unwelcome neighbor and said town officials would not grant it a permit to rebuild.

"We don't want these kinds of industrial uses on Main Street," Mayor Toronto said.

The factories, he said, occupy the remnants of a turn-of-the-century dye works, United Piece Dye Works, that closed in the 1950's. Some 23 acres now occupied by Napp and other factories, and the shells of abandoned brick industrial concerns, have been rezoned as a new commercial center.

Lodi, the Mayor said, is seeking a developer for the site and had planned to begin condemnation proceedings against Napp and its neighboring plants once a commercial developer was retained. The redevelopment efforts began when Lodi voters approved it by a 3-to-1 vote in a referendum three years ago, the Mayor said.

Gov. Christine Todd Whitman went to the Lodi firehouse at the height of the blaze in midmorning and later visited some of the eight injured workers at Hackensack Medical Center. She said that zoning rules in New Jersey no longer allow construction of chemical companies in residential neighborhoods.

"This factory far predated any of the regulations that would have kept them out," she said. "We have already learned, and that is why you have zoning codes that do not allow this kind of thing to happen with new construction."

Napp Technologies produces pharmaceuticals and other chemicals, officials said. It operates around the clock and employs about 144 workers, Mayor Toronto said.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation sent six agents here from its regional office in West Paterson and they remained at the scene until the authorities were satisfied that the explosion was not a criminal act.

Law enforcement officials said the explosion occurred in a large V-shaped mixing vat that had not been working properly since Thursday. They said they were still trying to learn the exact nature of the trouble and the full details of how company workers apparently tried to extinguish a small fire in or near the vat shortly before the explosion.

Frank Puccio, first assistant Bergen County Prosecutor, said "irregular reaction" of some chemicals occurred in the vat Thursday.

"The chemicals began to interact as if they were going on fire," Mr. Puccio said. He said it was not immediately clear if the interaction created heat or actual flames. The problem apparently recurred today shortly after the day crew reported for work about 6 A.M.

Sometime before 7 A.M. there was apparently a small fire near the vat and workers tried to put it out, Mr. Puccio said.

"It looks like they tried to handle it themselves," Mr. Puccio said. "Obviously it didn't work. It would seem they should have called in earlier," meaning, he said, that the Lodi Fire Department should have been notified before the blast.

The exact sequence of events in the room with the faulty vat between 6 A.M. and 7:30 A.M., and how the workers reacted to problems with the vat in those 90 minutes, remains under investigation, Mr. Puccio said.

At some point, a warning sensor sounded and workers left the plant, Dr. Anthony Barbara, the head of the burn unit at Hackensack Medical Center, said at a news conference after talking to some of the injured workers.

"There was an odor of something that wasn't just right," Dr. Barbara said. "The plant managers decided to evacuate the whole plant. They did that, and then some people went back in to see what they could do, and the explosion occurred."

It was not immediately clear if the workers went back into the plant voluntarily or if they were instructed to do so by plant officials, law enforcement officials said.

A Napp employee who would identify himself only as Bob said about 30 workers were evacuated sometime after 6 A.M. because the vat was smoldering. About 7:30, he said, four went back in the plant and the explosion occurred about 20 minutes later.

The authorities said three victims were found near the vat, and the fourth was about 35 feet away.

At Hackensack Medical Center, Governor Whitman put on a hospital gown, mask, gloves and a cap for her visit with some of the injured. She spoke briefly with James Gannon, 42, of Lodi, who, she said, was about 35 feet away, in a different room, when the vat exploded. He suffered first- and second-degree burns over 5 to 15 percent of his body, hospital officials said.

Governor Whitman said Mr. Gannon talked about an apparently improper mixture of water and a chemical in the vat before the blast.

"If you have a little bit of water with a lot of that chemical, you have an explosion, which is what occurred," the Governor quoted Mr. Gannon as saying.

Investigating authorities were unable to explain if the water Mr. Gannon mentioned to the Governor was used as part of a chemical-mixing process or in an attempt to quell a small fire.

The plant manager, Ed Murray, declined to discuss any aspect of the explosion.

Another employee who declined to give his name said he was standing in a doorway of the factory when the explosion occurred. Chemical drums, pieces of steel and bricks whizzed through the air, he said. He said a 25-pound lid from a cone-shaped mixing vat was blown across the Saddle River, which flows past the rear of the factory.

Steve Blum, the plant manager at Muggs Plus, a glassmaking company next to Napp Technologies, said he was about to light an oven to apply paint to glasses when the blast occurred.

Mr. Blum said he was blown about 15 feet across the room and landed on his left shoulder. "It was just a fireball, flames shooting up 100 feet in the air," he said.

As he ran outside, Mr. Blum said, a chemical worker was approaching him.

"The guy came stumbling down to me and said: 'My God, the whole place just blew up. I can't believe it.' " Mr. Blum said.

The thick column of smoke rose 2,000 feet and drifted toward the northwest. The State Department of Environmental Protection set up 10 air monitoring stations at points that ended in Hawthorne about 10 miles away. Acidic gases, sulfur dioxide and nitrogen compounds were detected in the plume, but exceeded safe levels only in "quick, short spurts" close to the fire, said Gary Allen, a regional manager of the department's Bureau of Emergency Management.

Officials said five passers-by and several firefighters, police officers and ambulance technicians were treated for throat irritations and other effects of the fumes.

While the fire raged out of control, dye from the factory poured into the Saddle River, turning it bright green. The pollution fed into the Passaic River, causing a large fish kill and sickening waterfowl, officials said. In late afternoon, the Coast Guard and New Jersey Marine Police sent boats to the Passaic to monitor the plume.

**Graphic**

Photos: A mother and daughter fled yesterday after evacuating their Church Street home in Lodi, N.J. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Two women, one wearing a mask for protection from fumes, were evacuated from their homes on Church Street in Lodi, N.J., yesterday, in the wake of an explosion and fire at a nearby chemical plant. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)(pg. 26)

Photo/Map: "A CLOSER LOOK: Another Deadly Blast"

A fatal explosion yesterday morning terrifies residents of a Lodi, N.J.,m neighborhood shared by homes, schools, retail establishments and chemical plants. The explosion forces the evacuation of about 400 residents and intensified animosity that has existed for decades about the presence of chemical plants in the middle of Lodi's commercial district. (pg. 26)

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[***Land of Cheese and Rancor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55RJ-12D1-JBG3-63KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAN KAUFMAN

**Body**

This past March, standing outside a Shell station in Mellen, Wis., in the state's far north, Mike Wiggins Jr. told me about a series of dark and premonitory dreams he had two years earlier. ''One of them was a very vivid trip around the North Woods and seeing forests bleeding and sludge from a creek emptying into the Bad River,'' Wiggins said. ''I ended up at a dilapidated northern log home with rotten snowshoes falling off the wall. I stepped out of the lodge, walked through some pine, and I was in a pipeline. There was a big pipe coming in and out of the ground as far as I could see.

''I had no idea what the hell that was all about,'' Wiggins continued. But he said the dream became clearer when a stranger named Matt Fifield came into his office several months later and handed him his card. Wiggins is the chairman of the Bad River Band of Lake Superior Chippewa, and Fifield, the managing director of Gogebic Taconite (GTac), a division of the Cline Group, a mining company based in Florida. He had come to Wiggins's office to discuss GTac's desire to build a $1.5 billion open-pit iron-ore mine in the Penokee Hills, about seven miles south of the Bad River reservation. The proposed mine would be several hundred feet deep, roughly four miles long and a half-mile wide; the company estimated it would bring 700 long-term jobs to the area. Fearing contamination of the local groundwater and pristine rivers, Wiggins told Fifield he planned to oppose the mine. He didn't know at the time that the company's lawyers would be working hand in hand with Republican legislators to draft a bill that would weaken Wisconsin environmental law and expedite the permitting process.

What followed was a drawn-out fight that resembled other statewide battles over labor, education and voter-registration laws -- all of which have been introduced since the election of the Republican governor Scott Walker in 2010. The most bitter of these fights began in early February last year, when Walker proposed eliminating virtually all collective-bargaining rights for a vast majority of the state's public-employee unions. Around the time that Walker announced the measure, similar laws were introduced in Michigan, Ohio and Florida, and a nationwide demonization of public employees caught fire. Within two months, the National Conference of State Legislators had tracked more than 100 bills, initiated across the country, attacking public-sector unions.

From the beginning, Walker, who declined to comment for this article, seemed cognizant that his move to end collective bargaining placed him at the forefront of a national conservative strategy. His attack on public-employee unions was lauded by Mitt Romney, John Boehner and Karl Rove, and he has received significant financial support from the billionaire conservative donors Charles and David Koch. In a widely publicized prank phone call with Ian Murphy, a blogger impersonating David Koch, Walker described a dinner he held for his cabinet at his Executive Residence on Feb. 10, the night before he announced the collective-bargaining measure. ''It was kind of the last hurrah, before we dropped the bomb,'' he said to the faux-Koch. At the dinner, Walker held up a photograph of Ronald Reagan and told his cabinet that what they were about to do recalled Reagan's breaking of the air-traffic-controllers' union strike in 1981. ''This is our time to change the course of history,'' Walker said.

Act 10, the bill that included the collective-bargaining measure, eventually passed last March despite widespread demonstrations at the State Capitol, an occupation of the building by protesters, the decamping of 14 Democratic state senators to Illinois for three weeks and numerous legal challenges. According to recent polling, Wisconsin, once known for progressive policy and upper-Midwestern civility, is now the most politically polarized state in the nation. Last June, David Prosser, a State Supreme Court justice, was accused of choking a colleague in her office after an argument over the court's deliberations on Act 10. Bill Kramer, the Republican speaker pro tem of the Assembly, recently told a reporter that at times he finds it necessary to bring his Glock semiautomatic handgun to work, owing to the atmosphere in the State Capitol. (A new conceal-and-carry law permits concealed weapons even on the Assembly floor.) The protest movement the bill spawned, which shows no signs of abating, culminates in a June 5 recall election against Walker and four Republican state senators. If Walker loses, he would be only the third governor in American history to be recalled.

''There is tremendous frustration with the influence of out-of-state organizations and out-of-state money,'' Lisa Graves, the executive director of the Madison-based Center for Media and Democracy, told me when I spoke with her this spring. ''Wisconsin has an identity, the Wisconsin Idea, that is based on the notion that legislation should help as many people as possible.'' In February, David Koch gave $1 million to the Republican Governors Association, which is spending heavily to fight Walker's recall campaign, and that same month he praised Walker's anti-union legislation in The Palm Beach Post. ''We're helping him, as we should,'' Koch said. ''We've spent a lot of money in Wisconsin. We're going to spend more.'' Walker has raised more than $25 million for his campaign, 60 percent of it from outside the state, while his Democratic opponent, Tom Barrett, the mayor of Milwaukee (whom Walker defeated in a regular election less than two years ago), has raised less than $1 million. ''Wisconsin used to be the beacon of clean and open and honest government,'' Mike McCabe, the head of the nonpartisan Wisconsin Democracy Campaign, which tracks money in politics, told me. ''We are now just a pawn on a national chessboard.''

During a late-night session in early March, I sat in the gallery and watched the Assembly debate a bill referred to as the Special Needs Scholarship Act. The bill's lead sponsor, Michelle Litjens, is a freshman representative from the Appleton area and also a member of the American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC), a Washington-based organization that brings together corporations, legislators and interest groups to draft and disseminate model legislation for state legislatures around the country. Litjens's bill, AB 110, includes key provisions of an ALEC-model bill that has already passed in Georgia. It would provide up to an estimated $13,500 in taxpayer-financed scholarships for children with disabilities to attend private schools or schools outside their districts. The scholarships would be available to no more than 5 percent of the state's disabled children. The money for the program, as much as $80 million if the full 5 percent applied, would be drained from the public-school budget.

Of the 36 sponsors and co-sponsors of Litjens's bill, 25 were ALEC members. Mark Pocan is one of the few ALEC members who did not co-sponsor the bill. A liberal Democrat from Madison, Pocan became a member of ALEC several years ago. He told me he wanted to draw attention to the organization's unseen effect on Wisconsin's legislation. In his floor speech that night, Pocan described an ALEC conference in New Orleans that he attended last summer. ''I remember going to a workshop and hearing a little bit about a bill they did in Florida and some other states to dismantle public education,'' Pocan said. ''There was a proposal to provide special-needs scholarships. Lo and behold, all of a sudden I come back to Wisconsin, and what gets introduced? A bill to do just that.''

The next day, Pocan outlined a strategy ALEC advises its members to use: ''You have to introduce a 14-point platform,'' he said, ''so that you can make it harder for them to focus and for the press to cover 14 different planks.'' He pointed to several bills introduced in the past two sessions, including one that allows more children to enroll in virtual charter schools. ''It sounds good,'' Pocan said. ''Kids could access virtual schools for home schooling. But again,'' he emphasized, the real purpose is ''taking apart public schools, drip by drip.''

Scott Suder, the Assembly majority leader and a state co-chairman of ALEC, defended the group's work. ''ALEC's basis is free-market, Jeffersonian principles,'' Suder told me over the phone. ''That's my core philosophy: getting government out of the way as much as possible.''

Besides education, ALEC maintains seven other wide-ranging task forces, like ''Tax and Fiscal Policy'' and ''Energy, Environment and Agriculture,'' which promotes, among other things, legislation opposing climate-change initiatives. The group has recently come under scrutiny, largely because of the work of the Center for Media and Democracy. There was widespread outrage over ALEC's role in exporting the ''Stand Your Ground'' law, at the center of the controversy over the death of Trayvon Martin, to other states -- including a related bill that recently passed in Wisconsin. Since the Martin shooting, several large corporations, Coca-Cola and Wal-Mart among them, have ended their affiliation with ALEC. I asked Pocan if the increased exposure has stopped any ALEC-originated bills in the State Assembly. ''Not really,'' he said. ''They get really good strategic advice. The head of Shell Oil flew out to New Orleans to meet with legislators.''

After signing Act 10, Governor Walker told a reporter for The Associated Press that the bill was ''innovative'' and ''progressive'' -- words chosen perhaps because they resonate with the enduring pride many Wisconsin citizens still feel about their state's pioneering political history. The current Wisconsin Blue Book contains a 68-page essay extolling the achievements of the 1911 Legislature, which included the establishment of the first workmen's-compensation program, laws limiting labor for women and children and the passage of a forest-conservation act. President Theodore Roosevelt described Wisconsin as a ''laboratory for wise, experimental legislation to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole.'' Native icons like the populist senator and governor Robert (Fighting Bob) La Follette and the conservationist Aldo Leopold still loom in the state's collective consciousness and legislative record. More recently, Senator Russ Feingold cast the lone vote against the U.S.A. Patriot Act in 2001.

The law that Act 10 overturned had been in place since 1959, when Wisconsin became the first state to recognize collective-bargaining rights for municipal employees. Senator Fred Risser, who began his legislative career in 1956, is the country's longest-serving state legislator, and he was on the committee that introduced that measure. ''That bill was bipartisan, or it would have never gotten through in the first place,'' he said. In 1967, collective bargaining was expanded under the Republican governor Warren P. Knowles to include state employees. The Senate voted 31-0 in favor of the expansion. ''For 50 years we had relative labor peace,'' Risser said. ''Not in 50 years was there ever a partisan vote on those contracts. They were almost always unanimously accepted.''

Some Republicans also lamented the end of the long bipartisan consensus on labor rights. Dick Spanbauer, a former Marine and self-described ''pro-life, pro-family Christian,'' was one of four Republican Assemblymen to vote against Act 10. ''The leadership told me, 'Dick, we don't need unions anymore,' '' he told me. ''Really? What's changed? Is a company going to say you don't need to work 12 hours?'' Spanbauer, like his father, had worked much of his adult life in factories in Oshkosh. ''They don't understand anything about the ***working class***,'' he said about his Republican colleagues. ''They thought you could just go crush somebody's voice and get away with it.'' Spanbauer is retiring this year.

Like most other states, Wisconsin was hit hard by the 2008 financial crisis and subsequent recession. Walker inherited a budget gap of $137 million and a potential $3.6 billion shortfall over the following two years. Before he introduced Act 10, however, he passed a series of future tax cuts worth $142 million. Shortly after the budget bill was announced, nearly all the unions agreed to implement the financial concessions Walker requested in exchange for keeping their bargaining rights.

When Tracy Fuller, a state patrol officer and the president of the Wisconsin Law Enforcement Association, first heard about the collective-bargaining ban, he was shocked. ''It went far beyond what I thought Walker campaigned on,'' Fuller said. ''You want to freeze our pay? It's been frozen for six years. You want to freeze it again? O.K. But don't take away our bargaining rights.'' Fuller's union, which is self-run and focuses almost entirely on workplace issues, represents the state patrol, Capitol police, University of Wisconsin police and some Department of Motor Vehicles employees. The union faces an unusual predicament: two-thirds of its members lost their bargaining rights, while those in the state patrol retained theirs. ''The other members were resentful of the troopers for a while,'' Fuller said. ''Their morale is so down.''

The protests against Act 10 inspired opposition to similar laws in Michigan and Ohio and marked the first significant push back to the surging Tea Party. Few in Wisconsin are more identified with the grass-roots resistance than Lori Compas, a 41-year-old wedding photographer and mother of two. With no assistance from the state Democratic Party, Compas led an unlikely yet successful drive to recall the Senate majority leader, Scott Fitzgerald, Walker's most essential and visible ally. Compas lives in Fort Atkinson, a small town 30 miles east of Madison, and has never run for office before. She is now Fitzgerald's improbable opponent in the coming June recall election.

In early March, I met her for lunch at the Cafe Carpe, a sunny restaurant and folk club that doubles as the town's informal community center. Compas majored in agricultural journalism in college and moved to Fort Atkinson five years ago with her husband, a geography professor at a small state university nearby. ''I had never paid attention to state politics until about a year ago,'' she said. ''I started paying attention, and I got really upset at what I saw our senator doing.''

For Compas, the pivotal moment came when the collective-bargaining measure was passed. On March 9, 2011, Scott Fitzgerald led a hastily called meeting of the Senate and Assembly leadership. A few days earlier, the Assembly voted on the budget-repair bill that included the collective-bargaining measure, but the Senate had been unable to pass it because of a rule requiring a quorum of 20 members to vote on fiscal measures. At that point, the 14 Senate Democrats were still in hiding in Illinois, leaving the Republicans with just 19 votes. After attempts at persuasion and withholding their paychecks failed to bring the Democrats back, Senate Republicans decided to separate the collective-bargaining measure from the budget bill and vote on it immediately.

During the meeting, a heated argument erupted between Fitzgerald and Peter Barca, the Assembly minority leader. ''I said I wanted an explanation of what's in this document, so I can at least know what I'm voting on,'' Barca told me. He had been handed a 37-page summary of the bill, not the bill itself. Fitzgerald ignored his request and, five minutes later, called the roll. By a 4-0 vote the committee separated the measure from the budget bill. It was then passed by both houses within hours. ''I said, 'I just want to make you aware that this meeting is a violation of the open meetings law,' '' Barca said he told Fitzgerald, who called the meeting less than two hours before. (Under Wisconsin law, a government body is generally required to give 24 hours notice to the public before it meets.) The exchange was captured on WisconsinEye, a local version of C-Span, and went viral.

''Barca's standing there yelling, 'This is a violation of the law!' '' Compas said. ''I just sat there, and I cried. I've never felt so powerless and so frustrated. Regardless of where you stood on this issue, the complete contempt that Fitzgerald was showing for his legislators was unacceptable. That night I think I tweeted: 'I will recall Scott Fitzgerald if I have to crawl on my hands and knees through the snow to every house in his district.' ''

When I met with Fitzgerald in March and asked him if, looking back, he would have done anything differently during the long collective-bargaining fight, he said: ''I felt like I was flying by the seat of my pants. We handled events as they evolved.''

Wisconsin law allows for the recall of elected officials if they have served at least one year in office and if petitioners gather signatures equaling one-quarter of the total votes cast in the previous election. Despite Fitzgerald's prominent role in shepherding Walker's agenda through the Senate, the Wisconsin Democratic Party chose not to pursue a recall campaign against him. Fitzgerald's district is solidly Republican, and he won his last election with two-thirds of the vote. Most political observers maintained that it would have been a waste of resources to try to get the more than 16,000 signatures required to force a recall election.

''I just decided I'm going to start looking into this,'' Compas said. ''My husband takes the kids to school on Friday, and that's my day to just be home and focus on my business. They all left, and the house got quiet.'' She decided to call the Government Accountability Board. ''I asked: 'What does a person need to file recall papers? Do they need a team of attorneys and accountants and all that?' '' She learned that any citizen could file for a recall, and that afternoon, Compas designed her petition and set up a Web site, a Facebook page and a Twitter account. When her husband came home, he was startled to find the change in her. ''He was actually a little upset,'' she said. ''He was saying, 'I left for work and it was a normal Friday, and I come home and you're recalling the Senate majority leader.' ''

A few days after we met, I watched Compas speak before a large rally at the State Capitol in Madison. The rally marked the one-year anniversary of the passage of Act 10, and organizers estimated that more than 60,000 people attended. Standing halfway up the building's steps, I could see the surrounding streets filled with protesters and signs. The most ubiquitous was a clenched blue fist in the shape of the state map, the movement's unofficial symbol. One of Compas's friends had written her speech, but the day before, Compas decided to start from scratch. She told the crowd that Fitzgerald's recall election had been certified the day before, and then she talked about how she had seen the first sandhill cranes of spring the same day. ''Every year their return tells me that even after the most difficult winters, new life is stirring,'' she said. ''Those two things just kind of came together in my mind overnight.''

A few days later, Compas appeared at the public library in Fort Atkinson. She'd held eight public meetings over the past two weeks, and one of them, in Lake Mills, was fairly contentious. ''I'm not used to hatred being directed at me,'' she said. ''There were 10 people in that room who hated me, and they never met me.'' She was relieved to be back home, and with the exception of some polite but pointed questions from several College Republicans, the event seemed almost sedate. After the session, Compas and a few of her supporters wandered over to the Cafe Carpe. A community meeting was finishing up in the back, and one of the people leaving was Barbara Lorman, the district's former Republican state senator. In 1994, Lorman lost in a Republican primary to Scott Fitzgerald.

''There's always partisanship,'' Lorman said, as Compas and her entourage gathered around her. ''When I was first elected in 1980, I thought: It's them against us. These Democrats are the enemy, so I need to stay cool about them. Then you see them all going out for dinner together and drinking together and sitting in each other's office, and I thought, What's the deal here?It was quite collegial. You go to the floor, you have your issues, you have your rhetoric and your disagreements, but at the end of the day you leave it behind. Things are not like that now.''

Like many other Wisconsinites, Lorman was surprised when the collective-bargaining measure was introduced. ''It was like being blindsided,'' she said. ''Walker's agenda, which was always there but nobody knew it, really came from somewhere else, like the Koch brothers, the national party and ALEC. I don't think it was a local agenda, frankly.'' Lorman used to own a scrap-iron plant and years ago fought an effort by the Teamsters to unionize her small group of drivers. ''I might not be a union lover. There's a lot wrong with unions -- a lot. But I do believe in a right to bargain collectively. In a lot of cases it's what you need, it's what works.'' Lorman said she felt that Walker should have accepted the unions' financial givebacks in exchange for keeping their bargaining rights. ''He had everything he wanted,'' she said. ''They were making the concessions that everybody was asking for. Pay more for your retirement, pay more for your benefits.'' Lorman says she is supporting Compas in the coming election.

In March, Fitzgerald told me he wasn't taking Compas's challenge lightly, and he has raised more than $700,000 to defend his seat. Though he was leading comfortably in the most recent poll, last week he appeared a bit flustered, telling The Wisconsin State Journal that he believed Compas's husband and the unions were behind her effort. ''I don't for one minute believe she is the organizing force behind this whole thing,'' he said. In response, Compas posted an irreverent, sepia-toned video featuring herself as an obedient 1950s housewife asking her husband, ''What's a senator?''

Over the past year, the mining bill that Mike Wiggins was intent on stopping became increasingly significant to the Walker administration. During his campaign for governor in 2010, Walker promised to create 250,000 private-sector jobs, which he recently reaffirmed. According to the most recent monthly survey from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the state has lost more than 21,000 nonfarm jobs since April of last year. Despite Wisconsin's economic struggles, Walker has defended his decision to turn down $810 million in federal stimulus money for a proposed high-speed rail link between Madison and Milwaukee. By last summer, the economic situation in the state was continuing to deteriorate, and the mining bill had become a top priority in Walker's jobs program. It also managed to create a rare split in his broad-based opposition.

After GTac promised that most of the mining equipment would be built in Milwaukee with union labor, many of the large private trade unions backed the bill. Randy Bryce, the political coordinator of Milwaukee Iron Workers Local 8 and one of Walker's most tenacious opponents, reluctantly supported the legislation. ''They're trying to divide us,'' he told me, ''but my members need work.''

To Wiggins, a large open-pit mine in the Penokee Hills was a life-or-death matter for his tribe. The headwaters that feed the river would be in the footprint of the mine, and the Bad River reservation lies downstream. Wiggins was also worried about the tribe's sensitive wild-rice beds, which lie on the coast of Lake Superior. Cyrus Hester, who works for the tribe's Natural Resources Department, raised the possibility that sulfuric acid might contaminate the groundwater and harm fish populations in the area's rivers and streams.

''There's a very good reason this area has never been mined,'' George Meyer, the director of the Wisconsin Wildlife Federation and former head of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, told me. ''A lot of mining companies looked at it and walked away.'' For Meyer, one of the biggest problems with the site is that the ore sits at an angle, which when mined generates a much larger amount of ''overburden'' that needs to be discarded.

When I spoke with him in March, Wiggins detailed several meetings he had with Walker, in which he tried to convey how dire the mine would be for his reservation and the surrounding environment. Their last meeting, in September, turned particularly acrimonious. Beforehand, Wiggins held a news conference inside the Capitol outlining his opposition to the mining legislation. The Assembly bill would impose a 360-day deadline for the permitting process, where before there had been none, and it would eliminate hearings in which citizens or organizations can question mining or government officials under oath about the safety of the mine. Many of the key provisions in the Assembly bill were drafted by lawyers working for GTac.

''Walker saw the news conference as disingenuous,'' Wiggins said. ''When we got to the meeting, he was fixated on his anger with me.'' After some heated back and forth, Walker told Wiggins he didn't see the need for the meeting, since he had a copy of the tribe's news release. Wiggins got angry. ''You know, governor,'' he recalled, ''some of the things that are proposed in the mining initiative represent a catastrophic destruction for my reservation, health impacts to my people, and you think everything that you and I have to talk about is contained on one piece of paper right there?''

On March 6, the Senate narrowly voted to reject the Assembly's mining bill, 17-16. Dale Schultz, who was also the sole Senate Republican to vote against Act 10, joined the 16 Democrats in voting against the bill. Thus far it has been Walker's most significant political defeat. After the vote, GTac issued a brief statement that they were abandoning their interest in the Wisconsin mine. Before he took the vote, Fitzgerald thought he had one Milwaukee Democrat lined up to support the bill, and he still hoped he could persuade one. ''I would not rule out calling an extraordinary session,'' Fitzgerald said, ''if we could get a signal from the corporation and a 17th senator.''

A few days after the vote, Schultz invited me to his farm about 60 miles west of Madison, land that has been in his family for six generations. Schultz is an avid hunter, and as he poured me coffee, he described some of the animals -- grouse, wild turkey, even a bear -- that he has hunted throughout the state. A few days earlier, he gave a reading at an event honoring Aldo Leopold. ''I'm a guy who believes that the Leopold land ethic makes sense,'' Schultz said. ''It's about stewardship, but using resources wisely is O.K.''

Unemployment around Mellen, where the mine would be located, is significantly higher than the statewide average. But last fall, Schultz took part in a town-hall meeting there with Senator Bob Jauch, who represents the area, and a majority of the attendees registered their opposition to the Assembly bill. ''We want the mine; we fear the mine,'' Mellen's mayor, Joseph Barabe, said at the meeting. ''We have the most to lose.'' Schultz says he believes that a mine in the area is feasible, but radically changing long-established environmental law is unwise and contrary to the state's ethos. He developed a compromise bill with Jauch that sought to strike a balance between the state's conservationist traditions and the accommodations GTac sought, but it was described by Fitzgerald as a ''nonstarter'' and never brought up for a vote. Afterward, Fitzgerald admitted that perhaps the mining company, whose operations are mostly based in West Virginia and Illinois, had pushed too far for Wisconsin. ''I think the corporation and their attorneys drafted a bill that may have been acceptable in other states,'' he said.

Schultz was sympathetic to Wiggins and the Bad River Chippewa. ''For them, this place is like Bethlehem is for our Christians,'' he said. ''So they're obviously going to fiercely defend their territory. If you read some of the comments from Assembly members, they're saying, 'We don't have to listen to them.' So there is an unbelievable amount of anger and fear that's built up in the tribal community. When Mike first came to see me, I said: 'I'm for mining, and I know that you're never going to be for mining, and I understand that. But I want you to know I appreciate the fact that you're here.' That's how we began our relationship. I'm still for mining. He's not going to be for mining there, and I understand. And I would hope that he would be somewhat kind about his feelings toward me.''

The previous evening, I stood with Mike Wiggins on the coast of Lake Superior and talked about Schultz's role in staving off the mine. The civility that he demonstrated, the willingness to try to understand a different point of view -- it all stood in stark contrast to what has transpired in Wisconsin politics over the past year and a half. ''When I woke up this morning, I was thinking about Dale,'' Wiggins said as I was leaving. ''I probably shouldn't be saying this, but I had tears in my eyes.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY JENS MORTENSEN) (MM31)

The Great Divide: Lori Compas (top) is running for the State Senate against Scott Fitzgerald (bottom), whom she initiated a recall against. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERI FULLERTON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM33)

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**Body**

A selective listing by Times critics of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "BUS 174," directed by Jose Padilha (not rated, 122 minutes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). This Brazilian documentary is so wrenching and absorbing that you can easily lose sight of the sophistication of its techniques. Using a combination of video taken for Brazilian television and ex post facto talking-head interviews, the filmmakers have made a deceptively straightforward documentary that has the force of tragedy and the depth of first-rate investigative journalism. Their work explores a bus hijacking that took place in Rio de Janeiro in 2000, and paints a heartbreaking, shocking portrait of the perpetrator, a child of the slums who had survived a notorious police massacre of homeless children in 1992, and a society riven by poverty and violence (A. O. Scott).

"KILL BILL: VOL. 1," starring Uma Thurman, David Carradine and Lucy Liu. Written and directed by Quentin Tarantino (R, 95 minutes). Mr. Tarantino's fourth movie, his first in six years, is astonishingly violent, intermittently fascinating and sometimes tedious. This may be the picture's most serious flaw, since it comes from a man whose worship of action movies from all over the world (but especially Asia) is evident in every frame. Also evident is his obsession with Ms. Thurman: by far the most emotionally charged relationship in the movie is the one between the director and his star, who functions as his muse, idol, alter ego and fetish object. Her character, the Bride, is a former assassin whose former lover (that would be Bill) tried to kill her on her wedding day. In this film, the first installment in a two-part revenge epic, the Bride wakes up from a four-year coma and goes after the hired swords and guns who attacked her. Most of the exposition has been left for Vol. 2; this one is an anthology of increasingly violent sequences, some sickening, some rather thrilling, that culminates in a Tokyo nightclub blood bath during which Ms. Liu, playing a petite yakuza boss, shows off her Japanese, and also (quite literally) her brains (Scott).

\* "INTOLERABLE CRUELTY," starring George Clooney, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Billy Bob Thornton. Directed by Joel Coen; produced by Ethen Coen and Brian Grazer (PG-13, 100 minutes). This new Coen Brothers film is something not seen in movie theaters for a long time: an intelligent, modern screwball comedy, a minor classic on the order of the competent, fast-talking curveballs about deception and greed like Mitchell Leisen's "Easy Living" and Billy Wilder's "Major and the Minor." "Cruelty" shares something with comedic entries in the Coen canon like "The Big Lebowski" and "Raising Arizona": a full-blooded movie star performance to put it squarely into the strike zone. This time the good work comes from Mr. Clooney. His gift of gab is perfectly suited for Miles, the creme de la creme of divorce lawyers. Miles has everything but a soul, though he doesn't actually look as if he'd require one. And the woman he falls for isn't exactly the person to give him one either. Marylin (Ms. Zeta-Jones) has been tagged for a vicious divorce by her husband, a serial adulterer, after she catches him cheating. Her uptown-girl beauty and silken opacity make her the kind of trophy Miles would want to win. And when she jabs a No. 2 pencil into Miles's heart by showing up with her beau, a Texas millionaire (Mr. Thornton), Miles is horrified but not defeated. That's what makes the picture work so beautifully; it is a movie about underhanded professionals by filmmakers who delight in the epitome of criminal enterprise (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "MYSTIC RIVER," starring Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Marcia Gay Harden and Laura Linney. Directed by Clint Eastwood (R, 137 minutes). Mr. Eastwood's film, scrupulously faithful to the letter and spirit of Dennis Lehane's novel, has the gritty efficiency of superior crime fiction and the somber weight of tragedy. Set in ***working-class*** Irish Catholic Boston, this film revisits the themes of violence, honor and guilt that have haunted many of Mr. Eastwood's movies; it is among the most humane of his films, but also the most rigorously pessimistic. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Penn play Dave, Sean and Jimmy, boyhood friends who must revisit the traumas of their youth when Jimmy's daughter is murdered. Sean and his partner (Mr. Fishburne) must investigate the killing, which it appears Dave may have committed. The performances are first rate. Ms. Harden, as Dave's wife, Celeste, and Ms. Linney, as her cousin Annabeth, who is married to Jimmy, expand the film's emotional compass, allowing us to see how grief ripples through families and communities. Mr. Penn's volcanic, furiously disciplined performance is surely one of the best pieces of screen acting you'll see this year; it may even be one of the finest ever (Scott).

\* "PIECES OF APRIL," starring Katie Holmes, Patricia Clarkson, Derek Luke, Alison Pill, John Gallagher Jr. and Oliver Platt. Written and directed by Peter Hedges (PG-13, 81 minutes). Mr. Hedges's intelligent and touching farce makes an important contribution to a small and insignificant subgenre: Thanksgiving Day failure. It does so by raising the bar. "April" focuses intently on the neuroses that Thanksgiving Day creates even for the inoffensively punky April Burns (Ms. Holmes), who seeks a rapprochement with her family by preparing a holiday meal that looks like a serving suggestion photo. She now lives in downtown Manhattan with her boyfriend (Mr. Luke). And this is an occasion her suburban family needs to cling to as well. Her dad, Jim (Mr. Platt), and siblings, Timmy (Mr. Gallagher) and Beth (Ms. Pill), are already worn to a frazzle trying to keep their spirits up around April's ill mother, Joy (Ms. Clarkson). They're traveling into the city to dine at April's, in what could be the last holiday they share as a group. When her oven stops working on Thanksgiving morning, April finds the strength to stave off an extravagant meltdown and find a solution, which comes down to borrowing a neighbor's oven to cook her turkey. Her willful, spoiled naivete is a great joke that the director doesn't overplay. Yet it's her surliness, as well as her intransigence -- she's determined to make Thanksgiving work -- that keeps the laughs coming (Mitchell).

"RUNAWAY JURY," starring John Cusack, Gene Hackman and Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Gary Fleder (PG-13, 123 minutes). Mr. Hackman and Mr. Hoffman have never shared the screen before, as they do in this latest film adaptation of a paranoid John Grisham courtroom potboiler. Yet something about the picture feels familiar. Mr. Hackman has played this grubby-souled, hand-tailored heart of modern corruption before, and in a previous Grisham adaptation, "The Firm." This time, he's a slick jury consultant named Rankin Fitch who employs ruthless tactics to empanel a jury that will best service his client. And like "The Firm," the schematic crassness of the narrative provides an actor the opportunity to deliver some fine work. Mr. Cusack gives one of his wiliest performances in some time, and one of his most adult, as the aging slacker who is drafted into jury duty. Apparently, the writers realize there's not much to be done with the boilerplate narrative, which involves the machinations of the jury that Fitch is laboring to bend to his own will. (Mr. Hoffman is the endearing plaintiff attorney.) You may end up wishing that the actors had found a less needlessly showoffy picture to practice their craft. Especially since half the time, they're filmed as if they were in the director's way. Mr. Fleder tries to boldface his assets, though in doing so, he undermines the picture; he stages "Jury" as if it were an episode of "C.S.I." (Mitchell).

\* "SCHOOL OF ROCK," starring Jack Black, Joan Cusack and Mike White. Directed by Richard Linklater (PG-13, 110 minutes). Mr. Black gives a roaring, star-making performance as Dewey Finn, an out-of-work heavy-metal rocker who impersonates a substitute teacher and turns a class of nerdy fifth graders into a rock band. Mr. Black's incandescent comic energy should establish him as the screen's most popular rock-fueled wild man since John Belushi. Under the nose of the prim school principal (Ms. Cusack), Dewey, who knows nothing of academics, preaches the gospel of rock 'n' roll and secretly converts the class from loving Christine Aguilera and the musical "Annie" to cheering Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. This family-friendly movie, which has a big, rousing "Rocky"-style finale and isn't believable for a second, is a hilarious cotton-candy fantasy with a beat. It knows just where to draw the line to avoid becoming too cute, too esoteric or too risque (Stephen Holden).

\* "THE STATION AGENT," starring Peter Dinklage, Patricia Clarkson, Michelle Williams and Bobby Cannavale. Written and directed by Tom McCarthy (R, 90 minutes). The remote outpost that a dwarf named Fin (Mr. Dinklage) settles into -- a rundown train depot in the wilds of New Jersey -- is such a restful space that it seems perfect for him. Mr. McCarthy has such an appreciation for quiet that it occupies the same space as a character in this film, a delicate, thoughtful and often hilarious take on loneliness. Fin, with his low, rational voice and intense stare, has moved into the small spot after he inherits it. Mr. McCarthy treats Fin's new life as if his protagonist were emerging from underwater and must adjust to the onrush of aural assault. Much of it comes from Joe (Mr. Cannavale), the relentlessly friendly and talky Cuban who pulls up every day in his food truck to run what must be the loneliest retail location not staffed by a Maytag salesman. Hawking coffee and fanning up a cloud of busy, pushy and likable chatter, Joe elbows his way into the taciturn Fin's life. Mr. McCarthy wrings contrasts from the serene, diminutive Mr. Dinklage -- whose dignity seems unassailable until finally ruffled, when he lets loose a thunderbolt of hostility -- and the big, buffed Mr. Cannavale, whose unremitting volubility is sheer charm. Their relationship is goofily enthralling (Mitchell).

\*"SYLVIA," starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Daniel Craig. Directed by Christine Jeffs (R, 110 minutes). Since her suicide in 1963 at 30, Sylvia Plath's life, her work and her marriage to Ted Hughes have been the subject of endless argument, and Plath herself has become a quasi-allegorical figure -- a feminist martyr and an icon of poetic misery. Ms. Jeffs's film is relatively even-handed in its treatment of Hughes (Mr. Craig), and turns its subject from a case study in literary pathology into the heroine of a modern literary opera. The film, shot in dark, oversaturated colors by John Toon, is itself oversaturated with feeling. Rather than try to explain Plath's death, or probe the roots of her poetry, Ms. Jeffs and Ms. Paltrow burrow deep into her personality, leaving its essential, unsettling mysteries intact. Ms. Paltrow is a vivid, passionate presence throughout the film -- she is rarely off the screen -- and she charts the jagged course of Plath's abbreviated adulthood with ardor and intelligence. The movie turns biography into melodrama, but it does so out of a fierce, fascinated loyalty to Plath, who after all did much the same thing in her best poems (Scott).

"UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN," starring Diane Lane. Written and directed by Audrey Wells (PG-13, 115 minutes). This film adaptation of Frances Mayes's best-selling memoir feels so schematic that only the depressed Frances (Ms. Lane) is surprised by the events as they unfold. The story of self-discovery that Ms. Wells leads Frances, a writer, through is eminently superficial, though the director keeps the movie going with a steady, commanding hand. Ms. Lane initially gives Frances a calm and pleasant sunniness, though she is resigned to never finishing her book. She is attending a book signing early in the movie when she learns of her husband's philandering. When her best friend gives Frances a ticket to Tuscany, she grabs it. The trip is supposed to be pressure-free for Frances: it's a gay tour of Italy. She finds a new love, anyway: a villa, Bramasole, which she buys on the spur of the moment. But Tuscany is not the soul-saver that Frances hopes for. The lesson is that Frances needs to look more closely at the big picture, and her avoidance of that raises questions about how perceptive a critic she must have been. Eventually, the movie indicates Frances has suffered enough and slaps on a happy ending like a Post-It note, but it's not earned (Mitchell).

"VERONICA GUERIN," starring Cate Blanchett and Ciaran Hinds. Directed by Joel Schumacher (R, 92 minutes). Veronica Guerin was a Dublin journalist who was murdered in 1996 by the drug-dealers whose activities she had worked to expose. According to the text that appears onscreen at the end of Mr. Schumacher's new biopic, her death incited public outrage and spurred the passage of new laws, which helped to ease the drug-trafficking and related criminality that had plagued Ireland for so long. Unfortunately, those end titles, and the ones at the beginning, are the most informative portions of the film, as well as the most powerful. What comes between them is a flat-footed, overwrought crusader-against-evil melodrama, in which Ms. Blanchett's formidable gifts as an actress are reduced to a haircut and an accent. Her Veronica Guerin bravely mocks and harasses various thugs and lowlifes, and consoles her worried co-workers and family members, but the movie is devoid of both dramatic intensity and genuine emotion. It feels so much like so many other similar, better movies that you forget that it is based on an actual life, which could never have been so laden with cliche (Scott).

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**Graphic**

Photo: Poetic vision: Daniel Craig as Ted Hughes and Gwyneth Paltrow as Sylvia Plath in the film "Sylvia." (Photo by Focus Features)

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**End of Document**



[***Theatre***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TPF-WGH0-TW8F-G1HR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

THEATER

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current shows, additional listings, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/theater.

Previews and Openings

'BILLY ELLIOT' In previews; opens on Nov. 13. This hit West End musical, an adaptation of the film about a ***working-class*** boy who dreams of being a ballet dancer, moves to Broadway. Stephen Daldry directs. Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

'BOYS' LIFE' In previews; opens on Monday. This 20th-anniversary revival of Howard Korder's coming-of-age drama is about three college friends on the prowl in New York. The stars include Jason Biggs (''American Pie''), Peter Scanavino (''Shining City'') and Rhys Coiro (the pompous director from ''Entourage'') (2:00). Second Stage, 307 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 246-4422.

'CATO' In previews; opens on Saturday. Andre de Shields (''The Full Monty'') and Reg E. Cathey (''The Wire'') star in a rare production of this 1712 play by the English essayist Joseph Addison about a war waged against Julius Caesar (2:30). Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, (212) 352-3101.

'DIVIDING THE ESTATE' Previews start on Thursday. Opens on November 20. The American Chekhov Horton Foote's play about an eccentric Texas family battling over an inheritance transfers to Broadway. Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

'FARRAGUT NORTH' Previews start on Wednesday. Opens on November 12. Loosely based on his experiences working on the Howard Dean campaign, Beau Willimon's new play focuses on a press secretary dealing with backroom politics and romance on the side. Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200.

'THE FOURPOSTER' In previews; opens on Sunday. A revival of Jan de Hartog's 1952 Tony winner follows 35 years in one tumultuous marriage (1:40). Keen Company at the Clurman Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

'THE GRAND INQUISITOR' Previews start on Wednesday. Opens on October 29. The eminent theatrical innovator Peter Brook stages an adaptation of the ''Inquisitor'' section of Dostoyevsky's ''Brothers Karamazov''. New York Theater Workshop, 79 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 239-6200.

'IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING' In previews; opens on Oct. 27. The prolific storyteller Mike Daisey's latest monologue explores the secret history of the Department of Homeland Security through, among other things, the untold story of the father of the neutron bomb. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555.

'THE MASTER BUILDER' In previews; opens on Thursday. Frank McGuiness adapts Ibsen's late-19th-century classic drama. Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737.

'MOUTH TO MOUTH' Previews start on Tuesday. Opens on November 6. A gay writer living with AIDS may have played a part in the unraveling of the family of his close friend in this British drama by Kevin Elyot, produced by the New Group. Acorn Theater on Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

'ROMANTIC POETRY' In previews; opens on Oct. 28. This world-premiere musical by John Patrick Shanley (''Doubt'') and Henry Krieger (''Dreamgirls'') follows three couples whose lives intersect. Manhattan Theater Club, Stage 1, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212.

'SATURN RETURNS' In previews; opens on Nov. 10. Lincoln Center presents Noah Haidle's play about a radiologist, and his relationships with his wife, daughter and nurse, at three different stages of his life. Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, (212) 239-6200.

'SLEEPWALK WITH ME' Previews start on Friday. Opens on November 11. The comedian Mike Birbiglia talks about sleepwalking, love and growing up in his one-man show. Bleecker Street Theater, 45 Bleecker Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 239-6200.

'SPEED-THE-PLOW' In previews; opens on Thursday. The Emmy winner Jeremy Piven (''Entourage'') stars in this Broadway revival of David Mamet's Hollywood satire. Raul Esparza and Elisabeth Moss also star. Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200.

'STREAMERS' Previews start on Friday. Opens on November 11. The Roundabout revives the last installment of David Rabe's Vietnam War trilogy about four young soldiers about to be shipped out. Laura Pels Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300.

'WOYZECK' Performances on Friday and Saturday. Employing acrobatics, underwater sequences and aerial ballet, an Icelandic company revives this 1837 landmark drama as part of the Next Wave festival (1:30). Brooklyn Academy of Music Opera House, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, (718) 636-4100.

Broadway

\* 'ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE 39 STEPS' An absurdly enjoyable, gleefully theatrical riff on the 1935 Hitchcock movie, directed by Maria Aitken and featuring a cast of four that feels like a cast of thousands. This fast exercise in legerdemain is throwaway theater at its finest (1:45). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Ben Brantley)

\* 'AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY' Tracy Letts's turbocharged tragicomedy about an Oklahoma clan in a state of near-apocalyptic meltdown is the most exciting new American play Broadway has seen in years. Fiercely funny and bitingly sad, it somehow finds fresh sources of insight in that classic staple of the stage, the disintegrating American family (3:20). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Charles Isherwood)

\* 'BOEING-BOEING' Marco Camoletti's smirky French farce from the 1960s about a triple-timing roue has been given the makeover of the season by the director Matthew Warchus. This high-spirited production soars into an unpolluted stratosphere of classical physical comedy (2:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'DISNEY'S THE LITTLE MERMAID' The motto for this charm-free musical blunderbuss, based on the charming 1989 Disney movie, might be ''You can't go broke overestimating the taste of preschoolers.'' Francesca Zambello directs an overwhelmed cast (2:20). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4747. (Brantley)

'EQUUS' Peter Shaffer's upper-middle-brow psychodrama from 1973 returns in Thea Sharrock's oddly arid revival, enlivened by two fine performances: Daniel Radcliffe (of ''Harry Potter'' fame) makes an impressive Broadway debut as the stableboy who commits crimes against horses, and Richard Griffiths is superb as his ambivalent psychiatrist (2:40). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Brantley)

\* 'GYPSY' As the dangerously obsessed Momma Rose, Patti LuPone has found her focus. And when Ms. LuPone is truly focused, she's a laser, she incinerates. Directed by Arthur Laurents, this wallop-packing incarnation of the great musical showbiz fable, also starring the superb Boyd Gaines and Laura Benanti, shines with a magnified, soul-revealing transparency (2:30). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

\* 'IN THE HEIGHTS' Lin-Manuel Miranda, who wrote the bubbly Latin pop score for this musical about barrio life, also gives a captivating performance as the owner of a bodega who dispenses good cheer along with cafe con leche. Zesty choreography and a host of lively performers are among its other assets; its fundamental flaw is a vivid streak of sentimentality (2:20). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS' As the title character in this respectful revival of Robert Bolt's 1960 drama about Sir Thomas More's road to martyrdom in the age of Henry VIII, Frank Langella haloes himself with Great Presence incandescence. But even he can't find much variety in the monolithic goodness of his role. Doug Hughes directs (2:40). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THE SEAGULL' Ian Rickson's production, starring Kristin Scott Thomas, may be the finest and most fully involving presentation of Chekhov of this generation. Mackenzie Crook, Peter Sarsgaard, Casey Mulligan and Zoe Kazan are part of a top-flight cast that finds as much heartbreaking eloquence in silence as in speech (2:45). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

\* 'SOUTH PACIFIC' Bartlett Sher's rapturous revival of this Rodgers and Hammerstein classic recreates the unabashed, unquestioning romance American theatergoers once had with the American book musical. Kelli O'Hara and Paulo Szot are the revelatory stars of a pitch-perfect cast (2:50). Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'A TALE OF TWO CITIES' This lumpish poperetta, adapted from the Dickens novel by Jill Santoriello and directed by Warren Carlyle, is one of those unfortunate shows that is neither witty in itself nor inspires wit in others. To say it could have been worse -- i.e., hilariously bad -- is no cause for rejoicing (2:30). Al Hirschfeld Theater, 302 West 45th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'13' This shiny, brassy and formulaic musical about the pursuit of popularity is unlikely to wow anyone who isn't in early adolescence. The bubbly score is by Jason Robert Brown, and the show's talented cast members and musicians are all under voting age (1:30). Bernard B. Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

Off Broadway

'ALIENS WITH EXTRAORDINARY SKILLS' Saviana Stanescu's enchanting two-boys-meet-two-girls story is also a paean to the wonders of New York. A pretty Moldovan clown moves to the city and copes with her ''Sex and the City'' fantasies, American men, Craigslist, comically thorough immigration officials and a balloon-animal business that isn't paying the rent (1:35). Julia Miles Theater, 424 West 55th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Anita Gates)

'THE ATHEIST' Campbell Scott stars as a corrupt reporter merrily recounting the misdeeds that made his name in this stale solo show by Ronan Noone. Mr. Scott's altar-boyish good looks make for a piquant contrast with his character's corroded soul, but the writing doesn't give him much to work with (1:45). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, West Village, (212) 352-3101.

(Isherwood)

'BLACK WATCH' Gregory Burke's transfixing play from the National Theater of Scotland, inspired by interviews with soldiers who served in Iraq, is a glorious reminder of the transporting power of the theater. John Tiffany directs this seamless, haunting mix of drama, song and dance (1:50). St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water Street, at Dock Street, Dumbo, Brooklyn, (718) 254-8779. (Brantley)

'BLASTED' At long last, Sarah Kane's astounding drama, first staged in London in 1995, arrives in New York. As directed by Sarah Benson and acted by a three-member ensemble with the bravery of hang gliders in a storm, Ms. Kane's disturbing, vital study of the human instinct for inhumanity still registers off the Richter scale as a shocker (1:15). SoHo Rep, 46 Walker Street, between Church Street and Broadway, TriBeCa, (212) 352-3101. (Brantley)

'A BODY OF WATER' A puzzle play by Lee Blessing about a man and a woman (Christine Lahti and Michael Cristofer) who wake up one day with their memories obliterated. Various solutions to the mystery are proffered; none are particularly gripping (1:30). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200. (Isherwood)

'THE CASTLE' Four ex-convicts tell how they returned to society in this fascinating, if at times overearnest, production (1:00). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Andy Webster)

'ENTER LAUGHING' Why did this artfully silly musical about a young man who wants to be an actor flop on Broadway in 1976? In the York Theater Company's resurrection, it's flat-out hilarious. Much of the credit goes to Josh Grisetti, playing the young man in question; his comic timing is superb, and the supporting cast matches him perfectly. Joseph Stein's book and Stan Daniels's songs have nothing on their minds but laughs, and they get them (2:30). York Theater Company, at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Avenue, at 54th Street, (212) 935-5820. (Neil Genzlinger)

'FAULT LINES' Stephen Belber's enjoyable if mechanical play about old friends is filled with clever banter, twists and plenty of machismo (1:30). Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce Street, West Village, (212) 239-6200. (Jason Zinoman)

'FIFTY WORDS' Norbert Leo Butz and Elizabeth Marvel bring fearsome commitment and insight to Michael Weller's bruising, blow-by-blow account of one long night in a troubled marriage (2:00). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'FORBIDDEN BROADWAY GOES TO REHAB' Having announced that it would be officially ending its merry reign of terror on January 15, Gerard Alessandrini's satirical revue has been blessed with that have-to-win energy that descends on weary racers near the finish line. The liveliest, sauciest and (given its imminent departure) saddest edition in years (1:30). 47th Street Theater, 304 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'THE GLASS CAGE' A smooth and polished staging with a top-notch cast keep J. B. Priestley's none-too-subtle homily against hypocrisy among holier-than-thou Canadian Puritans at the turn of the 20th century from slipping into soap opera melodrama (2:30). Mint Theater, 311 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 315-0231.

(Wilborn Hampton)

'IN CONFLICT' Based on Yvonne Latty's book of interviews with veterans of the war in Iraq, this sober and affecting docudrama out of Temple University is notable for the strangely harmonious casting of largely inexperienced actors as untried soldiers suddenly tested in ways that strain sanity. Douglas Wager directs (1:30). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue, West Village, (212) 352-3101.

(Brantley)

'IRENA'S VOW' An absorbing play based on the true story of Irena Gut, a young Roman Catholic in Poland who hid 12 Jews in the cellar of a house occupied by a Nazi major during World War II. Tovah Feldshuh portrays Irena, recounting her white-knuckled adventure in a flashback told more than 40 years later (1:30). Directors Company at the Baruch Performing Arts Center, 55 Lexington Avenue, at 25th Street, (212) 352-3101. (Hampton)

'KINDNESS' Adam Rapp's latest play is a listless drama about two Midwesterners -- cancer-ridden mom and her sullen son -- who strike up unlikely friendships with two New Yorkers (2:00). Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Isherwood)

'THE MARVELOUS WONDERETTES' When the scheduled singers at a 1958 senior prom cancel, the title characters of this effervescent jukebox musical step in, and we're lucky that they do. The quartet sings hits of the era -- all from a female perspective -- and in the second act they return at their 10-year reunion, weathered and wiser. For a certain generation, and all fanciers of the girl-group sound, ''The Marvelous Wonderettes'' is an utter charm bomb (2:00). Westside Theater, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Webster)

'SPIN' A mixed bag of one-acts by skilled writers (including Adam Rapp and Elizabeth Meriwether) about the political jargon du jour (1:20). Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce Street, West Village, (212) 239-6200. (Zinoman)

'WIG OUT!' A gutsy, pulsing portrait of uptown drag queens and the men who love them, from the astonishing young playwright Tarell Alvin McCraney. Tina Landau directs this as a thorough and original anatomy of an alternative universe, with its own defiant language (2:00). Vineyard Theater, 108 East 15th Street, (212) 353-0303. (Brantley)

Off Off Broadway

'ARIAS WITH A TWIST' Eat your heart out, Madonna. The chanteuses who play Madison Square Garden have never experienced the imaginative heights of spectacle with which the puppet master Basil Twist surrounds the drag performer Joey Arias. Despite the presence of some enchanting marionettes, this is not, for the record, a kiddie show (1:10). Here Arts Center, 145 Avenue of the Americas, at Dominick Street, South Village, (212) 352-3101. (Brantley)

'CELEBRITY AUTOBIOGRAPHY: IN THEIR OWN WORDS' A rotating cast of comics and actors -- Kristen Johnston, Andrea Martin and a few ''Saturday Night Live'' alums among them -- read selections of the witless wisdom culled from the tell-all tomes of the rich and famous. A nice tonic for our fame-addled age (1:30). Triad Theater, 158 West 72nd Street, (212) 868-4444. (Isherwood)

'SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE' This participatory production involves only four actors, and if you check it out, you'll be one. Participants portray characters from a film-noir narrative and are given hand-heldmedia players, each loaded with an audiovisual file providing voice-overs, flashbacks, a script and a map spanning three Brooklyn blocks. The paths of the members of the ''cast'' eventually converge as their shady pasts are revealed. If you can embrace the recreational spirit of the thing -- and if you like role-playing games with your ear buds -- you'll have fun (45 minutes). Brick Theater, 575 Metropolitan Avenue, near Union Avenue, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (212) 352-3101.

(Webster)

Last Chance

'CHEKHOV LIZARDBRAIN' The Pig Iron Theater Company's hypnotic new show is a surrealistic journey into the mind of a lonely, possibly autistic fellow recalling his enigmatic encounters with three brothers. Loosely inspired by Chekhov's ''Three Sisters'' and certain theories of the brain, the play is an inspired theatrical meditation on isolation (1:15). Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster Street, between Spring and Broome Streets, SoHo, (212) 868-4444; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'THE FIRST BREEZE OF SUMMER' An appealingly acted revival of Leslie Lee's ambitious, sprawling domestic drama from 1975 about an African-American family. This first entry in the Signature Theater Company's season devoted to the Negro Ensemble Company, directed by Ruben Santiago-Hudson, features Leslie Uggams in a subtle, contradiction-embracing performance as a matriarch hostage to memory (2:30). Peter Norton Space, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 244-7529; closes on Sunday. (Brantley)

'LEGALLY BLONDE' Flossing between songs is recommended (2:20). Palace Theater, 1564 Broadway, at 47th Street, (212) 307-4100; closes on Sunday. (Brantley)

'REWIND' Sixty minutes of high-energy intermissionless entertainment (1:00). New Victory Theater, 229 West 42nd Street, (646) .223-3010; closes on Sunday.

(Lawrence Van Gelder)

'ROOM TO PANIC' Federico Restrepo and his company Loco7 have created an elegant multimedia production. Puppetry, video, dance, music (by Elizabeth Swados) and a script based on Elias Khoury's ''Gate of the Sun'' combine to make a touching comment on the immigrant experience in the United States (1:30). The Annex Theater of La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 475-7710; closes on Sunday. (Gates)

'TABOOS' Carl Djerassi, an inventor of the birth control pill, follows the consequences of reproductive technology to extremes in this comic drama, in which a lesbian couple and a conservative Christian couple find themselves in an egg-swapping, sperm-donating tangle that tests everyone's boundaries. The Christian characters (especially the woman) are close to caricatures, and things get a bit didactic at times, but the premise is intriguing and the acting uniformly fine (1:20). SoHo Playhouse, 15 Van Dam Street, South Village, (212) 691-1555; closes on Sunday. (Genzlinger)

'THE TEMPEST'Mandy Patinkin is a forceful if at times unmodulated Prospero in Brian Kulick's simple and spare production of Shakespeare's romance. Stark Sands and Elisabeth Waterston are the young lovers he brings together, and Nyambi Nyambi is a sympathetic, suffering Caliban (2:15). Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

The Around Town and For Children listings appear on Page 38.

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**End of Document**



[***Education Transfers, and Stops;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VXP0-008G-F2WG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Public Schools Are Struggling With High Student Turnover***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VXP0-008G-F2WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KIMBERLY J. McLARIN

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

It is March, and Marie Pompeo-Melone, the nurse at Public School 8, is still registering new students -- 25 in the first eight days of the month alone.

The students keep coming, but the seams of the school do not burst because others are leaving just as fast. In 1993, the school had a mobility rate of 89 percent, according to the State Education Department, meaning that 89 percent of the children spent part of the year elsewhere. Ms. Pompeo-Melone's file cabinets are crammed with their transfer papers, and her head swims with their faces and names.

"I can't tell you the last time there was a day when I had no transfers," Ms. Pompeo-Melone said. "It's just all the time. Words cannot describe how mobile it's become."

P.S. 8 is not alone. Throughout the country, especially in poor areas, schools are struggling with student turnover rates of 70, 80 and 90 percent. A 1994 report by the General Accounting Office found that nationwide, 17 percent of third graders had attended three or more schools since first grade. At many urban schools, that third-grade percentage is often double.

The consequences can be troubling for both schools and students. Children who move often are more likely to fail a grade and to have behavioral problems than those who do not, according to a 1993 study published in The Journal of the American Medical Association. Even a short move is often stressful, said David Wood, an author of the study and a pediatrician at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles.

Lillian Soto was in first grade in Puerto Rico, split the second grade between schools in Hoboken and Jersey City, attended P.S. 8 for third, fourth and fifth grades, transferred to another Jersey City school for sixth grade and now, as an eighth grader, is back at P.S. 8. Lillian said she did not know why her family had moved so much. But recently, she said, her mother has been thinking about returning to Puerto Rico. Lillian, 13, said her brothers all wanted to go. But she will resist.

"She didn't want to let me finish the eighth grade," she said. "I don't want to keep moving to different places. I'm tired already."

The question, educational experts say, is this: Can any effort to improve public schools succeed if the schoolhouse door is a turnstile?

"Do we really have a prayer of educating these kids?" said L. Scott Miller, author of a study of student mobility for the Council for Aid to Education. "I say no."

Education experts say they have only started examining the problem in recent years, and as a result there are few data, making it difficult to know if the mobility rate is growing worse. But at P.S. 8, the teachers have no doubt.

"Years ago I could see a little kid in the first grade and that kid was here at graduation," said Linda Herman, who has taught at P.S. 8 for 30 years. "That was most. Now, it's a handful. Everything has just changed so."

For some families, moving means enhanced fortunes as a parent takes a better job or buys a larger home. But among the nation's most transient families, it is often poverty and its complications that lead to a change in address. A parent loses a job and is evicted. An unemployed mother bounces from the house of one relative to another. An immigrant gives up on his dreams and returns to his homeland.

Poor families move twice as often as those that are not poor, according to a report by the Bureau of the Census. A study by the Council for the Aid to Education linked frequent moving to unemployment, immigrant status, the shortage of low-income housing and problems like drug use, violence and child neglect.

"Mobility is both a cause and a symptom," said Mr. Miller, author of the study.

The stress of mobility weighs most heavily on the student. But a fluctuating population can also paralyze the school. Teachers find it hard to maintain lesson schedules and get to know children and parents. Paperwork overwhelms everyone, from the principal to the nurse.

Each new student disrupts the class and sidetracks the teacher as she tries to figure out where, educationally, the new child stands, said Linda Stokes, a second-grade teacher at P.S. 8.

"If the kid is behind, that's a problem," she said. "If the kid is ahead, it's a problem. Either way, now you have to accommodate the kid, but meanwhile you still have the children that have been there."

Teachers and administrators say it is unfair to judge them by the standardized test scores of students they have not taught -- students who may fare well but are more likely to score poorly on such tests. At P.S. 8, a student from California arrived early this month and took the state's Early Warning Test five days later.

"It's a big issue," said Linnea Weiland, director of urban education for the State Education Department. "The urban districts complain that the suburban districts don't have these problems and that it skews the results."

P.S. 8's ***working-class*** neighborhood seems too solid to produce such migratory children. Its modest houses look out on clean sidewalks. A few blocks away, elderly women push carts through the Central Avenue shopping district. Teachers and students said they felt safe on the neighborhood streets.

Because Jersey City does not have middle schools, its elementary schools are large. With more than 1,350 students in kindergarten through grade eight, P.S. 8 is the city's largest elementary school. The three-story, brown-brick building looks like a high school. The halls are so long teachers sometimes walk them in sneakers for exercise.

New Jersey's mobility figures may be higher than other states' because they include students who transfer in or out during the first few weeks of school. (The rate is calculated by dividing the number of students who transferred in or out by the number of students present for any part of the year.)

New York City, for instance, does not count students who transfer until Oct. 1, after schools have been in session for several weeks, and that lowers the rate compared with those in New Jersey districts.

In New York City, the mobility rate for elementary and middle schools in 1993-94 was 27 percent, according to the Board of Education. The New Jersey Education Department does not compile a statewide mobility figure.

However the calculation is done, P.S. 8 educators say the crisis is real. "It's unbelievable," said Pat Farrell, the guidance counselor. "Sometimes a second grader will have eight different past addresses."

Ms. Farrell said the school's proximity to Union City, Hoboken, Bayonne and New York might contribute to its high turnover.

The district is predominately Hispanic, and many students were born in Ecuador, Mexico, El Salvador or Puerto Rico. Every April brings a large influx of Spanish-speaking students into Joanna Veloz's bilingual third-grade class.

"That's when a lot of the Spanish countries finish school, and the parents decide to come on over," Ms. Veloz said.

Linda Herman, an eighth-grade teacher, said the spring also brings a group of eighth graders who are in danger of failing at their old schools.

"A lot of them think the records aren't going to catch up, and that they'll be able to come here and graduate and be promoted," she said.

Ms. Pompeo-Melone said she knew of several cases in which children left P.S. 8 after teachers suggested they be tested for learning disabilities. In one case, officials at the child's new school called, and Ms. Pompeo-Melone told them of the plan to test for a learning problem.

"They said, 'O.K., we'll continue that here,' and the child picked up and left again," she said. "It's a form of running away for a lot of these parents."

The children themselves often have only a vague understanding of why their families must move.

"We just move a lot to different housing projects," Lillian said.

Stephanie Nazario, 13, has attended P.S. 8 since kindergarten. But last year, her best friend of many years transferred to P.S. 28.

"Sometimes people move because their father lost a job," she said.

Lillian said, "Maybe it's because they get tired of the place they're in."

Latasha Foster said, "Grown-ups -- that's their favorite thing, moving." She added, "They just want to move around and around. They want to see different places."

Latasha, 13, went to school in New York until the third grade, then attended P.S. 8 for two years. But during the summer before her fifth-grade year, her mother moved the family to Washington. Latasha said she was academically ahead of her classmates in Washington. Still, she did not like the school or the city.

"It was different -- the way people go about themselves and talk," she said. "It was countrylike."

Norma Reynoso, 11, attended Catholic schools until the third grade, then transferred to one public school for fourth grade, and to P.S. 6 for fifth grade. She entered P.S. 8 in September, after her family moved into the neighborhood.

"I didn't want to come here," she said. "I still feel like I want to go back. A lot of people liked me at Number Six. I used to make a lot of friends."

There are some grass-roots efforts to address the problem. In 1988, a group of landlords in Rochester started a program to educate parents about high mobility, said David Schuler, president of the Apartment Owners Association. Members intervened in housing problems and helped change the way the county pays the rent of welfare recipients, a method that Mr. Schuler said had encouraged people to move often.

The group also tried to build community support for School 9, one of Rochester's largest schools. Its mobility rate has dropped from 73 percent in 1988 to 48 percent in 1993, the last year for which figures were available, district officials said.

Latasha Foster said her mother was planning to move again once Latasha completed eighth grade. But Latasha's acceptance into Jersey City's academic high school changed her mind.

"I don't think your parents know what you go through," Latasha said. "My mother lived in the same neighborhood growing up. She doesn't understand. They think kids can make friends really quickly. But some people can't."

**Graphic**

Photo: 'I don't want to keep moving to different places," said Lillian Soto, right, a student at Public School 8 in Jersey City who has changed schools a number of times. Norma Reynoso, to her left, agreed. "I used to make a lot of friends," she said. (Lenore Victoria Davis for The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Table: "FOR EXAMPLE: Mobile Students" shows a selection of public elementary schools in New Jersey and their turnover rates, which the New Jersey Education Department calculates by adding the number of students who transferred in and out and dividing the number by the total number of students present for a part of the school year. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** March 16, 1995

**End of Document**



[***When Horror Came to a Connecticut Family - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PC8-J9H0-TW8F-G479-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 7, 2007 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 2539 words

**Byline:** By MANNY FERNANDEZ and ALISON LEIGH COWAN; Stacey Stowe and Christine Stuart contributed reporting.

**Dateline:** CHESHIRE, Conn., Aug. 6

**Body**

Dr. William A. Petit Jr., his head bloodied and legs bound, stumbled out of a rear basement door of his two-story home here into a pouring rain, calling the name of a neighbor for help.

The neighbor heard the shouting, but so did the two men inside the house, who peeked outside from an upstairs window. They were both serial burglars with drug habits, having racked up numerous convictions for stealing car keys and pocketbooks.

This time, they took something far more precious.

The men, the authorities say, had already strangled Dr. Petit's wife, Jennifer Hawke-Petit, 48, and in short order would also kill the couple's two daughters, Hayley, 17, and Michaela, 11. The elder suspect, Steven J. Hayes, 44, had poured gasoline on the girls and their mother, according to a lawyer and a law enforcement official involved in the case, in hopes of concealing DNA evidence of sexual assault. He had raped Ms. Hawke-Petit, and his partner, Joshua Komisarjevsky, 26, had sexually assaulted Michaela.

Moments after Dr. Petit escaped, as the house was being surrounded by police officers, the men lighted the gasoline. The girls were tied to their beds but alive when the gas Mr. Hayes had spread around the house was set aflame.

It was about 9:50 a.m. on July 23 when Dr. Petit, 50, burst into his backyard on what is normally a quiet street in a quiet town of 29,000 in central Connecticut. On this stormy summer morning it was the site of one of the most savage crimes in the state in decades. By 10:01, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Komisarjevsky had been captured. On Tuesday morning they are expected to be presented in New Haven County Court for their first appearance in the venue where they will be tried; they have been formally charged in State Superior Court in Meriden with capital felonies, which could bring the death penalty.

Interviews with law enforcement officials and lawyers for the men, and friends, co-workers and relatives of all involved, along with a study of court records, paint a picture of what happened that morning and show that there were missed opportunities on both sides of the law leading up to the deaths.

The criminal justice system failed to treat Mr. Hayes and Mr. Komisarjevsky as serious offenders despite long histories of recidivism, repeatedly setting them free on parole. The suspects never capitalized on those chances to turn their lives around, instead apparently forming a new criminal alliance after meeting at a drug treatment center in Hartford.

''There's no question about it: The system didn't work,'' Dr. Petit's father, William A. Petit Sr., 73, said last weekend outside his home in Plainville, 12 miles north, where the family has long formed a pillar of civic life. He paused, then added: ''It's too late now.''

It started out like any summer Sunday.

After 18 holes of golf with his father, Dr. Petit returned home to the beige clapboard colonial on a corner lot on hilly Sorghum Mill Drive where the family had lived since 1989. A renowned diabetes expert, he helped write ''The Encyclopedia of Diabetes'' and is medical director of the Joslin Diabetes Center at the Hospital of Central Connecticut. Yet he had never strayed far from where he grew up.

Deep Roots, Bright Futures

His father used to sell trinkets at a general store on Whiting Street in Plainville. The store closed, but the elder Mr. Petit kept an office on Whiting, while his son opened a medical practice a short walk down the street, where the walls of his examining rooms are decorated not with awards, but with pictures of his family.

That Sunday, Michaela -- a budding cook whom people called K. K. -- made a pasta sauce of native tomatoes, garlic, olive oil and basil and mixed up a balsamic vinaigrette for the salad. At a memorial service for his family, Dr. Petit said that whenever he came home to find Michaela watching the Food Network, he knew he would have to catch the basketball game in the office upstairs. ''Sometimes if it was a long day I pulled rank,'' he admitted.

Hayley -- Hayes to relatives -- dreamed of becoming a doctor like her father, and was bound for Dartmouth College, his alma mater. She was always following in Dr. Petit's footsteps, shadowing him at the hospital on Saturdays, walking behind his white coattails into patients' rooms.

In April, the Petits celebrated their 22nd wedding anniversary. They had met at Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh, where she was a new nurse and he was a third-year medical student. For their first date, he invited her to dinner, but also invited his parents and two of his parents' friends.

In Cheshire, where the median household income is $80,466, the Petits lived in a home valued at $387,000, with eight rooms and a brick fireplace. Next to the basketball rim out back was a small enclosed trampoline. There were soccer balls and lacrosse sticks in bins in the garage.

They were charitable with their time and money, particularly in support of multiple sclerosis, the degenerative muscle disease that Ms. Hawke-Petit had been battling for eight years. Hayley, who rowed on the school crew and was a playmaker on the basketball court, had recently been hospitalized with a collapsed lung.

A month before the killings, friends and relatives gathered on Sorghum Mill Drive to celebrate Hayley's graduation from the all-girls Miss Porter's School in Farmington. There were bouquets of white daisies on the tables outside. Deb Hereld, the mother of one of Hayley's childhood friends, remembered Michaela skipping through the house, turning around to flash her a smile.

''I kind of always joked,'' said Christopher J. Wazorko, a Plainville town councilman, ''if you weren't with your own family, you'd certainly want to be a Petit.''

Mismatched Intruders

The authorities say the intruders entered the house through an open door at 3 a.m. Monday as Dr. Petit slept in a chair on the first floor, his wife and daughters in their rooms upstairs. The previous evening, the men had followed Ms. Hawke-Petit and Michaela home from the parking lot of a Super Stop & Shop three miles away.

They were a mismatched pair. Mr. Komisarjevsky (pronounced ko-mi-sor-JEFF-ski) is tall and thin, Mr. Hayes shorter and stockier. Mr. Komisarjevsky lived with his parents in Cheshire, 1.7 miles from the Petits. Mr. Hayes was born in Florida and was raised by a single mother, with whom he still lived in Winsted, a ***working-class*** town of 7,000 some 30 miles away.

Mr. Komisarjevsky had been breaking into houses since the age of 14, generally sneaking in at night through unlocked back doors in Cheshire and similar suburbs, wearing latex gloves and military night-vision goggles.

Mr. Hayes had spent his whole adult life in and out of prison for burglary. He specialized not in homes but in cars: He went to public parks and broke into parked cars with a rock, sometimes taking the vehicle, more often just snatching something inside to sell.

They took big risks for small rewards, grabbing a purse or a money clip, a vase or some silver or a pair of boots. They got high on marijuana and cocaine; Mr. Komisarjevsky also used crystal methamphetamine. They led ragged lives, out of sync with the orderly homes they sneaked into at night.

Chance had brought them together at a residential drug treatment center and a halfway house in Hartford, where their stays happened to overlap. They were both fathers: Mr. Komisarjevsky's daughter, now 5, was born while he was behind bars; Mr. Hayes has two teenage children who live with their mother and stepfather in a blue-collar neighborhood of Torrington.

Cheshire, with the modest motto, ''Bedding Plant Capital of Connecticut,'' is, like its neighbor towns in the heart of Connecticut, a community of clapboard homes, big lawns and weekly Rotary Club meetings. People grow old on the same streets where they grew up. Every resident seems to have a dog, and every turn seems to lead to Main Street.

There have been three homicides in the past decade. People still go to bed with doors unlocked.

The authorities say that the Petit home was at least the third in Cheshire that the two men burglarized since the start of that weekend. They sneaked into one through a screen door and took a money clip --with credit and A.T.M. cards, and $140 in cash -- from the kitchen counter Sunday morning. They broke in through a back screen of another Saturday night.

Why the spree turned violent on Sorghum Mill Drive remains unclear.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Komisarjevsky had driven to a nearby Wal-Mart and bought an air rifle and rope. Once inside the house, they clubbed Dr. Petit over the head with a baseball bat and tied him up in the basement.

Between 4 and 4:30 a.m., Mr. Hayes went to a BP station on Main Street, where he bought four cans of gasoline.

A Life on a Rap Sheet

Mr. Hayes had been in Cheshire before -- at the Manson Youth Institution and at the Cheshire Correctional Institution, both in the early 1980s. They were two of 17 prisons and detention centers around the state where he spent time as he bounced in and out of the system over the next 25 years. For a mug shot taken as he was being paroled in May, prisoner No. 97425 smiled for the camera.

''For all his involvement in the penal system, he didn't come across as a hardened criminal,'' said Pete Hoban, who worked with Mr. Hayes years ago when Mr. Hayes was a cook at the Saybrook Fish House. ''He was mild.''

He drifted from job to job, from crime to crime, from parole to jail and back again. His life story unfolds on his rap sheet: arrested for the first time at 16; burglarized a house in New Hartford at 24; reprimanded in prison for assault at 29; arrested for drug possession at 38.

Mr. Hayes's father left home when he and his brother, Brian, were boys. Neighbors said they used to hear the two fighting and yelling at the condominium where they lived with their mother. ''He got out of jail and didn't know how to live in the real world,'' said a woman who spoke on the condition she not be identified because she had a personal connection to the Hayes family.

Before the Petit break-in, his last arrest was in 2003, for smashing a car window and stealing the pocketbook inside. Facing possible prosecution under the state's repeat offender law, Mr. Hayes pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years, heading after three to the halfway house where he met Mr. Komisarjevsky.

By May, Mr. Hayes was out on parole. His friend had been paroled the month before.

Illustrious Family Name

Over the years, the state's Department of Correction has had trouble spelling Mr. Komisarjevsky's name correctly.

It is a name with an illustrious history: Mr. Komisarjevsky's great-grandfather, Fyodor, was an opera singer in Russia who married a princess. Their son, Theodore, was a popular theatrical director said to have put on a ''King Lear'' worth crossing the ocean to see. Theodore's last wife, Joshua's grandmother, was an American, Ernestine Stodelle.

''My mother was a beautiful avant-garde dancer who danced with the seminal dancers of modern dance, and my father had left Russia at the time of the revolution to escape the Communists and directed theater in London and in New York,'' said Mr. Komisarjevsky's uncle, Christopher Komisarjevsky. ''That was the kind of environment we grew up in.''

After Theodore died in 1954, Ernestine married John Chamberlain, a conservative newspaper writer who owned some 65 acres of land in Cheshire, the crowning glory of which was a pre-Revolutionary home, complete with wishing well.

That is where Joshua Komisarjevsky spent many of his teenage years with his parents, Benedict Komisarjevsky, who ran a construction company, and Jude Motyka, who home-schooled Josh and his sister, Naomi. The family had also taken in foster children, and when Mr. Komisarjevsky was 14, he was raped by one of them, his mother told an investigator for the state's Department of Children and Families.

That was the year Mr. Komisarjevsky started breaking into homes. In 2002, he confessed to more than a dozen burglaries, and was sentenced to nine years in prison followed by six years of supervised parole. But the state's Board of Pardons and Paroles has admitted mishandling his case by granting him parole in April 2007 without first reviewing a copy of the 2002 sentencing transcript, in which a judge called him a ''calculated, cold-blooded predator.''

The parole board ordered him to wear an electronic ankle bracelet for 90 days, and officials extended that period for several more, so they could monitor his return home each night. Within 72 hours of its removal July 19, the authorities said, Mr. Komisarjevsky was burglarizing homes again in Cheshire. Within 96, he was inside the Petits'.

A Note to a Bank Teller

Shortly before 9:30 a.m. that Monday, Ms. Hawke-Petit walked into a Bank of America branch and withdrew $15,000 from the account she shared with her husband. Mr. Hayes waited in the parking lot in Maplecroft Plaza, the same shopping center where the two men had watched Ms. Hawke-Petit and her daughter the day before.

Ms. Hawke-Petit told the teller that she had to have the money because her family was being held hostage, and that if the police were notified, her family would be killed.

Debbie Biggins, 50, was opening a new account at the bank when she noticed Ms. Hawke-Petit, who seemed tense and in a rush. ''I could feel it,'' Mrs. Biggins said in a recent interview. ''I felt fear.'' After Ms. Hawke-Petit left, Mrs. Biggins said, she saw the teller hand a manager a slip of paper.

A bank employee called 911 about 9:30. ''The call came in as a suspicious transaction with a hostage situation, but it wasn't clear,'' said a law enforcement official who spoke on the condition of anonymity because the matter is still under investigation. The Cheshire police have refused to release a full timeline indicating when officers arrived on Sorghum Mill Drive, but described their response as ''immediate.''

By 9:45 a.m., seven to nine Cheshire police officers, including SWAT team members, were working to secure a perimeter around the Petit house, and a police helicopter was en route.

About five minutes later, Dr. Petit stumbled out of a basement door onto the rear of his property, calling the name of a neighbor, who took the bleeding doctor into his garage and dialed 911.

After lighting the fire, the two men jumped into the family's Chrysler Pacifica sport utility vehicle. They crashed into a police vehicle in the driveway, then slammed into two police cruisers parked nose to nose as a barricade not far from the house, where they were taken into custody.

Inside the house on Sorghum Mill Drive, Hayley and Michaela died of smoke inhalation, not from their burns, according to the Connecticut medical examiner. Their mother was found downstairs.

A week later, Dr. Petit attended a candlelight vigil outside his medical practice on Whiting Street. He sat beneath a tent, between his mother and his father. A priest walked over to him and lighted the white candle in the doctor's hand.

Dr. Petit stood and carried his candle around the tent, slowly and carefully lighting the candles people held up to him.

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, a front-page article on Tuesday about the events leading up to a home invasion robbery in Cheshire, Conn., that left a woman and her two daughters dead referred incorrectly to multiple sclerosis, which the woman, Jennifer Hawke-Petit, had been battling for eight years. It is a disease of the central nervous system, not the muscles.

Because of an editing error, a front-page article on Tuesday about the events leading up to a home invasion robbery in Cheshire, Conn., that left a woman and her two daughters dead referred incorrectly to multiple sclerosis, which the woman, Jennifer Hawke-Petit, had been battling for eight years. It is a disease of the central nervous system, not the muscles.

**Correction-Date:** August 10, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. William A. Petit Jr., his wife, Jennifer Hawke-Petit, and their daughters, Hayley, left, and Michaela in 2006, when Dr. Petit was installed as president of the Hartford County Medical Association.(Photograph by Muldoon Photography, via Associated Press)(pg. A16)

The scene at the Petits' home on July 23, after two intruders set a gasoline fire before trying to escape. (Photograph by George Ruhe/Associated Press)(pg. A16)

July 21-22 Two houses on the same block in Cheshire are broken into overnight

the police later suspect Mr. Komisarjevsky and Mr. Hayes. July 22 The two follow Jennifer Hawke-Petit and her daughter home from a Stop & Shop parking lot, and buy an air rifle and some rope from Wal-Mart. July 23 Mr. Hayes and Mr. Komisarjevsky enter the Petit home, shown right, through an open door, beat Dr. William A. Petit Jr. with a baseball bat and rape Ms. Hawke-Petit before strangling her. One of their daughters is also sexually assaulted. The house is set on fire. (Photograph by CHRISTOPHER CAPOZZIELLO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A16) Charts: ''Crossing Paths'' Steven J. Hayes, 44, and Joshua Komisarjevsky, 26, have been charged in the killing of a Cheshire family last month. Each had a criminal history before they met last year. Chart shows dateline from 1980-2007 for HAYES and KOMISARJEVSKY.

**Load-Date:** August 7, 2007

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49WV-7CK0-01KN-24WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 31, 2003 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 28

**Length:** 2332 words

**Body**

A selective listing by Times critics of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

"BEYOND BORDERS," starring Angelina Jolie and Clive Owen. Directed by Martin Campbell (R, 127 minutes). Sitting through the romantic action-melodrama "Beyond Borders," which follows a glamorous movie star couple as they tend to the needy in trouble spots like Ethiopia, Cambodia and Chechnya, is like watching someone trying to dry his hands with sandpaper. No amount of misguided effort is going to help. Ms. Jolie plays a shallow young woman, Sarah Jordan, who's shaken out of her insular existence by the dashing Dr. Nick Callahan (Mr. Owen). "Borders" wants to dramatize the chasm between Sarah and Nick, whose impatient compassion endangers as many refugees as it saves. That metaphorical land mass is supposed to be her middle-class naivete and his brooding, no-nonsense altruism. But they're much closer than they think -- a pair of noble idiots. Inspired by his example, she raises money and follows him with medical supplies and food to Ethiopia. He repays her kindness with blithe cruelty. This is a movie so oblivious that Mr. Campbell, an accomplished action filmmaker, forgot that in the 1940's, "Casablanca" had the good sense to have Rick note that the troubles of ordinary people don't amount to a hill of beans (Elvis Mitchell).

"BROTHER BEAR," with the voices of Joaquin Phoenix, Jeremy Suarez, Rick Moranis and D. B. Sweeney. Directed by Aaron Blaise and Robert Walker (G, 85 minutes). The fine line separating good-hearted family movies from inspirational films that drum in moral values is breached in "Brother Bear," a plush, Disney animated film that would like to think of itself as "The Lion King Plus." Set in the Pacific Northwest at the end of the Ice Age, it traffics in the same sort of cosmic mumbo-jumbo as its forerunner. Cobbling together ancient cross-cultural myths of initiation and humans who turn into animals, it tells the story of Kenai (Mr. Phoenix), a hot-headed Native American boy on the verge of manhood who is transformed into a bear so he can learn compassion for all creatures great and small. The self-serious movie is beautiful to look at but light on humor. The soundtrack features six songs by Phil Collins (Stephen Holden).

\* "BUS 174," directed by Jose Padilha (not rated, 122 minutes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). This Brazilian documentary is so wrenching and absorbing that you can easily lose sight of the sophistication of its techniques. Using a combination of video taken for Brazilian television and ex post facto talking-head interviews, the filmmakers have made a deceptively straightforward documentary that has the force of tragedy and the depth of first-rate investigative journalism. Their work explores a bus hijacking that took place in Rio de Janeiro in 2000, and paints a heartbreaking, shocking portrait of the perpetrator, a child of the slums who had survived a notorious police massacre of homeless children in 1992, and a society riven by poverty and violence (A. O. Scott).

\* "ELEPHANT," starring Alex Frost, Eric Deulen, Alicia Miles and John Robinson. Directed by Gus Van Sant (R, 81 minutes). This unusual and remarkable film has a premise so simple that, in the abstract, it borders on the banal: plotless and stubbornly resistant to conventional narrative structure, the movie has its camera follow students around the halls and grounds of a high school in Portland, Ore., for a day until violence erupts. "Elephant" is the director's take on the murders that took place at Columbine High School. The title comes from the British director Alan Clarke's 1989 short film of the same name, a tough and dense look at the violence in northern Ireland. Mr. Clarke's short outraged or absorbed viewers in the way Mr. Van Sant's movie, which won the Palme d'Or at Cannes, is likely to do. (Mr. Clarke's title referred to the aphorism about the elephant in the living room -- a problem that people refuse to face for so long that they are no longer even able to see it.) "Elephant" will confound audiences looking for solutions or villains, because it doesn't supply them. Mr. Van Sant gives "Elephant" a spartan yet elusive life by shifting the film's focus from one group of students to another. And by the end of the movie, we realize where much of the power and clarity of the film come from. By making the camera an observer, we get a perspective that often comes out of horror movies, a choice that whips the ordinary with the terrifying -- an unforgettable mix (Mitchell).

"IN THE CUT," starring Meg Ryan and Mark Ruffalo. Directed by Jane Campion (R, 118 minutes). Ms. Campion ("The Piano," "Holy Smoke," "The Portrait of a Lady") is an inveterate navigator in the murkier zones of female sexuality, and this film, adapted from Susanna Moore's novel, plots a hazardous nexus of dread, danger and desire. The camera, as it surveys the grimy streets and cramped apartments of Lower Manhattan, trembles as if it were running a fever, and Dion Beebe's cinematography is jumpy and bleary-eyed. Ms. Ryan, who has darkened her hair and suppressed all of her characteristic perkiness, plays Frannie, a writing teacher whose feverish love affair with a homicide detective (Mr. Ruffalo) involves her in the search for a serial killer. The movie's association of female sexuality with mortal risk is potentially interesting, but the cooked-up, conventional serial-killer plot smothers its suggestive nuances and makes the psychology of the two main characters, which might have been provocatively mysterious, seem as deliberately smudged as the film's visual style (Scott).

"KILL BILL: VOL. 1," starring Uma Thurman, David Carradine and Lucy Liu. Written and directed by Quentin Tarantino (R, 95 minutes). Mr. Tarantino's fourth movie, his first in six years, is astonishingly violent, intermittently fascinatingand sometimes tedious. This may be the picture's most serious flaw, since it comes from a man whose worship of action movies from all over the world (but especially Asia) is evident in every frame. Also evident is his obsession with Ms. Thurman: by far the most emotionally charged relationship in the movie is the one between the director and his star, who functions as his muse, idol, alter ego and fetish object. Her character, the Bride, is a former assassin whose former lover (that would be Bill) tried to kill her on her wedding day. In this film, the first installment in a two-part revenge epic, the Bride wakes up from a four-year coma and goes after the hired swords and guns who attacked her. Most of the exposition has been left for Vol. 2; this one is an anthology of increasingly violent sequences, some sickening, some rather thrilling, that culminates in a Tokyo nightclub blood bath during which Ms. Liu, playing a petite yakuza boss, shows off her Japanese, and also (quite literally) her brains (Scott).

\* "MYSTIC RIVER," starring Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Marcia Gay Harden and Laura Linney. Directed by Clint Eastwood (R, 137 minutes). Mr. Eastwood's film, scrupulously faithful to the letter and spirit of Dennis Lehane's novel, has the gritty efficiency of superior crime fiction and the somber weight of tragedy. Set in ***working-class*** Irish Catholic Boston, this film revisits the themes of violence, honor and guilt that have haunted many of Mr. Eastwood's movies; it is among the most humane of his films, but also the most rigorously pessimistic. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Penn play Dave, Sean and Jimmy, boyhood friends who must revisit the traumas of their youth when Jimmy's daughter is murdered. Sean and his partner (Mr. Fishburne) must investigate the killing, which it appears Dave may have committed. The performances are first rate. Ms. Harden, as Dave's wife, Celeste, and Ms. Linney, as her cousin Annabeth, who is married to Jimmy, expand the film's emotional compass, allowing us to see how grief ripples through families and communities. Mr. Penn's volcanic, furiously disciplined performance is surely one of the best pieces of screen acting you'll see this year; it may even be one of the finest ever (Scott).

\* "PIECES OF APRIL," starring Katie Holmes, Patricia Clarkson, Derek Luke, Alison Pill, John Gallagher Jr. and Oliver Platt. Written and directed by Peter Hedges (PG-13, 81 minutes). Mr. Hedges's intelligent and touching farce makes an important contribution to a small and insignificant subgenre: Thanksgiving Day failure. It does so by raising the bar. "April" focuses intently on the neuroses that Thanksgiving Day creates even for the inoffensively punky April Burns (Ms. Holmes), who seeks a rapprochement with her family by preparing a holiday meal that looks like a serving suggestion photo. She now lives in downtown Manhattan with her boyfriend (Mr. Luke). And this is an occasion her suburban family needs to cling to as well. Her dad, Jim (Mr. Platt), and siblings, Timmy (Mr. Gallagher) and Beth (Ms. Pill), are already worn to a frazzle trying to keep their spirits up around April's ill mother, Joy (Ms. Clarkson). They're traveling into the city to dine at April's, in what could be the last holiday they share as a group. When her oven stops working on Thanksgiving morning, April finds the strength to stave off an extravagant meltdown and find a solution. Her willful, spoiled naivete is a great joke that the director doesn't overplay. Yet it's her surliness, as well as her intransigence -- she's determined to make Thanksgiving work -- that keeps the laughs coming (Mitchell).

"RUNAWAY JURY," starring John Cusack, Gene Hackman and Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Gary Fleder (PG-13, 123 minutes). Mr. Hackman and Mr. Hoffman have never shared the screen before, as they do in this latest film adaptation of a paranoid John Grisham courtroom potboiler. Yet something about the picture feels familiar. Mr. Hackman has played this grubby-souled, hand-tailored heart of modern corruption before, and in a previous Grisham adaptation, "The Firm." This time, he's a slick jury consultant named Rankin Fitch who employs ruthless tactics to empanel a jury that will best service his client. And like "The Firm," the schematic crassness of the narrative provides an actor the opportunity to deliver some fine work. Mr. Cusack gives one of his wiliest performances in some time, and one of his most adult, as the aging slacker who is drafted into jury duty. Apparently, the writers realize there's not much to be done with the boilerplate narrative, which involves the machinations of the jury that Fitch is laboring to bend to his own will. (Mr. Hoffman is the endearing plaintiff attorney.) You may end up wishing that the actors had found a less needlessly showoffy picture to practice their craft (Mitchell).

"SCARY MOVIE 3," starring Anna Faris, Leslie Nielsen, Camryn Manheim, Simon Rex, Queen Latifah, Regina Hall and Charlie Sheen. Directed by David Zucker (PG-13, 90 minutes). The third installment of the comedy franchise whose jokes derive largely from references to recent hit films has been given a shot of adrenaline by Mr. Zucker, who pioneered the genre with "Airplane," and who has taken over the creative reins from the Wayans Brothers. Most of the spoofing is at the expense of movies like "Signs," "The Ring" and the first two "Matrix" movies. The funniest sequence in a comedy that revels in knockabout farce and has the attention span of a hyperactive child is a strenuous group effort to revive a corpse, first through some alarmingly aggressive artificial respiration, then through slapping and slamming the body until it breaks apart. Think of "Scary Movie 3" as an accelerated junk-culture vaudeville with a Mad magazine sensibility (Holden).

\* "SCHOOL OF ROCK," starring Jack Black, Joan Cusack and Mike White. Directed by Richard Linklater (PG-13, 110 minutes). Mr. Black gives a roaring, star-making performance as Dewey Finn, an out-of-work heavy-metal rocker who impersonates a substitute teacher and turns a class of nerdy fifth graders into a rock band. Mr. Black's incandescent comic energy should establish him as the screen's most popular rock-fueled wild man since John Belushi. Under the nose of the prim school principal (Ms. Cusack), Dewey, who knows nothing of academics, preaches the gospel of rock 'n' roll and secretly converts the class from loving Christine Aguilera and the musical "Annie" to cheering Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. This family-friendly movie, which has a big, rousing "Rocky"-style finale and isn't believable for a second, is a hilarious cotton-candy fantasy with a beat. It knows just where to draw the line to avoid becoming too cute, too esoteric or too risque (Holden).

\*"SYLVIA," starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Daniel Craig. Directed by Christine Jeffs (R, 110 minutes). Since her suicide in 1963 at 30, Sylvia Plath's life, her work and her marriage to Ted Hughes have been the subject of endless argument, and Plath herself has become a quasi-allegorical figure -- a feminist martyr and an icon of poetic misery. Ms. Jeffs's film is relatively even-handed in its treatment of Hughes (Mr. Craig), and turns its subject from a case study in literary pathology into the heroine of a modern literary opera. The film, shot in dark, oversaturated colors by John Toon, is itself oversaturated with feeling. Rather than try to explain Plath's death, or probe the roots of her poetry, Ms. Jeffs and Ms. Paltrow burrow deep into her personality, leaving its essential, unsettling mysteries intact. Ms. Paltrow is a vivid, passionate presence throughout the film -- she is rarely off the screen -- and she charts the jagged course of Plath's abbreviated adulthood with ardor and intelligence. The movie turns biography into melodrama, but it does so out of a fierce, fascinated loyalty to Plath, who after all did much the same thing in her best poems (Scott).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Meg Ryan as a writing teacher involved with a homicide detective in the thriller "In the Cut." (Photo by James Bridges/Pathe Productions); Alicia Miles and John Robinson in "Elephant," based on the killing spree at Columbine High School. (Photo by HBO Films/Fine Line Features)

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2003

**End of Document**



[***A CHANCE TO CHANGE PSYCHOLOGY OF ELECTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H7H0-0008-N2T1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 1, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1605 words

**Byline:** By HOWELL RAINES, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 6

**Body**

When the Presidential candidates meet in a 90- minute debate on Sunday, Walter F. Mondale's task will be to get the nation's voters to reconsider an electoral choice that, for now, appears to be weighted strongly in President Reagan's favor.

As he faces the mountainous job of changing voters' psychology, Mr. Mondale has one advantage. For the first time in his four-year quest of the Presidency, the Democratic nominee will be on an equal footing with Mr. Reagan. For 90 minutes before a television audience estimated to be 93 million, Mr. Mondale will have a chance to prove his argument that Mr. Reagan is too disengaged, uninformed and callous to continue in office.

But that is about the extent of the positive prospects for the Democrats as the Presidential campaign reaches the end of what Mondale advisers call ''Phase 1,'' the period from Labor Day to the debate, which is to be broadcast from Louisville, Ky., at 9 P.M., New York time.

President Reagan and his Democratic opponent Walter Mondale are preparing to meet in 90 minute Presidential debate in Louisville, Kentucky; debate is seen as Mondale's only chance to change voters' psychology that, for now, appears to be weighted strongly in President Reagan's favor; illustrations (M)

By every objective measurement, Mr. Reagan totally dominated the first 35 days of the fall campaign, fattening his lead in the national public opinion polls by expanding his political foundation into the states of the Northeast and industrial Middle West that are the Democratic Party's base.

Moreover, he has raised the stakes in the contest by generating a nationwide surge of support that could bring him ideological control of the Congress and position the Republicans to accomplish a historic realignment that would end the Democrats' half-century reign as the majority party.

But all these gains are predicated on the fact that Mr. Reagan and his political managers have, in the last few days, brought about a subtle but profound transformation in the psychological terms of this election.

It is no longer simply a referendum on the President's leadership. In a final triumphant elaboration of their tactic of making feelings more important than issues, the Reagan re-election team has cast this election as a referendum on the national mood in which voters are being invited to choose between what the Republicans say are Mr. Mondale's dour prescriptions and what one Democratic strategist called the ''aura of comfort and confidence'' surrounding Mr. Reagan.

In portraying the contest as a watershed choice between the forces of pessimism and optimism, the Reagan re- election team trumped what most commentators singled out as Mr. Mondale's ''best week'' as a candidate. This was the period from Sept. 22 to Sept. 26, when the President made several blundering statements on the bombing of the United States Embassy in Lebanon and Mr. Mondale, after days of somnolent campaigning, suddenly seemed fired with partisan fervor.

Then, starting last Monday, Mr. Mondale lapsed back into a familiar torpor. Polls and statements by his running mate, Geraldine A. Ferraro and by Lane Kirkland, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., highlighted the fact that many members of Mr. Mondale's core support group, organized labor, were defecting to Mr. Reagan.

Upbeat G.O.P. Campaign Theme

Mr. Reagan, on the stump in Mississippi, Texas and Michigan this week, embellished the new theme that a vote for the Democrats is a negative, downbeat, pessimistic act in a nation that has, under his leadership, become ''a soaring eagle'' and a ''rocket of hope.''

Following his strategists' key concepts of repetition and simplicity, Mr. Reagan characterized Mr. Mondale as the candidate of ''defeatism, decline and despair.'' ''He sees America wringing her hands. We see America using her hands,'' Mr. Reagan asserted in Michigan. ''We believe in knowing when opportunity knocks, and he goes out of his way to knock opportunity.''

Mr. Reagan's optimism offensive helped produce a dismal week for Mr. Mondale. The word ''whine'' began showing up routinely in journalistic descriptions of the Democratic nominee's voice. Senator Gary Hart of Colorado and other Democrats singled out criticism by fellow Democrats as one of the main factors dragging Mr. Mondale down in the polls. A New York Times/ CBS News Poll completed Thursday showed Mr. Reagan leading Mr. Mondale 54 percent to 31 percent.

Finally, noting that Mr. Mondale still had not come up with a clear, central message, the Republicans decided to supply him with a negative, pessimistic one. The Republican National Committee unveiled a devastating new television commercial reminding voters that Mr. Mondale has promised, if elected to replace Mr. Reagan, to raise taxes by at least $85 billion.

Advice for Mondale

It is not that the Mondale staff does not know what Mr. Reagan is up to. As Richard C. Leone, the Mondale aide in charge of developing a central message for the Democrats, put it: ''He paints word pictures, if you will, about public policy problems.''

But understanding Mr. Reagan's skills and countering them are two different things. With the debate looming, the advisory councils convened this week by James A. Johnson, the Mondale campaign chairman, produced consensus on several key points of strategy.

First, they said, stay away from the issue of leadership. The polls show that people believe Mr. Reagan is the stronger man. Secondly, Mr. Mondale was advised to be careful with his beloved deficit issue. It bores people and reminds them that Mr. Mondale has endorsed tax increases.

Instead, Democratic experts believe Mr. Mondale's best hope is to argue that Mr. Reagan represents a threat to Social Security and Medicare, which helps pay medical expenses for the elderly. Most important, they think that Mr. Mondale must somehow rattle Mr. Reagan and confront him with facts that undercut his good-vibrations politics.

Questions for Reagan

''If I were in Fritz's shoes I would put it in very personal terms,'' said Mr. Hart. '' 'Mr. President, many people are giving you credit for being a strong leader and executive. Do you or do you not personally accept responsibility for the Americans who have lost their lives in Lebanon? Mr. President, do you or do you not accept responsibility for the failure of any arms control successes or foreign policy successes?' I'd just keep boring in and he'll either avoid the answers to questions, which he will lose points for, or he will try to answer them and fumble badly.''

Even Mr. Reagan's supporters concede that he could be forced into misstatements by a swarming verbal assault. ''There's no question,'' observed Edward J. Rollins, his campaign chairman, ''that the President has not had the experience over the last three and one-half years of people speaking harshly to him.''

But even as they hope for a crippling gaffe from Mr. Reagan, Democrats are battening down for an anticipated electoral landslide. ''They're doing whatever they can for Mondale,'' observed Mark A. Siegel, a former executive director of the Democratic National Committee, ''but they're getting increasingly concerned about ideological control of the House.''

There are 26 open seats, and by the prevailing counts, about 40 vulnerable Democratic incumbents and fewer than 10 vulnerable Republican incumbents. To win outright control of the House, the Republicans would need to gain 50 seats. But experts on both sides figure that a 26-seat gain would give Mr. Reagan a bipartisan conservative majority in his second term.

40-Seat Gain Possible

Most analysts agree that if Mr. Reagan wins 60 percent of the popular vote, his party would gain as many as 40 seats. A more modest popular vote victory of, say, 56 percent to 44 percent, could produce a 30-seat gain for the Republicans, more than enough for ideological control.

Mr. Hart and some Democrats predict that even in the event of a Reagan landslide, the voters will elect a Democratic Congress as an ideological curb for Mr. Reagan. But other Democrats privately frighten themselves with predictions that this could be a realignment election like 1936, when President Roosevelt nailed down the gains he had narrowly secured in 1932.

Right now, the polls are showing Mr. Reagan positioned to achieve the kind of realignment described by Joshua H. Sandman in the current issue of ''Presidential Studies Quarterly.'' It would leave the Democrats with an alliance of liberals, minorities and the disadvantaged against a ''Republican coalition of upper-class conservatives and ***working-class*** 'middle Americans.' ''

Many Democrats also view the debate as a test of whether Mr. Reagan and his stage managers have secured another kind of realignment - the permanent primacy of personality over issues in Presidential politics.

Two Legs of Campaign

But for all Mr. Reagan's skill as a performer, it remains clear that Presidential campaigns must run on two legs, those of policy and personality.

At the end of ''phase one'' of the 1984 campaign, Mr. Reagan has offered policies neatly summarized under the headings of less government, a stronger military and lower taxes. He has also presented a television personality that has come to be an icon of what he calls the ''New Patriotism.''

Mr. Mondale has so far run on only one leg, his acknowledged mastery of issue positions that, according to the polls, are shared by many Americans. When it comes to personality, Mr. Mondale has refused to open himself to the probings of the camera. Instead, he has left it to the cartoonists and the Republicans to limn him as the embodiment of what Mr. Reagan calls ''the unhappy past.''

**Graphic**

photos of Walter Mondale; photo of Vicky Harian and Barbara Cambron (page 32); photo of President Reagan

**End of Document**



[***THE IMPULSE TO OUTRAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H1R0-0008-N47K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1616 words

**Byline:** By Jonathan Baumbach; Jonathan Baumbach is a novelist who also writes about films. His most recent book is ''My Father More or Less.'' 1982

**Body**

JANINE By Alasdair Gray. 341 pp. New York: Viking. $16.95.

UNLIKELY STORIES, MOSTLY *By Alasdair Gray. 280 pp. New York: Penguin. Paper, $6.95.*

IT is not so much that the English novel has been moribund in recent years as that it has been the ghost of itself, the pale Xerox copy of things past.

The eccentric Scottish writer, Alasdair Gray, published now for the first time in the United States, is an anomalous presence on the scene. ''1982 Janine'' has a verbal energy, an intensity of vision, that has been mostly missing from the English novel since D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Gray is not a great original, though there are various postmodern devices in these books (for instance, typographical play, metanovelistic self-consciousness), but his torrential energy spills over into risk. He is a didactic wild man, willfully subversive of his own puritanical penchant. The impulse to outrage is the transforming element of his work.

Janine, who gives her name to this serious comic novel, is only one of several stock figures in the sadomasochistic fantasies of Jock McLeish, the guilt-ridden protagonist who tells his own story. Jock imagines Janine as looking like Jane Russell in ''The Outlaw'' - ''eyes dark and accusing, lips heavy and sullen.'' Jock plays her scenario through his mind like a pornographic videotape. Like her fantasy alter egos, Superb, Big Momma and Helga, Janine moves from arrogance to humiliation, from presumption to imprisonment. The abasement of his imaginary women arouses Jock, permits him the illusion of sentience while guarding him from real feeling. An alcoholic, committed to aloneness, to loneliness, Jock works as a security systems engineer, a job unworthy of his gifts and reflective of his self-contempt. The pornographic scenarios, like the secretive drinking, are Jock's personal security system, an attempt to keep painful memories at bay. The memories insist on their presence, however, interrupting the scenarios at crucial points, keeping them in a state of permanent inconclusiveness, susceptible to constant variation. The intrusions on the fantasy, if painful, are also life-saving, connecting Jock with real things. At the same time, the device of interrupted narrative puts us in touch with the processes of the imagination. Mr. Gray's fiction is almost always involved, in one guise or another, with its own invention.

The novel moves between fantasy and memory, editorializing from time to time on the state of the real world. The various intrusions keep the reader from getting caught up in the pornographic fantasies, which are never really erotic in any event, but only deformed versions of Jock's life. That his characters enact cautionary tales and are punished for presumption and desire is indicative of Jock's ingrained puritanism. Misbehavior earns punishment, grandiosity engenders abasement. The punishment his characters receive for transgression is a way of justifying for Jock his own timid behavior in events past. It is the punishment, not the transgression, that fills Jock with desire.

Gradually, the interludes of memory break through - the interruptions become the text - and Jock's real story is given voice. At first the story reveals itself through association but later, in the second half of the novel, through straightforward narrative. Ultimately, everything we want to know is made explicit, all mystery clarified. The first part of the novel ends with a botched attempt at suicide, which provides a tour de force for Gray - typographical disjunction used playfully to chronicle delirium.

The second half of the novel deals with a triumphant experience in Jock's life that leads to grief. The time is something like 25 years before the main action. Jock is an engineering student who falls into a job as a lighting engineer with a college theatrical group performing at the Edinburgh Festival. At the time he is living with a ***working class*** girl named Denny, his first love. It is a period of great expectations for our hero and the glamour of the theater world (and Jock's brilliant success in lighting the show) leads him into arrogance and snobbery. ''A man as big as the world,'' Jock tells himself, ''cannot be confined to one woman.'' Full of himself, Jock betrays Denny, or rather creates the occasion for her to betray him, and ends up manipulated into a loveless marriage to Helen, a leading actress of the company. This section is presented in a realistic mode without any of the verbal and typographical fireworks of the first part.

Jock goes from his highest point to a fall from which he never recovers. He celebrates the lesson of hubris. It is not the gods that bring him down but his own self-destructive predilections, his sense of unworthiness. He anticipates comeuppance and so contrives its occasion. After his marriage to Helen and the death of his friend Alan, whom he idolizes, Jock resigns himself to a life of bourgeois stultification, chooses security over excitement. His intellectual gifts are debased into pornographic imaginings.

Reliving the past releases Jock from its nightmare bondage. The novel offers us the trappings of a happy ending - awareness, rebirth, new resolve, muted hope for the future. It is a sentimental gesture, generous and humane, and as much a matter of illusion as Jock's fantasies themselves. Still, where else could this novel go? One accepts, as convention, Jock's resolution to change his life. But Jock of course is not real, as Mr. Gray takes pains to make us aware, and his life ends with the conclusion of the novel.

Mr. Gray is almost always more interesting as a realist than as a visionary or innovator, more alive when dealing with human issues directly than through abstraction or allegory. The idiosyncratic formal play enlivens the book though it is tangential to its main achievement. Mr. Gray is a natural storyteller and it is the wit and energy of his language that keep the rendering of Jock's lonely, wasted life from being unbearably depressing. The richness of this novel and the pleasures of its language and form are sufficient affirmation, a real message of hope.

''Unlikely Stories, Mostly'' - an unfortunate title - confirms Mr. Gray's considerable gifts, though it contains more uneven work than the novel. Sometimes it is hard to separate Mr. Gray's best aspirations from pretension or indulgence. The stories, which are if anything more idiosyncratic than the novel, are not enhanced by Mr. Gray's clever (and fussily self-insistent) illustrations. At its worst ''Unlikely Stories, Mostly'' is an advertisement for its author, a showcase exemplifying the impressive range of his skills. What the stories share with the novel is a dazzling command of rhetoric, a willingness to take large risks and a handful of obsessive themes. Mr. Gray has a predilection for creating mythologies, though in his best work the narrative takes charge and creates its own sense of purpose. In almost every one of these stories, in one way or another presumption is its own undoing.

''The Comedy of the White Dog,'' my favorite of the collection, just misses being a masterpiece. Its mode is dreamlike. A naive young man named Gordon goes to dinner at the house of Nan, a woman he loves (though he barely knows her). At the house, there is a white, piglike dog with an insinuating manner. The dog seems to have some mysterious power, particularly over women, which Gordon contrives to ignore. ''Gordon prided himself on being thoroughly rational, and thought it irrational to feel curious about mysteries.'' At some point, the dog drags a woman named Clare into the bushes while the men watch shamefacedly, afraid to interfere. Nan runs off with Gordon and moves into his apartment with him. The night before their wedding, she asks Gordon to leave under the guise of honoring convention. We suspect what's going to happen but Mr. Gray insists - his worst fault - on clarifying the mystery of the white dog for us. The brilliance of the ending comes close to redeeming the story from its own overexplicitness.

EACH of the stories tends to construct worlds that reflect allegorically on our own. ''The End of the Axletree'' is a highly inventive, somewhat laborious parable touching on the insanity of the nuclear arms race. ''The Great Bear Cult,'' in the form of a television documentary, is the mock history of an movement in which people identified their secret natures by dressing up as bears. In ''Prometheus,'' a Parisian dwarf named Pollard, apparently a literary giant, exposes his unfinished epic poem, ''Prometheus Unbound'' to an ideologically rigid feminist poet with whom he has fallen in love. The dwarf is himself a version of Prometheus and the poem he conceives is a grandiose vision of liberation from the tyranny of ambition (and from his own deformity) and from the ordinary failings that flesh is heir to, from mortality itself.

Alasdair Gray takes matters one step further in ''Prometheus'' and breaks the illusion the narrative has hitherto sustained. ''I am not a highly literate French dwarf,'' his narrator confesses, ''my lost woman is not a revolutionary writer manque, my details are fictions, only my meaning is true and I must make my meaning clear by playing the word game to the bitter end.'' This statement articulates the esthetic that informs most, if not all, of Mr. Gray's fictions. Mr. Gray is a desperate rebel against an internalized tyranny. Both ''1982 Janine'' and ''Unlikely Stories, Mostly,'' are violent gestures toward esthetic and moral freedom, a melancholy and sometimes ecstatic rattling of chains, an insistence - through the example of their humor, power and beauty - on the transcendence of the imagination.B

**Graphic**

photo of Alisdar Gray

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49SV-HH10-01KN-24H8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 22

**Length:** 2315 words

**Body**

A selective listing by Times critics of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "BUS 187," directed by Jose Padilha (not rated, 122 minutes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). This Brazilian documentary is so wrenching and absorbing that you can easily lose sight of the sophistication of its techniques. Using a combination of video taken for Brazilian television and ex post facto talking-head interviews, the filmmakers have made a deceptively straightforward documentary that has the force of tragedy and the depth of first-rate investigative journalism. Their work explores a bus hijacking that took place in Rio de Janeiro in 2000, and paints a heartbreaking, shocking portrait of the perpetrator, a child of the slums who had survived a notorious police massacre of homeless children in 1992, and a society riven by poverty and violence (A. O. Scott).

\* "CASA DE LOS BABYS," starring Maggie Gyllenhaal, Daryl Hannah, Marcia Gay Harden, Susan Lynch, Mary Steenburgen and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by John Sayles (R, 95 minutes). A typical Sayles ensemble piece, this movie follows six white American women, all but one over 30, impatiently waiting out their lengthy residency requirements in an unidentified South American country before picking up their adoptive babies. If some of the jigsaw pieces in this beautifully acted movie are too fragmentary and crowded together, its evenhanded view of two cultures uneasily transacting the most personal business resonates with truth. The movie adheres to the essayistic format of Mr. Sayles's earlier movies, and its attitude is rooted in his understanding of the degree to which money, class and ethnicity determine our points of view (Stephen Holden).

"KILL BILL: VOL. 1," starring Uma Thurman, David Carradine and Lucy Liu. Written and directed by Quentin Tarantino (R, 95 minutes). Mr. Tarantino's fourth movie, his first in six years, is astonishingly violent, intermittently fascinating and sometimes tedious. This may be the picture's most serious flaw, since it comes from a man whose worship of action movies from all over the world (but especially Asia) is evident in every frame. Also evident is his obsession with Ms. Thurman: by far the most emotionally charged relationship in the movie is the one between the director and his star, who functions as his muse, idol, alter ego and fetish object. Her character, the Bride, is a former assassin whose former lover (that would be Bill) tried to kill her on her wedding day. In this film, the first installment in a two-part revenge epic, the Bride wakes up from a four-year coma and goes after the hired swords and guns who attacked her. Most of the exposition has been left for Volume 2; this one is an anthology of increasingly violent sequences, some sickening, some rather thrilling, that culminates in a Tokyo nightclub blood bath during which Ms. Liu, playing a petite yakuza boss, shows off her Japaense, and also (quite literally) her brains (Scott).

\* "INTOLERABLE CRUELTY," starring George Clooney, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Billy Bob Thornton. Directed by Joel Coen; produced by Ethen Coen and Brian Grazer (PG-13, 100 minutes). This new Coen Brothers film is something not seen in movie theaters for a long time: an intelligent, modern screwball comedy, a minor classic on the order of the competent, fast-talking curveballs about deception and greed like Mitchell Leisen's "Easy Living" and Billy Wilder's "Major and the Minor." "Cruelty" shares something with comedic entries in the Coen canon like "The Big Lebowski" and "Raising Arizona": a full-blooded movie star performance to put it squarely into the strike zone. This time the good work comes from Mr. Clooney. His gift of gab is perfectly suited for Miles, the creme de la creme of divorce lawyers. Miles has everything but a soul, though he doesn't actually look as if he'd require one. And the babe he falls for isn't exactly the woman to give him one either. Marylin (Ms. Zeta-Jones), as delectable as a white-chocolate Easter bunny, has been tagged for a vicious divorce by her husband, a serial adulterer, after she catches him cheating. Her uptown-girl beauty and silken opacity make her the kind of trophy Miles would want to win. And when she jabs a No. 2 pencil into Miles's heart by showing up with her beau, a Texas millionaire (Mr. Thornton), Miles is horrified, but not defeated. That's what makes the picture work so beautifully; it is a movie about underhanded professionals by filmmakers who delight in the epitome of criminal enterprise (Elvis Mitchell).

"MATCHSTICK MEN," starring Nicolas Cage, Sam Rockwell and Alison Lohman. Directed by Ridley Scott (PG-13, 105 minutes). Mr. Cage and Mr. Rockwell are Roy and Frank, a mismatched pair of con artists. Frank is an easygoing slob, while Roy is a full-blown obsessive-compulsive neurotic. Just as they are about to embark on an ambitious, long con, Roy's long-lost teenage daughter, Angela (Ms. Lohman), shows up to upend his pathologically ordered universe. Ms. Lohman has a winning naturalness that almost makes you forgive the movie's slick implausibility and emotional bankruptcy. It can be quite enjoyable, if also a little exhausting, to watch Mr. Cage act crazy. What fun there is to be had in "Matchstick Men" comes mainly from the mad syncopation of his performance and from Ms. Lohman's easy charm. But Mr. Scott's way of blending cynicism and sentimentality is itself a smooth, practiced con, and the movie leaves you feeling empty, and perhaps a bit cheated (Scott).

\* "MYSTIC RIVER," starring Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Marcia Gay Harden and Laura Linney. Directed by Clint Eastwood (R, 137 minutes). Mr. Eastwood's film, scrupulously faithful to the letter and spirit of Dennis Lehane's novel, has the gritty efficiency of superior crime fiction and the somber weight of tragedy. Set in ***working-class*** Irish Catholic Boston, this film revisits the themes of violence, honor and guilt that have haunted many of Mr. Eastwood's movies; it is among the most humane of his films, but also the most rigorously pessimistic. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Penn play Dave, Sean and Jimmy, boyhood friends who must revisit the traumas of their youth when Jimmy's daughter is murdered. Sean and his partner (Mr. Fishburne) must investigate the killing, which it appears Dave may have committed. The performances are first rate. Ms. Harden, as Dave's wife, Celeste, and Ms. Linney, as her cousin Annabeth, who is married to Jimmy, expand the film's emotional compass, allowing us to see how grief ripples through families and communities. Mr. Penn's volcanic, furiously disciplined performance is surely one of the best pieces of screen acting you'll see this year; it may even be one of the finest ever (Scott).

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO," starring Antonio Banderas, Salma Hayek and Johnny Depp. Written and directed by Robert Rodriguez (R, 110 minutes). The credits inform us that Mr. Rodriguez, mastermind of the "Spy Kids" franchise, shot, chopped and scored this latest bloody, jokey folk ballad about a lone killer (Mr. Banderas) with soulful eyes and a lethal guitar. The digital video cinematography has unusual depth and luster, the action sequences are punchy and inventive, and the music is pretty good, too. Unfortunately, it seems as if the writing and directing, which Mr. Rodriguez also did, were something of an afterthought. There are some witty moments, mostly courtesy of Mr. Depp, who plays a C.I.A. operative messing around in Mexico, and some high-impact, many-gun salutes to the action auteurs Sergio Leone and John Woo. But the mood of tongue-in-cheek, romantic mayhem is spoiled by the picture's incoherence and by its resort to appalling extremes of violence when nothing else is working. Ms. Hayek appears only in flashback, as the hero's cruelly murdered true love. The present tense is devoted to an elaborate maze of double crosses and vendettas involving a drug kingpin's attempt to overthrow the Mexican president (Scott).

"OUT OF TIME," starring Denzel Washington, Eva Mendes, Sanaa Lathan and Dean Cain. Directed by Carl Franklin (PG-13, 106 minutes). After grueling workouts in "Training Day" -- for which he won his first best-actor Oscar -- and his directorial debut with "Antwone Fisher," Mr. Washington is on cruise control for this noir film. Although it's briskly directed and enjoyably stylized, "Out of Time" is shallow -- but empty. Mr. Washington, as the small-town Florida police chief Matt Lee Whitlock, steals several hundred thousand dollars in seized drug money to pay for the experimental cancer therapy his mistress, Ann Merai (Ms. Lathan), needs. But when she and her jealous husband, Chris (Mr. Cain), die in a fire -- and all the money mysteriously disappears, while Matt is left the beneficiary of Ann Merai's million-dollar insurance policy -- the clues point to Matt as the murderer. To further crank up Matt's adrenaline level as he looks for evidence to clear himself, the feds want the drug money -- now. Mr. Washington plays the desperation well; it becomes Matt's defining characteristic. And Mr. Franklin keeps "Out of Time" breezy enough to fight the oppressive humidity that his cast is obviously laboring under in the Florida sun (Mitchell).

\* "SCHOOL OF ROCK," starring Jack Black, Joan Cusack and Mike White. Directed by Richard Linklater (PG-13, 110 minutes). Mr. Black gives a roaring, star-making performance as Dewey Finn, an out-of-work heavy-metal rocker who impersonates a substitute teacher and turns a class of nerdy fifth graders into a rock band. Mr. Black's incandescent comic energy should establish him as the screen's most popular rock-fueled wild man since John Belushi. Under the nose of the prim school principal (Ms. Cusack), Dewey, who knows nothing of academics, preaches the gospel of rock 'n' roll and secretly converts the class from loving Christine Aguilera and the musical "Annie" to cheering Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. This family-friendly movie, which has a big, rousing "Rocky"-style finale and isn't believable for a second, is a hilarious cotton-candy fantasy with a beat. It knows just where to draw the line to avoid becoming too cute, too esoteric or too risque (Holden).

"SECONDHAND LIONS," starring Michael Caine, Robert Duvall and Haley Joel Osment. Written and directed by Tim McCanlies (PG, 107 minutes). In this molasses-drenched coming-of-age movie, Mr. Osment (with a changed voice) is Walter, a 14-year-old left by his mother in the care of two grumpy old uncles (Mr. Caine and Mr. Duvall), the eccentric, reputedly wealthy proprietors of a farm in central Texas. The movie is pure hokum, but at least it spins out a yarn. The core of the film, set in the early 1960's, consists of pulpy visualizations of the brothers' swashbuckling adventures overseas when they were young. And, oh yes, Walter adopts a very tame, very old former circus lion that becomes as loyal as a guard dog (Holden).

\* "THE STATION AGENT," starring Peter Dinklage, Patricia Clarkson, Michelle Williams and Bobby Cannavale. Written and directed by Tom McCarthy (R, 90 minutes). The remote outpost that a dwarf named Fin (Mr. Dinklage) settles into -- a rundown train depot in the wilds of New Jersey -- is such a restful space that it seems perfect for him. Mr. McCarthy has such an appreciation for quiet that it occupies the same space as a character in this film, a delicate, thoughtful and often hilarious take on loneliness. Fin, with his low, rational voice and intense stare, has moved into the small spot after he inherits it. Mr. McCarthy treats Fin's new life as if his protagonist were emerging from underwater and must adjust to the onrush of aural assault. Much of it comes from Joe (Mr. Cannavale), the relentlessly friendly and talky Cuban who pulls up every day in his food truck to run what must be the loneliest retail location not staffed by a Maytag salesman. Hawking coffee and fanning up a cloud of busy, pushy and likable chatter, Joe elbows his way into the taciturn Fin's life. Mr. McCarthy wrings contrasts from the serene, diminutive Mr. Dinklage -- whose dignity seems unassailable until finally ruffled, when he lets loose a thunderbolt of hostility -- and the big, buffed Mr. Cannavale, whose unremitting volubility is sheer charm. Their relationship is goofily enthralling (Mitchell).

"UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN," starring Diane Lane. Written and directed by Audrey Wells (PG-13, 115 minutes). This film adaptation of Frances Mayes's best-selling memoir feels so schematic that only the depressed Frances (Ms. Lane) is surprised by the events as they unfold. The story of self-discovery that Ms. Wells leads Frances, a writer, through is eminently superficial, though the director keeps the movie going with a steady, commanding hand. Ms. Lane initially gives Frances a calm and pleasant sunniness, though she is resigned to never finishing her book. She is attending a book signing early in the movie when she learns of her husband's philandering. When her best friend gives Frances a ticket to Tuscany, she grabs it. The trip is supposed to be pressure-free for Frances: it's a gay tour of Italy. She finds a new love, anyway: a villa, Bramasole, which she buys on the spur of the moment. But Tuscany is not the soul-saver that Frances hopes for; the house's promises of romance and a new life in Italy don't burst into bloom like the sunflowers that are often in view. The lesson is that Frances needs to look closer at the big picture, and her avoidance of that raises questions about how perceptive a critic she must have been. Eventually, the movie indicates Frances has suffered enough and slaps on a happy ending like a Post-it note, but it's not earned (Mitchell).

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**Graphic**

Photos: Catherine Zeta-Jones and George Clooney in the screwball comedy "Intolerable Cruelty." (Photo by Universal Studios); Uma Thurman in Quentin Tarantino's bloody and stylized action film "Kill Bill: Vol. 1." (Photo by Andrew Cooper/Miramax Films)

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**End of Document**



[***HOUSE PROUD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40TV-V2B0-00MH-F2R5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Poetry in Motion in the East Village***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40TV-V2B0-00MH-F2R5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MARC KRISTAL

**Body**

CHRISTMAS 1978 wasn't very merry in certain quarters of the East Village. Hard drugs, sold openly on street corners, were a present of choice for some. The air echoed with the wails of sirens, as hook and ladders put out fires set by addicts in dozens of abandoned buildings. As for good will toward men: the Ninth Precinct reported 54 assaults, 157 robberies and 4 murders for that December.

That month, on a particularly woebegone stretch of Avenue B, Roland Legiardi-Laura decided to buy a loft. The cost: $10,000 and 20 years of sweat equity. The reward: not just real estate, but a real sense of community.

This May, his building -- the former Tompkins Square Boys' Lodging House, the oldest surviving structure built for the homeless in New York -- was designated a city landmark, qualifying its owners for low-interest loans to restore its derelict facades. When that happens, the exterior will finally reflect the remarkable transformation that has taken place within. Today, the neighborhood sports new real estate developments on almost every block. But Mr. Legiardi-Laura's may be the most unusual of all.

A poet and filmmaker, Mr. Legiardi-Laura, 47, is perhaps best known as a director of the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, the East Village institution he helped to revive after years of dormancy. His colorful curriculum vitae also includes "Azul," a documentary he directed about the Nicaraguan passion for poetry, and founding Words to Go, a traveling troupe of poets who brought verse to museum steps and street corners.

Now, he is beginning work on a three-part documentary about the history and purpose of American public schooling. "Roland is that rarest of modern social phenomena," said John Gatto, the 1991 New York State Teacher of the Year, who was the project's inspiration. "He is a significant player in cultural and community affairs who's not beholden to institutions or corporations -- a citizen, in the Jeffersonian sense of the word."

Mr. Legiardi-Laura is also the consummate autodidact, the sort who knows the ages of trees in Tompkins Square Park because he dug up the original survey maps. And he is passionate about the East Village. Asked what he likes about it, he replied, "I'll give you a history of the neighborhood, briefly." Then he continued, straight-faced, "Twelve thousand years ago. . . ."

Given his flair for the offbeat and his willingness to take risks, it is not surprising that he took on the renovation, not just of his own space, but of much of the 15,000-square-foot near-ruin enclosing it as well-- and with only the most basic construction skills. Necessity provided the goad: a developer forced him, and two roommates, out of the 7,000-square-foot NoHo loft they had been renting for $200 a month.

"I was about to sign a lease on a sweet little apartment on First Avenue," he recalled, "and I took just one more look at the Village Voice, and there was an ad: Loft for sale; 2,000 square feet; $20,000. I thought, O.K., there's a zero in the wrong place. But I called up, and the ad was right, and it was this place."

Built in 1886 by the Children's Aid Society, overlooking Tompkins Square Park from Eighth Street and Avenue B, the Boys' Lodging House is today the largest extant structure in the city designed entirely by Calvert Vaux, co-creator of Central Park. Here, newsboys and bootblacks, many orphaned, others with parents too poor or overburdened to care for them, could get a bath, a meal and a bed -- all for a nickel.

The nine Children's Aid Society structures designed by Vaux, Mr. Legiardi-Laura said, "were built as edifices to impress," and his building's Victorian Gothic architecture, with its mansard roof and arched Venetian windows, neatly fits his droll description: "A poor man's Dakota -- literally."

In 1925, the house was sold to Darchei Noam, a Jewish study center, and then taken over, in the 1950's, by the East Side Hebrew Institute. But by 1975, with the neighborhood coming apart and hemorrhaging its Jewish population, the Hebrew Institute had moved out.

Three years later, the abandoned, decaying structure was acquired by Maximilian Olivas, a neighborhood resident, who planned to open a school. Lacking the finances to realize his vision, he ran the ad in the Voice, hoping to sell off several newly planned apartments as co-ops.

"This place had been stripped of everything you could carry out and sell for a fix," Mr. Legiardi-Laura said. "All the copper wiring and piping, the radiators, the marble wainscoting in the stairwell, the stair railings and treads, the toilets and sinks -- everything." The space Mr. Olivas showed him, originally an open dormitory, had been converted by the Hebrew Institute into four classrooms accessed by a tiled hall. "It was a mess," he said. "There were leftover needles and fixings, the windows were all broken out."

Still, he was smitten. "I loved this building from the moment I saw it," he said. "It was clear that it had value beyond its value as a residence. It had historical value, and value of place in the neighborhood."

The problem was that Mr. Legiardi-Laura could not afford it. So he and Mr. Olivas struck a deal. For the loft, he would pay $10,000 and work off the rest by renovating the building and doing construction in Mr. Olivas's own space. "I became, in effect, an indentured servant," Mr. Legiardi-Laura said.

Construction began in January 1979. Mr. Legiardi-Laura sledge-hammered his classroom walls, then carried "a thousand buckets of rubble down the stairs." The 12 windows, enlarged to admit more light, took 48 bitterly cold days to complete. Often, he learned as he worked. "And I learned the hard way. I'd plumb something, and flush the toilet, and water would come shooting out of the sink."

At the same time, he reconstructed the building's main stairwell out of used parts, got the boiler running and installed an electrical system. Mr. Legiardi-Laura also built cabinets and sanded floors for Mr. Olivas, and fixed up others of the building's seven residential spaces. "After that, I lived here for three years, basically, with the most minimal of amenities, before I could stand in the middle of this space and there not be a pile of dust and debris," he said.

It was a long haul in other ways. Mr. Legiardi-Laura counted 19 fires on the block that first summer. But, he said, with mordant humor, "the drug dealers kept another pernicious class of people out -- developers." Most of his poor and ***working-class*** neighbors, he took pains to add, were in fact law-abiding citizens.

The home that eventually rose from the rubble represents, Mr. Legiardi-Laura said, "an organic evolution based on necessity and availability." The style? "East Village Eclectic."

The bathroom and kitchen, formed from the first of the classrooms, resemble pie slices facing in opposite directions. In the bathroom, the floor was elevated to accommodate the water pipes; this in turn made it possible to put in a sunken tub. Mr. Legiardi-Laura incorporated an existing column into the shower, and added a high window both to expose the column's capital and to let in light. The old-fashioned high-tank toilet was, he recalled, "the first fixture I got and the cheapest thing I could buy." Its rich blue in turn dictated the room's overall color scheme.

The kitchen widens steadily as it opens toward the living room, which Mr. Legiardi-Laura felt would make both spaces more inviting. Other decisions were less considered: the 42-inch sink height, half a foot taller than normal, was determined when, too exhausted to do more, he simply halved some leftover two-by-fours and built a base. A 500-pound cast-iron stove, which burns coal, wood and gas, was spotted in a Queens garage one day as Mr. Legiardi-Laura headed past on the back of a truck.

The principal living space, constructed from two classrooms, flows the entire 50-foot length of the loft and includes what Mr. Legiardi-Laura described as "the world's only folding bedroom." The room, which is on wheels, takes 20 minutes to deconstruct and folds like a theater flat. Open, it creates a "cozy little hearth area, which contains my only middle-class obsessions, my stereo system and television."

Though it had been Mr. Legiardi-Laura's initial inspiration upon first seeing the space, the library, at the loft's opposite end, was not built for a decade. A pastiche of Wrightian and Japanese motifs designed with the architect Johanna Woodcock, the elegant nook is made from oak, cherry and padouk, a Malaysian hardwood. "It's the place that nurtures my work," Mr. Legiardi-Laura said. "And is the center of my home."

The fourth classroom, now used as the office of the Fifth Night, the screenplay-reading series Mr. Legiardi-Laura began at the Nuyorican, remains untouched. But he has a plan. "At some point in my life I'd like to be with someone and share my home with her," he said. "For another person to have a valuable experience, they have to be able to make their mark, too." This raw space will be hers to transform.

Over time, as the space evolved, so did Mr. Legiardi-Laura's view of it, and of himself. "In the 60's, there was a real debate," he said. "Were you going to commit yourself to struggling against the evils abroad, or were you going to take care of the world around you? I made the choice that the life of my community was the way I could be most effective."

An important component of that has been his loft, which he donates to causes and individuals that he supports. Half a dozen Latin American writers have given readings there; he was the host for a wake for the playwright Miguel Pinero, at which the idea of resuscitating the Nuyorican was born; and fund-raising beneficiaries have included the East Village Parks Conservancy, of which he is a member.

There have been more personal events, too. Allen Ginsberg officiated at a bar mitzvah in Mr. Legiardi-Laura's living room. And there are yearly Christmas parties for some 60 children of friends and neighbors.

Last February, when he made a presentation to the Landmarks Commission, Mr. Legiardi-Laura recalled the first night in his home, 21 years ago. "It was a shell that had been pillaged by looters and junkies," he said. "There was graffiti on the walls, the scars and smell of fires, and syringes strewn on the floors. But I do remember waking the next morning knowing that if there was such a thing as a building having a soul, this edifice was surely endowed with one."

Today, the Village Voice ad would cite a price roughly 40 times the original. And Mr. Legiardi-Laura admits that his odyssey was not initially motivated by community spirit. "Some part of me knew that the only way I was going to break out of the trap that had been laid for me, as someone other than the son of the wealthy, was to get a piece of the rock that was mine," he said.

But more came with that rock than real estate, and more was given back than manual labor. "When I first got this place, if someone had said, 'You can have a pile of money and go buy yourself a finished loft on the Upper West Side, or you can have this place,' I think I would have gone for the money," he said. "And I would have been much less of a human being as a result of that."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: BUILDER-POET -- With only basic carpentry skills, Roland Legiardi-Laura renovated not just his own loft but also much of the near-ruin of the Boys' Lodging House by Calvert Vaux, seen here circa 1887. (Paul Whicheleo for The New York Times; left, Harper's Weekly)(pg. F1); CROWD SCENE -- Left, a party for a screenplay series, January 2000. Same space, right, 1892: the Newsboys' Lodging House. Above, windows were replaced and walls removed.; RUBBLE TO RESPLENDENCE, AVENUE B-STYLE -- Calvert Vaux building, as it looks today, was made a landmark in May. Right, a bedroom that folds up during loft parties. Far right, top, 1920's tiles defined a school hallway. Above them, triptychs by Kristin Reed and the owner's other friends. Far right, bottom, an existing column was kept in a shower. (Photographs by Paul Whicheloe for The New York Times; stylist, Carlos Mota); (Jacob Riis); (Scott Mitchell)(pg. F6)

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[***Using a Key That Still Works;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S93-SXS0-007F-G0MD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Smith Corona's Future Rests in Putting Its Name on Other Products***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S93-SXS0-007F-G0MD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By CLAUDIA H. DEUTSCH

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**Body**

For people who remember it at all, the name Smith Corona conjures up but one thing: typewriters. These were the manuals they hauled off to college, the portable electrics they typed their resumes on. These were the products that made Smith Corona a titan of this ***working-class*** town.

But that was a decade ago, before personal computers rendered such machines all but obsolete. Today, a couple of hundred Smith Corona people rattle around the plant here that was once home to 5,000 workers. The basement, once noisy with the clang of typewriters being assembled, is now warehouse space for other companies. And the town long ago stopped grieving for the company that had been its largest employer and benefactor. "There's not even a strong awareness that they're here," said Marion Meiczinger, a Cortland County legislator.

So, should the 110-year-old Smith Corona Corporation, whose stock sells for half its cash value, just say a requiem for itself, liquidate and be done with it?

W. Michael Driscoll, Smith Corona's chief executive, has a one-word answer: no. Smith Corona's product may be fading from memory, he says, but its name remains a powerful nostalgic artifact. So he is making a last-ditch effort to prove that Smith Corona's time has not come and gone.

He has stripped it of most of its employees and physical assets -- he sold its last plant, in Tijuana, Mexico, in July. Today, other manufacturers make the typewriters, supplies and accessories that still account for 82 percent of Smith Corona's revenue.

Now, he is paying outside designers and manufacturers to make cordless telephones, fax machines and other telecommunications products that Smith Corona will sell under its own name. His goal is to turn Smith Corona into a virtual corporation that makes nothing itself, but is still the supplier of choice to the rapidly expanding small-office and home-office -- or "Soho" -- market.

"We aren't going to be a product-specific company anymore," Mr. Driscoll said. "We will provide total solutions for Soho."

That will be no mean feat. To make a splash in this pond, he must go up against Lucent Technologies, Hewlett-Packard, Canon and other electronics powerhouses, all of which hear this market's siren song.

"People just don't associate Smith Corona's name with high technology," said Jeffrey Kagan, a telecommunications industry analyst.

Indeed they don't. "The name has no negative connotations, but it would never occur to me to shop for a Smith Corona phone," said Barbara Boynton, a McGraw-Hill manager who often takes work home.

Its current products may not alter that. One Smith Corona investor, who insisted on anonymity, visited the company's booth at the Consumer Electronics Trade show in January, and was more than a bit disheartened by what he saw.

"If they didn't have so many me-too products, I might buy more shares of the stock," he said.

Mr. Driscoll acknowledges that he offers nothing revolutionary -- yet. "Admittedly, our products just say, 'Here we are, we're a viable technological company,' " he said. "We'll offer uniqueness in the future."

He did not have the luxury of waiting to switch gears. No amount of cost-cutting, product innovation -- not even a bankruptcy that wiped Smith Corona's debt slate clean -- has compensated for the fact that typewriters are about as essential in today's world as the buggy whip was after the car was invented.

Other companies have seen their products flattened by the computer juggernaut, but most have adapted existing products and systems.

The A. T. Cross Company, which had stuck to pens and pencils for 150 years, is now taking the pen high-tech. The company recently introduced pen-like styluses and mouse-like pads that can be used to "write" on the screens of hand-held computers, add handwritten comments to electronic documents, or download handwritten notes. "We are in the written communications business, and that business is going down the electronic highway," said John Buckley, the company's chief operating officer.

In contrast, Smith Corona's portion of that business is being run off the road. So, in July, it scotched its venerable typewriter logo in favor of an abstract sun. And it is putting $10 million -- 13 percent of last year's sales -- into print ads and commercials that show casually dressed folks playing with their dogs or children as they chat on Smith Corona cordless phones or grab faxes off Smith Corona machines. The tag line: Smith Corona, the way you want to work.

If the new strategy succeeds, it will be cold comfort to Cortland's 20,000 residents. For nearly a century, Smith Corona was the cornerstone of their lives. Although it kept its headquarters first in Syracuse and later, in New Canaan, Conn., the guts of its operations were here.

"It was more than a company, it was family," Ms. Meiczinger said.

Family relations started getting strained a decade ago. In a futile attempt to fight off low-cost competitors like Brother International -- which also is chasing the Soho market with printers and other electronic communications devices -- Smith Corona began manufacturing in Singapore and Mexico. By 1992, the Cortland work force was down to 1,200.

But that year, Smith Corona did the unthinkable: It stopped manufacturing in Cortland altogether, and shipped its equipment -- and 900 jobs -- to Mexico. "When they'd downsized before, there was a hope that the jobs would come back," said Richard Elliot, director of the Cortland County Business Development Corporation. "But the move to Mexico had a sense of finality."

The community -- and sometimes, it seemed, the entire state -- was incensed. Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato filibustered on the Senate floor, reading the names of Smith Corona employees who were thrown out of work. Cortland residents had no such outlet; they could just seethe. "I remember driving by, seeing the empty parking spots and just feeling furious," Ms. Meiczinger said.

Neither the carnage in Cortland nor overseas -- Smith Corona transferred its Singapore operations to Tijuana, too -- saved the company. "We kept thinking that more innovative typewriter products were the answer," recalled Michael Chernago, vice president for operations who has been with Smith Corona for 25 years. "Our culture just wasn't conducive to change."

It faced the rudest kind of change nonetheless. On July 5, 1995, Smith Corona, the inventor of the portable electric typewriter and the cartridge ribbon, and the maker of some of the first electronic word processors, filed for relief from creditors under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Code.

With respite from its creditors, it went hunting for a deep-pocketed buyer. John Piontkowski, the chief financial officer, said several companies made bids, but none passed muster with the unsecured creditors. At one point Mr. Driscoll and Mr. Piontkowski tried to buy the company themselves, but that failed.

Increasingly, it seemed that Smith Corona's only option was to become a "virtual corporation," one that makes nothing itself, but coordinates between the outsiders who design its products and the manufacturers who make them. Thus, even though Smith Corona moved its headquarters here in December of 1996, the parking lot is still barely filled.

Its shareholder roster is equally sparse. When Hanson P.L.C., which owned the parent company, the SCM Corporation, took Smith Corona public in 1989, its shares sold for $21. During its bankruptcy, its shares fell to as low as 5 cents each. Today, it is a Nasdaq small-cap stock with only about three million shares outstanding, more than a third of which are in the hands of employees or creditors. Its share price rarely approaches $6. It closed Friday at $5.8125, unchanged.

Still, a tiny cadre of fans is materializing, partly because of the company's high cash value. "It's got a fairly limited downside and a great potential upside," said Asish Kishore, an analyst with Credit Research and Trading, one of the few firms that follow Smith Corona. A recent investor, insisting on anonymity, was blunter. "This company has great liquidation value," he said.

But, he conceded, it also has something else in its favor: Mike Driscoll. "He has the experience this company needs now," the investor said.

This is the third go-round with Smith Corona for Mr. Driscoll, a native of nearby Ithaca. He ran its Singapore operations until 1984, when he left to run Honeywell Inc.'s semiconductor operations in Asia. A few years later, he started his own miniaturized circuits business in Singapore. He returned to Ithaca in 1991, rejoined Smith Corona in 1992, left to head up a Singapore computer company in 1995, and returned to Smith Corona as a consultant a year later. Mr. Driscoll became chief executive in February 1997.

"I'm not a turnaround artist, but I can point this ship in the right direction," Mr. Driscoll said.

Many of the sails are in fine furl. Few, if any, large retail chains have yet contracted to carry Smith Corona phones or faxes, but the company does have long-established relationships with Staples, Wal-Mart and other large retailers.

Its research shows that some 90 percent of Americans know its name. Nor do they shun its new products. Indeed, Smith Corona recently sold more than 10,000 $79 telephones through Home Shopping Network.

And its finances are in good shape. Smith Corona did register an operating loss of $800,000 on $77.3 million in sales for the fiscal year ended June 30 -- its third consecutive operating loss. But it has no long-term debt, $9.8 million in tax-loss carryforwards and $33.5 million in working capital.

"There's a real financial discipline now, a realization that cash is king," Mr. Piontkowski said.

There is also a new sense of confidence, as more companies sign on to make products for Smith Corona. It seems particularly popular among overseas companies that are big in technology and manufacturing expertise but whose names are not well known in the United States.

"People call us all the time, saying, 'We've got a product but we don't have distribution, can you help?' " said Paul Fredrickson, vice president for marketing.

For example, Smegga, a Hong Kong company, is making the 900-megahertz cordless phones that Smith Corona is starting to ship. Matco Electronics Group Inc. makes typewriters and telephone headsets for Smith Corona in Tijuana.

For now, as the light trading shows, few investors are rushing to buy Smith Corona's stock. But then, few are dumping it, either.

"This may be the kind of stock you tuck away because in three years it could be $50," said the investor who praised Mr. Driscoll.

Even the investor who disparaged the current products is not bailing out. "I'm not buying more shares," he said. "But I'm not convinced that I should sell what I have."

**Graphic**

Photo: W. Michael Driscoll, chief executive of Smith Corona, believes the company's name remains powerful and its time has not come and gone. (pg. D7)

Chart: "A Chronology"

1886 -- Alexander Brown persuades the owners of the L. C. Smith Shotgun Company to finance his production of the first typewriter capable of printing upper- and lower-case letters.

1926 -- L. C. Smith & Brothers, now strictly a typewriter manufacturer, merges with Corona Typewriter and goes public as L. C. Smith & Corona.

1966-67 -- Now known as the SCM Corporation, the company acquires Proctor-Silex, Durkee Foods, Allied Paper and the Glidden Company, among others.

1986 -- Hanson P.L.C. buys SCM for $930 million, then sells Glidden Paint, Allied Paper and Durkee for more than $1 billion.

1989 -- Hanson spins off the typewriter and office products business as the Smith Corona Corporation, selling 52 percent to the public at $21 a share. News of falling sales soon pushes the stock down to $5.

1993 -- Smith Corona lays off most of its American workers and moves its manufacturing to Mexico.

1995 -- Smith Corona files for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection.

1997 -- Smith Corona sells its remaining factory and emerges from bankruptcy protection.

Illustration (Carl A. Sharif)(pg. D1)

**Load-Date:** March 23, 1998

**End of Document**



[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN: EAST BRUNSWICK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HHJ0-0008-N3C8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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September 9, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1527 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Body**

MOST communities develop from the center out, starting from a small core settlement and then growing outward in concentric rings toward their perimeters.

East Brunswick, a Middlesex County community of about 40,000 residents just south of the New Jersey Turnpike's Exit 9, developed differently. It started in the 18th century at a bend in the South River on what is now the township's southeastern border, then spread slowly up its eastern boundary, hopping over to the western section in the mid-1950's after the turnpike was built.

In 1950, about 5,000 people lived in East Brunswick. By 1970 there were 34,000 along the perimeters of the 22.5-square- mile community. Yet the township's core, which had been farmed from the time it was settled, remained in agriculture.

If you're thinking of living in article focuses on East Brunswick, New Jersey; notes community is still growing with several developers building large town-house condominium projects and high-priced single-family detached homes; photos; map (M)

Today East Brunswick is still growing, with several developers building large town-house condominium projects and high-priced single- family detached homes. But the core is still green, with chrysanthemums and corn growing just across from the municipal complex.

In the current wave of development, however, it seems certain that East Brunswick finally will be filled in. Developers have options on most of the farmland in the center of town and they have put forward proposals for 1,000 additional condominium units to be built there. The township's master plan allows such development, so it is just a matter of time before the last harvest.

''We're losing our farms,'' said David P. Weill, acting township administrator and director of the library system. ''That's sad, especially for people who liked the country atmosphere.''

But the development of the town's center will not mean the end of agriculture in East Brunswick. There is a large section of the township's western end across the turnpike that has been placed in a rural preservation zone because it is environmentally sensitive.

East Brunswick will remain what it has been for most of the last 30 years: a predominantly suburban community, composed overwhelmingly of single- family detached houses, with a wonderful location about midway between New York and Philadelphia.

''We are an upscale, relatively sophisticated community with a great interest in qualify of life,'' said William F. Fox, the Mayor. ''Some might say East Brunswick is populated by the Yuppies of the late 60's and early 70's who have grown up, but we've also got roots in the ***working class***.''

Many of East Brunswick's residents came from such places as Jersey City, Brooklyn and Staten Island during the great building boom of the 1950's and 1960's. Much of the housing reflects the tract developments for new families who wanted to move to ''the country.'' Today, those houses are worth an average of $100,000 together with newer single-family houses - mostly ranches and colonials - and condominiums, they represent one of the state's more sought- after housing markets.

''Houses around here sell quite close to asking prices,'' said Lily Tu, an associate at the Berg Realtors-Better Homes and Gardens Real Estate Office in East Brunswick. She recently sold a 14-year- old five-bedroom, three-bath ranch house with central air-conditioning, patio and fireplace for $135,000. It had been listed for $139,000 and was on the market for only a few days before it was sold.

While 90 percent of the housing in East Brunswick is single-family detached homes, since the mid-1970's many town houses and patio homes have been built on former farmland. The K. Hovnanian Company has already sold out one section of its Society Hill East Development and is now working on another, with town houses starting at $68,000.

The township also has many rentals. The four major garden apartment complexes contain over 1,100 apartments. The average rent for one bedroom is $500; two-bedrooms rent for about $620.

East Brunswick is surrounded by communities with similar-sounding names: North Brunswick, South Brunswick and the nearby city of New Brunswick, where the main campus of Rutgers University is located. The township tries to clear up the confusion by distributing bumper stickers that read ''East Brunswick - The Best Brunswick.''

Another feature that detracts from East Brunswick's identity as a residential community, but makes it well-known to thousands in the region, is its four-mile strip of Route 18. The highway is lined with stores, including four major regional shopping malls and at least five smaller shopping plazas, as well as innumerable shops, car dealers and such small businesses as the Liquor Locker and Magnifico's Ice Cream.

Esthetics aside, the Route 18 strip provides convenient shopping, and the stores, combined with a small amount of light industry and warehousing, help keep down East Brunswick's tax rate. It has been dropping over the last three years and now stands at $2.50 per $100 of real value. L. Mason Neely, finance director, said taxes on an average $100,000 house would be about $2,500.

FOR those taxes, East Brunswick residents receive a wide range of services. The township's 110,000-volume library is among the busiest and best-stocked in the state. It is in a new building at the Jean Walling Civic Center, named after a popular former Mayor who died of cancer in 1975. The complex also includes the Municipal Building, police headquarters, a center for the elderly, a small park and a pond with a gazebo.

East Brunswick residents enjoy the use of eight parks covering 183 acres, in addition to a county golf course. There is a community lake in a former sand-mining area, with a beach club that is open to residents for an annual fee of $65 per family. And the township runs a program called Camp Daisy, a year-round recreation project for handicapped children.

While the over-all population has inched up steadily, school enrollment has dwindled and one elementary school had to be shut. There are about 7,900 children in the school system's eight elementary schools, two junior high schools and one high school.

The schools put a special emphasis on music and the arts that begins in the first grade, and they have had a long-standing commitment to computer studies. There now are more than 800 students enrolled in one or more semester-long computer programming courses. There are 60 microcomputer terminals in the high school, where computer studies have become a full-fledged department.

In last year's S.A.T.'s, the average verbal score was 439, with 508 in math. The national average was 425 verbal, 468 math. Nearly 60 percent of the graduates went on to four-year colleges.

Roughly 30 percent of the township's work force makes its way into New York. Suburban Transit operates express bus service into the Port Authority Bus Terminal from two park-and-ride facilities in the township. Buses leave every five minutes during the rush hour and pull into Manhattan an average of 55 minutes later. A 10-trip ticket costs $30.20.

Among the favorite local restaurants are George's Chateau for popular-priced meals and Farrington Manor or the East Brunswick Chateau for a night out. Movie theaters and a drive-in dot Route 18, and the local theater company, Playhouse 22, puts on a full schedule of performances.

The original settlement of East Brunswick in that small crook of the South River was called Old Bridge. It is now a registered state historic district, with an operating museum inside an old church building. Some sidewalks in the area have been redone with brick, and an old railroad depot has been renovated and turned into a number of shops.

Despite its size, East Brunswick does not have a real downtown. The municipal complex functions as one, as does, in a sense, the Route 18 malls. Main Street in Old Bridge Village was supposed to be one, but the view of the original planners somehow went astray.

As a developing suburban community, East Brunswick falls squarely under the mandates of the State Supreme Court's Mount Laurel zoning decisions requiring a community to allow a fair number of new housing units to be built for low- and moderate-income families.

As part of a settlement of a suit filed against 23 of 25 municipalities in Middlesex County, including East Brunswick, the township has rezoned several parcels for housing that complies with the court's ruling.

David P. Weill, acting township administrator, said that three months ago East Brunswick rezoned a parcel near the southern end of the township for low and moderately priced modular houses. What the town has in mind for the area, Mr. Weill said, is factory-built, fully assembled houses, which can be sold for far less than those that are built on the site.

The tract of approximately 100 acres along Cranbury Road can hold up to 490 low and moderately- priced units, and an additional 200 more expensive houses.

Mr. Weill said the land is owned by the Roman Catholic Diocese of Metuchen, which has not yet decided to sell it. He also said that, so far, no developers have offered to participate in the project.

**Graphic**

photos of East Brunswick; map of East Brunswick, N.J.

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/City Island;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8X-CBK0-007F-G00W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Waterside Village, Part of the Bronx - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8X-CBK0-007F-G00W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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By MAGGIE GARB

**Body**

ON a gray day recently, the talk on City Island, the half-mile-long marine village off Pelham Bay Park in the north Bronx was of an approaching storm. The last big storm, in 1992, damaged scores of small boats, knocked tree limbs through the roofs of several houses and submerged the island's only link to the mainland, the bridge to the park.

Yet to many of the island's 4,100 residents, a big storm is just part of life near the water.

"It's the wind blowing," said Robert T. Carmody, director of the Chamber of Commerce and a broker with Atlantic Emeritus Realty on City Island. "You get wet, pump out the basement and then go back to work."

Once the home of oystermen and boat makers, the island has become a haven for artists, police officers, doctors and ***working-class*** families seeking a Cape Cod-like environment with low real estate taxes and a highly regarded public elementary school.

Its only commercial street, City Island Avenue, is lined with seafood restaurants. Among the more popular are the Lobster Box, the Seashore and the Crab Shanty.

On narrow side streets, gabled brick and frame mansions stand next to four- and five-room cottages. No house is more than a short walk from the water.

"It's one of the few places in New York where rich and poor live right next to each other," said Jane Protzman, a 15-year resident of the island. "You go to a party and can be next to a post-doc from Einstein hospital and someone who works for the phone company."

Most islanders are homeowners, although there are a growing number of rental units, many leased to interns and residents working at Bronx hospitals. Most rental units are one-bedrooms, where rents start at $700 and go as high as $1,500 for a few, depending largely on location.

Housing prices remained relatively stable until about three years ago when the rise in the Manhattan real estate market began pushing up prices elsewhere in the city. Prices of large Victorian houses on the waterfront run from about $450,000 to $650,000, said Jacqueline Kyle Kall, who runs Port of Kall Realty, a firm started by her grandfather in 1894.

Ms. Kall noted that waterfront houses tend to come on the market about every 30 years, when the owners decide to move to Florida after their children have grown up. "The waterfront properties don't have a lot of turnover because once you get in you stay," she said.

Off the waterfront, three-bedroom brick houses in good condition are priced from $200,000 to $250,000, said Ms. Kall. Smaller one- and two-bedroom cottages run from $115,000 to $145,000.

Over the last dozen years, a handful of condominium developments have been built along the waterfront. At the 72-unit Boat Yard, units run from about $205,000 for a two-bedroom simplex to $220,000 for a duplex.

At the Sailmaker complex, which includes 34 studios and one-bedroom units, prices range from about $89,000 to $149,000.

The developments initially caused some concern among longtime residents who worried that the island's waterfront would become overdeveloped and its already crowded streets even more congested.

"People worried that the island would lose its charm or its small-town style, but that's not what happened," Ms. Kall said. "Nobody ever wants anything to change too quickly."

SOME changes are welcome, like the recent arrival of young artists and galleries. Residents point to CIAO, an acronym for City Island Arts Organization, the three-year-old artists' cooperative and gallery on City Island Avenue. The group, which has more than 50 members, sponsors workshops, exhibits and a mardi gras party. Two other galleries, the Focal Point and the Starving Artist, sell paintings, crafts and photographs.

"It's definitely become a very artsy community and that's great," said Carla Perlowin Chadwick, a jewelry maker and owner of Down By the Sea, one of a handful of craft and gift shops to open on City Island Avenue in the last couple of years.

There is no movie theater on City Island, but there are monthly poetry readings at Laura's Cafe and local musicians have formed a blues band, which performs at some of the yacht clubs. The Black Whale, a longtime favorite coffeehouse that closed 15 years ago, is scheduled to reopen this spring under new ownership.

The island's only bed-and-breakfast, Le Refuge, opened five years ago by Pierre St. Denis, chef and owner of both the inn and the restaurant of the same name on the Uppper East Side.

Its restaurant serves elegant French meals Wednesday through Saturday evenings. Room rates run from $159 for a suite with private bath to $95.50 for a room with a shared bath.

THOUGH some see the onslaught of artists as a sign of gentrification, the glitter of high-priced island resorts like Martha's Vineyard is still years away. Celebrities are such a rare sight that last summer when a Hollywood film company was shooting a movie on City Island, residents brought lawn chairs to the sidewalk to watch the filmmakers and actors at work.

The island's most prominent celebrity is Dr. Oliver Sacks, a neurologist and author of "Awakenings" and "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat."

Many of the island's families have lived on City Island for three and four generations, working in the eight boatyards and a dozen marinas and two sailmaker lofts along the island's shores.

The island, which was settled by German and Scandinavian fishermen and oystermen in the 18th century, became the hub for some of the East Coast's premier yacht builders in the late 19th century.

"All the yards here were custom builders," said Tom Nye, a sailmaker whose great-grandfather moved to City Island in the 1860's to work in the shipyards. "They built yachts for Morgans, Vanderbilts, Astors, all the richest families."

During World War II, the boatyards produced warships for the Navy. But after the war, Mr. Nye said, boating changed as small, moderately priced boats became popular. Two sailmakers, about eight boat repair yards, a dozen small marinas and several yacht clubs remain. A lot of the younger people went to work for the city, Mr. Nye said, many becoming firefighters or policemen.

Many young people also left the island, only to return a few years later. They find they miss friends and family and they want good schools and they want to live near the water in a place they can afford, said Mr. Carmody of the Chamber of Commerce.

The island's only public school, P.S. 175, was built in 1972 on the site of the former Nevins Boat Yard, a firm that built several America's Cup contenders. The school covers kindergarten through eighth grades with open classrooms for second through eighth grades.

Four years ago, P.S. 175 was one of 31 New York area schools to receive a grant from the Annenberg Foundation to pay for educational workshops, programs to encourage parental involvement and school trips, said Rose Rodstrom, a former Parent-Teachers Association president.

Last year, Ms. Rodstrom and several other parents founded a nonprofit organization called Innovative Directions: An Education Alliance, or IDEA, which aims to develop a marine-life learning center with outdoor classrooms and programs designed to teach students about coastal wildlife. The group is seeking grants to finance construction of the center, Ms. Rodstrom said.

St. Mary's Star of the Sea School, a Roman Catholic school, covers pre-kindergarten through eighth grades. There is no high school on the island, but two Bronx high schools, Herbert H. Lehman and Harry S Truman, are just a 10-minute bus ride away.

At the 3,500-student Lehman High School, 93.9 percent of the graduating seniors went on to higher education last June. Judith Klemperer, director of college counseling, said the school had strong computer math and performing arts programs.

At the 2,700-student Truman High School, just 47.9 percent of the freshman class of 1993 graduated last June. Of the graduates, 74 percent went on to higher education, said Angela Fernandez, a spokeswoman for the Central Board of Education. She said the school had its own television and radio stations.

CITY ISLANDERS have a few complaints. In the summer the island is so packed with tourists that traffic crossing the bridge is sometimes backed up for miles. Parking can be hard to find, especially on holiday weekends.

Many also complain about the noise on Rodman's Neck, a New York City police firing range and bomb squad detonation site in Pelham Bay Park. After several years of pressure from residents, city officials allocated $1.5 million to build a sound barrier around the site. Construction is scheduled to begin this spring, said City Councilwoman Madeleine Provenzano, a Democrat whose district includes City Island.

This winter, some residents launched a campaign to protect and restore waterfront land and are requesting state funds to purchase a small patch of wetlands between Ditmars and Tier Streets.

Charlene Schulz-Campbell and her husband, Malcolm, bought a house on City Island two and a half years ago. Both worked in Manhattan, but wanted to live where they could own a sailboat and be near the water.

"We heard City Island had more sailboats than people, so we started looking out here," she said. "There's definitely a salty atmosphere out here. It's so close to the city and it seems so far away."

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about living in the City Island section of the Bronx misstated the length of the island. It is a mile and a half, not half a mile.

**Correction-Date:** March 29, 1998, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Homes on Early Street off City Island Avenue, above. City Island Diner, above right, one of a wide variety of food establishments in the community, and boats in winter storage off Minneford Avenue. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); On the Market: 1-bedroom, 1-bath cottage, semifinished basement at 420 Minneford Avenue, $175,000. 3-bedroom, 2-bath recently renovated frame house at 415 Hunter Avenue, $239,000. 4-bedroom, 3 1/2-bath brick colonial with water view at 605 Minneford Avenue, $499,000.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

POPULATION: 3,910 (1997 estimate).

AREA: 230 acres.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $50,750 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $220,000

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $180,000.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $240,000.

MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $185,000.

MEDIAN RENT FOR A ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $800.

DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 13 miles.

RUSH-HOUR TRAVEL TO MIDTOWN: 50 minutes by New York Bus Service express, $4; bus to Pelham Bay station and No. 6 subway train to Grand Central, 1 hour.

GOVERNMENT: City Councilwoman Madeleine Provanzano, Democrat.

CODES: Area, 718; ZIP, 10464.

A CLOSE VOTE: In 1895, the City of New York promised City Island residents a new school building and a bridge to the mainland if they would leave Westchester County and join New York City. With 900 ballots cast, the city beat the county by only two votes. The island got its bridge, which was constructed with steel scavenged from the Navy frigate North Carolina. It also got a school, now a complex that houses the Nautical Museum, a community center and 16 luxury apartments, which are being converted to condominiums.

Map showing the location of City Island.

**Load-Date:** March 22, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Bilingual Education Facing Toughest Test***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S6B-6140-007F-G0V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DON TERRY

By DON TERRY

**Dateline:** LA HABRA, Calif.

**Body**

Rose Espinoza and Alice Callaghan spend much of their lives nurturing the American Dreams of poor and ***working class*** Latino immigrant children by tutoring them after school in English, math and faith in themselves and in their new country.

The two women have never met, but they agree that if the children they care about so deeply are to do better than working in a sweatshop, the way many of their parents do, then the key is for them to learn how to read, write and speak English as quickly as possible. Still, when it comes to the best way for the public schools to teach those make-or-break lessons, Mrs. Espinoza and Ms. Callaghan are on opposite sides of a bitter debate.

Ms. Callaghan supports a California ballot initiative that could virtually wipe out bilingual education in the country's most populous and diverse state. Mrs. Espinoza opposes it.

It is called Proposition 227, or the English for the Children initiative, or simply the Unz initiative after its author and chief financial backer, Ron K. Unz, a Silicon Valley millionaire and conservative Republican who has no children or background in education and has never set foot in a bilingual education class. But Mr. Unz, who is 36 and a former candidate for governor, said he had been interested in the issue for more than a decade and had come to an unwavering conclusion: "The system seems completely nuts. It's time for a change."

Proponents of 227 assert that the bilingual program has been a failure, turning out students with little knowledge of English and condemning them to a life of menial jobs.

If 227 passes on June 2, as polls suggest that it will, the tremors will be felt far beyond California's borders. The battle here is being carefully watched by educators and politicians across the country. In essence, voters will decide whether to end an era of pedagogy first ushered into the state's school houses in 1967 when Gov. Ronald Reagan signed a bill eliminating the state's English-only instructional mandate and allowing bilingual education. In its place, the Unz initiative calls for one year of courses taught in English, with an emphasis on learning the language -- a system that many fear is a return to a past when children were sometimes punished for speaking Spanish, but that others say is a return to sanity.

Supporters of 227 blame bilingual education for a variety of educational ills, including high dropout rates, although only 30 percent of the state's 1.4 million pupils with limited English proficiency are actually enrolled in bilingual classes. Largely because of a severe shortage of up to 20,000 bilingual teachers, the rest of the pupils -- 70 percent -- are enrolled in other language programs that emphasize English over the native tongue, the kind of method that the initiative would require for every child, with some tightly observed exceptions.

Mrs. Espinoza sees the initiative as a knee-jerk, simplistic and even a xenophobic response to a method that is flawed but proven, if implemented properly: teaching children English while at the same time keeping them up to date with their other studies in their native tongue, which is the heart of bilingual education.

"It's not easy to learn English," Mrs. Espinoza said. "To do it in one year well enough to keep up academically is ridiculous. They are playing with the lives and the futures of 1.4 million children."

But Ms. Callaghan, an Episcopalian priest, insists, "Bilingual education is a total failure." She led a boycott by 75 Latino families of a Los Angeles public school two years ago demanding that their children be put into mainstream classes. "The kids aren't learning English," she asserts. "Our kids want to be doctors and lawyers. They don't want to end up cleaning houses or selling tamales on the corner."

Like the gut-wrenching battles across the Golden State over immigration in 1994 and affirmative action last year, Proposition 227 is about much more than what is printed in the initiative. It is also about race, class, culture, shifting demographics, politics, control, fear and sometimes even education.

"This is really about adult agendas," said Genethia Hayes, executive director of the Los Angeles chapter of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, "but it's going to impact children."

Every day in California, more than 1.4 million children -- about a quarter of the state's elementary and high school students -- walk into a classroom with only a limited ability to speak or understand English. No state has more children for whom English is a second language. In the schoolhouse halls and on the playgrounds, the tongues of the world can be heard, including Spanish, Korean, Chinese, Vietnamese, Russian and Armenian. Although 55 languages have been identified by the state as spoken by students with limited English skills, only 20 of those languages are offered in bilingual classes. Fully 80 percent of students with limited English skills speak Spanish as their native language.

The theory behind bilingual education is to teach core subjects, like United States history and math, in the native tongue of the pupils so they do not fall behind, while gradually increasing the use of English. The goal is to have the student in all-English language classes within three to five years.

In the 19th century, schools across the country often taught young immigrants in their native tongue and English.

But proponents of 227 say that children are not learning English fast enough or well enough because too much time is wasted instructing them in Spanish or whatever language is spoken at home.

Opponents of the initiative say that 227 is a "one size fits all" approach that robs parents and local school districts of choice and the flexibility needed to educate such a diverse and vast population. "In a state that prides itself on local control, this initiative takes away local control," said Delaine Eastin, the state's superintendent of public instruction, who is on the long list of teachers, school administrators, labor unions, civil rights groups, scholars and parents who oppose 227.

Mr. Unz also has parents on his side, as well as Jaime Escalante, the East Los Angeles math teacher whose innovations in the classroom were told in the film "Stand and Deliver," and the State Republican Party, which endorsed the initiative over the strong objections of the party's leadership.

Mr. Unz argued that one year of intensive English training should be enough for most children to swim in the mainstream. "It's simple," he said. "Take little kids, put them in a class and teach them English."

A year may be enough time, if all Mr. Unz and his supporters want the children to learn is conversational or "playground English," said James Crawford, the former Washington editor of Education Week and an expert on bilingual education. Mr. Crawford said that a blizzard of studies shows that it takes much longer for a student to learn "academic English," the ability to understand and express concepts more complicated than ordering a burger from a fast food restaurant.

Mr. Unz said he put no credence in any of the research on either side of the debate.

"It's all garbage," he said.

Indeed, a small forest has been chopped down in the last 30 years to study the merits and failures of bilingual education across the country, but many of the studies were highly politicized and fatally ill with bias, according to a committee of the National Research Council, which released a report last year on the dozens of efforts to determine the best way to teach English.

But Kenji Hakuta, a professor of education at Stanford University and the chairman of the committee, which included experts from, among other institutions, the Center of Applied Linguistics, Harvard University and the University of Chicago, said that after sifting through all the paper, the group found a slight but clear advantage in favor of bilingual education over English immersion methods like the one proposed in the Unz initiative. Professor Hakuta added that no one method was the answer for 1.4 million children.

"Bilingual education is a valuable tool," he said.

Early opinion polls show widespread support, including among Latinos, for eliminating bilingual education. But Latino support seems to be shrinking with every new poll. In December, according to the statewide Field poll, the overall support was 69 percent in favor and 24 percent against. Among Latinos, it was 66 percent in favor to 30 percent opposed. In February, in a second Field poll, overall support was 66 percent in favor and 27 percent opposed. Among Latinos, it was 46 percent in favor and 45 percent opposed. State Senator Richard Polanco, the head of the Legislature's Latino Caucus, said he expected most Latinos to vote against 227.

In the beginning of the fight over Proposition 187, the initiative that called for restricting access of undocumented immigrants and their children to various social and educational services, there was also higher than expected support in the polls among Latinos. But that support greatly eroded by election day because of what many perceived as the anti-immigrant tone of the campaign. Opponents of 227 are banking that history will repeat itself, although 187 was easily passed (but has been tied up in court ever since).

"It's dump on Latino time again," said Antonia Hernandez, the executive director and general counsel of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund.

Although Mr. Unz admits that some of the initiative's supporters are no doubt anti-immigrant, he said that as the grandson of immigrants from Eastern Europe, he himself was not. Indeed, he never fails to remind people that he marched against Proposition 187.

"This is about education," he said, "and getting rid of a system that absolutely does not work."

At one time, Mrs. Espinoza might have agreed with Mr. Unz, but that was before she did something he has never done.

She went to visit a bilingual education class.

"I saw that the kids were raising their hands a lot because they understood more because a lot of the class was in Spanish," she said. "I can't imagine how hard it would be if it was all in English. The kids will learn English but it takes time."

Mrs. Espinoza started tutoring the children in her neighborhood in this small city 35 miles east of Los Angeles in 1991 to give them an alternative to gangs. She turned her two-car garage into a classroom with computers, books and banners congratulating the latest member of "Rosie's Garage" to make the honor roll at the local public school.

Eduardo Garcia, 13, has been going to "Rosie's" almost from the beginning. He is in seventh grade in all-English language classes after spending three years in bilingual classes. He moved to the United States from Mexico with his mother when he was 11 months old and his family speaks Spanish at home, although his mother, Maura Garcia, 35, is taking English classes.

Eduardo said bilingual education helped him succeed in school and he did not want to see Proposition 227 passed. "I want other kids to have what I had," he said.

Hanging above his head was a banner: "Congratulations Eduardo Garcia Honor Roll 1st Quarter."

**Graphic**

Photos: Alice Callaghan, an Episcopal priest who opposes California's bilingual education program, tutoring her Latino students. (Edward Carreon for The New York Times)(pg. A1); Lizbeth Chaverria, 9, and Eduardo Garcia, discussing their homework with their tutor, Rose Espinoza, at her garage-turned-classroom, Rosie's Garage, in La Habra, Calif. Mrs. Espinoza supports bilingual education. (Edward Carreon for The New York Times)(pg. A15)

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[***REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: FOR DALLAS, A GROWING CULTURAL IDENTITY CRISIS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HVX0-0008-N0MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

**Body**

DALLASNot far from the skyscrapers of this city stand a Methodist church built in 1900, a log cabin from 1847 and a bank, general store and hotel that are 100 years old. Period pieces all, they were plucked off the prairie in small Texas towns, buttressed and repainted, and deposited in an outdoor museum alongside one of Dallas's innumerable freeways.

This quaint collection of Texas history is utterly overwhelmed by the downtown skyline, by the din of traffic, by the roar of planes descending to Dallas-Fort Worth Airport, the largest in the nation. And that situation is instructive, because Dallas seems to a visiting reporter, and to many of its longtime residents, a city ill-at-ease with its frontier heritage, willing to pay passing tribute to the past but more eager to prove itself as a cosmopolis.

The Republican National Convention here later this month is seen by local leaders as an opportunity to enhance that image. Delegates will be treated to shopping tours, cultural tours and artistic events in order to illustrate - as Fred Meyer, the chairman of the Dallas County Republican Party and a key organizer of the convention, recently told a Dallas newspaper - that the city is ''internationally oriented'' and ''politically sophisticated.''

Certainly, the Dallas of cowboy lore has vanished, and the ''Dallas'' of television fame probably does not exist off the picture tubes. This is now the seventh most populous city in the nation, a center of banking and commerce and communications with cranes and construction crews all about and office buildings rising like smoked-glass gushers. Were it not for the pick-up trucks amid the Hondas and BMWs in the downtown parking lots, Dallas might well be mistaken for Minneapolis.

And that, to some residents, is the problem. ''There really is a struggle going on,'' said A. C. Greene, a novelist and historian whose latest book is ''Dallas, U.S.A.'' ''It's not a surface struggle, but you have Dallas rejecting the cowboy culture without substituting anything else for it.''

''There's nothing subtle about the way Dallas is pushing cowboys and steers out of its image,'' said D. L. Coburn, the Dallas playwright who won a 1978 Pulitzer Prize for ''The Gin Game.'' ''This city likes to think of itself as world-class, sophisticated, glitzy. Like New York - it's as simple as that. And as a result it has no identity of its own.''

Searching for an icon of the new Dallas, Mr. Coburn mentioned the recent photograph in a newspaper of two Manhattan expatriates standing with a Porsche outside their new nightclub. When someone recently asked Mr. Coburn where conventioneers could find the ''real Dallas,'' he suggested a construction site.

Culture is always a measure of a society's personality. And Dallas, at least in the opinion of local artists such as Mr. Greene and Mr. Coburn, looks to New York critics and sensibilities, rather than to regional ones, for its cultural certification.

The Dallas Museum of Art opened in January to acclaim from architecture and art critics nationwide and to a justifiable burst of civic pride. But on a recent stroll through its galleries, a visitor found little art indigenous to Texas or the American Southwest. When people in Dallas extol its leading theater, the Dallas Theater Center, they tend not to speak of the quality of its plays but rather the fact that Frank Lloyd Wright designed the building.

Adrian Hall, a Texas native who became artistic director of the Dallas Theater Center a year ago, maintains that the emphasis on artistic structures rather than their contents - what Harold Clurman called ''the edifice complex'' - impedes artistic development in Dallas.

When the Dallas Symphony fell more than $600,000 into debt and stopped performing in 1974, local angels raised the money to restore it not only to operation but to national prominence. Yet at a recent dinner with seven Dallas residents, a visitor heard the joke that the symphony never gets an encore because everyone in the audience is already racing for the exits, since they had come not for the music, but to be seen. Without attending a performance by the symphony, it is impossible to gauge the accuracy of the joke, but when it was told everyone at the dinner table laughed.

''The entire time I've lived in Dallas, I've been a critic of it,'' Mr. Greene said. ''And of all the things I said, the one that got people the most uncomfortable was that Dallas didn't support the arts, it supported artistic institutions. It supports symphony, opera, ballet - but not composers, singers, choreographers. When Don Coburn won the Pulitzer Prize, the papers had to get the story off the Associated Press wire. People didn't even know he was here. 'The Gin Game' didn't play Dallas till four years later. I've been in Dallas since 1960 and I've written 14 books. But a lot of people were shocked when my book 'The Highland Park Woman' was reviewed by The New York Times. They didn't think I was of that caliber because I lived here.''

That is not the way it always has been. In the 1940's and 50's, when Dallas was a smaller and more provincial place, it produced in Preston Jones (''Texas Trilogy'') a playwright with a powerful vision of the region. It supported one of the nation's leading nonprofit theaters under Margo Jones (no relation to Preston). But both the playwright and the director died years ago, and Margo Jones's theater now houses the offices of the Dallas Parks Department.

In recent years, Southern Methodist University here has produced such playwrights as Jack Heifner (''Vanities''), Beth Henley (''Crimes of the Heart'') and James McLure (''Lone Star''). Their art derived from the Southwestern or Southern experience, yet it was theaters outside Texas that produced it - with the exception of Miss Henley's ''Miss Firecracker Contest,'' which was given its premiere by Theater Three in Dallas. After Mr. Coburn won the Pulitzer Prize, none of the theaters in Dallas approached him to commission a new play, and two of the theaters, he said, rejected plays that he offered to them.

Mr. Hall of the Dallas Theater Center said that he intends to produce new plays by regional writers. He did not do so in his first season, but he did give the Dallas debut of Sam Shepard's ''Fool For Love.'' Many viewers seemed uncomfortable with the play, Mr. Hall said, ''perhaps because people here have trouble with the idea of the death of the West.''

The alternative to Dallas sits 30 miles away and it is called Fort Worth. For years, Fort Worth played the country cousin, the bumpkin, to its urbane relative to the east. While Dallas was hailed as ''Big D,'' Fort Worth was derided as ''Cowtown.'' There was such testiness between the cities that Amon Carter, the late oil and aviation baron of Fort Worth, used to bring a bag lunch to business meetings in Dallas so he did not have to spend money there.

As Dallas attracted national corporations and welcomed newcomers, Fort Worth settled for a few office towers and often treated outsiders with suspicion. It remains a city of stockyards, boxcars and grain elevators, a city that considers ''Cowtown'' a term of endearment.

Yet for resisting change, for remaining overtly Western, Fort Worth has belatedly achieved a kind of vogue. Some Dallas natives say they prefer it to their city, although few actually have moved there. The Dallas- Fort Worth phenomenon reminds a visitor of the relationship between two other twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Upscale Minneapolis has the chic; ***working-class*** St. Paul has the cheek.

The differences between Fort Worth and Dallas become particularly apparent in the area of culture. Fort Worth does not support the amount of serious theater Dallas does with the Dallas Theater Center, Theater Three and the Plaza Theater. Most of the troupes in Fort Worth offer either stock productions or revivals of Broadway hits. But Fort Worth also has one theater - the Hip Pocket - that is more indigenous and at least as highly regarded critically as any in Dallas.

The Hip Pocket, run by the husband-and-wife team of Johnny and Diane Simons, makes theater out of the history, lore and legends of Fort Worth. While attracting a rural and blue-collar audience that is otherwise indifferent to theater, the Hip Pocket also has gained an establishment ally in Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum. In a union of high culture and folk culture, the Kimbell each year stages several of the Hip Pocket's plays under its roof.

Nearby the Kimbell is the Amon Carter Museum, which also provides an insight into the way Fort Worth has woven together folk art and high art. The museum was founded about 20 years ago with Mr. Carter's collections of paintings and sculptures by Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell, two of the leading artists of the Old West. The museum has gone on to collect American art from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it has earned a strong reputation nationally from its publications. But in expanding its scope, the Amon Carter has not abandoned its regional thrust; the Remington and Russell pieces figure prominently, and unashamedly, in its exhibitions.

''The problem isn't people like us who started with the West and enlarged their vision,'' said Marni Sandweiss, the curator of photographs at the Amon Carter. ''The problem is with those who started out with the larger thing and don't want to embrace the heritage. That's the identity crisis. And that's what a lot of people in Fort Worth think Dallas is about.''

**Graphic**

Photo of A.C. Greene; Photo of D.L. Coburn

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[***Oh, It's Not What It Used to Be***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40H4-33P0-00MH-F0BR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By SANDEE BRAWARSKY

**Body**

The Bowery is nobody's idea of paradise. But when the aging buildings and their fire escapes shimmer in the morning light, it's a place of urban beauty, alluring like an Edward Hopper painting. Its flat facades, with their mismatched colors and styles and uneven heights, create an eclectic backdrop for a glimpse of what the city might have been like the last time the century turned. The Bowery deserves better than its skid row connotations.

Long shadowed by the Third Avenue El until it was torn down in 1955, the Bowery now has remarkable light. The width of the street and the low buildings on either side create an airiness unusual in Manhattan. Looking north, there's a clear vista of the skyscrapers in Midtown.

Once a grand boulevard, the mile-long stretch from Chatham Square to Cooper Square is a street of many incarnations. Ever-changing, it's still home to a shrinking population of men living in its remaining lodging houses where daily rent can begin at $5 or $10 for a cubicle. Increasingly, the Bowery's residents are people living in renovated lofts on sites that might once have been music halls or dime museums. Commercially, a new wave of immigrants makes its mark, alongside some longstanding family businesses.

There are three distinct Boweries: Chinatown, at the southern boundary; the blocks from Grand to Houston Street, dominated by shops selling lighting fixtures and equipment for stores and restaurants, where sunlight bounces off stainless steel sinks and pizza ovens displayed on the sidewalk; and the northern end, above Houston Street, which is as close as the Bowery gets to being hip, with El Sur, the street's first new cafe, at the corner of Bleecker, and across the way, at 315 Bowery, CBGB's, a club where the punk rock and new wave movements flourished in the 70's. At one new restaurant, a glass of wine costs $7 -- not much value for the more typical Bowery consumer, whose drink of choice remains Wild Irish Rose, $2 a pint at one of two liquor stores left on the street.

Early mornings, the Bowery wakes up energetically. At the 237 Grand Restaurant, most recently a Jewish-style cafeteria called Moishe's, diners huddle over breakfasts of noodles and other specialties. All along the Bowery, merchants are lifting the heavy gates over their storefronts, as truckers hurl supplies onto the sidewalk. At the corner of Delancey Street, people do tai chi on a rooftop. Across Delancey, someone is scrubbing down an oven, preparing it for resale, and a few men sweep the sidewalks. No one seems to notice when a man with silver lame pants and no shirt dashes by, his thick mane of black hair flying behind him.

I remember the days when morning began all day long on the Bowery, when men would find sunny plots of sidewalks for napping, brown paper bags at their side. As a child, I'd often visit my father's business, and the only way to get to the entrance was to step over several sleeping men. My sisters and I would sit in the front window on bar stools, waving to passers-by and to the men as they woke up. My father knew most of them. One gent named Bill the Sailor, who had stars tattooed on his forehead, would always tip his hat.

A few of the Old Guard are still around, but most are long gone. In the days before political correctness, we didn't think twice about calling them bums. From the late 1800's, the Bowery was their capital; it was home to people who had no place else to go. Some worked, some were decorated war veterans, some chose life amid the camaraderie of men and the bottle. But by the 1970's, we no longer had to climb over bodies on the pavement. Flop-houses were closing and many of the men left the area. Still, at No. 227 near Prince Street, the Bowery Mission continues, after more than a century, to offer aid as well as shelter to those in need of it. Along with a few nearby lodging houses it is a reminder of a down-and-out past that is quickly fading. A friend who has lived on the Bowery for almost 30 years misses the days of having 50 doormen -- when they weren't asleep in his doorway -- watching out for him and his children.

Now, I enjoy wandering along the Bowery, and it's the buildings and their stories that most interest me. Little is marked, so connecting present and past is a combination of rumor and research. Passing by commercial sites once occupied by H & S Raynor's Bowery Circulating Library at No. 76 (circa 1820), the Pig and Whistle Tavern at No. 131 (late 1700's) and Hammacher Schlemmer's hardware store, between Delancey and Rivington Streets at No. 209 (1859-1926), I have the impulses of an archaeologist, curious about how these sites reveal layers of history and, at the same time, hide secrets.

Older than New York City, the Bowery dates back to the time when Lower Manhattan was a Dutch colony, and Gov. Peter Stuyvesant built a country estate, or farm -- bouwerie in Dutch, sometimes spelled bowerij -- in what was then the suburbs, at about what is now Sixth Street, in the 1650's. A road named De Bouwerie linked New Amsterdam and his farm, following an old Indian trail. Along the road were other farms, Dutch cottages and an occasional tavern; engravings of the scene at the time show a country lane lined with tall poplars.

That part of Bowery history is mostly invisible now, other than the names; the DeLanceys owned much of the farmland east of the Bowery, the Bayards to the west. The farms were parceled off to become shops and homes, some quite elegant, and the Bowery was a fashionable stretch in the first decades of the 19th century.

The Bowery's history unfolds in the evolution of a plot of land. South of what is now Canal Street, on the site of a cattle market connected to the Bull's Head Tavern, the neo-classical Bowery Theater was built in the 1820's. Then the largest theater in the country, it was the first in New York to be gaslit. Its 1826 opening production was "The Road to Ruin," which many later said was prescient of its future, for the theater burned down six times and was rebuilt five times. The final fire was in 1929, and by then it had been renamed the Thalia, showcasing Yiddish, German, Italian, and Chinese theater. Now in its place are Chinese restaurants.

In the mid-1800's, the city's theatrical life centered on the Bowery. The first stage version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" opened at the National Theater, No. 104, in 1852, between Hester and Grand Streets, although serious theater gave way to melodrama, vaudeville, circus acts, minstrel and variety shows. Theatrics reigned inside and outside the theaters: the Bowery was an ongoing carnival. Crowded with trolleys and pedestrians, pushcarts, organ grinders and chestnut sellers, the street was lively late into the night, illuminated by streetlights and, after 1878, with the lights of the elevated train.

A ***working-class*** haven, the street was lined with pawnshops, pool halls, used book stores barber schools, tattoo parlors and black-eye fixers, hotels of all kinds and missions to save residents from its vices. A German section, Kleindeutschland, served the large immigrant population in its beer gardens and theaters. Beggars worked the street, and a couple of blind men were known to regain their sight nightly after some whisky.

Much has been written about the Bowery boys -- or b'hoys, in their dialect -- picturesque 19th-century characters who walked with a swagger, dressed colorfully and welcomed a good fight. I wonder about the women of the Bowery. A 1904 play, "Strenuous Mame: The Bowery Girl: A Vaudeville Cocktail," is about a tough-talking, gum-chewing aspiring actress whose speech is as colorful as a Bowery b'hoy's. No doubt she would have gotten the hook, which presumably first came into use at Miner's Bowery Theater, No. 167, on its "Amateur Nights" in the 1880's.

Today on the Bowery the tallest building -- other than the 1970's Confucius Plaza in Chatham Square -- is the 10-story Salvation Army Chinatown Corps, No. 225, near Rivington Street; most are three or four stories. Three buildings have landmark status. At No. 18, around 1789, the merchant Edward Mooney built a three-story Georgian-influenced house, at what is now the corner of Pell Street, that's Manhattan's oldest surviving town house and the Bowery's oldest building. Later it was a tavern, then was rumored to be a brothel, and more recently it became an O.T.B. office and the headquarters of Summit Associates.

Perhaps the most ornate structure is No. 330, the Bouwerie Lane Theater, at the corner of Bond Street, housed in an 1873 Italianate cast iron former bank. At No. 130, a monumental temple of a bank near Grand Street that gives the Bowery a bit of grandeur, was built in 1894 as the Bowery Savings Bank by McKim Mead & White. While it has since changed hands, it is still popularly known by its original name, which can be seen on the building's facade. Another bank giving the Bowery a certain stature -- in its palmy days, the avenue was a commercial strip as well as a raffish one -- is the majestic pile of the former Germania Bank, now a private residence, whose gray opulance graces the northwest corner of Spring Street.

Another structure of architectural and historical note is now occupied by the Hong Kong Shanghai Banking Corporation, No. 58, at the corner of Canal Street. The domed, classical 1924 building is on the site of the Black Horse Inn, not far from where George Washington and his troops gathered on Nov. 25, 1783, for their triumphal march through a New York City liberated from British troops.

A cultural landmark, the Amato Opera, at No. 319, is completing its 52nd season this weekend in its tiny Bowery jewel box theater, with cast members singing the "The Marriage of Figaro" as though they're at the Met. At the other end of the Bowery, shoppers can make deals on diamonds in the many booths at the jewelry exchanges at Canal Street, and walking north might find Chinese pastries, bridal dresses, track lighting, industrial shelving, a cinema-style popcorn maker, slicing machines, chairs for rent and, in a former parking lot, plants and flowers.

For drivers, crossing the Bowery north of Delancey Street can sometimes resemble the Bowery Follies, the name of a now defunct establishment favored by sailors at No. 265, off Houston Street. The Bowery interrupts the city's straightforward grid. Streets like Prince, Spring and Bleecker on the west side, and Stanton, Rivington and First on the east, end -- or begin -- at the Bowery. In some cases, the names change: Delancey becomes Kenmare; Bond becomes East Second; Great Jones becomes East Third.

It's a street that surprises. Old-timers gape at a two-story terraced gray penthouse, recently erected atop a dark orange brick building. A number of the facades -- some Federal style, some Georgian, most an architectural mix -- have been restored, and others seem battered, although traces of rich details are plentiful. Some buildings with unremarkable exteriors house astonishing interior renovations.

Mention the Bowery to most New Yorkers and they're more likely to associate it with "bums" than "beauty," but I do find the Bowery striking. Still seedy around the edges, the Bowery is not yet gentrified -- there's no Starbucks, no Gap -- and it's not clear whether it will soon look more like SoHo, to the west.

In the shadow of the former Bowery Theater, the street's spirit lives on in the light-footed Roland Joseph, a traffic policeman on the corner of Canal Street, at the entrance to the Manhattan Bridge. His hands in white gloves, he theatrically salutes and talks to virtually every passing driver, wiggling his hips to avoid being sideswiped, getting the dance steps right without ever looking at his feet. Always smiling, he's another master performer where all the street's a stage.

Map of Manhattan highlighting The Bowery. (pg. E37)

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Edward Mooney House. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E29); On the Bowery, which dates to Dutch times, a face of old commerce and the grace of Roland Joseph, who dances amid the traffic at Canal Street. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E37)

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[***New Orleans, Where Rot Is Noble***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SJV0-003Y-K415-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIMI READ

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**Body**

LIKE most New Orleanians, Peter Yokum is not a keen follower of the latest interior design trends. Rather, the 41-year-old artist belongs to what might be called the Tennessee Williams school of decorating.

It is a strictly local school that entails both a procedure and a sensibility: move into some musty ancestral house; let winding staircases continue to sink into the mush; hang onto the massive old Louisiana furniture, even if it is grandiose for these times, and let the paint disintegrate off crumbling plaster walls until the surface looks as if it has been taken over by some strange species of pink lichen.

"Once I tried to paint the place," Mr. Yokum said. "The place" is the 1790's home in the French Quarter that he inherited from his mother, who inherited it from her parents.

"But the walls didn't like it," he went on. "They needed to breathe. So the paint decided to crawl back into the mud. I'll never try that again."

Entropy may be a fundamental principle of thermodynamics, but in New Orleans it is often the first principle of interior design. Perhaps more than anywhere else in America, people here accept and cultivate real decay, as opposed to the acid-treated, chain-whipped, knowingly faux variety that often appears in chic houses elsewhere. This cultivation of decay is all about submission to a hallucinogenically humid, sometimes brutally hot climate -- the idea being that if you can't beat tropical decay, you can make an esthetic of it.

"When you walk through musty old buildings frozen in time, it stimulates some deep center in the brain, but only among people who are already themselves seriously ill," said Philip D. Carter, a local businessman who several years ago bought and rehabilitated the dilapidated Maison Blanche Building, a 1907 Beaux-Arts office building on Canal Street. "New Orleans is more tied to organic processes than most American cities. Decay is part of that deep cosmic rhythm."

But the celebration of decay is not the only interior design quirk in New Orleans, a city given to style but resistant to fashion.

There are other decorating conventions that seem to emerge from the genius loci rather than from the design magazines. Certain preoccupations and themes prevail; these themes are heightened in some of the more eccentric interiors, like Mr. Yokum's, where the decor incorporates not only rot and ruin but also ancestor worship, tropical motifs, shadowy homages to Catholicism and a sense of grandeur gone to seed.

Mr. Yokum lives with his grandmother's furniture, a collection of 19th-century Louisiana pieces redolent of a social order that was plowed under with the Civil War.

His bedroom features a walnut armoire and a majestic plantation-style bed with a starburst silk canopy. His living room is filled with ornately carved Victorian sofas upholstered in persimmon-colored velvet -- all the rage in 1850 -- and silk damask curtains that fully extend the meaning of the word threadbare. On crumbling walls are framed sketches of Creole belles, Greek Revival plantations and Napoleon Bonaparte.

To this the truly faithful add a kind of crackpot theatricality, in which Mardi Gras memorabilia like rhine stoned scepters and crowns worn at long-past carnival balls become coffee-table and mantlepiece dressing.

"Carnival cities are all the same," said Patrick Dunne, owner of a French Quarter antiques store named Lucullus. "They celebrate decay and grandiosity. Think of Venice, Vera Cruz, Rio, Marseilles and Nice."

Mr. Dunne's own 1840's Creole town house, its wooden facade covered with peeling ocherish-white paint, is a case in point. The house sits on the edge of Faubourg Marigny, the ***working-class*** neighborhood where "A Streetcar Named Desire" is set; it also exhibits the air of lyrical decay that Tennessee Williams specified in his set notes to the 1947 play.

Mr. Dunne's home, a hybrid of French and Spanish styles that is common in New Orleans, is not decorated. Rather, he said, it is "filled with objects that evoke a memory or a pleasure." Filtered light falls in slats across shuttered, high-ceilinged rooms furnished with a careful hodgepodge of French Empire and Spanish Colonial antiques. Tables are littered with mementos. Windows overlook an out-of-control stand of banana trees and elephant ears.

In the drawing room is an 18th-century Mexican crucifix painted with alarmingly realistic blood, as well as a crown of thorns hung over an oil painting of Mary Magdalene.

"I've been Catholic for 2,000 years," Mr. Dunne said. "It's in the bones, the genes."

Mario Villa, a furniture designer whose clients include the fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld and Princess Caroline of Monaco, did a flashier take on the New Orleans themes of grandiosity and the joys of decay.

From the exterior, Mr. Villa's milk-white Greek Revival cottage fronting Bayou St. John looks like a normal, modest house -- the kind of place where a mild-mannered Southern couple might raise a child or two. Through the door, though, is a full-blown opera set.

Mr. Villa is not above faking decay. In some rooms he ripped off wallpaper to reveal scarred walls, then decided to paint the remaining walls to match.

Rooms are heaped with gilt-encrusted, aristocratic furniture, precarious stacks of not-recently-read books and stern old paintings of royals and doges. One of the huge copper palm leaves that Mr. Villa makes for fun leans in a corner. Tossed in for contrast are pieces of his own furniture -- smart, faux-distressed iron tables and chairs rife with neoclassical allusions.

"This house is an illusion, a projection," the Nicaragua-born designer said. "It's almost too, too much -- but that's my sense of humor."

Then there's the house of Paul Poche, a Mardi Gras float designer, which is decorated in a way peculiar to this city. Mr. Poche, 48, spends a lot of his time on the front porch of his back-of-town Creole cottage, making huge, fluttery paper palm leaves and other gilded fantasies to decorate the floats of the Comus Krewe, whose parade rolls on Mardi Gras night.

"I always like to make more than enough leaves," Mr. Poche said.

A lot of the extra Mardi Gras decorations come home with him, where they are pasted to tea-colored, peeling plaster walls or hung from crumbling ceilings. The house is dark as a cave ("light just makes you hot"), so the huge, bright leaves and papier-mache salamanders pop out, lifelike. Sequined costumes also decorate walls and doorways year-round.

In a stately Greek Revival house on the fringe of the Garden District, the grander side of town, a retired travel agent named Bill Holcomb recently spent a Sunday afternoon taping leathery magnolia leaves all over the walls of the house where he lives as a kind of surrogate family member.

The magnolia-dressing was done in honor of a debutante party. The effect was, Mr. Holcomb said, weirdly beautiful -- casual garlands of the waxy leaves stuck everywhere on cracked, white-veined, sepia walls, which look as if they have withstood one or two fires and several violent revolutions.

Even without the leaves, Edward and Cathy Curtis's house, where Mr. Holcomb lives, is a place where one wants to drink bourbon and discuss famous battles. Rooms are filled with French and American Empire antiques in various stages of disrepair. A silver teapot and cream pitcher appear not to have been polished in this century. Tattered chairs are poised in delicate, 19th-century arrangements conducive to lost forms of politesse. Off the entrance hall is an octagonal room that has become, more or less, a shrine to Napoleon.

The Curtises and Mr. Holcomb take a relaxed attitude toward it all.

"We're missing a piece of the balcony on the front gallery," Mr. Holcomb said. "No one seems to care."

Stephanie Samuel, a location scout and manager for feature films, often leads Hollywood producers into houses like the Curtises'. She attributes the recent rise in the popularity of New Orleans as a movie location at least in part to the wealth of 18th- and 19th-century architecture and time-warped period interiors.

"In New Orleans even the slums are Greek Revival," Ms. Samuel said. "You come upon houses all day long that, if you had one of them in Burbank, California, you'd really have something."

The esthetics of decay, though, have their down side. In a city where such a vast inventory of 19th-century architecture remains, houses that would be coddled elsewhere routinely fall into irreparable ruin.

"It's all part of the dangerous beauty that thrives in the houses here," Ms. Samuel said, extending the analogy to people. "It's that Zelda Fitzgerald thing.

"I'm talking about exotic, wonderful and completely original people who have crossed that fine line and really can't function in the real world. But in New Orleans, they are among your most treasured friends."

**Graphic**

Photos:Bill Holcomb prefers walls cracked, fabric tattered and silver unpolished. (Matt Anderson for The New York Times) (pg. C1); Peter Yokum once tried to paint the peeling plaster in his parlor, top, in the French Quarter of New Orleans. But, he said, "the paint decided to crawl back into the mud."; Paul Poche makes paper palm fronds for Mardi Gras floats and hangs the ones that are left over on the peeling, tea-colored sitting-room walls in his back-of-town cottage.; Mario Villa is not above faking decay; he was inspired by the scars left when old wallpaper was removed. In a bedroom, above right, a Mardi Gras costume hangs on a door.; Cracked and white-veined, the sepia walls of Edward and Cathy Curtis's house look as if they have survived a fire. Papal medals on a table in Patrick Dunne's house. He said, "I've been Catholic for 2,000 years." (Photographs by Matt Anderson for The New York Times) (pg. C6)

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[***SUNDAY VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SRX0-003Y-K46F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***There Is Warmth To Be Found In 2 Gentle Fables***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SRX0-003Y-K46F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By David Richards

**Body**

"ONCE ON THIS ISLAND," THE cinnamon-flavored musical at the Booth Theater, is a lovely piece of handiwork, with much to admire. But I suspect your enjoyment will depend largely on your ability to keep its passing details foremost in your mind.

Although it begins with a booming thunderstorm, its overall effect is more that of a tropical breeze that lulls and caresses, but never threatens to blow off your hat. Lynn Ahrens, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Stephen Flaherty, who is responsible for the score, aspire to the familiarity of an oft-told folk tale. That they achieve it may be the evening's chief accomplishment and its principal drawback: there just aren't a whole lot of surprises here.

The setting is a luxuriant island in the French Antilles, where the division between the dark-skinned peasants and the lighter-skinned aristocrats is sharply drawn. "Two different worlds never meant to meet," we're informed in the opening number. That pretty much suggests what happens, when the two worlds do come together -- in the persons of Ti Moune, a radiant peasant girl, and Daniel, the fine-boned "grand homme" she rescues from a car crash, nurses back to health and then pursues to the other end of the island.

The gods, who preside over her destiny -- and a cheerfully meddlesome bunch they are -- may pretend to a hands-off policy. Presumably, they're undertaking an experiment to determine which is stronger -- love or death. But we're not fooled. The ending is implicit in the beginning. I suppose that's the lure of fables -- knowing their contours from the start reassures us. (Why else do children try to stave off the darkness with plaintive requests to hear their favorite bedtime story just once more?)

Still, familiarity doesn't do much for theatrical tensions. And after you've grown accustomed to the rhythms of Mr. Flaherty's score -- calypsos mostly, spelled by the occasional waltz -- the problem becomes more acute. The 90 minutes of "Once on This Island" can seem very much of a kind, if you don't keep your eyes peeled for the details. They provide the needed seasoning.

The production, which originated last season at Playwrights Horizons, is confined to a box, exquisitely decorated by the set designer Loy Arcenas and glowingly lit by Allen Lee Hughes, but a box nonetheless. Marrying story-theater techniques to the dances of a Caribbean night, the director and choreographer Graciela Daniele transforms the space into a rain-washed forest or a grand ballroom. The 11-member cast doesn't move from place to place. It undulates. No hip remains unswiveled for long, no pelvis goes unrotated. (Somewhere up there, Bob Fosse must be looking down, beaming.) Merely having the actor Jerry Dixon hold a flashlight in each hand and kick back his legs, as if he were skating on hot ice, is enough to convince us that Daniel is streaking across the stage in his Mercedes.

If he proves to be something of a dolt ("We could *never* marry," he tells Ti Moune, snootily), well, fairy tale princes usually do. It doesn't help his case that Ti Moune is played by La Chanze, an endearing actress who appears to be opening innocent eyes on the world's wonders for the very first time. The gods, however, most caught my fancy, perhaps because what passes for wit and wisdom in this piece falls primarily to them.

As Erzulie, Goddess of Love, Andrea Frierson looks as much like a box of candy as anyone could reasonably expect and, futhermore, delivers a luscious rendition of the show's most insinuating number, "The Human Heart." Kecia Lewis-Evans is the salt of the earth, which is appropriate since she is playing the Mother of the Earth. Even Eric Riley, death's representative, has his charm as he goes about doing the demonic work of Papa Ge -- extending fingers long as spiders' legs and flashing a grin that would be the envy of a jack-o'-lantern. Of course, he's defeated in the end, but am I really spilling any beans by telling you that?

Think big and you're likely to be disappointed by "Once on This Island." Think small. You'll stand a better chance of coming away sufficiently beguiled.

'The Sum of Us'

Whenever the drama turns to the father-son relationship, nine times out of ten it's because a playwright wants to record the damages: misunderstandings, misplaced ambitions, rifts that only widen with age and love that never gets spoken or gets spoken too late. The resulting work (O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," Miller's "Death of a Salesman," Anderson's "I Never Sang for My Father") is, at least in part, an attempt to exorcise the lingering pain and to forgive, if not to forget. We are so used, in fact, to the head-to-head confrontations that the playwright David Stevens seems to be staking out fresh territory merely by showing us a father and son who care for each other and pull actively for each other's happiness.

At the outset of "The Sum of Us," Mr. Stevens's warm and touching play at the Cherry Lane Theater, the father (Richard Venture) lets us know exactly how he feels. Momentarily putting aside the frozen lasagna he's preparing for their dinner, he assures us his son is "a good lad," "an honest lad with a heart as big as Western Australia." And if the boy appears just a little wound up tonight, that's because he'll be going out later and he's always a bit edgy "if he thinks he's meeting Mr. Right."

There, with no fuss whatsoever, you have the second distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Stevens's play: the son, Jeff (Tony Goldwyn), a 24-year-old plumber in an industrial suburb of Melbourne, is homosexual. When his father first learned the truth, he felt compelled to purchase some porno magazines and visit a few gay bars. "I thought I'd better try to find out what it was about," he explains. "I wanted to know who his friends were. I didn't want him to have to keep them secret from his Dad." But the two have so few secrets now that when Jeff brings home someone to spend the night, he's not sure his father won't march into the bedroom the next morning to ask how the stranger takes his tea for breakfast.

"There's such a thing as being too well adjusted," Jeff admits with a sheepishness that verges on impatience. (Mr. Goldwyn, you'll notice, is very adept at locating the fine line where one emotion abuts another.)

The father is not without regrets, although Mr. Venture doesn't want us to confuse disappointments with judgments. He's sad he won't have grandchildren. And he's pretty sure Jeff will never know the kind of love he enjoyed with his late wife, and "most of all, making him, making a baby, knowing I'd put the seed in there and watching it grow." But that doesn't matter. Jeff is his only son and he wants him to be as happy as possible. If anything angers him, it's that his offspring is so shy and easily hurt he doesn't put enough effort into finding Mr. Right.

No, not your average father-son relationship. Mr. Stevens is certainly laying himself wide open to charges of being sentimental and starry-eyed. Cynics will find "The Sum of Us" the product of wishful thinking -- as much a fable in its way as "Once on This Island." It dawdles for stretches and the characters spend far too much time talking to the audience, when you'd rather they talk to one another. But such flaws are redeemed to an extraordinary degree by Mr. Venture and Mr. Goldwyn, who are giving performances that seem to spring directly from life with no interim stop in a rehearsal hall.

Mr. Goldwyn's ability to project bedrock decency is put to devious uses in the current hit film "Ghost," in which he plays Patrick Swayze's Wall Street buddy. Here the decency is allowed to be its own disarming self with no hidden agenda. Mr. Venture, on the other hand, displays the kind of affectionate nature that tends to overstep itself, and then has to pull back and apologize for the mess. The pairing is ideal. Under the direction of Kevin Dowling, the performers are operating in an atmosphere of palpable trust, further authenticating a play which is about acceptance, after all.

The plot, to the extent that there is one, chronicles how father and son set about trying to fill the void in their hearts -- the father with a jittery widow he's met through "Desiree's Introduction Agency," the son with a gardener he's been eyeing at the pub. But the outsiders aren't ready for the openness they find in the snug ***working-class*** bungalow. The love between father and son actually gets in the way of their dealings with others. That's the evening's main dramatic irony and it's not a huge one, granted.

"The Sum of Us" is really no more than the relationship itself, observed from different angles, commented upon by each of the participants, but essentially unchanging. Whatever the reversals -- and Mr. Stevens finally hits the father with a wallop in the last scene -- the bond holds fast.

That very constancy, however, lifts the play beyond its particulars and gives it considerable emotional appeal. Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Venture's generous performances are large enough to speak to any child who failed to measure up to a parent's expectations and every parent who was obliged to change the yardstick. Which includes, I would think, a fair number of us.

**Graphic**

Photos: The 11-member cast of "Once on This Island," shown in part above, doesn't move from place to place. It undulates. No hip remains unswiveled for long, no pelvis goes unrotated (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times); Richard Venture, right, and Tony Goldwyn as father and son in "The Sum of Us"-- performances that seem to spring directly from life with no interim stop in a rehearsal hall (Martha Swope Associates/"The Sum of Us") (pg. 5); Neil Maffin and Tony Goldwyn in "The Sum of Us"--operating in an atmosphere of trust in a play about acceptance (Carol Rosegg/Martha Swope Associates/"The Sum of Us") (pg. 6)

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[***Racial Politics in South's Contests: Hot Wind of Hate or a Last Gasp?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SND0-003Y-K1KB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME, Special to The New York Times

By PETER APPLEBOME, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, Nov. 4

**Body**

Like a virus that defies eradication, the politics of race is back in full view in Southern election campaigns.

First came the surprisingly strong Senate bid by the former Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke, who is now a State Representative in Louisiana. Since then race has become the focus of Senator Jesse Helms's furious counterattack against his Democratic opponent, Harvey Gantt, in North Carolina, and it has also played a role in the re-election campaign of Alabama's Governor, Guy Hunt, a Republican.

In the North Carolina race, Mr. Helms has brought up several issues tied to race, including his allegation that Mr. Gantt favors quotas that would benefit blacks. One Helms advertisement shows the hands of a white person crumbling a rejection letter. "You needed that job," the announcer says. "And you were the best qualified. But they had to give it to a minority because of a racial quota. Is that really fair?"

In Alabama, Mr. Hunt has run commercials showing his opponent with black political figures.

Appealing to White Resentment

Some professors and political experts say that what is happening now is more the last gasp of Old South politics than a broader resurgence. They add that the growing influence of blacks in politics will limit the appeal of explicitly divisive racial politics that depend on a landslide of white votes.

But most experts agree that the slumping economy, white resentment over issues like affirmative action and a sour mood in the electorate are contributing to a revival of racial politics, whose future course remains unclear.

"Voters turn out when they're angry," said Bill Barnard, a historian at the University of Alabama who is an expert on Southern politics. "One of the ways to get them angry in the absence of overriding political and economic issues is to appeal to the underlying cultural and social tensions such as race."

Race cuts various ways, and can be used by black candidates as well. Mayor Marion S. Barry Jr. of Washington, in his campaign for City Council, has lashed out at his prosecution on drug charges, saying it was being racially motivated.

National Implications

And some experts say the issues playing out in the South, particularly those involving affirmative action and allegations of racial quotas, have national implications.

"I think Duke's issues will play in places like Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, anywhere the economy is in a downturn and people are looking for some relief," said James J. Brady, chairman of the Louisiana Democratic Party. "It's like dangling the dadgum meat before the wolves."

But the most dramatic racial politics have come in the South.

Mr. Duke startled political analysts by getting 44 percent of the vote and almost 60 percent of the white vote in Louisiana in a primary campaign that appealed to white resentment. Mr. Duke's status as a fringe candidate, the unusual withdrawal of the designated Republican candidate from the race and the economic distress in Louisiana raised questions about how much the contest reflected broader issues.

But race has become a major issue in tight re-election campaigns by Mr. Helms, who is seeking a fourth Senate term in North Carolina, and Mr. Hunt, who is running for a second term as Governor in Alabama. Both are conservative Republicans.

Democrats say Mr. Hunt has sent a racial message to arouse his conservative followers in television advertisements. The ads show Mr. Hunt's opponent, Paul Hubbert, with the Rev. Jesse Jackson and Joe Reed, a prominent black education lobbyist and Democratic leader. Republicans say the message is about philosophy, not race.

Mr. Helms has transformed his neck-and-neck battle with Mr. Gantt, who is seeking to become the South's first black Senator since Reconstruction, with a barrage of racially explicit advertisements and campaign speeches. Much of the message differs little from Mr. Duke's campaign theme that blacks are getting preferential treatment at the expense of more qualified whites.

Besides the advertisement accusing Mr. Gantt of favoring racial quotas, Mr. Helms has run an ad attacking Mr. Gantt for capitalizing on his own status as a member of a minority group in the purchase of a television station near Charlotte.

In speeches, he has accented other racial messages, like an accusation that Mr. Gantt is waging his own racial campaign by advertising on black radio stations.

"Everything's a smear campaign" to Mr. Gantt, Mr. Helms told reporters last week. "He just can't take it. Mr. Gantt knows how to dish it out, but he can't take it."

Support From G.O.P. Official

Charles Black, the chief spokesman for the Republican National Committee, denied that Mr. Helms was injecting race into the campaign. He said allegations that Mr. Gantt had improperly profited from the television sale had been a past campaign issue against Mr. Gantt, a former mayor of Charlotte. He said Mr. Helms's contention that Mr. Gantt supported racial quotas by backing the 1990 civil rights bill was a mainstream issue. He noted that President Bush had vetoed the bill, claiming that it would result in racial hiring quotas. Supporters of the bill deny that it would have resulted in quotas and say its purpose was to protect victims of discrimination.

"This was a major issue debated before Congress, with Ted Kennedy leading one side and George Bush leading the other," Mr. Black of the Republican National Committee said.

The tenor of the North Carolina campaign was a topic today on the morning discussion programs.

Ronald H. Brown, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, stepped up his attack on the Republicans over postcards mailed in to predominantly minority Democratic precincts. The cards read, in part, that it is a Federal crime "to knowingly give false information about your name, residence or period of residence to an election official." Democrats assert the mailings were intended to intimidate black voters. Republicans say the mailings were intended to insure that only eligible voters vote.

"What the Republican Party has done is absolutely disgusting," Mr. Brown said on the CBS News program "Face the Nation." "It's a repeat of what they've been doing for the last decade, and that is to try to intimidate the poorest and most vulnerable of voters."

On the NBC News program "Meet the Press," John H. Sununu, the White House chief of staff, was repeatedly asked whether the White House countenanced Mr. Helms's racial message.

"I think in any campaign a racial message of one kind or another is inappropriate and abhorrent, and I don't think you will find anybody in the Administration supporting any campaign aspect anywhere that has that kind of an overtone," Mr. Sununu said. But the chief of staff said he had not talked to the President about it.

Judge Dickinson Debevoise of Federal District Court in Newark scheduled a hearing for Monday to determine whether the Republican National Committee violated a 1982 court order that bars voter intimidation.

Intensity of Racial Tone

Mr. Helms has often invoked racial issues, like his filibuster against the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. holiday that proved the turning point in his 1984 campaign against then Gov. Jim Hunt.

Still, even many people who have long studied or participated in North Carolina politics say they are stunned by the intensity of the racial tone in Mr. Helms's campaign this year.

"This is the ultimate," said Merle Black, a professor of politics and government at Emory University. "I've never seen it played to this extent by him, and he's been the master of it ever since George Wallace got out of the business."

Al From, director of the Democratic Leadership Council, an organization of elected Democrats trying to move the party more to the political center, said racial appeals had taken on greater appeal to Republicans because their main issues of the past decade, like taxes, crime and anti-Communism, were no longer as potent for the party as before.

"The Republicans have traditionally used social and cultural issues as wedge issues to get the otherwise Democratic ***working-class*** and middle-class voters," he said. "As Democrats move to the mainstream, and those issues no longer work for the Republicans, they have to be more blatant about the issue which they really like, which is race."

Mr. Black of the Republican National Committee dismissed Mr. From's comments as "utter nonsense."

"What happens about this time of the election cycle, every time the Democrats think they're going to have a bad year, they start screaming about these red herring type issues," he said.

Others see the appeals by Mr. Helms and Mr. Hunt, both locked in extremely close contests, as efforts to energize their supporters and win back those voters who they fear may stray.

'The Politics of Panic'

"I think it's the politics of panic," said David Sink, a political science professor at the University of Alabama at Birmingham.

Mr. Black of Emory said Mr. Helms's brand of politics did not make enough electoral sense to gain wide currency.

"Politicians know how to count," he said, "and they don't want to start a campaign by throwing away 25 to 30 percent of the voters. You look at Thad Cochran of Mississippi, John Warner, Strom Thurmond -- even Southern Republicans don't play it the way Helms does. He's unique. When he's gone, there won't be anyone to replace him."

Before he was stricken with an inoperable brain tumor, Lee Atwater, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, was criticized for injecting race into the 1988 Presidential campaign, with the use of an advertisement that referred to Willie Horton, a black convicted murderer who raped a white woman while on a weekend furlough through a Massachusetts prison program. But he has also said since then that the party needed to reach out to black voters.

If the political avenues are unclear and the chances of electoral success are uncertain, some officials say, racial politics will probably continue its surge.

"There's a general disquiet about race," said Dave Eisenstadt, a spokesman for the Democratic Leadership Council. "It's the great hidden, unwritten theme about almost all American politics, and I think it's something we'll see for a period of time to come."

**Graphic**

Photo: A campaign commercial for Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina shows white hands crumpling a rejection letter while an announcer speaks of Harvey Gantt's support for affirmative action. (pg. B11)

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[***Officially, Crime Is Dropping, But Brooklyn Is Still Worried - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WTJ0-008G-F1W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By JOE SEXTON

By JOE SEXTON

**Body**

The official police statistics show there has been a double-digit decrease in crime in the last year in the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn, with fewer rapes, robberies and car thefts. But the standard scene outside Nereida Rodriguez's apartment window has not changed much. Men deal drugs. Groups of youths, exchanging the handshakes that identify them as gang members, hang out on the street corner. The sirens of police cars and ambulances scream regularly.

"My 5-year-old son sits in that window, in the morning and at night, and he asks me what those people are doing -- if they are bad, if they are going to hurt us," said Ms. Rodriguez, whose apartment looks out on Fifth Avenue. "I try to answer him as best I can. But I don't know."

Betty McClosky, who moved to 63d Street in Sunset Park in 1945, shook her head sadly when asked if the numbers translate into a greater sense of safety.

"For heaven's sake, I had my Thanksgiving decorations -- pictures of turkeys -- stolen," she said. "There are flowers on the sidewalk around the block where a man was murdered a couple of weeks ago. No, I won't go out at night. Fifth Avenue is a disaster -- garbage and gangs. And if I saw anything wrong going on, I wouldn't report it. Never, never, never. And why? Fear."

As in urban neighborhoods everywhere that have long been plagued by the dual epidemics of drugs and violence, community leaders and residents of Sunset Park say the distance between the reality of their lives and the numbers put out by the Police Department offer a telling example of the sometimes limited meaning and impact of crime statistics.

They believe the numbers are reflective of demographic trends set in motion years ago. They suspect the statistics might be far from entirely accurate, with the neighborhood's ever-increasing population of immigrants typically declining to even report crimes.

They also worry that even if the numbers are accurate, they could could well go up soon, and fast, as youth gangs proliferate and budget cuts eliminate social service programs for the neighborhood's young and poor residents. Just in the last three years the number of youth gangs in Sunset Park has gone from 4 to 25.

"A lot of people here have given up on believing numbers," said Joan Griffin McCabe, the City Councilwoman who represents Sunset Park, a ***working-class*** neighborhood populated largely by people of Hispanic and Asian descent. "An incredible fear of reporting crime exists here. I think the numbers are misleading, and I think they will come back to haunt the Mayor. We'll see where the numbers go once the youth programs and the adult literacy programs the Mayor wants yanked are gone."

There is, then, no shortage of unease on the streets on Sunset Park. While problems with street prostitution and street drug dealing have been tackled more effectively lately, some blocks remain off-limits to many residents. With gangs recruiting new members from the neighborhood's junior high schools, both students and parents suffer from a sense of vulnerability and danger poorly captured by official statistics.

And because teen-agers are carrying out much of the mayhem, there is the worry that crimes, even if they occur less frequently, can be more arbitrarily violent. Indeed, though reported robberies dropped by more than 24 percent in 1994 and car thefts fell by nearly 12 percent, shootings in the 72d Precinct were up 30 percent, and violent assaults increased by nearly 4 percent. In Sunset Park, 40 percent of the population is under the age of 18.

"I have got so tired of hearing about statistics," said one 32-year-old mother of three who has spent her entire life in Sunset Park, but asked that she remain anonymous. "What we hear are gunshots -- gunshots at 7:30 in the morning as we put clothes on our children."

Much of the gunfire has been linked to youth gangs, whose numbers, the police say, are multiplying monthly and whose names seem to change almost weekly. There are the Latin Kings, the Netas, Dominicans Don't Play, Gunset, Roughneck Soldiers and United To Crime.

They intimidate crime victims from reporting crimes by stationing a prominent and feared gang member outside the precinct house after another member has been arrested. They stash their guns in bodegas and safe houses until they are needed. They rob mostly immigrants, chiefly the Asian residents who dominate Eighth Avenue and who almost never report the crimes.

"You look at these children, and it is an eerie feeling you get because they almost appear brainwashed," said Hermenia Ramos-Donovan, the director of the Hispanic Young People's Alternative, a social services youth program in Sunset Park.

"The gangs are able to draw in young kids who are vulnerable, and the rest of the neighborhood lives in fear. People will walk down only certain blocks or go completely around specific street corners."

In late December, a 16-year-old and a 22-year-old were shot several times in a confrontation at a Sunset Park subway station. Although both survived, they have declined to cooperate with investigators and will not identify their attackers. Law enforcement officials now say the shooting involved members of two Mexican gangs, and that the victims feared further harm.

"The gangs come to you and tell you they are about Latino pride and the people rising up," said Cindy Rosario, a 19-year-old who rejected a recent offer to join the Latin Queens. "But they are about power. They rob. They slice kids up. They beat members until they bleed if they want to. And if you go to the police, you are dead. That's life."

There are certain aspects about recent life in Sunset Park that most everyone, from the police to the youths to the social service professionals, agrees on.

The officers at the 72d Precinct, empowered by Police Commissioner William J. Bratton's strategy of returning wide-ranging enforcement authority back to the precincts, have become more aggressive and effective. Instead of having to turn over narcotics, prostitution and auto theft investigations to citywide task forces as they had to for years, the officers and detectives can now use their own intelligence to gain their own search warrants to execute their own raids.

"We were the model precinct for community policing, and so we have always been innovative here," said Sgt. Louis Savelli, who directs the precinct's anticrime unit. "But we were held back by our superiors in the department. We were punished or regarded with suspicion for being aggressive.

"The fear was of corruption, and so we were radicals, zealots, crazy," Sergeant Savelli said. "Now, it's a two-way street. The Commissioner has given us the tools to be aggressive. Now, it's community policing with enforcement. Of course, it's going to take a while for the perception that Sunset Park is safer to take hold. The real level of fear at the moment is hard to measure."

It is not tough to gauge for Sister Mary Paul, the director of the Center for Family Life in Sunset Park, which runs after-school, job-training and foster care programs. She said that Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's efforts to cut the city budget have eliminated $ 1.3 million that dozens of organizations had relied on and that the rise of youth gangs had threatened to undo a decade of progress in fighting unemployment, crime and infant mortality.

"Sunset Park fought against blight, but I'm afraid we're going to lose what we've gained," Sister Mary Paul said. "The gangs are making appeals to nationalistic loyalty, dividing up the streets that way. It feels almost like Europe, with its ethnic factions. There is fear and anxiety that it is going to get out of control."

Sgt. Ken Corey heads a three-member unit designed to maintain control over the youth gangs of Sunset Park, and he talks enthusiastically about the substantial number of gang arrests his unit has made in recent months. A group of 25 Latin Kings, he said, were arrested one night this fall, another 37 were taken in as part of a subsequent sweep, and his unit is developing a data base of gang intelligence.

"The gangs here are not as bad as they are in other cities, but they are prone to violence," Sergeant Corey said. "Our policy is zero tolerance. But we have to have the help of the people. We have arrests where we turn around on the street and no longer have a victim. He or she has vanished. Look, people are afraid of reporting. I understand."

Paul Mak, one of the leaders of the Chinese-American Association of Sunset Park, concurs. Chinese immigrants, 65,000 of whom live in adjacent parts of Sunset Park, Borough Park and Bay Ridge, are often victimized by stickup gangs as they walk home from the subway station at 62d Street and Eighth Avenue.

"There may be no record at the 72d Precinct of these robberies," Mr. Mak said, "but they are happening, happening bad."

The police concede that a lot of crime in Sunset Park goes unreported, that the gang problem has to be halted quickly, that reduced crime statistics can be interpreted as a hollow boast.

"Look, there is some truth to the notion that numbers can mean whatever you want them to mean," said Capt. Thomas J. Palazzo, the commanding officer of the precinct. "But is Sunset Park safer? I think it is. But whatever we're doing is going to be affected by what's going on with the rest of the criminal justice system -- courts, prisons. What we're doing could be for naught."

**Correction**

A chart yesterday about crime in the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn misstated the number of arrests in the 72d Precinct for 1993 and 1994 and the percentage change. In the first 50 weeks of 1994, there were 4,540 arrests (not 7,095); in 1993, there were 4,174 arrests (not 5,820). Thus the increase was 8.8 percent, not 21.9.

**Correction-Date:** January 4, 1995, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photo: To many residents of Sunset Park, Brooklyn, groups of youths hanging out at night on Fifth Avenue are a cause of worry, even though official crime statistics show a double-digit drop in neighborhood crime. (Steve Berman for The New York Times) (pg. B4)

Chart: "CRIME REPORT: Sunset Park" shows reports of crime in the 72d Precinct in Brooklyn. (Source: N.Y.C. Police Dept.) (pg. B4)

Graph: "BEHIND THE NUMBERS: Crime Patterns and Income"

Among the many fhisft in crime over the past decade - a time when overall crime rose sharply from 1985 to 1990 and then began falling - one of the most notable is a dispersion of crime from poorer neighborhoods to affluent ones. This can be seen by grouping statistics according to the income levels of the neighborhood.\*   JOSH BARBANEL

(\*The precincts were divided into four groups based on the percentage of people living below the Federal poverty level.) (Source: New York City Police Dept.) (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** January 4, 1995

**End of Document**



[***THE APTED TOUCH: NO FINGERPRINTS ON HIS FILMS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JKW0-0008-N020-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 27, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1582 words

**Byline:** By NAN ROBERTSON

**Body**

Michael Apted is one movie director who does not leave fingerprints. It is hard to believe that the same man, English to boot, made the slice of authentic Appalachia that was ''Coal Miner's Daughter,'' the tense, pounding Russian thriller ''Gorky Park'' and ''Continental Divide,'' a romantic comedy starring John Belushi as a gruff but endearing Chicago newspaperman in love with a Rocky Mountain bird- watcher.

This goes against the contemporary vision of films that bear the stamp of a single artistic sensibility - instantly identifiable, no matter what the subject, as a Truffaut, Godard, Fassbinder, Ingmar Bergman or Woody Allen movie. A recent offering of Mr. Apted might remind some of a film from yet another director - Scotland's Bill Forsyth of ''Gregory's Girl.'' Called ''Kipperbang,'' this latest Aprted movie is the story of a lovelorn English teen-ager, played by an amateur.

Nan Robertson article on Michael Apted, British film director; photo (M)

Meantime, Mr. Apted, a very busy moviemaker, has moved on. He is now shooting a film titled ''Firstborn'' in several suburbs in Westchester and New Jersey. It is about a divorce seen from the viewpoint of the children. ''Firstborn'' stars Teri Garr as the mother; Chris Collet, a 16-year old student at Hunter High School in Manhattan, as her older son, and Corey Haim, 12, whom Mr. Apted found in Toronto, as the kid brother. Even though this movie also deals with children, Mr. Apted's track record suggests it will not resemble ''Kipperbang,'' a gentle comedy originally made for British television. He is not a copycat, either of his own work or that of others.

On location in Morristown and Packanack Lake, N.J., the other day, the director seemed low key but in control. He gave commands gently and stayed close to the camera crew, frequently peering through the viewfinder to check shots. He first uttered a crisp ''ACK-shun'' at 8:50 A.M. in front of the Morristown Department of Motor Vehicles, moved on for another scene filmed in the town square and then proceeded in a motorcade of trailers, campers, vans, trucks and cars containing a support staff of 85 people to Packanack Lake.

There, in a corner of suburbia ennobled by tall, stately trees and beautifully landscaped plots, Mr. Apted and his movie have taken over the split- level Colonial house and garden owned by Kathleen and Mark Granstrand. The Granstrands and the ''Firstborn'' script writer, Ron Koslow, rate the director as a gentleman, sensitive to the feelings of those around him. Although it took many attempts over hours to shoot one scene in the Granstrand driveway, Mr. Apted never became snappish or impatient.

He is, in the words of David Puttnam, the executive producer of ''Chariots of Fire'' and ''Kipperbang,'' a ''dream director, workmanlike and serious.'' Mr. Puttnam is convinced it is ''the result of years of fantastic training on British television, doing X subject this week and Y subject the next, sometimes with wonderful material, sometimes with not-so-wonderful material.

''He understands budgets and schedules. He looks on each film as a job. He is a total professional. He would have been an enormous success as a director in the 1930's. Now we've come back to it after the more artsy period of the 1960's and 70's, which was dominated by the film critics and film school products turned directors who held the bridge of their nose and dreamt great dreams,'' Mr. Puttnam said.

One of Mr. Apted's central traits, according to that producer and Jack Rosenthal, the script writer on ''Kipperbang'' and other Apted-directed movies, is the way he submerges his own personality in the project at hand. George Vecsey, who wrote the book with the country-music singer Loretta Lynn on which the movie was based, agrees.

''He came into 'Coal Miner's Daughter' without any preconceptions or prejudices about Appalachia or hillbillies,'' said Mr. Vecsey. ''I went to a screening prepared to be embarrassed about what an English director would do in a Hollywood film about this subject. Within 10 minutes I wanted to poke somebody in the screening room and say, 'Hey, that's my book up there.' ''

He went on: ''Michael and his screenwriter and Sissy Spacek (who played Miss Lynn) - they caught every nuance of sound and people and the way things look to the life.''

And Miss Spacek said, shortly after ''Coal Miner's Daughter'' was released in 1980, that she had no qualms about this Englishman, at least, directing such a quintessentially American movie. ''Actually, Michael was the key to it all,'' she said. ''I shudder to think what the film would have been without him.''

Mr. Apted is now 43, and has lived with his wife, Jo, in Los Angeles for several years. They have taken an apartment in New York until June, when shooting will be finished on ''Firstborn.'' The director, a tall man with a long, rather melancholy face surrounded by fluffy gray hair, feels particularly close to his current project. The reason is that his own two sons, Paul, 17, and James, 11, now in school back in England, are close to the ages of the boys in the movie.

''It's about the carelessness with which we treat children as we live out our adult lives,'' Mr. Apted said. He was describing the plot in the office of the producer of ''Firstborn,'' Stanley Jaffe, who also produced another, immensely popular and Academy- Award-winning film about the impact of divorce on a child, ''Kramer vs. Kramer.''

It was commonly thought among the cast and crew of ''Coal Miner's Daughter'' that Mr. Apted was raised in the coal-mining country of north England and thus had a particular affinity for his subject. In fact, he was born in London, the son of an insurance inspector, and received his university education at Cambridge. He was graduated in 1963 and went straight to Granada Television in Manchester. He stayed for seven years, and it was here that he soaked up the atmosphere of north England, its poverty, its industry, its mines.

''I learned the television business in Manchester,'' Mr. Apted said. ''I did current affairs, documentaries, music, drama.'' He also directed ''Coronation Street,'' the longest-running soap opera in English history, which is still running after 23 years and has a ***working-class***, North Country setting. Mr. Rosenthal, the script writer, said in a telephone interview from London that ''Michael and I did a lot together at Granada. The first television film he directed, I wrote.'' It was called, ''There's a Hole in Your Dustbin, Delilah,'' and was about a garbageman. They also collaborated on a comedy series called ''The Lovers,'' about very young people and their confusions and guilts in a permissive society.

The director says of himself, ''I've always been a traveler.'' Mr. Rosenthal points out that Mr. Apted crosses more than time zones. ''What Michael has done since going to the United States is the same thing he did in England - moving from one culture into another. He throws himself entirely into it, including American football and baseball. Most English people become little Englanders when they go abroad. 'We like cricket,' they say. 'Our football is better.' Michael wants to do the same as you do.''

''Kipperbang,'' whose title is taken from a nonsense password among a band of English adolescents, is another Apted-Rosenthal collaboration, made originally for British television in 1982.

''None of the kids in it had ever acted before,'' Mr. Apted said. ''We weren't looking for stage kids. We wanted a freshness to them. When kids have the intelligence and poise to do it, there's no substitute.''

Casting of the two boys for ''Firstborn'' was ''much more complicated,'' the director said. The talent hunt ranged over two months and seven cities this winter, from Minneapolis to Princeton to Toronto. The younger boy ''had to be feisty, yet have a sensitivity about him: I found Corey in the last group I interviewed,'' he said. Corey has had some experience on Canadian television and Chris Collet, who plays the older brother, has been a professional actor on Broadway and elsewhere for the past three years. His role required ''a boy who has become father to the family after the divorce, but is not yet a man. He has to have adultness combined with the innocence, charm, surliness and unpredictability of adolescence.''

Although the subject of ''Kipperbang'' brings Bill Forsyth's film ''Gregory's Girl'' to mind, Mr. Apted says that ''Bill is a rarer and more original sort of director than I am. He is a genuine author-director who creates his own material, which is always autobiographical. You hear a real voice, an original voice, with him. It may sometimes become repetitive.

''I don't make material out of my own life,'' the director went on. ''I use other people's material. I enter new ground with every film I do. I love new adventures, new pressures, new stimulation.''

Mr. Apted said that he had not been intimidated by the thought of doing ''Coal Miner's Daughter,'' where he was trying to capture the essence of a culture that is strange and impenetrable even to many Americans. ''I had an advantage in being an outsider. I think I was going in there as an innocent, not carrying any baggage. We shot it in 50 days,'' he said.

Mr. Puttnam said that Mr. Apted ''reflects the sheer professionalism of an entire new generation of British film directors.'' The British producer added, ''I think Michael's solid background and training will stand him in increasingly good stead, while others will flounder.''

**Graphic**

photo of Terri Garr, Chris Collet and Michael Apted

**End of Document**



[***EDUCATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-ST10-003Y-K028-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Right Breeds a College Press Network***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-ST10-003Y-K028-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1640 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to The New York Times

By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 22

**Body**

At the University of Iowa, The Campus Review recently provoked outrage with a drawing of the cartoon character Bart Simpson holding a loaded slingshot and warning, "Back off, faggot."

At the University of California at Berkeley, The California Review has been campaigning against affirmative action. And at the University of Florida, The Florida Review caused protests when in a guide to professors it said the history and philosophy departments were full of Marxists.

The three papers are part of a network of 60 conservative student publications that has sprung up on major college campuses across the country in the last two years, backed by money and advice from several conservative foundations. One of the biggest financial supporters is the John M. Olin Foundation of New York, whose chairman is William E. Simon, the former Treasury Secretary.

Many of the papers are in the mold of The Dartmouth Review, which since its founding in 1980 has been engulfed in disputes for its perceived attacks on blacks, women, homosexuals and Jews. But some are less radical, presenting a more academic and moderate conservative viewpoint.

Although the circulation of the new papers tends to be small, they have provided conservative students and their supporters with a growing voice to challenge to what they see as a stifling liberal orthodoxy on college campuses.

Jeffrey L. Renander, editor of The Campus Review at Iowa, said he had helped to found the paper because The Daily Iowan, the main campus paper, had discouraged conservatives from applying to work there. "They were notoriously leftist," Mr. Renander said, echoing the complaint of most students affiliated with the conservative papers. "We were shut out. You're talking about a left-wing movement on campuses with millions and millions of dollars and then this void where a conservative voice is never heard, until now."

Much of the void was filled with the help of the Madison Center for Educational Affairs, a conservative advocacy group based in Washington that helps finance and organize virtually all the papers. The center spends about $400,000 a year to help the papers, which form what the center calls the Collegiate Network. Although many campus papers are considered liberal, there is no known network among them financed in an organized way.

Charles Horner, executive vice president of the Madison Center, said the growth of the new papers was "the single most significant trend in undergraduate intellectual life in the country right now." There are plans to establish such papers on 15 more campuses in the near future, he said.

"These kids have a growing sense that they are not getting their money's worth out of their college education because they feel that if they express themselves, the professors put them down as bigots or morally wrong," said Mr. Horner, who was associate director of the United States Information Agency under President Ronald Reagan. "They have found that universities are interested in diversity, but only racially, not intellectually."

Workshops for Editors

In addition to the money it provides, the Madison Center holds regional workshops for student editors on how to put out a paper and sell advertisements. It distributes a monthly newsletter with suggestions for articles. It has two former student editors on its staff who serve as advisers, and it maintains a a toll-free telephone line for editors with questions.

Editors at a number of the papers denied that the Madison Center exerted any control over them. Nevertheless, there are connections among the papers, the foundations and some well-known conservatives.

The largest supporter of The Dartmouth Review, for instance, is the Olin Foundation, which has given the paper $295,000, most of it in the last three years.

At the same time, the Olin Foundation has been the main source of financial support of the Collegiate Network, donating $90,000 to it last year through the Madison Center, which at the time was known as the Institute for Educational Affairs. The institute's vice chairman was Irving Kristol, the publisher of The National Interest, a leading neoconservative magazine, to which the Olin Foundation gave $127,000 in 1989; one of its directors was Robert H. Bork, to whom the Olin Foundation gave $167,000. In turn, the institute's honorary chairman was Mr. Simon, the head of the foundation.

The new papers are also supported by the Leadership Institute, headed by Morton Blackwell, a former Reagan aide. Mr. Blackwell said his organization's seminars had trained students now working at 30 of the 60 conservative papers.

Conservative Agenda

On the new papers themselves, one of the student editors' biggest complaints is affirmative action in student admissions and faculty hiring. "The question is, Is a university supposed to be a big experiment in social engineering or a place of higher education with an admissions policy based on merit?" said James Christie, editor of The California Review at Berkeley.

Another major issue for the student conservatives is opposition to the spread of ethnic and women's studies and support for a return to a more traditional curriculum, focusing on great Western books. "We don't feel a degree in women's studies and black studies is of any significance," said Bobby Baker, editor of The Florida Review. "We feel there are lot of subjects being taught today that are just a product of the 60's and 70's that have no significance whatsoever."

The young men and women who edit the papers cut across ethnic and class lines, with no single explanation for their conservative preference. Mr. Baker, who is from a black ***working-class*** family, has a brother-in-law who was active in the Black Panther movement in the late 1960's but who has since become a Republican. Mr. Baker himself, who served four years in the Army before going to college, says he was drawn to politics by reading the writings of Machiavelli and Richard M. Nixon.

Some say they were influenced by the Republican era in which they grew up. Simon Vukelj, publisher of The Eli at Yale, whose grandfather was killed by Communist guerrillas in Albania in World War II, said: "I think a lot of people of my age group say that Ronald Reagan influenced them a lot. We really can't remember another President."

The network of new papers covers a broad spectrum of schools: Harvard, Yale and Princeton in the Ivy League; Duke and William & Mary in the South; Northwestern and Kenyon College in the Midwest, and Stanford and the University of Oregon on the West Coast, among others.

It is difficult to judge the size of the papers' readership. The Campus Review at Iowa claims a circulation of 14,000, at a university with 27,000 students, with papers distributed free around campus in dormitories and dining halls. But the paper has only 300 paid subscribers, many of them alumni.

Strong Sense of Distate

Heather M. Fenyk, a junior who is vice president of the University of Iowa Student Association, said she had a strong sense of distaste for The Campus Review. "I think a lot of the articles that it has run are totally inappropriate, violating human standards," she said, and called its editors "not representative of the school."

On the other hand, The Dartmouth Review, which is also distributed free to students, has achieved an influence over the public perception of Dartmouth College far out of proportion to its circulation. James O. Freedman, Dartmouth's president, said in an interview that a survey last spring showed that high school seniors accepted at Dartmouth and three other prestigious New England colleges overwhelmingly believed Dartmouth to be the most conservative, the least intellectual and the most socially oriented of the schools, an image he attributed to The Review.

Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, a professor of religion at Dartmouth and a former president of the American Jewish Congress, said he believed that The Dartmouth Review and some of the other papers were set up as part of an effort by neoconservatives to take over campuses by using radical newspapers, a technique first used successfully by Trotskyites in the 1930's at City College in New York.

"They don't control the admissions committee, but by moral terror they can chase away women, blacks and Jews," Rabbi Hertzberg said.

Several of the editors of the new papers and officials of the Madison Center scoff at such criticism. Mr. Horner said the center had originally not thought of financing student papers until the first of the papers, The Chicago Crucible at the University of Chicago, approached it in 1980, followed soon after by The Dartmouth Review. But the center cut off funds for The Dartmouth Review in 1982 after it published a column written in "black English" titled "Dis Sho Ain't No Jive, Bro'," depicting black students as illiterate.

The new publications vary in tone. Some are somber and serious, like The Yale Political Monthly, others strident and provocative, like The Dartmouth Review.

Mr. Baker, at the University of Florida, said: "I think we are provocative and controversial out of necessity. We are trying to make a name for ourselves, like any publication in its infancy."

But he says his critics have been more extremist, adding that they often burn the paper's distribution boxes and phoning in death threats.

Mr. Renander of The Campus Review at Iowa says the windows in his paper's office have been repeatedly smashed, he believes by homosexuals. He denies that the use of "faggot" in the cartoon was meant as an attack on homosexuals. "All we're doing is saying one of the primary ways people get AIDS is through this kind of thing," he said.

He complained that gay rights groups were unfairly given university financing as a legitimate student activity, while his paper was denied funds for being "too political." "That's the intolerance of liberals," he said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Conservative journals include Eli, at Yale; Campus Review, at Iowa, and The Claremont Independent, at the Claremont Colleges. (pg. A1); A number of conservative student newspapers around the country have recently drawn criticism for material they have published. They included papers at the University of Florida, headed by Bobby Baker, above; the University of Iowa, headed by Jeff Renander, above right, and the University of California at Berkeley, headed by Jim Christie. (Timothy O. Davis for The New York Times; Paul Jensen for The New York Times; Fred Mertz for The New York Times) (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1990

**End of Document**



[***Outlook at Book Fair: Global and Historical***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MJX0-0038-D1SH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 14, 1990, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1727 words

**Byline:** By J. Anthony Lukas; J. Anthony Lukas is the author of ''Common Ground: A Turbulent Decade in the Lives of Three American Families,'' which won the Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction in 1985.

**Body**

Like ducks and geese winging across the Long Island marshes, writers and editors are flocking back to their winter roosts. But the sure signal that the book industry has resumed after the summer doldrums will come this Sunday when marketing managers and publicity agents get down to the serious job of selling.

That takes place at the 12th annual New York Is Book Country street fair, an event at which publishers traditionally display their wares for the coming season. This year's hoopla is dedicated to the proposition that ''Books Know No Boundaries.''

That is scarcely titillating news. But its emphasis on the global marketplace is appropriate in a year when many Americans have felt like slightly irrelevant spectators at the great dramas of their time. When a dissident playwright becomes the first freely elected president of Czechoslovakia in half a century; when the former president of Nicaragua, the bane of two American Administrations, ensconces himself in a Wall Streeter's town house to receive a parade of editors eager to bring out his memoirs; when a transforming Soviet leadership authorizes the publication of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's ''Gulag Archipelago,'' New York's tight publishing world does well to forswear parochialism.

But national frontiers are not the only boundaries that hedge us in; we are constrained by time as well as by space. As the British novelist L. P. Hartley put it: ''The past is a foreign country. They do things differently there.''

So I am pleased to report that while a host of our ablest reporters is harvesting the astonishing news from Central and Eastern Europe, another pack of journalists has quietly been breaching the frontiers of the past.

Consider this partial list: David Halberstam is writing on America in the 50's; Taylor Branch on the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and the civil rights movement; Tom Powers on German efforts to build a nuclear bomb during World War II; Robert K. Massie on British-German naval competition early in this century; Jean Strouse on J. P. Morgan and his era; David McCullough on the world of Harry S. Truman; Robert A. Caro on Lyndon B. Johnson; Geoffrey Ward on the Civil War; Richard Reeves on the truncated Administration of John F. Kennedy; Gay Talese on Italian immigration to this country, illuminated by his family's own experience.

Mr. Talese is scarcely alone in addressing history in a personal vein. Suddenly it seems memoir is one of our most vital genres. A path brilliantly blazed by Frank Conroy and Geoffrey Wolff has been followed of late by Geoffrey's brother, Tobias Wolff, Lance Morrow, John Gregory Dunne, Joyce Johnson, Russell Baker, Carl Bernstein, Jonathan Yardley, John Edgar Wideman, Annie Dillard and others.

For some reason, my generation of reporters - having earned our spurs in the multiple alarums and excursions of the 60's and 70's - have turned its eyes backward, trying to find out how we all got here.

In part, this is probably a function of our age - most of us are in our 50's now - a time when many people feel impelled to measure their experience against those who have come before.

Then, as my friend Nicholas Lemann has pointed out, there is a notion among many journalists - probably exaggerated - that the story on the street is simply not as vivid as it was in the chromatic decades past. The civil rights movement, Vietnam, Watergate, long hot summers in Detroit and Watts, the pyrotechnics of Woodstock and Haight-Ashbury, the trials of the Chicago Seven and Daniel Ellsberg - these were dramatic yarns that seized journalists by the throat in a way that the savings-and-loan crisis and acid rain do not. (Though, as demonstrated in Mr. Lemann's own forthcoming book on migration from the Mississippi Delta to Chicago housing projects, there is still plenty of incendiary tinder to be found in the contemporary lives of ordinary Americans.) Finally, reporters are like tailbacks: they run to daylight. Quick to seize opportunities, they seize opportunities others fail to exploit. Tom Wolfe argued that the New Journalists of the 60's appropriated the techniques of fiction precisely because many academically trained and academically based novelists had forsworn narrative. Similarly, it could be argued that a new generation of academic historians has abdicated the vital narratives of Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager for quantitative analyses of census tracts in Worcester, Mass.

Certainly there are many fine professional historians out there who write old-fashioned narrative with style and brio: Alan Brinkley, James McPherson, Patricia Limerick, Eric Foner, Stephen W. Sears are a few names that come to mind. But much contemporary historiography is uncomfortable with dramatic tales of conflict and sweeping movements for social change, particularly if they focus on the exploits of ''great men.''

Yet the thirst for narrative - indeed, for the exploits of heroes - is as old as Thucydides and Homer. If historians fail to satisfy it, journalists surely will try.

My own bewitchment by history goes back 15 years to the spring of 1975 when I went to Boston to research a magazine article on that city's busing struggle set against the background of the Bicentennial celebration of the battles of Concord and Lexington.

What struck me then was how all the participants in the desegregation fight invoked the past to justify their present actions. White proponents of desegregation called up the liberties for which Americans had spilled their blood 200 years before; blacks invoked Crispus Attucks and other blacks who had died fighting for American independence and, by extension, their own freedom; opponents of busing pictured Federal District Judge Arthur Garrity, who had ordered the busing, as an unelected tyrant, the judicial equivalent of George III.

As I pondered O'Brien's line to Winston in George Orwell's ''Nineteen Eighty-Four'' - ''Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past'' - I began to hunger for history, not as a mere record of past events, but as a way of perceiving the present and guiding the future.

In the book that I later wrote about Boston - ''Common Ground: A Turbulent Decade in the Lives of Three American Families'' - I found myself insistently tugged back to the earliest roots of that city's struggle. I pursued the story of each family back as far as I could, to 18th-century County Louth for the Irish McGoffs, to Burke County, Ga., in the 1830's for the black Twymons, to Revolutionary Maine for the Yankee Divers.

My preoccupation with the past led to a good-natured tug-of-war with my strong-willed editor at Alfred A. Knopf Inc., Robert Gottlieb. ''Do we always have to carry everything back to the 18th century?'' he would groan.

No, I said. I'd try to pare some of it. But one of my principal themes was the burden of history. I didn't believe in fate, certainly not in predestination. But I did believe that the weight of history, the accumulated experience of generations of Irish, blacks and Yankees, nudged the families into conflict with one another.

''Oh come on!'' Mr. Gottlieb would exclaim. ''My family came off a 19th-century Russian shtetl. What does that have to do with who I am in mid-Manhattan at the end of the 20th century?''

Opting for a strategic retreat, I conceded that Alfred A. Knopf's distinguished editor in chief, a guiding light of the New York City Ballet, might have severed his last ties with the shtetl. But for the McGoffs, living in an intensely Irish community by Charlestown's docks, or the Twymons, the products of a union between an illiterate Georgia sharecropper and an assimilationist Nova Scotian farmer, the past was more salient. Mr. Gottlieb and I agreed to disagree on that point. But when I chose my next subject I felt the time had come to tackle a work of outright history for the first time.

The subject I chose was one of those events that once electrified a nation, but has now passed into almost total obscurity: the assassination of the Governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, in 1905. This led to the trial of ''Big Bill'' Haywood for orchestrating the assassination. With Clarence Darrow as defense attorney and Senator William Borah as prosecutor, the trial opened in Boise in the summer of 1907 and was recorded for posterity by half a hundred reporters from all over the country who believed they were covering ''the trial of the century.'' Central to the story is the role of James McParland, the legendary Pinkerton detective, who decades before had infiltrated the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal fields. His testimony was responsible for sending virtually the entire leadership of the violent ''Mollies'' to the gallows. Now, 30 years later, McParland at age 67 was pitted against one of the most feared and hated labor leaders in the nation, the man who had just formed the ''Wobblies.''

It is a great drama, which asks big questions about the American experience. I believe that 1905 to 1907 in the Rocky Mountain states was the time and place when this nation came closest to class war. Assassination and bombings were common. Labor and capital glowered at each other across a widening chasm of hatred and suspicion. Federal troops and state militias, private detective armies and vigilante bands were routinely thrown into the struggle. Many of the ***working class*** were girding for such a fight. Surely the upper classes desperately feared it, and mobilized to halt the revolution they believed was imminent.

We know now that neither revolution nor class war took place. But the question that bedevils me is, Why not? My friend David McCullough, one of the finest of all narrative historians, believes that the secret of writing such history is allowing the reader to overcome what he knows now was the outcome and to entertain the notion, if only briefly, that ''it might have turned out differently.'' That requires the author to soak himself in the assumptions of the period he is writing about, until he, too, momentarily forgets how it turned out.

So while others have been in Bucharest and Leningrad, or tracking Saddam Hussein's legions across the Kuwaiti sands, I have spent the summer in 1905.

If I came first as a skittish tourist, now I have taken up temporary citizenship there, determined to find out how they did things in that strange land we call the past.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***Once Elected, Palin Hired Friends and Lashed Foes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TFF-CSS0-TW8F-G1M5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 14, 2008 Sunday

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 3221 words

**Byline:** By JO BECKER, PETER S. GOODMAN and MICHAEL POWELL

**Body**

This article is by Jo Becker, Peter S. Goodmanand Michael Powell.

WASILLA, Alaska -- Gov. Sarah Palin lives by the maxim that all politics is local, not to mention personal.

So when there was a vacancy at the top of the State Division of Agriculture, she appointed a high school classmate, Franci Havemeister, to the $95,000-a-year directorship. A former real estate agent, Ms. Havemeister cited her childhood love of cows as a qualification for running the roughly $2 million agency.

Ms. Havemeister was one of at least five schoolmates Ms. Palin hired, often at salaries far exceeding their private sector wages.

When Ms. Palin had to cut her first state budget, she avoided the legion of frustrated legislators and mayors. Instead, she huddled with her budget director and her husband, Todd, an oil field worker who is not a state employee, and vetoed millions of dollars of legislative projects.

And four months ago, a Wasilla blogger, Sherry Whitstine, who chronicles the governor's career with an astringent eye, answered her phone to hear an assistant to the governor on the line, she said.

''You should be ashamed!'' Ivy Frye, the assistant, told her. ''Stop blogging. Stop blogging right now!''

Ms. Palin walks the national stage as a small-town foe of ''good old boy'' politics and a champion of ethics reform. The charismatic 44-year-old governor draws enthusiastic audiences and high approval ratings. And as the Republican vice-presidential nominee, she points to her management experience while deriding her Democratic rivals, Senators Barack Obama and Joseph R. Biden Jr., as speechmakers who never have run anything.

But an examination of her swift rise and record as mayor of Wasilla and then governor finds that her visceral style and penchant for attacking critics -- she sometimes calls local opponents ''haters'' -- contrasts with her carefully crafted public image.

Throughout her political career, she has pursued vendettas, fired officials who crossed her and sometimes blurred the line between government and personal grievance, according to a review of public records and interviews with 60 Republican and Democratic legislators and local officials.

Still, Ms. Palin has many supporters. As a two-term mayor she paved roads and built an ice rink, and as governor she has pushed through higher taxes on the oil companies that dominate one-third of the state's economy. She stirs deep emotions. In Wasilla, many residents display unflagging affection, cheering ''our Sarah'' and hissing at her critics.

''She is bright and has unfailing political instincts,'' said Steve Haycox, a history professor at the University of Alaska. ''She taps very directly into anxieties about the economic future.''

''But,'' he added, ''her governing style raises a lot of hard questions.''

Ms. Palin declined to grant an interview for this article. The McCain-Palin campaign responded to some questions on her behalf and that of her husband, while referring others to the governor's spokespeople, who did not respond.

Lt. Gov. Sean Parnell said Ms. Palin had conducted an accessible and effective administration in the public's interest. ''Everything she does is for the ordinary working people of Alaska,'' he said.

In Wasilla, a builder said he complained to Mayor Palin when the city attorney put a stop-work order on his housing project. She responded, he said, by engineering the attorney's firing.

Interviews show that Ms. Palin runs an administration that puts a premium on loyalty and secrecy. The governor and her top officials sometimes use personal e-mail accounts for state business; dozens of e-mail messages obtained by The New York Times show that her staff members studied whether that could allow them to circumvent subpoenas seeking public records.

Rick Steiner, a University of Alaska professor, sought the e-mail messages of state scientists who had examined the effect of global warming on polar bears. (Ms. Palin said the scientists had found no ill effects, and she has sued the federal government to block the listing of the bears as endangered.) An administration official told Mr. Steiner that his request would cost $468,784 to process.

When Mr. Steiner finally obtained the e-mail messages -- through a federal records request -- he discovered that state scientists had in fact agreed that the bears were in danger, records show.

''Their secrecy is off the charts,'' Mr. Steiner said.

State legislators are investigating accusations that Ms. Palin and her husband pressured officials to fire a state trooper who had gone through a messy divorce with her sister, charges that she denies. But interviews make clear that the Palins draw few distinctions between the personal and the political.

Last summer State Representative John Harris, the Republican speaker of the House, picked up his phone and heard Mr. Palin's voice. The governor's husband sounded edgy. He said he was unhappy that Mr. Harris had hired John Bitney as his chief of staff, the speaker recalled. Mr. Bitney was a high school classmate of the Palins and had worked for Ms. Palin. But she fired Mr. Bitney after learning that he had fallen in love with another longtime friend.

''I understood from the call that Todd wasn't happy with me hiring John and he'd like to see him not there,'' Mr. Harris said.

''The Palin family gets upset at personal issues,'' he added. ''And at our level, they want to strike back.''

Through a campaign spokesman, Mr. Palin said he ''did not recall'' referring to Mr. Bitney in the conversation.

Hometown Mayor

Laura Chase, the campaign manager during Ms. Palin's first run for mayor in 1996, recalled the night the two women chatted about her ambitions.

''I said, 'You know, Sarah, within 10 years you could be governor,' '' Ms. Chase recalled. ''She replied, 'I want to be president.' ''

Ms. Palin grew up in Wasilla, an old fur trader's outpost and now a fast-growing exurb of Anchorage. The town sits in the Matanuska-Susitna Valley, edged by jagged mountains and birch forests. In the 1930s, the Roosevelt administration took farmers from the Dust Bowl area and resettled them here; their Democratic allegiances defined the valley for half a century.

In the past three decades, socially conservative Oklahomans and Texans have flocked north to the oil fields of Alaska. They filled evangelical churches around Wasilla and revived the Republican Party. Many of these ***working-class*** residents formed the electoral backbone for Ms. Palin, who ran for mayor on a platform of gun rights, opposition to abortion and the ouster of the ''complacent'' old guard.

After winning the mayoral election in 1996, Ms. Palin presided over a city rapidly outgrowing itself. Septic tanks had begun to pollute lakes, and residential lots were carved willy-nilly out of the woods. She passed road and sewer bonds, cut property taxes but raised the sales tax.

And, her supporters say, she cleaned out the municipal closet, firing veteran officials to make way for her own team. ''She had an agenda for change and for doing things differently,'' said Judy Patrick, a City Council member at the time.

But careers were turned upside down. The mayor quickly fired the town's museum director, John Cooper. Later, she sent an aide to the museum to talk to the three remaining employees. ''He told us they only wanted two,'' recalled Esther West, one of the three, ''and we had to pick who was going to be laid off.'' The three quit as one.

Ms. Palin cited budget difficulties for the museum cuts. Mr. Cooper thought differently, saying the museum had become a microcosm of class and cultural conflicts in town. ''It represented that the town was becoming more progressive, and they didn't want that,'' he said.

Days later, Mr. Cooper recalled, a vocal conservative, Steve Stoll, sidled up to him. Mr. Stoll had supported Ms. Palin and had a long-running feud with Mr. Cooper. ''He said: 'Gotcha, Cooper,' '' Mr. Cooper said.

Mr. Stoll did not recall that conversation, although he said he supported Ms. Palin's campaign and was pleased when she fired Mr. Cooper.

In 1997, Ms. Palin fired the longtime city attorney, Richard Deuser, after he issued the stop-work order on a home being built by Don Showers, another of her campaign supporters.

Your attorney, Mr. Showers told Ms. Palin, is costing me lots of money.

''She told me she'd like to see him fired,'' Mr. Showers recalled. ''But she couldn't do it herself because the City Council hires the city attorney.'' Ms. Palin told him to write the council members to complain.

Meanwhile, Ms. Palin pushed the issue from the inside. ''She started the ball rolling,'' said Ms. Patrick, who also favored the firing. Mr. Deuser was soon replaced by Ken Jacobus, then the State Republican Party's general counsel.

''Professionals were either forced out or fired,'' Mr. Deuser said.

Ms. Palin ordered city employees not to talk to the press. And she used city money to buy a white Suburban for the mayor's use -- employees sarcastically called it the mayor-mobile.

The new mayor also tended carefully to her evangelical base. She appointed a pastor to the town planning board. And she began to eye the library. For years, social conservatives had pressed the library director to remove books they considered immoral.

''People would bring books back censored,'' recalled former Mayor John Stein, Ms. Palin's predecessor. ''Pages would get marked up or torn out.''

Witnesses and contemporary news accounts say Ms. Palin asked the librarian about removing books from the shelves. The McCain-Palin presidential campaign says Ms. Palin never advocated censorship.

But in 1995, Ms. Palin, then a city councilwoman, told colleagues that she had noticed the book ''Daddy's Roommate'' on the shelves and that it did not belong there, according to Ms. Chase and Mr. Stein. Ms. Chase read the book, which helps children understand homosexuality, and said it was inoffensive; she suggested that Ms. Palin read it.

''Sarah said she didn't need to read that stuff,'' Ms. Chase said. ''It was disturbing that someone would be willing to remove a book from the library and she didn't even read it.''

''I'm still proud of Sarah,'' she added, ''but she scares the bejeebers out of me.''

Reform Crucible

Restless ambition defined Ms. Palin in the early years of this decade. She raised money for Senator Ted Stevens, a Republican from the state; finished second in the 2002 Republican primary for lieutenant governor; and sought to fill the seat of Senator Frank H. Murkowski when he ran for governor.

Mr. Murkowski appointed his daughter to the seat, but as a consolation prize, he gave Ms. Palin the $125,000-a-year chairmanship of a state commission overseeing oil and gas drilling.

Ms. Palin discovered that the state Republican leader, Randy Ruedrich, a commission member, was conducting party business on state time and favoring regulated companies. When Mr. Murkowski failed to act on her complaints, she quit and went public.

The Republican establishment shunned her. But her break with the gentlemen's club of oil producers and political power catapulted her into the public eye.

''She was honest and forthright,'' said Jay Kerttula, a former Democratic state senator from Palmer.

Ms. Palin entered the 2006 primary for governor as a formidable candidate.

In the middle of the primary, a conservative columnist in the state, Paul Jenkins, unearthed e-mail messages showing that Ms. Palin had conducted campaign business from the mayor's office. Ms. Palin handled the crisis with a street fighter's guile.

''I told her it looks like she did the same thing that Randy Ruedrich did,'' Mr. Jenkins recalled. ''And she said, 'Yeah, what I did was wrong.' ''

Mr. Jenkins hung up and decided to forgo writing about it. His phone rang soon after.

Mr. Jenkins said a reporter from Fairbanks, reading from a Palin news release, demanded to know why he was ''smearing'' her. ''Now I look at her and think: 'Man, you're slick,' '' he said.

Ms. Palin won the primary, and in the general election she faced Tony Knowles, the former two-term Democratic governor, and Andrew Halcro, an independent.

Not deeply versed in policy, Ms. Palin skipped some candidate forums; at others, she flipped through hand-written, color-coded index cards strategically placed behind her nameplate.

Before one forum, Mr. Halcro said he saw aides shovel reports at Ms. Palin as she crammed. Her showman's instincts rarely failed. She put the pile of reports on the lectern. Asked what she would do about health care policy, she patted the stack and said she would find an answer in the pile of solutions.

''She was fresh, and she was tomorrow,'' said Michael Carey, a former editorial page editor for The Anchorage Daily News. ''She just floated along like Mary Poppins.''

Government

Half a century after Alaska became a state, Ms. Palin was inaugurated as governor in Fairbanks and took up the reformer's sword.

As she assembled her cabinet and made other state appointments, those with insider credentials were now on the outs. But a new pattern became clear. She surrounded herself with people she has known since grade school and members of her church.

Mr. Parnell, the lieutenant governor, praised Ms. Palin's appointments. ''The people she hires are competent, qualified, top-notch people,'' he said.

Ms. Palin chose Talis Colberg, a borough assemblyman from the Matanuska valley, as her attorney general, provoking a bewildered question from the legal community: ''Who?'' Mr. Colberg, who did not return calls, moved from a one-room building in the valley to one of the most powerful offices in the state, supervising some 500 people.

''I called him and asked, 'Do you know how to supervise people?' '' said a family friend, Kathy Wells. ''He said, 'No, but I think I'll get some help.' ''

The Wasilla High School yearbook archive now doubles as a veritable directory of state government. Ms. Palin appointed Mr. Bitney, her former junior high school band-mate, as her legislative director and chose another classmate, Joe Austerman, to manage the economic development office for $82,908 a year. Mr. Austerman had established an Alaska franchise for Mailboxes Etc.

To her supporters -- and with an 80 percent approval rating, she has plenty -- Ms. Palin has lifted Alaska out of a mire of corruption. She gained the passage of a bill that tightens the rules covering lobbyists. And she rewrote the tax code to capture a greater share of oil and gas sale proceeds.

''Does anybody doubt that she's a tough negotiator?'' said State Representative Carl Gatto, Republican of Palmer.

Yet recent controversy has marred Ms. Palin's reform credentials. In addition to the trooper investigation, lawmakers in April accused her of improperly culling thousands of e-mail addresses from a state database for a mass mailing to rally support for a policy initiative.

While Ms. Palin took office promising a more open government, her administration has battled to keep information secret. Her inner circle discussed the benefit of using private e-mail addresses. An assistant told her it appeared that such e-mail messages sent to a private address on a ''personal device'' like a BlackBerry ''would be confidential and not subject to subpoena.''

Ms. Palin and aides use their private e-mail addresses for state business. A campaign spokesman said the governor copied e-mail messages to her state account ''when there was significant state business.''

On Feb. 7, Frank Bailey, a high-level aide, wrote to Ms. Palin's state e-mail address to discuss appointments. Another aide fired back: ''Frank, this is not the governor's personal account.''

Mr. Bailey responded: ''Whoops!''

Mr. Bailey, a former midlevel manager at Alaska Airlines who worked on Ms. Palin's campaign, has been placed on paid leave; he has emerged as a central figure in the trooper investigation.

Another confidante of Ms. Palin's is Ms. Frye, 27. She worked as a receptionist for State Senator Lyda Green before she joined Ms. Palin's campaign for governor. Now Ms. Frye earns $68,664 as a special assistant to the governor. Her frequent interactions with Ms. Palin's children have prompted some lawmakers to refer to her as ''the babysitter,'' a title that Ms. Frye disavows.

Like Mr. Bailey, she is an effusive cheerleader for her boss.

''YOU ARE SO AWESOME!'' Ms. Frye typed in an e-mail message to Ms. Palin in March.

Many lawmakers contend that Ms. Palin is overly reliant on a small inner circle that leaves her isolated. Democrats and Republicans alike describe her as often missing in action. Since taking office in 2007, Ms. Palin has spent 312 nights at her Wasilla home, some 600 miles to the north of the governor's mansion in Juneau, records show.

During the last legislative session, some lawmakers became so frustrated with her absences that they took to wearing ''Where's Sarah?'' pins.

Many politicians say they typically learn of her initiatives -- and vetoes -- from news releases.

Mayors across the state, from the larger cities to tiny municipalities along the southeastern fiords, are even more frustrated. Often, their letters go unanswered and their pleas ignored, records and interviews show.

Last summer, Mayor Mark Begich of Anchorage, a Democrat, pressed Ms. Palin to meet with him because the state had failed to deliver money needed to operate city traffic lights. At one point, records show, state officials told him to just turn off a dozen of them. Ms. Palin agreed to meet with Mr. Begich when he threatened to go public with his anger, according to city officials.

At an Alaska Municipal League gathering in Juneau in January, mayors across the political spectrum swapped stories of the governor's remoteness. How many of you, someone asked, have tried to meet with her? Every hand went up, recalled Mayor Fred Shields of Haines Borough. And how many met with her? Just a few hands rose. Ms. Palin soon walked in, delivered a few remarks and left for an anti-abortion rally.

The administration's e-mail correspondence reveals a siege-like atmosphere. Top aides keep score, demean enemies and gloat over successes. Even some who helped engineer her rise have felt her wrath.

Dan Fagan, a prominent conservative radio host and longtime friend of Ms. Palin, urged his listeners to vote for her in 2006. But when he took her to task for raising taxes on oil companies, he said, he found himself branded a ''hater.''

It is part of a pattern, Mr. Fagan said, in which Ms. Palin characterizes critics as ''bad people who are anti-Alaska.''

As Ms. Palin's star ascends, the McCain campaign, as often happens in national races, is controlling the words of those who know her well. Her mother-in-law, Faye Palin, has been asked not to speak to reporters, and aides sit in on interviews with old friends.

At a recent lunch gathering, an official with the Wasilla Chamber of Commerce asked its members to refer all calls from reporters to the governor's office. Dianne Woodruff, a city councilwoman, shook her head.

''I was thinking, I don't remember giving up my First Amendment rights,'' Ms. Woodruff said. ''Just because you're not going gaga over Sarah doesn't mean you can't speak your mind.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Sarah Palin as a Wasilla, Alaska, councilwoman. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HEATH FAMILY, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS)(A1)

The Wasilla City Council, with Sarah Palin, the future governor and vice-presidential nominee, at the center, in a 1998 photograph. Throughout her career, Ms. Palin has pursued vendettas, fired officials who crossed her and blurred the line between government and personal grievance. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HEATH FAMILY, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS)

Governor Palin giving her first State of the State Address to the Alaska Legislature in 2007 as Lyda Green, Senate president, and John Harris, speaker of the House, both Republicans, listened. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS MILLER/ASSOCIATED PRESS)(A24)

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**End of Document**



[***No Sexism, Please; They're British***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RN6-3KV0-000P-N3FW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ALAN RIDING

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**Body**

The remarkable thing about this year's Turner Prize, Britain's best-known visual arts award, was not that all four finalists were women. It was that the selection of an all-female short list caused little surprise. Only a few years ago, women who are artists were noteworthy for their absence here. Today, their prominent place in Britain's lively contemporary art scene is taken for granted.

"Things have changed radically," said Gillian Wearing, 34, the video and photography artist who won the $33,700 Turner Prize this month. "The other day, I was looking at the art columns of a 1985 magazine, and all the shows were of men. Just one woman, Gillian Ayres, was reviewed. In my time, things have been balanced. I have never had to worry about my gender."

Indeed, if it always seemed unfair to talk about "women artists" while men were known simply as artists, today the distinction has become largely irrelevant here. Feminist artists of the 1970's and 80's, notably in the United States, may be admired as heroines of a past struggle, but they are no longer role models in Britain. Here, artists formerly known as women, so to speak, are now numerous and successful.

Apart from Ms. Wearing and the other 1997 Turner finalists, Cornelia Parker, Christine Borland and Angela Bulloch, Britain now has 15 to 20 women who have begun to make names for themselves as artists. They are represented by reputable galleries, they exhibit regularly in Britain and abroad, their shows are reviewed in newspapers and their work is being acquired by museums and collectors.

In 1993, the sculptor Rachel White read, who is now 34, became the first woman to win the Turner Prize, and several other women have been included in Turner short lists in the 90's. Further, women accounted for 10 of the 41 artists represented in "Sensation," a group show of young British artists' works from the Saatchi collection that has just closed at the Royal Academy in London.

Yet because the female artists of the new generation of are mainly in their late 20's and 30's, they are only distantly aware of how difficult things were as recently as the 1980's for older, established artists like Ms. Ayres, Bridget Riley and Helen Chadwick, who died in 1996. The younger women consider it normal to enjoy freedom, equality and a degree of economic security.

"It's only extraordinary how quickly this has happened," said Cathy de Monchaux, 37, a conceptual artist who is mentioned as a possible Turner Prize contender next year. "Ten years ago, there were so few women. All of a sudden, there are too many to mention, and it's no longer considered extraordinary."

In a sense, of course, the rise of young women as artists merely reflects the growing opportunities for women throughout British society. Yet in the visual arts, even more than in other areas of culture, something special has occurred. British women have long been visible in movies, theater and music as performers, but not as directors, playwrights or composers. In the visual arts, they have now emerged as creators.

Movement Spawned At an Art College

This has become possible because contemporary art as a whole in Britain has been transformed by a generational revolution. An exhibition called "Freeze" in London in 1988 is now regarded as the moment the first shots were fired. Organized by Damien Hirst and displaying works by students from Goldsmiths' College in London, the show signaled the determination of young artists to win recognition without waiting for approval by the art Establishment.

Several women were in the show, but ambition, innovation and a certain social rage were more relevant than gender. "Everyone felt it was suddenly possible to take control," said Ms. de Monchaux, who was doing graduate work at Goldsmiths' at the time. "Instead of saying, I'll be an artist when I grow up, they were saying, I'll be an artist right now."

That the movement began at Goldsmiths' was no coincidence. While British art colleges have long enjoyed a reputation for excellence, in the 1980's Goldsmiths' created a single course for students, eliminating the barriers among painting, sculpture, printmaking and the like. Its teachers, notably Michael Craig Martin, also encouraged students to express themselves in new ways. Further, with a higher proportion of ***working-class*** students than other London colleges, it fostered irreverence toward tradition.

"I went to a really good art school, which wasn't about gender but about the possibilities of art," said Ms. Wearing, who graduated from Goldsmiths' in 1990. "We learned that no one should tell you what to do; no one should tell you what art should or should not be."

The main obstacle to women as artists, then, was not access -- there have long been as many women as men in British art colleges -- but the prevailing esthetics.

"I went to a quite macho art school in the 1970's, and while everyone was making hulking big sculptures, I was making things out of bits of paper," said Ms. Parker, 41, the oldest of this year's Turner Prize finalists. "At my degree show, someone said, 'It's nice, but it's very feminine.' I said, thank you, taking it as a compliment, but they obviously meant it as an insult."

At the time, British painting was dominated by men, including not only the California-based David Hockney but also more immediately by an all-male group called the London School, so named by a member, R. B. Kitaj, and headed symbolically by Francis Bacon and Lucian Freud. Its other members were Frank Auerbach, Leon Kossoff and Michael Andrews. And they were all figurative artists.

Personal Experience Comes to the Fore

But with Goldsmiths' challenging the dominant role of painting and sculpture and dissolving the traditional barriers among disciplines, women found themselves working in a new arena where rules were not written in concrete.

"The development of means of expression that are very much concerned with personal experience provides a platform where women can say something markedly different," said Nicholas Serota, the director of the Tate Gallery. "I think they're more willing to expose themselves and their own vulnerabilities than men."

Thus, while young women who are artists in Britain do not appear to have a feminist agenda, it is possible in some cases, though certainly not all, to recognize their work as having been done by women. "I think it's quite obvious my work is made by a woman, because I have never wanted to make anything that is not ephemeral," Ms. Parker said of her drawings and conceptual art. "But I definitely want to be thought of as an artist first."

Several young women nonetheless do what Ms. Parker calls "in-your-face girl-power art," notably Tracey Emin, 34; Sarah Lucas, 35, and Georgina Starr, 30. Their work is often autobiographical, confessional and sexual. For instance, Ms. Emin, who has turned her experiences of rape, abortions and poverty into her art, created a small tent embroidered with the names of "Everyone I Have Ever Slept With (1963-1995)," as the work is titled.

"People nowadays are more interested today in individual and idiosyncratic thought, and women are so much better at that," Ms. Emin said. "If the cutting edge of contemporary art is diverse mixed media, women are able to see art in more things. Everything women do is art. Men are stuck in the primal thing."

Certainly there are few painters among the new generation of female artists here. One, Jenny Saville, paints huge portraits of fleshy nude women in a style reminiscent of Mr. Freud, while Fiona Rae, a Turner finalist in 1991, is almost alone as an abstract painter.

Most others have opted for assorted mixed-media installations. Mona Hatoum's "Corps Etranger" is a video that records the passage of a tiny camera through her body, accompanied by the sound of a beating heart. Similarly, Ms. Starr and another young woman, Sam Taylor-Wood, are themselves often the subject of their photographs.

Ms. Wearing, whose video work at times involves recording people's confessions (in one recent piece, "10-16," confessions by youths were lip-synced by adults), said she did not believe that her work identified her as a woman, although it was made easier by the fact that she is a woman. "I don't think men would be able to talk to other men and reveal what I can get from them," she said. "Also, I think women are more interested in these areas."

It could even be argued that Ms. Whiteread's references are perhaps domestic, even intimate, in her work, which involves creating solid sculptures of interior spaces, most famously of a two-story house in the East End of London. On the other hand, critics concede that it is often easier to recognize a woman's sensibility in a work, as with Ms. Bulloch's brightly colored furniture sculpture, once it is known that it has been done by a woman.

Women in Charge At Many Galleries

Still, it cannot have harmed women that many public art galleries specializing in contemporary works here are now headed by women, among them Julia Peyton-Jones at the Serpentine Gallery, Susan Ferleger Brades at the Hayward, Judith Nesbitt at the Chisenhale, Emma Dexter at the Institute of Contemporary Arts and Catherine Lampert at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Commercial galleries run by women include Lotta Hammer, Maureen Paley's Interim Art and Sadie Coles's HQ.

"It doesn't matter to me if they're men or women," Ms. Nesbitt said. "But I am not blind to the fact that a lot of the best artists around are women."

Yet if women have finally won recognition as artists, it is also because all young artists have benefited from the "Freeze" revolution, driven as much by esthetics as by their media awareness and self-promotion. Today, many young British artists are celebrities along with movie stars, pop singers and fashionable chefs. And if their work, or their behavior, is shocking, it is all the more likely to appear in the tabloids.

"For the women, the least interesting thing is that they are women," said Louisa Buck, author of "Moving Targets: A User's Guide to British Art Now." "Their work has a high degree of subjectivity. It's very much about existing and living in the late 20th century."

But it also has the freshness of representing a new voice.

"The emergence of women artists has to do with exploring the feminine side of the psyche that has been suppressed for so long and has now come out with a vengeance," Ms. Parker said. "Women have to try so much harder, and that's paying off. They've had an inferiority complex for centuries, and now they're making up for it."

**Graphic**

Photos: Below, Gillian Wearing, winner of this year's Turner Prize for the visual arts, and a scene from her video "Sacha and Mum." (Above, Gillian Wearing; Jonathan Player); Top, Angela Bulloch, a Turner Prize finalist, and above, one of her installations. (Top, Marcella Leith; Marcus Leith/Mark Heathcote); Christine Borland, one of the four finalists, all women, for this year's Turner Prize. (Roman Mensing); "House," a sculpture by Rachel Whiteread, the 1993 winner. (Tate Gallery Publishing); Cornelia Parker, another Turner finalist, and top, her work "Mass (Colder Darker Matter)." (Top, Tate Gallery; Edward Webb)(pg E1); Tracey Emin is among the women using personal experiences in their artworks. This is her "Everyone I Have Ever Slept With (1963-1995)." (Courtesy Jay Jopling, London)(pg. E10)

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Lambertville, N.J.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4083-MKN0-00MH-F206-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Not-So-Urban Renewal for a River Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4083-MKN0-00MH-F206-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JULIA LAWLOR

**Body**

LINDA NICKMAN was looking for three things when she decided to move from Philadelphia in the summer of 1998: a shorter commute to her job as an art teacher at Princeton High School, an affordable house with room for a studio and a community where she stood a good chance of getting to know her neighbors. She found all three in Lambertville, an old New Jersey river town of 4,300 tucked into the southwest corner of Hunterdon County that has undergone a striking rebirth in the last 20 years.

Ms. Nickman's 35-minute drive to work is a pleasant trip through farm country. After renting for a year, she bought a row house near the Delaware River last May and is quickly getting to know everyone on the block. "It's safe, clean, friendly, and I can walk practically everywhere," she said. "There's a relaxed, laid-back feeling. People look at you on the street and smile. They ask how you are. And it's a diverse population -- there are families, singles, gays, old-timers and new people moving in."

When Ms. Nickman began looking for a house, though, she found there were plenty of others just as charmed by Lambertville as she was. A former mill town that covers just over a square mile, Lambertville is full of Victorian and Federal-style brick row houses and brownstones, many with ornate woodwork, high ceilings and other period details still intact. In the last 15 years it has also become a weekend tourist stop for New Yorkers and Philadelphians who are drawn by block after block of antique shops, art galleries, restaurants and B & B's.

After a year and a half of searching, Ms. Nickman made an offer on the very same day she went to see a two-story, two-bedroom Victorian with pine floors, exposed wood beams, a finished basement and a fish pool in back. A bidding war ensued with another prospective buyer, but Ms. Nickman was the eventual winner at $141,000. She describes the house this way: "It's tiny, but really quaint."

Stories like Ms. Nickman's are becoming commonplace in Lambertville. "There are too many buyers and not enough sellers," said Jeanne Galloway, a broker and the manager of Gloria Nilson Realtors. "That's been true the last several years, but especially so in the last year."

To the delight, perhaps, of many of Lambertville's longtime residents, a row house that costs $150,000 today could have been picked up 25 years ago for $6,000. During the 60's and 70's, it was New Hope -- an artists' colony across the bridge on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware -- that got all the attention. Lambertville, always a ***working-class*** town, suffered through factory closings and boarded-up shops.

Now, some people contend that New Hope has become too noisy and crowded, with a surplus of ice cream parlors and T-shirt shops. Lambertville's civic leaders have tried to keep development in check, with mixed results. Although all the restaurants, antique shops and galleries have created parking and traffic bottlenecks, town officials have sought to limit the number of cars in town on weekends by encouraging developers to convert factory buildings into office space rather than retail or residential developments.

The biggest complaint among residents, besides the scarcity of parking, is the fact that there is no longer a supermarket in town. The last one closed five years ago, opened again under new ownership for a year, and then went out of business. Residents have to drive to New Hope to do their food shopping. The antique shops have also replaced the practical mom-and-pop stores, like shoe shops and bakeries, that used to serve local customers.

Bonnie J. Eick, Lambertville's tax collector and a part-time real estate agent for the E. J. Lelie agency, said that about half of the home buyers in the last year have been Manhattanites who were looking for weekend homes or wanted a permanent move. Some even commute to Manhattan by bus or by driving to Trenton to catch a train.

T HEY'RE attracted by the small-town atmosphere, the lack of crime, and the decent school system," said Ms. Eick, 48, who has lived all her life in Lambertville.

Although a Lambertville house may look like a bargain in comparison to a Manhattan apartment, some local residents find the increase in prices alarming. They fear that children will no longer be able to buy a house down the street from their parents, as many have done for generations.

The most affordable homes are small two-and-a-half story row houses about 10 blocks north of the main commercial street, Bridge Street. Typically, they sell for $135,000 to $180,000, said Ms. Eick, depending on whether they have been renovated. They have three bedrooms, one bath and an attic. The lots are 18 to 20 feet wide, with just enough backyard for a picnic table, a grill and a few chairs.

Larger three-story houses with three or four bedrooms closer to Bridge Street range from $160,000 to $225,000, she said.

A little farther west, there are three hills, and three-bedroom semidetached houses in this area, still within walking distance to the center of town, go for $150,000 and $250,000.

Freestanding homes with four or more bedrooms command the highest prices in Lambertville, as do those on the river and those that border the Delaware & Raritan Canal, which parallels the river. On Clinton Street, where houses on the canal go for up to $300,000, more modest properties directly across the street with smaller yards may be only $150,000, Ms. Eick said.

Ms. Galloway of Gloria Nilson Realtors said that mansions on the town's most desireable streets, built in the 1800's by the owners of Lambertville's factories, have gone up in price faster than smaller houses and now sell for $300,000 to $400,000. One nine-bedroom brick Victorian on York Street, across from City Hall, was recently bought for $330,000 and is now undergoing extensive renovations.

Although there are a fair number of apartments, demand is high, and they are snapped up quickly, Ms. Eick said. Typical rents for a one-bedroom are $750 to $1,000 a month, and for a two-bedroom, $850 to $1,200. There are also two buildings with a total of 75 federally subsidized apartments for the elderly.

Much of present-day Lambertville was built between 1820 and 1870, according to Gene Dennison, the president of the Historical Society.

It became a thriving factory town, with rubber, paper, flax, flour, rope, twine and cotton mills, and factories making clothespins, hairpins, lace and wooden spokes for the wheels of Civil War wagons. The canal was built in the 1830's by Irish immigrants to transport coal and other goods.

The town's earliest settlers were the Coryell, Holcombe and Lambert families. In 1812, John Lambert, a United States senator during Thomas Jefferson's administration, petitioned the government to open the first post office, changed the name of the town from Coryell's Ferry to Lambertville and made his nephew John the first postmaster.

The Lambertville Public School in the center of town has 250 students in the first through the sixth grades, with a half-day kindergarten program. Average class size is 17, and Edward Stoloski, the district superintendent, said the school was designated a "School of the Future" last year at the New Jersey School Boards Association's annual convention because of its emphasis on technology. The school has 150 computers, including four in each classroom, plus a computer lab. The school is also known for its artist-in-residence program, in which local artists are invited in to work with students.

On the Metropolitan Achievement Tests, which are given in the second, third, fifth and sixth grades, students' scores ranged from the 70st to the 92nd percentile this year, with the highest scores in math, science and language. Ninety-seven percent of the students were at or above grade level in reading.

For grades 7 through 12, Lambertville's students attend the South Hunterdon Regional High School in nearby West Amwell, one of the smallest public high schools in New Jersey with only 400 students from three towns: Lambertville, Stockton and West Amwell.

A typical English class has just 18 students, and some upper-level courses have only four or five students, said Dr. Thomas R. Davidson, superintendent of schools. About 85 percent of this year's graduating class of 71 seniors will go to a two- or four-year college. Last year, SAT averages were 518 in math and 516 in verbal, slightly higher than the state averages of 510 in math and 498 in verbal.

The school is known for the wide range of extracurricular activities in its after-school program, including athletics, theater, newspaper and yearbook. Because of the school's small size, any student who wants to play on a sports team can.

Private schools in the immediate area include the Pennington School and across the river in Bucks County, Pa., the Solebury School and two Quaker schools, Buckingham Friends, with kindergarten through the eighth grade, and the George School, with grades 9 through 12.

Because Lambertville is a river town, recreation is centered on the water. The 64-mile-long Delaware & Raritan Canal State Park, which runs through Lambertville, is the longest and narrowest park in the state. The canal's old towpath is used by bikers, hikers, joggers and cross-country skiers.

Lambertville also has Ely Field, a playground and baseball field, and Cavallo Park, a popular playground for toddlers. A 50-member orchestra, the Riverside Symphonia, performs at the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Lambertville seven times a year.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Lambertville is just across the Delaware River from New Hope, Pa. A house on Jefferson Street, right.; Delaware Avenue Victorians, above. The bridge gave the shopping street, right, its name. (Photographs by Jill C. Becker for The New York Times); 2-bedroom, 1-bath, row house with den at 106 Clinton Street, $150,000.; 3-bedroom, 1-bath stucco town house at 83 South Main Street, $194,500.; 2-apartment Victorian (can be single-family) at 94 North Union Street, $375,000.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

POPULATION: 4,351 (1999 estimate).

AREA: 1.1 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $25,800 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $175,000.

TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $4,198.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $154,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $145,000.

MIDRANGE RENT FOR A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $950.

MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $135,000.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: At South Hunterdon Regional High School, $10,890; at Lambertville Elementary, $9,000.

DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 73 miles.

RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: Two hours by Trans-Bridge bus to the Port Authority, $24.90 round trip ($15 on weekends). Twenty minutes by car to Trenton, then 1 hour and 20 minutes by NJ Transit train to Pennsylvania Station; $9.45 one way; $80.50 for a weekly pass or $265 monthly pass. GOVERNMENT: Mayor (David del Vecchio, Democrat) and four council members, all elected to staggered three-year terms. CODES: Area: 609; ZIP: 08530.

THE SHAD ARE BACK: Shad travel up the Delaware River to spawn each spring, but in the 1950's they all but disappeared because of pollution. Tougher antipollution laws in the 70's led to cleaner waters, and shad are now fished from boats and caught in nets by the Lewis family, which operates a shad fishery in Lambertville, the last one in the area. "People who love shad are fierce in their devotion," said Ellen Pineno, the office manager for the Lambertville Area Chamber of Commerce, and the annual Shad Festival in April drew 37,000 people this year. Shad normally run during April and May, and anyone who wants to fish for them in the Delaware needs a state license. But shad isn't for everyone. "It's a strong-tasting fish," said Ron Pittore, 53, a lifelong Lambertville resident who remembers fishing for catfish, carp and eels as a boy. "Not to disparage our great shad, but you have to be a true fish lover to eat it."

Map of New Jersey highlighting Lambertville.

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**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:404N-G6K0-00MH-F4XN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Here is a selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 9.

Now Playing

\* "AMERICAN PSYCHO," starring Christian Bale. Directed by Mary Harron (R, 104 minutes). Ms. Harron's sleekly brilliant screen adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's notorious 1991 novel pares away most of the book's gore to portray the main character's homicidal butchery as a high-gloss fantasy. The movie's chic blend of satire, comedy and horror is anchored in a star-making performance by Mr. Bale as Patrick Bateman, a fashion-obsessed late-80's Wall Street hotshot who goes on a killing spree. Reese Witherspoon, Chloe Sevigny, Samantha Mathis and Cara Seymour give dazzling cameo performances as the unfortunate women in his life. The movie's message about a soulless, surface-obsessed society still applies (Stephen Holden).

\* "BEAU TRAVAIL," starring Denis Lavant and Gregoire Colin. Directed by Claire Denis (not rated, 90 minutes). A loose adaptation of "Billy Budd," moved to the present and set in the East African enclave of Djibouti, Ms. Denis's finest film to date observes the day-to-day rituals of a troop of French Legionnaires training in a harshly beautiful wasteland. The visually spellbinding movie depicts their rigorous drills and rituals as ecstatic rites of purification and the embodiment of an impenetrable masculine mystique. In this version of the allegory, the Claggart figure, Sergeant Galoup (Mr. Lavant), is a disillusioned officer, and his prey (Mr. Colin), a soldier whose humanity offends the sergeant. Not to be missed (Holden).

\* "BLACK AND WHITE," starring Brooke Shields, Mike Tyson and Robert Downey Jr. Directed by James Toback (R, 100 minutes). Mr. Toback, who also wrote the script, hits the subject of white teenagers worshiping black culture with a chain saw, and chunks fly. The movie dashes through more melodrama and moral crises than an entire season of "E.R." In addition to the bigger story, there is a documentary filmmaker (Ms. Shields) and her fey husband (another brilliant performance by Mr. Downey) shooting the whites trying to be ghetto-fabulous; there's a street hustler (Power) out to go legit in the recording business; a college hoop star (Allan Houston) caught in a point-fixing scheme; and the weak, corrupt cop (Ben Stiller) who traps him. The movie's sheer pop excitement carries the day. And despite being about teenagers, it's got an adult take on shifting loyalties and envy (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "THE COLOR OF PARADISE," starring Mohsen Ramezani and Hossein Mahjur. Directed by Majid Majidi (PG, 90 minutes). This beautiful Iranian movie about a widowed father who is reluctant to care for his blind 8-year-old son is a heartbreaker done with such conviction that it avoids mawkishness. When the special school the boy has been attending won't keep him on, the father takes his son first to the family's woodland homestead, then leaves him in the care of a blind carpenter. The movie evokes nature with an ecstatic sensuousness, and its heady soundtrack teems with the sounds of birds, insects, wind and rain (Holden).

\* "EAST-WEST," starring Sandrine Bonnaire, Oleg Menchikov and Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Regis Wargnier (PG-13, 115 minutes). After World War II the Soviet government undertook a propaganda campaign to entice Russians living in the West to return home. Aleksei Golovine (Mr. Menchikov) and his French wife, Marie (Ms. Bonnaire), the couple at the heart of Mr. Wargnier's sumptuous, moving historical melodrama, are luckier than most of their fellow returnees, who are killed or imprisoned on arrival. "East-West" chronicles Aleksei's ambivalence about their new life in a drab, depressing communal apartment and Marie's desperate attempts to escape it. The film may be faulted for dissolving the horrors of history in Hollywood-style catharsis, but it also uses the resources of old-fashioned emotionally emphatic filmmaking to shed light on forgotten history. "East-West" is a grand costume pageant, full of grandeur and period detail, but it is also the portrait of a marriage under extreme external and internal pressure, and a showcase for two great film actresses: Ms. Bonnaire and Ms. Deneuve, playing an actress who becomes aware of Marie's plight during a tour of the Soviet Union (A. O. Scott).

"ERIN BROCKOVICH," starring Julia Roberts and Albert Finney. Directed by Steven Soderbergh (R, 127 minutes). After a promising, effective beginning in which Ms. Roberts proves what a fine actress she can be and Mr. Soderbergh demonstrates yet again that he is one of the most thoughtful and original directors in Hollywood, this becomes a doggedly conventional crusader-for-justice Hollywood melodrama, a smooth secondhand amalgam of "Norma Rae" and "Silkwood," with vigorous nods to "The Rainmaker" and "A Civil Action." Ms. Roberts, playing a ***working-class*** single mother who spearheads an effort to win justice for victims of corporate negligence, aggressively solicits an Oscar nomination. After acting for about 40 minutes, Ms. Roberts spends the next 90 content to be a movie star. As the movie drags on, her performance swells to bursting with moral vanity and phony populism. It's as if she had a clause in her contract strictly limiting anyone else's right to be attractive or appealing on screen. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Soderbergh, the most brilliantly unpredictable of filmmakers, could have made a movie so utterly hokey and conventional? (Scott).

\* "THE FILTH AND THE FURY." Directed by Julien Temple (R, 105 minutes). If you thought the passage of time had rendered the Sex Pistols quaint objects of pop-culture nostalgia, Mr. Temple's electrifying new documentary will make you think again. The film presents the great, short-lived British punk band in all its scabrous glory -- spewing obscenities on British television, spitting at journalists and fans and generally smashing through the drabness and hypocrisy of 1970's Britain like a brick through a shop window. At a time when every obscenity or aesthetic shock tactic feels like the product of either careful market research or dutiful graduate-school training, the filth and the fury of British punk rock at its moment of impact retains a surprising dignity. These guys hated everything, but at least they believed in something. Nihilism like this makes you glad to be alive (Scott).

\* "HIGH FIDELITY," starring John Cusack, Jill Peterson, Iben Hjejle and Joan Cusack. Directed by Stephen Frears (R, 107 minutes). Although its setting has been moved from London to Chicago, the screen adaptation of Nick Hornby's best-selling 1995 novel is wonderfully true to the spirit of the book. Mr. Cusack has one of his juiciest roles in Rob, a 30-something record store manager and vinyl fanatic sorting through the "Top 5" breakups in his disastrous romantic history while trying to salvage his latest relationship. The movie hilariously captures the mind-set of not-so-young men for whom pop music is a kind of religion and hip musical taste an ultimate measure of a person's worth (Holden).

"JOE GOULD'S SECRET." Starring Sir Ian Holm, Stanley Tucci and Hope Davis. Directed by Mr. Tucci (rated R, 108 minutes). Roaring with obnoxious energy, Sir Ian has one of his greatest roles as Joe Gould, the bohemian writer, alcoholic, loud-mouthed crank and beggar immortalized in two New Yorker profiles by Joseph Mitchell. The episodic movie, steeped in 1940's New York ambience, tracks the relationship between Gould and the genteel Southern writer (Mr. Tucci) who made him semi-famous. But it is so one-sided that Mitchell barely comes into focus. He is more observer than the participant in their mutually exploitative relationship (Holden).

"KEEPING THE FAITH," starring Edward Norton, Ben Stiller and Jenna Elfman. Directed by Mr. Norton (PG-13, 129 minutes). Mr. Norton doubles as actor and director in this competent comedy with a premise that's both high concept and the punch line to a barroom joke: a priest (Mr. Norton) and a rabbi (Mr. Stiller) fall in love with a woman (Ms. Elfman) they've known since they were children. Mr. Norton wisely chose not to make himself the star. He places that burden on Mr. Stiller's shoulders, and both seem to be doing Woody Allen to compensate for the underwritten material (Mitchell).

"LOVE AND BASKETBALL," starring Sanaa Lathan and Omar Epps. Directed by Gina Prince-Bythewood (PG-13, 118 minutes). The writer-director Gina Prince-Bythewood's feature-film debut, about the romantic and competitve bond between the basketball players Monica (Ms. Lathan) and Quincy (Mr. Epps), has an enchanting, lived-in homeyness. Ms. Prince-Bythewood does a wonderful job of creating an atmosphere for her characters -- particularly for the superb Ms. Lathan -- but the movie fails to fashion a consistent narrative. It doesn't seem to be about anything. But it's a promising first movie from a filmmaker with a lot to offer. Who knew anyone could get a drama out of Title IX, the Federal law ensuring that girls get a chance to compete in high school sports (Mitchell).

"THE ROAD TO EL DORADO," with the voices of Kevin Kline, Kenneth Branagh and Rosie Perez. Directed by Eric Bibo Bergeron and Don Paul (PG, 89 minutes). This animated buddy movie aspires to the airiness of a Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road romp, but it's hopelessly bland even by those timid 1940's standards. Mr. Kline and Mr. Branagh provide the nearly interchangeable voices of two perky con men who foil Hernando Cortes's 1519 invasion of the mythical El Dorado. Though scenic and fast-paced, the main characters have no life, and the movie plays history false. Elton John and Tim Rice provided six clunky songs (Holden).

"RULES OF ENGAGEMENT," starring Tommy Lee Jones and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by William Friedkin (R, 123 minutes). The two powerhouse actors muster all the technique they can bring to bear for this by-the-numbers courtroom drama with flashes of bruising action: it's like the world's most expensive episode of "JAG," with bits of "The Verdict" mixed in for extra flavor. Mr. Jones plays a shaky, alcoholic Marine lawyer brought in to defend his fellow marine (Mr. Jackson) against charges of military misconduct. Since "Rules" makes it clear from the outset that Mr. Jackson's character is innocent, the only suspense comes from wondering whether Guy Pearce, as the prosecutor, will be able to maintain his bizarre accent (Mitchell).

"28 DAYS," starring Sandra Bullock, Viggo Mortensen and Dominic West. Directed by Betty Thomas (PG-13, 110 minutes). Sandra Bullock gives a creditable performance as Gwen Cummings, a fun-loving New York writer ordered to visit a drug and alcohol rehabilitation clinic after a drunken car accident. Veering unsteadily between comedy and suds, the movie portrays Gwen's fellow residents at Serenity Glen as a bunch of goofy caricatures and confuses things further with its dime-store psychologizing. It ultimately reduces the rehab experience into a zany (but mostly unfunny) summer-camp farce (Holden).

"U-571," starring Matthew McConaughey, Bill Paxton and Harvey Keitel. Directed by Jonathan Mostow (PG-13, 120 minutes). Mr. Mostow, whose previous film, "Breakdown," was a marvel of B-picture minimalism, shifts from the wide-open spaces to the cramped interior of a World War II submarine movie. Mr. McConaughey, whose knotted-with-unease face makes it look as if he's cramming for finals, is part of a secret mission to capture a Nazi code-encryption machine and get it back to the Allies. He and his crew have to do so on a Nazi U-boat they've subjacked. Mr. Mostow does a fine job of building tension, given that he's working in a minor genre whose climactic notes you'll know if you've ever seen a movie set on a sub (Mitchell).

"THE VIRGIN SUICIDES," starring Kirsten Dunst, James Woods and Kathleen Turner. Directed by Sofia Coppola (R, 97 minutes). Ms. Coppola's directorial debut, adapted from Jeffrey Eugenides's 1993 novel about the self-destruction of five sisters in a 1970's Michigan suburb, shows her to be a filmmaker with fine visual and emotional instincts, adept at matching the book's hypnotic, sensual black humor. The movie's best moments have an inspired feeling of playfulness and freedom matched by Ms. Dunst's smart, beguiling performance as Lux Lisbon, whose sexual awakening propels her and her sisters to their doom. But despite Ms. Coppola's keen instincts, and the beautifully understated acting of Mr. Woods and Ms. Turner as the Lisbon parents, "The Virgin Suicides" is marred by the self-conscious aestheticism and emotional detachment of its source (Scott).

"WHERE THE MONEY IS," starring Paul Newman. Directed by Marek Kanievska (PG-13, 89 minutes). A heist comedy, bizarrely overdirected at times, in which Mr. Newman comes through with a thoughtful, lean performance. He's burned down to pure essence now, and his concentration has never been better. That he chose to break through in this wafer of a film about a convicted bank robber is a shock; maybe he realizes he's only got a few shots left, and he doesn't want to waste any of them. With Linda Fiorentino, who's quite good herself once she lowers her vamping a few notches (Mitchell).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Will Estes, left, Jack Noseworthy and Matthew McConaughey on a Nazi submarine in "U-571." (Mario Tursi/Universal Studios); Kirsten Dunst, left, A. J. Cook and Chelse Swain portray sisters in "The Virgin Suicides." (Paramount Classics)

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**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RST-M810-007F-G4YX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Must See,' 'Must Not': Switching Channels at Midseason - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RST-M810-007F-G4YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

Television viewers are the Candides of popular culture, eternal optimists finding hope in the least likely places: lurking in the police precinct of "Brooklyn South," hiding in "Veronica's Closet." Won't we ever learn? Exactly halfway through the television season, the most promising new series have already fizzled. Steven Bochco's police officers have made murder, drug-dealing and gay-bashing seem dull; viewers have become the fashion victims of the uneven Kirstie Alley sitcom about a lingerie-catalogue tycoon.

The mediocrity of network television is not new, of course. For decades the networks thrived on the law of diminished expectations. Conditioned to expect little, viewers tolerated any show that wasn't actively bad.

The explosion of cable channels has merely broadened those low expectations, not challenged them (despite some exceptions like HBO). So, though cable is stealing viewers and the networks are not thriving as they used to, everyone still plays by the old rule. And never has the law of low expectations been more evident than in this misbegotten season.

Midway through, we can see that the season is not about hits and flops but about a few promising shows and their lost opportunities. And it is about failure of character: metaphorically, as the networks act like the Cowardly Lion, too fearful to try anything new; and literally, as fictional characters fail to display signs of life.

Television viewers may be desperate, but they are not indiscriminate, and many failed series have been cleared away. Some canceled shows belong in the blink-and-you-missed-them category: "Time Cop," "Sleepwalkers," "Built to Last." Others came with higher profiles: "The Tony Danza Show," Tim Curry in "Over the Top," Mr. Bochco's "Total Security." Yet the midseason replacements trickling in are generally just as stale. A colossal lack of imagination has brought us the pallid western "The Magnificent Seven" (based on a 38-year-old movie) and the unwatchable sitcom "Style and Substance" (for people who find Martha Stewart too mean).

This is the perpetually bland television landscape, which makes it easy at the start of a season to be hopeful about shows like "Brooklyn South" and "Veronica's Closet." Both were hugely hyped, but they also had the intelligence and bite to live up to their advance word. Both needed some obvious course corrections. The "Brooklyn South" cops had to become individuals instead of one giant blue blob; the "Veronica's Closet" characters had to become less cartoonish. Was that asking for so much? Four months later, the shows are stuck where they started artistically, though commercially their patterns are clearer. "Brooklyn South" on CBS has dismal ratings, while "Veronica" has good ones, largely because it is cushioned in NBC's post-"Seinfeld" slot.

It's true that "Brooklyn South" had to calm down after its attention-getting opening scene, in which a sniper shot off the top of an officer's head. Turning to character was the logical next step, but the series is looking in the wrong place. Its weak attempt to develop personalities has focused on the drab Doyle family. There is the do-no-wrong veteran cop Jimmy (Dylan Walsh) and his kid brother, Terry (Patrick McGaw), who goes undercover to expose a mobster. They trowel on the ***working-class*** New York accents without displaying a spark of energy or the capacity to surprise.

A Question Of Character

Even when the plots sound provocative -- Terry is caught in the crossfire during a bank robbery -- they work better on paper than on screen because the characters are generic and replaceable.

The most vivid character, the only one who can be described in fuller terms, is the desk sergeant, Richie Santoro (Gary Basaraba): put-upon, humane, trying to balance common sense and departmental rules. But even regular viewers might not know the name of the female officer whose fiance was killed in the show's opening, and she's a major character. (The answer to that future trivia question: She is Ann-Marie Kersey, played by Yancy Butler.)

"Veronica's Closet" is sporadically funny, but it has a problem just as crucial: Veronica. The series is most effective on the periphery of Ms. Alley's soon-to-be-divorced, adolescently insecure heroine. She is surrounded by several shrewdly played minor characters: her public relations executive, Perry (Dan Cortese); her assistant, Josh (Wallace Langham); her marketing executive, Leo (Daryl "Chill" Mitchell).

Bewitched, Bothered And So Insecure

But Veronica is predictable. Typically, she has a romantic crisis and is comforted by her second-in-command, Olive (Kathy Najimy), or her father, who is also her chauffeur (Robert Prosky). The father-as-chauffeur concept suggests how the series strikes deadly wrong notes.

"Veronica's Closet" hasn't moved in the direction of hits like "Cheers" and "Frasier," which established emotional ties to its characters. The show isn't bad. What's frightening is that no new comedy is better.

"Dharma and Greg," the hippie-marries-lawyer romantic comedy has become a solid ratings success. Plenty of people find a loopy charm in Jenna Elfman's Dharma, while she makes some of us cringe. She takes the elf part of her name way too seriously as she makes strenuous efforts to be cute.

"George and Leo," with Bob Newhart and Judd Hirsch as odd-couple in-laws, has such flat writing that even a reunion of actors from the stars' old series couldn't inspire it.

And in the drama department, David Caruso's Federal prosecutor on "Michael Hayes" has yet to crack a smile or show that he has a human emotion or flaw.

With its glimmers of wit, "Veronica" still has potential. And other new series suggest that hope isn't always misplaced. In fact, with all her insecurities Veronica may be onto something. Insecurity happens to be the touchstone of Ally McBeal and of the forensic psychologist Fitz in "Cracker," the daring main characters in two series that are becoming first rate.

"Ally McBeal" is the one new show people are talking about and embracing. Calista Flockhart's Ally is a successful lawyer and a confused mess in her private life, a combination that appeals to everyone's self-doubts. At the start, the show relied too heavily on Ally's fantasies, shown on screen. Though it can be self-consciously quirky and though Ally tends to whine, the series gets richer as it leaves fantasyland behind and lets the characters develop.

Even Ally's droll, money-lusting boss, Richard Fishman (Greg Germann) has taken on human qualities without becoming sappy. It is no mistake that "Ally McBeal" is on Fox, which has had to take more chances to compete with the long-established networks. We can start dreading the "Ally" clones now.

A deeply flawed, insecure hero also provides the great appeal of "Cracker," which ABC is smartly moving to Saturdays starting this week (away from its invisible Thursday slot opposite "Seinfeld"). The show arrived as a model of low expectations. How could it be more than a pale imitation of the engrossing, original British series that it transplanted to Los Angeles? But "Cracker" has been developing into the season's best overlooked series.

Robert Pastorelli's Fitz is a fascinating wreck of a man: professionally shrewd, personally self-destructive, deeply feeling. Desperate to win back his estranged wife, he is capable of making a crude scene and antagonizing her when he sees her in a restaurant with another man.

"Cracker" has its weaknesses; the cases Fitz helps solve are so similar they have threatened to turn the show into a stalker-of-the-week series. But this Saturday's episode, in which a serial killer goes after women in twisted revenge for his own wife's violent injury, has a suspense plot that equals the hero's complexity.

ABC is also moving the season's most notorious show, "Nothing Sacred," from Thursday to Saturday. In the past months, this series about an independent-minded priest has at times been as tough as anything on television. Its episodes about the church secretary, a young woman considering an abortion, refused to offer simple solutions. But at times Father Ray (Kevin Anderson) has become easy to read, as he toys with wrong choices (rejecting his own brother) only to make the right one, giving the series an uncomfortably earnest tone.

"Nothing Sacred" remains one of the most thoughtful shows on television, but it has to be careful not to lose its edge or be to cowed by the minor, conservative complaints about it. In this Saturday's atypically talky episode, a conservative priest is assigned to the parish to rein in Father Ray and will remain for several more episodes. And the network still has not scheduled an episode about an H.I.V.-positive priest, though it was filmed months ago.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign is that two fine relatively new shows crept in for tryouts last spring, away from any new season hype, and returned in the fall stronger than ever.

"The Practice," which ABC has just moved from Saturday to Monday, is among the best dramas on television, uncompromising in its ambiguity and its refusal to create false heroes. Like "Ally McBeal," it was created by David E. Kelley, who has kept it smart and complicated. The focus is still on Bobby Donnell (Dylan McDermott) and his struggling firm of defense lawyers who take on cases that sometimes make them queasy.

This season, Lara Flynn Boyle has been brought in to tart things up as a prosecutor who is Bobby's new lover. Their steamy love scenes work, though Ms. Boyle is never convincing as a lawyer; she seems to be reciting her lines. No matter. The series relies on the lawyers' warring responses to issues from the death penalty to petty crime. Last week, a former girlfriend of Bobby's who had become a prostitute compared her profession to his.

Was he morally superior, she wondered, helping killers and drug dealers go free? The question would have been a cheap shot if the actions and thoughtfulness of "The Practice" didn't make it legitimate.

Of Bimbos And 'King Lear'

And "Just Shoot Me" has developed into a sharper comedy than it was during its tryout last spring, when Maya (Laura San Giacomo) reluctantly arrived to work at Blush, a women's magazine owned by her father (George Segal).

Recent episodes have played off the plot of "King Lear" and have seen Maya date a male bimbo, good-looking but dumb. In its weekly version of Maya vs. the airheads, "Just Shoot Me" is heading toward the social range of a show like "Frasier," with its intellectually aloof sons and their blue-collar dad.

Though these improving series offer good evidence against the quick hit-or-miss syndrome, there is no reason to think innovation will become a valued quality anytime soon. "Prey," a series with "X-Files" overtones, begins today (review on page E5). "Dawson's Creek," a series with "Melrose Place" overtones, premieres on Monday on WB.

That these shows can be so easily pegged doesn't automatically make them bad; in fact, they're better than most. But it's worth remembering that when "Seinfeld" or "The X-Files" arrived, they came out of nowhere and seemed totally fresh. In television as in life, cloning is for sheep.

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with a Critic's Notebook article assessing the season's new television shows misstated the name of one. It is "Veronica's Closet," not "Victoria's Closet."

**Correction-Date:** January 16, 1998, Friday

**Graphic**

Photos: Promises broken and kept: new shows surviving into midseason include, clockwise from top left: "The Practice" on ABC, starring Dylan McDermott (Gale M. Adler/ABC); "Just Shoot Me" on NBC, with Enrico Colantoni, David Spade, and Laura San Giacomo (Gary Null/NBC); "George and Leo," with Bob Newhart and Judd Hirsch, on CBS (Ron Tom/CBS); and NBC's "Victoria's Closet," starring Kirstie Alley (Warner Brothers Television).

**Load-Date:** January 15, 1998

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[***HEART ATTACKS AND BEHAVIOR: EARLY SIGNS ARE FOUND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KK70-0008-N3NS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JANE E. BRODY

**Body**

THE mother spoke encouragingly as her blindfolded young son tried to stack a pile of blocks. When time was up, she said, ''Next time try for six blocks.'' Another mother whose son was also taking part in the experiment said, ''Next time go a little faster.''

In both cases, the sons had previously been classified as showing typical Type A behavior: competitive, impatient and aggressive. The mothers' responses to the children's efforts seemed to encourage this ever-striving approach to life, which in adults has been linked to an increased risk of developing heart disease.

The way mothers interact with children is one of several recently studied factors that are shedding light on the origins and development of coronary-prone Type A behavior. The findings are expected to produce guidelines for discouraging the expression of the more destructive aspects of Type A behavior as well as for treating those already afflicted.

None of the researchers, many of whom say they themselves are Type A, is seeking to eliminate all Type A behavior. But they would like to curb the hostility- anger component, which is most closely linked to coronary risk, as well as the anxiety-producing sense of time urgency and compulsiveness.

''We may not have to worry about being achievement- oriented or superproductive, as long as impatience and anger don't go along with them,'' said Dr. Karen Matthews, a University of Pittsburgh psychologist whose research focuses on early signs and precipitants of Type A behavior.

To be sure, Type A behavior can have decided advantages in an industrialized society. Type A people are usually more productive than their more relaxed Type B counterparts. Studies at the University of Pennsylvania showed that college students who are more Type A study harder and get higher grades than others with the same I.Q. Loyola University students who were Type A were found to be involved in more activities and to get higher grades. The Pennsylvania researchers concluded that the Type A behavior pattern appeared to contribute to career success. However, socially, the Type A students did not fare as well as those who were Type B.

Type A behavior and its possible connection to heart disease was first described in 1959 by two San Francisco cardiologists, Dr. Meyer Friedman and Dr. Ray Rosenman. The behavior pattern, which is measured by a specially designed questionnaire and interview, exists on a continuum, with some people showing more of the classical characteristics than others. A ''moderately afflicted'' Type A person, for example, might lack the hostility and impatience typical of severe Type A behavior. Type B behavior is generally marked by an absence of time urgency and hostility and by the ability to work and rest in a relaxed fashion.

The aggressive, achievement-oriented, frequently hostile and chronically rushed approach to life that characterizes full-blown Type A behavior has long been considered wholly a product of environmental influences. In contrast, the new studies suggest that certain children are genetically predisposed to certain aspects of Type A behavior, especially quickness to anger, competitiveness and the need to be in control. Whether that tendency is ever expressed, however, appears to be largely determined by environmental input: from parents, from teachers and from the culture at large.

As Dr. Matthews sees it, people with a propensity to Type A behavior seem to start out with a high energy level and to be more active physically as well as more emotionally responsive. Placed in a social system that encourages achievement and productivity, such people are more likely to show Type A behaviors.

The block-stacking experiment demonstrated how this might work. In the test, the way mothers reacted to their childrens' efforts was influenced more by the child's personality than the mother's. Thus, whether the mother herself was Type A or not, when she worked with a child who showed Type A characteristics, the mother typically made comments intended to improve the child's performance. However, when the child was rated as more Type B, the mother was more likely to express satisfaction with what the child accomplished.

According to Dr. Matthews, this difference in the mothers' responses prevailed even when mothers worked with children they did not know. The go-getter attitude conveyed by Type A children was more likely to elicit performance-enhancing responses from the mothers. The mothers tended to push the Type A children, constantly raising the standards of achievement and encouraging the children to do more and more, better and better.

Various studies have shown that Type A traits become increasingly apparent with age, but children as young as 3 years old can often be classified as having Type A tendencies. From early childhood until the end of high school, Type A behavior in children - especially boys - correlates closely with that of their mothers, but once boys reach college age, they are more likely to resemble their fathers' behavioral patterns.

Physiological differences have also been found between Type A and Type B children. Stress is more likely to cause a rise in blood pressure in Type A children than in Type B, a difference that has been demonstrated even in preschoolers. Dr. David Krantz, a medical psychologist at the Uniformed Services University of Health Sciences in Bethesda, Md., suggested that Type A people might be born with a tendency to react more physiologically to stress and that this in turn may influence their emotions and behavior, rather than the other way around.

If physiology at least in part feeds Type A behavior, it should be possible to change the behavior with drugs or techniques like biofeedback or relaxation training that mute physiological responses to stress, Dr. Krantz believes.

Still, parental attitudes and actions are believed to be of prime importance in eliciting Type A behavior. The University of Pennsylvania researchers, Dr. Ingrid Waldron and her colleagues, found that, compared to Type B students, Type A college men depicted their fathers as stricter, more likely to have used physical punishment and more likely to have made their sons feel resentful rather than guilty. Type A college women recalled their mothers as having used physical punishment more.

These parental behaviors may contribute to the development of anger and aggression in the Type A youngsters, the researchers concluded.

Dr. Redford Williams, an internist in the departments of medicine and psychiatry at Duke University, has found that cynicism - a basic mistrust of human nature and motives - characterizes those Type A individuals who are often hostile and angry. He and Dr. Matthews are planning a joint study to look into the origins of cynicism. Meanwhile, he suggested that one early precipitant may be the reluctance of many American parents to respond to their children whenever they cry. In contrast, a study done in the 1960's showed that Japanese mothers offered comfort to their babies whenever they cried. Although the Japanese and American babies in the study had similar ''personalities'' at birth, by a few months of age, the Japanese infants were clearly calmer and more placid than the more energetic and active American infants. Type A behavior and heart disease are uncommon among Japanese adults.

Dr. Friedman believes Type A behavior sometimes grows out of childhood feelings that parental love is dependent upon what one does (getting high grades, winning, etc.) rather than upon what one is. As he sees them, Type A people suffer from a basic insecurity stemming from their failure to receive unconditional love.

American teachers and schools reinforce the Type A parental message to achieve. According to Dr. Margaret Chesney, a psychologist at SRI International in Menlo Park, Calif., who helps people modify their Type A behavior, ''Our schools encourage competition between individuals and encourage individuals to compete with themselves to achieve all they can possibly achieve. For some this attitude leads to a spiral in which they can seldom feel satisfied with their achievements.''

She continued, ''Our culture, too, has such a strong focus on individual achievement, on being 'the best.' When the Oakland Raiders won the Super Bowl, for example, a Most Valuable Player was picked.''

Other cultures that encourage cooperation rather than competition show a much lower incidence of Type A behavior, as well as a lower rate of heart disease. For example, a study of Japanese-American men in Hawaii, who show less Type A behavior than Caucasians, found that they emphasize competition as a group rather than as individuals. However, those Japanese-Americans who did develop heart disease were found to be more Westernized and more likely to be individually competitive.

Dr. Waldron believes the pervasive ''Horatio Alger myth'' feeds the Type A behavior of Americans. This is supported by the finding that American men are on average more Type A than American women, but that employed women are close to employed men in displaying Type A characteristics.

Rural-urban differences in Type A behavior offer further evidence of the role of cultural factors. Dr. Waldron and her colleagues found that students in suburban middle-class schools displayed more Type A features than students attending school in a rural ***working-class*** community. The researchers concluded that the rural students showed fewer Type A characteristics because their strivings were toward well-defined and readily attainable goals, in contrast to the suburban students whose goals were more open-ended and more uncertain of attainment.

Although Type A people undoubtedly are more likely to choose to live in a big city or pursue a high-pressure occupation, the environment can do a lot to exaggerate Type A tendencies. Dr. Rosenman said many of his patients had no trouble relinquishing Type A tendencies when vacationing at a beach. But he added, ''If a man moves to New York from the West Indies, where he was a laid-back Type B, and gets a job driving a taxi, he'd better develop some Type A characteristics fast or he'll soon be out of work.''

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[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:406K-NPW0-00MH-F3YR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'The Oresteia,' Bearer of Many Agendas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:406K-NPW0-00MH-F3YR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Celia Wren is the managing editor of American Theater magazine.

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**Body**

MURDER. Adultery. Courtroom drama. A fugitive's hair-raising flight from implacable justice.

With super-heated elements like these to work with, it is no wonder that modern playwrights keep rewriting "The Oresteia," the fifth-century B.C. dramatic trilogy by Aeschylus about a family ensnared in guilt and violence. T. S. Eliot did it in his 1930's verse play "The Family Reunion," which the Royal Shakespeare Company begins performing on Wednesday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Eugene O'Neill did it in his brooding "Mourning Becomes Electra." David Rabe did it in his Vietnam drama "The Orphan." And in the first months of 2000, a crop of contemporary theater folk have been essaying the same task, spinning off audacious adaptations that link Aeschylus to the sociopolitical anxieties of the age.

Feminism, environmentalism, pacifism, left-wing-elite-bashing -- all of these agendas, it turns out, can fit comfortably into the three plays that make up "The Oresteia": "Agamemnon," "The Libation Bearers" and "The Eumenides." The trilogy can even make pointed comments about geopolitics, or channel a wacky gay sendup like Aaron Mack Schloff's "Agamemnon vs. Liberace." It can refer to world history or theater history. And, like a fine whiskey, it still appeals to connoisseurs in its original, undiluted form.

Of course, the Greek classics are always in style and always relevant. But "The Oresteia" occupies a privileged position in the Western canon, in part because it is the only surviving example of an ancient Greek tragic trilogy. Factor in the work's profound themes -- guilt, the legacy of violence, the role of law, the burden of individual conscience -- and it is easy to understand why the three plays are considered by many to be at the summit of dramatic literature in the West. And like most classics, of course, the themes lend themselves to productions that take the material in diverse directions, as can be seen already this year.

In January, the Clarence Brown Theater Company in Knoxville, Tenn., mounted "The Millennium Project," a group-developed variation on "The Oresteia" that will travel to a festival in Bratislava, Slovakia, in June.

In February, the Sledgehammer Theater in San Diego presented a premiere of Kelly Stuart's "Furious Blood," a savage comedy that tackled the ancient text from a feminist standpoint.

"Agamemnon vs. Liberace" was presented at the Here Arts Center in New York in March, the same month that Mark Jackson's class-conscious "Messenger No. 1" made its debut in San Francisco.

At the same time, other companies have been hewing more closely to Aeschylus' original, which was itself a treatment of pre-existing material: the dark, mythological stories that, by Aeschylus' day, had already figured in the works of Homer and the sixth-century B.C. poet Stesichorus.

In April, a production of "The Oresteia" by the Royal National Theater of London, using a translation by Ted Hughes, Britain's late poet laureate, visited the Du Maurier World Stage festival in Toronto. In New York, the Pearl Theater Company is presenting a new translation by the classics scholar Peter Meineck in a production that opened last month and runs through May 28.

These artists are riding a wave of interest, across the theater world, in staging Greek classics. It is a development that has been particularly visible in high-profile revivals like last year's "Electra" on Broadway. This popularity has been attributed by critics to a variety of factors, including the plays' openness to nontraditional casting, the major roles they offer to actresses, and the appeal of stark themes at a time of end-of-the-millennium angst.

Contemporary fears may find deep echoes in "The Oresteia" because it is, arguably, about civilization itself. During Aeschylus' lifetime, Athenians instituted an early form of democracy and reformed their courts, a campaign of liberalization that the playwright alluded to in "The Eumenides." The trilogy tells the story of the House of Atreus, a dysfunctional family with a nasty episode of cannibalism in its closet. At the start of "The Oresteia," Queen Clytemnestra of Argos murders her husband, retaliating against his callous sacrifice of their daughter Iphigenia at the beginning of the Trojan war. Her son, Orestes, subsequently kills his mother with the encouragement of his fanatical sister Electra, only to find himself pursued by a set of creepy avenging goddesses known as the Furies. In "The Eumenides" (or "the kindly ones," as the Furies were known in their more benevolent form), the goddess Athena placates these minor deities and clears Orestes' name, while more or less inventing trial by jury.

So you can argue that the trilogy describes a movement away from barbarism toward a more modern concept of civilization, lawyers and all. "People are into 'The Oresteia' because it's about the evolution into democracy of some pre-democratic phase of justice," said Dr. Helene Foley, a professor of Greek and Latin at Barnard College.

Thus, the trilogy invites playwrights and directors to reflect broadly on humanity's collective experience. The challenge is one the American theater began to respond to in the 1960's, resulting in seminal productions like the Guthrie Theater's "House of Atreus" (adapted by John Lewin), a Minneapolis production that visited New York in 1968; Andre Serban's highly stylized "Agamemnon" at the New York Shakespeare Festival in 1977; and Charles L. Mee Jr.'s "Agamemnon" (produced in 1994 by the Actors' Gang in Los Angeles), which put chorus-like speeches into the mouths of writers like Homer and Hesiod.

A number of this season's adaptations have opted for the sociopolitical approach. For example, in "Messenger No. 1," which he directed at the Exit Stage Left theater in San Francisco, Mark Jackson deliberately upended the ostensibly optimistic sociopolitical message of "The Oresteia."

"If the trial-by-jury system of justice was designed to replace blood-based justice," he said during a recent interview, "why hasn't violence decreased?" Mr. Jackson, who believes that "the justice system is flawed and designed by the upper classes," used his play to drive home his point. His comedy explores the frustrations that beset Argos's ***working-class*** messengers, while spoiled aristocrats like Orestes reap the benefits of democracy.

Other adaptors have focused on the battle of the sexes rather than class conflict. Aeschylus' narrative represents a prime target for feminists because it repeatedly pits men against women (Agamemnon-Iphigenia; Clytemnestra-Agamemnon; Orestes-Clytemnestra; the Furies-Orestes), and because the denouement of "The Eumenides" seems to affirm male power at the expense of female authority figures (the Furies). Emphasizing this archetypal rift, some artists have turned "The Oresteia" into a biting critique of the patriarchy -- as the renowned French troupe Theatre du Soleil did in "Les Atrides" (which visited the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1992).

Like "Les Atrides," Kelly Stuart's "Furious Blood" makes feminist hay by incorporating scenes that depict the sacrifice of Iphigenia -- episodes portrayed in Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" but not in "The Oresteia" itself. The addition of this material tends to make Clytemnestra a more sympathetic character. An audience that watches Agamemnon condemn his teenage daughter to the knife for the sake of military expediency (to placate the gods so that his army can sail for Troy), is more likely to understand when his outraged wife hacks him to death.

Ms. Stuart, for her part, chose to retell the entire House of Atreus story from Clytemnestra's point of view, turning the queen's hostile daughter Electra, for example, into a shrill version of, Ms. Stuart said, "Dr. Laura, or one of those women who make a career out of anti-feminism."

As "Furious Blood" builds to its climax, its feminist message becomes blunter. In the concluding scene, the frustrated Furies hurl bloody tampons at Apollo, who finally appeals to the audience for some anti-P.C. support. "Tell me the truth, do you like hot babes?" he demands, comparing a glamorous Athena to the Furies. "Or those ugly, bloodthirsty, oozing old bags?"

"The Millennium Project," developed cooperatively by master's degree students at the University of Tennessee under the director Henryk Baranowski, took a similarly feminist tack. According to Amy Russell, who is credited on the final script as the adaptor, one aim of the production was to deepen Clytemnestra's character and to "correct" the way Aeschylus "demonized" the feminine.

But the project also included some specifically contemporary twists. Orestes and Electra are rebellious adolescents who dress as Goth music groupies, and the Furies threaten the earth with a devastating plague that sounds a lot like acid rain. Ms. Russell said that she and her collaborators were inspired to link "The Oresteia" to "science, technology, destruction of the environment, the apocalyptic flavor of the times."

Emphasizing the topicality of "The Oresteia" can be hazardous, as the British director Katie Mitchell found when she directed Ted Hughes's translation for the Royal National Theater. The production, now on an international tour, uses modern dress and deliberate anachronisms that seem to refer to the turmoil in the Balkans: Agamemnon is dressed much like a Bosnian warlord, for example.

Some reviewers found such touches gimmicky and distracting when the production opened in December. But Ms. Mitchell defended her intention: to orient the contemporary viewer. "We decided we'd try to find the simplest modern equivalent to every moment in the play," she said, "so that someone who knew nothing about Greek drama or the story could understand at once what was going on."

On some level, though, she does think that this "Oresteia" responds to current events, including developments in the former Yugoslavia. "A lot of us feel morally thrown," she said, "and don't know how to find our bearings morally and politically. To some extent the production was working that through."

In answer to the critics, she acknowledged that the staging was too ambitious to be perfect, adding in her defense that the "The Oresteia" is "an extraordinary, impossible mountain."

THAT'S the same image Shepard Sobel used when he described the Pearl Theater Company's longtime goal of staging "The Oresteia."

"Over the 15 years that we've been doing theater, we've been preparing ourselves," he said enthusiastically, "knowing it was the top of the mountain in many ways."

Looking back on his decision to schedule the work for the spring of 2000, Mr. Sobel thinks he was subconsciously responding to recent world crises.

"The last two or three years have seen what seems to be an explosion of barbarian impulses," he said. "Race wars and ethnic wars, and the most horrid kind of violence -- neighbors against each other in the Balkans, in the Bronx, all over the place."

At times like these, Mr. Sobel said, staging "The Oresteia" -- in which a cycle of violence is deliberately stopped -- is almost a public service. "I believe that if we could do 'The Oresteia' well enough, and get enough people to come see it, it would make a difference to this horrid blood vengeance," he said.

Mr. Meineck, the translator, agreed that "The Oresteia" resonates with the zeitgeist. But he pointed primarily to a shared cosmopolitan outlook as the bond between the present time and that of Aeschylus. "New York now is the Athens that was," said Mr. Meineck, who is the producing artistic director of the Aquila Theater Company. But in any case, he cautioned, Aeschylus' masterpiece transcends topicality and scholarly footnotes -- it is also a gripping horror story. Experiencing a production, he said, is "like watching 'The Omen' films."

So is this season's prevalence of "Oresteias" a confluence of ancient Greek omens or a theatrical response to global and social rifts at the turn of the millennium?

John Chioles, the author of "Aeschylus: Mythic Theater, Political Voice," a book about performing "The Oresteia," goes further: "It might well be redundant to say that this work is always timely. It is more than that. It may well be the history of the race of humans."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Lilo Baur, above, as Cassandra in the recent "Oresteia" by the Royal National Theater in London. Nirupama Nityandan, near right, as Iphigenia, and Simon Abkarian as Agamemnon in the Theatre du Soleil's production of "Les Atrides." (Ivan Kyncl); (Martine Franck/Magnum)(pg. 11); Jessa Watson (Clytemnestra) and Tim West (Agamemnon) in Kelly Stuart's "Furious Blood." (Ethan Feerst/Sledgehammer Theater); Christopher Moore (Orestes) and Joanne Camp (Clytemnestra) in the Pearl Theater "Oresteia." (Tom Bloom/"The Oresteia")(pg. 9)

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Clinton;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:406K-NR20-00MH-F434-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Gritty Gives Way to Gentrification***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:406K-NR20-00MH-F434-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JOYCE COHEN

**Body**

THOUGH the western chunk of Midtown that its boosters call Clinton may be proud of its gritty Hell's Kitchen past, the streets where gangs once roamed are yielding to the tides of gentrification. Housing prices may be lower than in other areas of Manhattan, but now they are catching up, real estate brokers say.

Luxury high-rises have sprouted along the edges of the neighborhood, joining the walk-ups that have lined Clinton's streets since the mid-19th century. And young executives, eager to walk to their jobs at the corporate headquarters that now fill Times Square, are joining the ***working-class*** immigrant families that have lived in the neighborhood for generations.

"Hell's Kitchen is in transition and has been for 30 years," said James Kaplan, who will help lead the 92nd Street Y's annual tour of the area on May 21. "For 30 years, it has been the view that the area is the next for development."

Back in 1974, that view helped bring about the creation of the Clinton Special District, and since then, new buildings have been limited in height to 66 feet or seven stories. The idea was "to keep the high-rises in certain areas and to protect the traditional Hell's Kitchen resident," Mr. Kaplan said.

Now, proposed changes that would allow for more high-rise development along Eighth Avenue are galvanizing residents. "We are trying to keep it as a low-density community," said Simone Sindin, the chairwoman of Community Board 4's Clinton land-use committee. "This is one of the last moderate- to low-income areas that is ready for development, and the developers are salivating to build, build, build."

Ms. Sindin called Clinton a "multinational family neighborhood" and a "bedroom community of the theater district, where the actors, stagehands and electricians live." It's also one of the city's most politically active areas.

Chuck Spence, the president of the West 44th Street Block Association, who moved to Clinton in 1997, said: "It's a true community, more so than I experienced on the Upper West Side. There were people in my old building who wouldn't talk to me."

In Clinton, people talk. The area is rife with block associations and community groups. One clearinghouse for information is the Web site [*www.hellskitchen.net*](http://www.hellskitchen.net), run by John Fisher.

"This is a neighborhood, not just land," Mr. Fisher said. "This is where people know each other, and third or fourth generations sit on their stoops, and if you're short on cash, you can go to the deli for a quart of milk and pay another day."

The boundaries of the neighborhood are, roughly, Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River and 59th Street to 42nd Street, although some people say that the southern boundary should be 34th Street.

To many, Clinton is still known by its historic name, Hell's Kitchen. It's not clear just where that name came from. It may have been the name of an Irish street gang in the 1860's, or it may have come from a policeman's summertime remark that the place was hotter than hell's kitchen.

In 1959, after two children were killed in gang violence, residents rallied to improve the area's image by renaming it after De Witt Clinton Park.

"Traditionally, it was a slum area," said Mr. Kaplan, who lived on West 56th Street for 22 years before moving to New Rochelle, N.Y., in 1997. "When I moved in in 1975, it was relatively cheap. I was looking for a one-bedroom with a great view for under $300. At the time, it was considered a tough neighborhood."

In the 19th century, the streets were filled with warehouses, factories and tenements populated largely by Irish and German immigrants. "Until 1900, the Irish street gangs were very important," Mr. Kaplan said. "After prohibition, it was the center for the speakeasy and illicit liquor industry."

The theaters, the docks, and Madison Square Garden, formerly at 50th Street and Eighth Avenue, "were sources of blue-collar jobs," Mr. Kaplan said. "There was this mix of the church, the political club and the underworld." The political club was the McManus Midtown Democratic Association, currently run by James McManus, a great-nephew of Thomas McManus, who founded the group in 1890.

Today, the association also functions as a neighborhood ombudsman, and it was instrumental in turning Manhattan Plaza into federally subsidized housing. The two high-rise towers occupy the block bounded by 9th and 10th Avenues and 42nd and 43rd Streets, with a complex of shops and a health club at their base. Seventy percent of its 1,688 coveted apartments are reserved for tenants involved in the performing arts, 15 percent for the elderly and 15 percent for people who already live in the neighborhood. (The waiting list is so long that it has been closed for years.)

TO the north, the blocks in the West 50's are dense with more recently built high-rise co-ops and condominiums. At Worldwide Plaza, an office and condominium complex, there is a spacious outdoor sitting area and the Loews Cineplex Odeon Worldwide, where recent movies play at reduced prices (they just rose to $4). Two new rental buildings, the 26-story Long acre House and the 41-story Gershwin, are Worldwide Plaza's neighbors.

Low-rise tenements fill most of Clinton south of 49th Street. Toward the Hudson River, the blocks grow more commercial, with gas stations, body shops, parking lots and lumberyards.

At Clinton's southeast corner are the Strand, a condominium tower at 500 West 43rd Street, and Riverbank West, a rental tower at 560 West 43rd.

Rentals in tenement buildings do exist at bargain prices but rarely come to market. Brokers say unless they are very lucky, prospective tenants should expect to pay $1,400 to $2,000 for a 500-square-foot one-bedroom.

A one-bedroom rental under $2,000 has a "shelf life of a week or two," said James Fegan, the assistant manager of Citi Habitats' West Side office. "People are asking to live in the area," he added. "It used to be taboo."

Luxury rentals are higher: $1,900 to $2,400 for studios and $2,500 to $3,000 for one-bedrooms, said David Schlamm, the owner of City Connections Realty.

The price range for co-ops and condominiums is broad. In the high-end high-rise West 50's, a one-bedroom co-op might go for $260,000 to $280,000, said Asher Remy-Toledo, a broker at the Halstead Property Company, and a one-bedroom condominium might go for $400,000 to $425,000.

Low-rise buildings like the Piano Factory, a co-op at 457 West 45th Street, and Townhouse 47, a condo at 446 West 47th Street, have several dozen apartments. "They don't have all the bells and whistles as the luxury buildings, but they are get lots of light and sun," said Robert Clepper, an associate broker at William B. May.

Studio co-ops in such smaller buildings sell in the low $100,000 range, and one-bedrooms for about $200,000, Mr. Clepper said. Studio condominiums are around $200,000, and one-bedroom condominiums around $300,000.

People like Clinton, Mr. Clepper said, because "its character has remained identifiably New York." And its location is convenient. "You can walk to the theater and to Lincoln Center," said Ms. Sindin of the community board. "You have all the culture in the world, all the shopping in the world."

Not to mention food. Ninth Avenue is known for its global mix of restaurants and for its annual Food Festival, scheduled this year on May 20 and 21.

In Clinton, "you can eat for several dollars to several hundred dollars," said Mr. Spence, the block association president. "You can walk in without a reservation after 8 o'clock when people head to the theaters."

Some residents fear that rising commercial rents will drive out the area's homey restaurants and businesses. Trendy clubs and bars are already attracting rowdy customers, Ms. Sindin said. Other concerns are heavy traffic, and tour buses that rumble down the streets or park with their engines idling.

STILL, the area's long-term problems with drugs and prostitution have abated, said Jean-Daniel Noland, the president of the West 47th/48th Streets Block Association, a resident for 15 years.

"It changed maybe three years ago," Mr. Noland said. "I remember walking home at 11 p.m. and counting 27 drug dealers and prostitutes on the three-quarters of the block before I got to my apartment. Older-time residents remember gunfire."

There are two public elementary schools that serve the neighborhood. Children who live north of 48th Street go to P.S. 111, and those south of 48th Street attend P.S. 51. Both have kindergarten or prekindergarten through the eighth grade.

P.S. 51 is known for its reading program, and in five years reading scores have risen from the 29th to the 68th percentile, said the principal, Barbara Gambino.

There are two Roman Catholic schools. At Holy Cross Parochial Elementary School on West 43rd Street, with an enrollment of 550, tuition is $175 a month for Roman Catholic children, $190 for others. The Sacred Heart of Jesus School on West 52nd Street has 265 students. Annual tuition is $1,700 for parishioners, $2,000 for others (additional children from the same family pay $1,400).

Although Clinton has several well-tended community gardens, there is little parkland. Besides the six-acre De Witt Clinton Park there are just three half-acre playgrounds. But the Hudson River Park, still under construction, will extend along the river northward to 59th Street, and will include a recreational area at Pier 84, at 44th Street.

"That will be dedicated parkland," said Mr. Spence, an officer of Friends of Pier 84. Plans for its use are not complete, but it could include an outdoor theater, a playground, a dog run and boats to rent.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Row houses along West 44th Street, left, between 9th and 10th Avenues in Clinton, and the courtyard at Worldwide Plaza, right. The children's playground at De Witt Clinton Park, below. (Photographs by Gary Dunkin for The New York Times); 2-bedroom 1-bath co-op at 728 10th Avenue (49th Street), $299,000.; 1-bedroom, 1-bath co-op at 317 West 54th Street, $325,000.; 4-bedroom, 3-bath town house at 435 West 44th Street, $1.8 million.

Map of Clinton highlighting several interesting sites.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

2-bedroom, 1-bath co-op at 728 10th Avenue (49th Street), $299,000.

1-bedroom, 1-bath co-op at 317 West 54th Street, $325,000.

4-bedroom, 3-bath town house at 435 West 44th Street, $1.8 million.

POPULATION: 39,323 (1997 estimate).

AREA: Half a square mile.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $41,458 (1997 estimate).

MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-BEDROOM CO-OP: $280,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $220,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $130,000.

MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-BEDROOM CONDO

MINIUM: $380,000.

MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $300,000.

MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $140,000.

MIDRANGE RENT FOR A ONE-BEDROOM

APARTMENT: $1,700.

GOVERNMENT: City Councilwoman Christine Quinn, Democrat.

CODES: Area, 212, 646; ZIP, 10019, 10036.

EXCELSIOR! People climbing the steep steps at the Salvation Army thrift store at 436 West 46th Street will find nine framed drawings on the walls. They show a valiant couple, Henry and Agatha, huffing and puffing as they struggle up the very same stairs. The drawings were done in 1972 by John Mayo, then a resident of the Salvation Army Adult Rehabilitation Center on West 48th Street. "I felt sorry for people walking up those stairs," said Jess Hager, who managed the center at the time. "I wished we had an elevator." After finding out that Mr. Mayo was an artist, Mr. Hager, who is now retired, asked him to create a series of cartoons for the landings. "People get a kick out of it," said Frankie Hailey, a Salvation Army administrative assistant. "It gives them the energy to go up." Major Lawrence Shaffer, the center's administrator, added, "You can't imagine how many times people have attempted to buy those drawings." The Salvation Army has since lost track of Mr. Mayo, who was in his 60's when he drew the cartoons, Mr. Hager said.

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[***Can You Build a (Better Brain?)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55G7-9J21-JBG3-62XX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Early on a drab afternoon in January, a dozen third graders from the ***working-class*** suburb of Chicago Heights, Ill., burst into the Mac Lab on the ground floor of Washington-McKinley School in a blur of blue pants, blue vests and white shirts. Minutes later, they were hunkered down in front of the Apple computers lining the room's perimeter, hoping to do what was, until recently, considered impossible: increase their intelligence through training.

''Can somebody raise their hand,'' asked Kate Wulfson, the instructor, ''and explain to me how you get points?''

On each of the children's monitors, there was a cartoon image of a haunted house, with bats and a crescent moon in a midnight blue sky. Every few seconds, a black cat appeared in one of the house's five windows, then vanished. The exercise was divided into levels. On Level 1, the children earned a point by remembering which window the cat was just in. Easy. But the game is progressive: the cats keep coming, and the kids have to keep watching and remembering.

''And here's where it gets confusing,'' Wulfson continued. ''If you get to Level 2, you have to remember where the cat was two windows ago. The time before last. For Level 3, you have to remember where it was three times ago. Level 4 is four times ago. That's hard. You have to keep track. O.K., ready? Once we start, anyone who talks loses a star.''

So began 10 minutes of a remarkably demanding concentration game. At Level 2, even adults find the task somewhat taxing. Almost no one gets past Level 3 without training. But most people who stick with the game do get better with practice. This isn't surprising: practice improves performance on almost every task humans engage in, whether it's learning to read or playing horseshoes.

What is surprising is what else it improved. In a 2008 study, Susanne Jaeggi and Martin Buschkuehl, now of the University of Maryland, found that young adults who practiced a stripped-down, less cartoonish version of the game also showed improvement in a fundamental cognitive ability known as ''fluid'' intelligence: the capacity to solve novel problems, to learn, to reason, to see connections and to get to the bottom of things. The implication was that playing the game literally makes people smarter.

Psychologists have long regarded intelligence as coming in two flavors: crystallized intelligence, the treasure trove of stored-up information and how-to knowledge (the sort of thing tested on ''Jeopardy!'' or put to use when you ride a bicycle); and fluid intelligence. Crystallized intelligence grows as you age; fluid intelligence has long been known to peak in early adulthood, around college age, and then to decline gradually. And unlike physical conditioning, which can transform 98-pound weaklings into hunks, fluid intelligence has always been considered impervious to training.

That, after all, is the premise of I.Q. tests, or at least the portion that measures fluid intelligence: we can test you now and predict all sorts of things in the future, because fluid intelligence supposedly sets in early and is fairly immutable. While parents, teachers and others play an essential role in establishing an environment in which a child's intellect can grow, even Tiger Mothers generally expect only higher grades will come from their children's diligence -- not better brains.

How, then, could watching black cats in a haunted house possibly increase something as profound as fluid intelligence? Because the deceptively simple game, it turns out, targets the most elemental of cognitive skills: ''working'' memory. What long-term memory is to crystallized intelligence, working memory is to fluid intelligence. Working memory is more than just the ability to remember a telephone number long enough to dial it; it's the capacity to manipulate the information you're holding in your head -- to add or subtract those numbers, place them in reverse order or sort them from high to low. Understanding a metaphor or an analogy is equally dependent on working memory; you can't follow even a simple statement like ''See Jane run'' if you can't put together how ''see'' and ''Jane'' connect with ''run.'' Without it, you can't make sense of anything.

Over the past three decades, theorists and researchers alike have made significant headway in understanding how working memory functions. They have developed a variety of sensitive tests to measure it and determine its relationship to fluid intelligence. Then, in 2008, Jaeggi turned one of these tests of working memory into a training task for building it up, in the same way that push-ups can be used both as a measure of physical fitness and as a strength-building task. ''We see attention and working memory as the cardiovascular function of the brain,'' Jaeggi says.''If you train your attention and working memory, you increase your basic cognitive skills that help you for many different complex tasks.''

Jaeggi's study has been widely influential. Since its publication, others have achieved results similar to Jaeggi's not only in elementary-school children but also in preschoolers, college students and the elderly. The training tasks generally require only 15 to 25 minutes of work per day, five days a week, and have been found to improve scores on tests of fluid intelligence in as little as four weeks. Follow-up studies linking that improvement to real-world gains in schooling and job performance are just getting under way. But already, people with disorders including attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder (A.D.H.D.) and traumatic brain injury have seen benefits from training. Gains can persist for up to eight months after treatment.

In a town like Chicago Heights, where only 16 percent of high schoolers met the Illinois version of the No Child Left Behind standards in 2011, finding a clear way to increase cognitive abilities has obvious appeal. But it has other uses too, at all ages and aptitudes. Even high-level professionals have begun training their working memory in hopes of boosting their fluid intelligence -- and, with it, their job performance. If the effect is real -- if fluid intelligence can be raised in just a few minutes a day, even by a bit, and not just on a test but in real life -- then it would seem to offer, as Jaeggi's 2008 study concluded with Spock-like understatement, ''a wide range of applications.''

Since the first reliable intelligence test was created just over a hundred years ago, researchers have searched for a way to increase scores meaningfully, with little success. The track record was so dismal that by 2002, when Jaeggi and her research partner (and now her husband), Martin Buschkuehl, came across a study claiming to have done so, they simply didn't believe it.

The study, by a Swedish neuroscientist named Torkel Klingberg, involved just 14 children, all with A.D.H.D. Half participated in computerized tasks designed to strengthen their working memory, while the other half played less challenging computer games. After just five weeks, Klingberg found that those who played the working-memory games fidgeted less and moved about less. More remarkable, they also scored higher on one of the single best measures of fluid intelligence, the Raven's Progressive Matrices. Improvement in working memory, in other words, transferred to improvement on a task the children weren't training for.

Even if the sample was small, the results were provocative (three years later Klingberg replicated most of the results in a group of 50 children), because matrices are considered the gold standard of fluid-intelligence tests. Anyone who has taken an intelligence test has seen matrices like those used in the Raven's: three rows, with three graphic items in each row, made up of squares, circles, dots or the like. Do the squares get larger as they move from left to right? Do the circles inside the squares fill in, changing from white to gray to black, as they go downward? One of the nine items is missing from the matrix, and the challenge is to find the underlying patterns -- up, down and across -- from six possible choices. Initially the solutions are readily apparent to most people, but they get progressively harder to discern. By the end of the test, most test takers are baffled.

If measuring intelligence through matrices seems arbitrary, consider how central pattern recognition is to success in life. If you're going to find buried treasure in baseball statistics to give your team an edge by signing players unappreciated by others, you'd better be good at matrices. If you want to exploit cycles in the stock market, or find a legal precedent in 10 cases, or for that matter, if you need to suss out a woolly mammoth's nature to trap, kill and eat it -- you're essentially using the same cognitive skills tested by matrices.

When Klingberg's study came out, both Jaeggi and Buschkuehl were doctoral candidates in cognitive psychology at the University of Bern, Switzerland. Since his high-school days as a Swiss national-champion rower, Buschkuehl had been interested in the degree to which skills -- physical and mental -- could be trained. Intrigued by Klingberg's suggestion that training working memory could improve fluid intelligence, he showed the paper to Jaeggi, who was studying working memory with a test known as the N-back. ''At that time there was pretty much no evidence whatsoever that you can train on one particular task and get transfer to another task that was totally different,'' Jaeggi says. That is, while most skills improve with practice, the improvement is generally domain-specific: you don't get better at Sudoku by doing crosswords. And fluid intelligence was not just another skill; it was the ultimate cognitive ability underlying all mental skills, and supposedly immune from the usual benefits of practice. To find that training on a working-memory task could result in an increase in fluid intelligence would be cognitive psychology's equivalent of discovering particles traveling faster than light.

Together, Jaeggi and Buschkuehl decided to see if they could replicate the Klingberg transfer effect. To do so, they used the N-back test as the basis of a training regimen. As seen in the game played by the children at Washington-McKinley, N-back challenges users to remember something -- the location of a cat or the sound of a particular letter -- that is presented immediately before (1-back), the time before last (2-back), the time before that (3-back), and so on. If you do well at 2-back, the computer moves you up to 3-back. Do well at that, and you'll jump to 4-back. On the other hand, if you do poorly at any level, you're nudged down a level. The point is to keep the game just challenging enough that you stay fully engaged.

Play a free online version of the N-back game.

To make it harder, Jaeggi and Buschkuehl used what's called the dual N-back task. As a random sequence of letters is heard over earphones, a square appears on a computer screen moving, apparently at random, among eight possible spots on a grid. Your mission is to keep track of both the letters and the squares. So, for example, at the 3-back level, you would press one button on the keyboard if you recall that a spoken letter is the same one that was spoken three times ago, while simultaneously pressing another key if the square on the screen is in the same place as it was three times ago.

The point of making the task more difficult is to overwhelm the usual task-specific strategies that people develop with games like chess and Scrabble. ''We wanted to train underlying attention and working-memory skills,'' Jaeggi says.

Jaeggi and Buschkuehl gave progressive matrix tests to students at Bern and then asked them to practice the dual N-back for 20 to 25 minutes a day. When they retested them at the end of a few weeks, they were surprised and delighted to find significant improvement. Jaeggi and Buschkuehl later expanded the study as postdoctoral fellows at the University of Michigan, in the laboratory of John Jonides, professor of psychology and neuroscience.

''Those two things, working memory and cognitive control, I think, are at the heart of intellectual functioning,'' Jonides told me when I met with him, Jaeggi and Buschkuehl in their basement office. ''They are part of what differentiates us from other species. They allow us to selectively process information from the environment, and to use that information to do all kinds of problem-solving and reasoning.''

When they finally published their study, in a May 2008 issue of Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, the results were striking. Before training, participants were able to correctly answer between 9 and 10 of the matrix questions. Afterward, the 34 young adults who participated in dual N-back training for 12 weeks correctly answered approximately one extra matrix item, while those who trained for 17 weeks were able to answer about three more correctly. After 19 weeks, the improvement was 4.4 additional matrix questions.

''It's not just a little bit higher,'' Jaeggi says. ''It's a large effect.''

The study did have its shortcomings. ''We used just one reasoning task to measure their performance,'' she says. ''We showed improvements in this one fluid-reasoning task, which is usually highly correlated with other measures as well.'' Whether the improved scores on the Raven's would translate into school grades, job performance and real-world gains remained to be seen. Even so, accompanying the paper's publication in Proceedings was a commentary titled, ''Increasing Fluid Intelligence Is Possible After All,'' in which the senior psychologist Robert J. Sternberg (now provost at Oklahoma State University) called Jaeggi's and Buschkuehl's research ''pioneering.'' The study, he wrote, ''seems, in some measure, to resolve the debate over whether fluid intelligence is, in at least some meaningful measure, trainable.''

For some, the debate is far from settled. Randall Engle, a leading intelligence researcher at the Georgia Tech School of Psychology, views the proposition that I.Q. can be increased through training with a skepticism verging on disdain. ''May I remind you of 'cold fusion'?'' he says, referring to the infamous claim, long since discredited, that nuclear fusion could be achieved at room temperature in a desktop device. ''People were like, 'Oh, my God, we've solved our energy crisis.' People were rushing to throw money at that science. Well, not so fast. The military is now preparing to spend millions trying to make soldiers smarter, based on working-memory training. What that one 2008 paper did was to send hundreds of people off on a wild-goose chase, in my opinion.

''Fluid intelligence is not culturally derived,'' he continues. ''It is almost certainly the biologically driven part of intelligence. We have a real good idea of the parts of the brain that are important for it. The prefrontal cortex is especially important for the control of attention. Do I think you can change fluid intelligence? No, I don't think you can. There have been hundreds of other attempts to increase intelligence over the years, with little or no -- just no -- success.''

At a meeting of cognitive scientists last August, and again in November, Engle presented a withering critique of Jaeggi and her colleagues' 2008 paper. He pointed to a variety of methodological weaknesses (many of which have been addressed in subsequent papers by Jaeggi and others) and then presented the results from his own attempt to replicate the study, which found no effect whatsoever. (Those results have yet to be published.)

The most prominent takedown of I.Q. training came in June 2010, when the neuroscientist Adrian Owen published the results of an experiment conducted in coordination with the BBC television show ''Bang Goes the Theory.'' After inviting British viewers to participate, Owen recruited 11,430 of them to take a battery of I.Q. tests before and after a six-week online program designed to replicate commercially available ''brain building'' software. (The N-back was not among the tasks offered.) ''Although improvements were observed in every one of the cognitive tasks that were trained,'' he concluded in the journal Nature, ''no evidence was found for transfer effects to untrained tasks, even when those tasks were cognitively closely related.''

But even Owen, reached by telephone, told me that he respects Jaeggi's studies and looks forward to seeing others like it. If before Jaeggi's study, scientists' attempts to raise I.Q. were largely unsuccessful, other lines of evidence have long supported the view that intelligence is far from immutable. While studies of twins suggest that intelligence has a fixed genetic component, at least 20 to 50 percent of the variation in I.Q. is due to other factors, whether social, school or family-based. Even more telling, average I.Q.'s have been rising steadily for a century as access to schooling and technology expands, a phenomenon known as the Flynn Effect. As Jaeggi and others see it, the genetic component of intelligence is undeniable, but it functions less like the genes that control for eye color and more like the complex of interacting genes that affect weight and height (both of which have also been rising, on average, for decades). ''We know that height is heavily genetically determined,'' Jonides told me during our meeting at the University of Michigan. ''But we also know there are powerful environmental influences on height, like nutrition. So the fact that intelligence is partly heritable doesn't mean you can't modify it.''

Harold Hawkins, a cognitive psychologist at the Office of Naval Research who oversees most of the U.S. military's studies in the area, expressed a common view. For him, the question now is not whether cognitive training works but how strongly and how best to achieve it. ''Until about four or five years ago, we believed that fluid intelligence is immutable in adulthood,'' Hawkins told me. ''No one believed that training could possibly achieve dramatic improvements in this very fundamental cognitive ability. Then Jaeggi's work came along. That's when I started to move my funding from some other areas into this area. I personally believe, and if I didn't believe it I wouldn't be making an investment of the taxpayers' money, that there's something here. It's potentially of extremely profound importance.'' A similar view was expressed by Jason Chein, assistant professor of psychology at Temple University in Philadelphia, who published a series of studies -- using another method, not N-back, for training working memory -- that showed an increase in cognitive abilities. ''My findings support what they've done,'' he says, referring to the work of Jaeggi and her colleagues. ''I've never replicated exactly what they do. But across a number of labs, using similar but different approaches to training, we have related successes./ I think there's a great deal of work to be done, but on the whole we are seeing positive signs.''

This past winter, I went to visit Jason Chein's lab in Philadelphia, where he has begun to train subjects with something called a complex working memory span task. ''It's a terrible name,'' he said with a laugh. ''And you could call it a gimmicky psychological task. But there are 20 years of research behind it.'' Chein invited me to try my hand at it. Once he clicked ''start'' on the computer program, the screen showed a checkerboard of 16 squares, with all of them white except 1; I was supposed to remember the red square's location. Then it showed a series of three checkerboard patterns; for each, I had to decide whether the pattern was symmetrical or not. This sequence -- having to remember the one red square, and then having to decide on symmetry -- was repeated three more times. At the end, I had to click, in order, on the location of those four red squares.

I got only three right.

''Everyone gets better with practice,'' he said. ''Some people get up to being able to remember a string of 11 or higher.''

Of course, the goal is not to get better at remembering the location of red squares on a checkerboard but to expand a subject's underlying working memory. Doing so, Chein has found, translates into the kind of real-world improvements associated with increases in cognitive capabilities. ''We've seen, in college kids who do it, improvements in their reading-comprehension scores,'' Chein said. ''And in a sample of adults, 65 and older, it appears to improve their ability to keep track of what they recently said, so they don't repeat themselves.''

In addition to working memory, researchers are seeking to improve fluid intelligence by training other basic mental skills -- perceptual speed (deciding, in a matter of seconds, whether a number is odd or even), visual tracking (on a shoot-'em-up computer game, for instance) or quickly switching between a variety of tasks. Ulman Lindenberger and colleagues at the Max Planck Institute for Human Development in Berlin used 12 different tasks to train 101 younger and 103 older adults. Compared with those who received no training, those who participated in 100 daily one-hour training sessions (both young and old) showed significant improvements on tests that measured reasoning, working memory, perceptual speed (in young adults only) and episodic memory (the ability to remember a short list, for example). A statistical measure of how those improvements correlated to one another suggested, Lindenberger concluded, systematic improvements ''at the level of broad abilities.''

At the University of California, Berkeley, Silvia Bunge, director of a laboratory on the building blocks of cognition, takes what she calls ''an everything-but-the-kitchen-sink approach.'' Working with 28 children from low socioeconomic backgrounds, she assigned half of them to play games designed to boost the speed of response times, and the other half to play games that target reasoning skills. ''Quirkle,'' for instance, challenges children to align tiles on a grid to match shapes and colors. After eight weeks of training -- 75 minutes per day, twice a week -- Bunge found that the children in the reasoning group scored, on average, 10 points higher on a nonverbal I.Q. test than they had before the training. Four of the 17 children who played the reasoning games gained an average of more than 20 points. In another study, not yet published, Bunge found improvements in college students preparing to take the LSAT.

Torkel Klingberg, meanwhile, has continued studying the effects of training children with his own variety of working-memory tasks. In October 2010, a company he founded to offer those tasks as a package through psychologists and other training professionals, was bought by Pearson Education, the world's largest provider of educational assessment tools.

Despite continuing academic debates, other commercial enterprises are rushing in to offer an array of ''brain building'' games that make bold promises to improve all kinds of cognitive abilities. Within a block of each other in downtown San Francisco are two of the best known. Posit Science, among the oldest in the field, remains relatively small, giving special attention to those with cognitive disorders. Lumosity began in 2007 and is now by far the biggest of the services, with more than 20 million subscribers. Its games include a sleeker, more entertaining version of the N-back task.

In Chicago Heights, the magic was definitely not happening for one boy staring blankly at the black cats in the Mac Lab. Sipping from a juice box he held in one hand, jabbing at a computer key over and over with the other, he periodically sneaked a peak at his instructor, a look of abject boredom on his freckled face.

''That's the biggest challenge we have as researchers in this field,'' Jaeggi told me, ''to get people engaged and motivated to play our working-memory game and to really stick with it. Some people say it's hard and really frustrating and really challenging and tiring.''

In a follow-up to their 2008 study in young adults, Jaeggi, Buschkuehl and their colleagues published a paper last year that described the effects of N-back training in 76 elementary- and middle-school children from a broad range of social and economic backgrounds. Only those children who improved substantially on the N-back training had gains in fluid intelligence. But their improvement wasn't linked to how high they originally scored on Raven's; children at all levels of cognitive ability improved. And those gains persisted for three months after the training ended, a heartening sign of possible long-term benefits. Although it's unknown how much longer the improvement in fluid intelligence will last, Jaeggi doubts the effects will be permanent without continued practice. ''Do we think they're now smarter for the rest of their lives by just four weeks of training?'' she asks. ''We probably don't think so. We think of it like physical training: if you go running for a month, you increase your fitness. But does it stay like that for the rest of your life? Probably not.''

If future studies confirm the benefits of working-memory training on fluid intelligence, the implications could be enormous. Might children with A.D.H.D. receive working-memory training rather than stimulant drugs like Ritalin? Might students in high school and college do N-back training rather than cramming for their finals? Could a journalist like me write better articles?

Of course, in order to improve, you need to do the training. For some, whether brilliant or not so much, training may simply be too hard -- or too boring.

To increase motivation, the study in Chicago Heights offers third graders a chance to win a $10 prepaid Visa card each week. In collaboration with researchers from the University of Chicago's Initiative on Chicago Price Theory (directed by Steven D. Levitt, of ''Freakonomics'' fame), the study pits the kids against one another, sometimes one on one, sometimes in groups, to see if competition will spur them to try harder. Each week, whichever group receives more points on the N-back is rewarded with the Visa cards. To isolate the motivating effects of the cash prizes, a group of fourth graders is undergoing N-back training with the same black-cats-in-haunted-house program, but with no Visa cards, only inexpensive prizes -- plastic sunglasses, inflatable globes -- as a reward for not talking and staying in their seats.

The boy tapping randomly at his computer without even paying attention to the game? He was in the fourth-grade class. Although the study is not yet complete, perhaps it will show that the opportunity to increase intelligence is not motivation enough. Just like physical exercise, cognitive exercises may prove to be up against something even more resistant to training than fluid intelligence: human nature.

What Your I.Q. Means

116+

17 percent of the world population; superior I.Q.; appropriate average for individuals in professional occupations.

121+

10 percent; potentially gifted; average for college graduates

132+

2 percent; borderline genius; average I.Q. of most Ph.D. recipients

143+

1 percent; genius level; about average for Ph.D.'s in physics

158+

1 in 10,000; Nobel Prize winners

164+

1 in 30,000; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and the chess champion Bobby Fischer.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY CLANG) (MM39) GRAPHICS: The N-Back Game: Games based on N-back tests require players to remember the location of a symbol or the sound of a particular letter presented just before (1-back), the time before last (2-back), the time before that (3-back) and so on. Some researchers say that playing games like this may actually make us smarter. (MM41)

GRAPHIC (SOURCE: ''GREATNESS: WHO MAKES HISTORY AND WHY,'') (GRAPHIC BY DEAN KEITH SIMONTON) (MM44)

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[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4035-P5N0-00MH-F237-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

Here is a selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 13.

Now Playing

\* "AMERICAN PSYCHO," starring Christian Bale. Directed by Mary Harron (R, 104 minutes). Ms. Harron's sleekly brilliant screen adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's notorious 1991 novel pares away most of the book's gore to portray the main character's homicidal butchery as a high-gloss fantasy. The movie's chic blend of satire, comedy and horror is anchored in a star-making performance by Mr. Bale as Patrick Bateman, a fashion-obsessed late-80's Wall Street hotshot who goes on a killing spree. Reese Witherspoon, Chloe Sevigny, Samantha Mathis and Cara Seymour give dazzling cameo performances as the unfortunate women in his life. The movie's message about a soulless surface-obsessed society still applies (Stephen Holden).

\* "BEAU TRAVAIL," starring Denis Lavant and Gregoire Colin. Directed by Claire Denis (not rated, 90 minutes). A loose adaptation of "Billy Budd," moved to the present and set in the East African enclave of Djibouti, Ms. Denis's finest film to date observes the day-to-day rituals of a troop of French Legionnaires training in a harshly beautiful wasteland. The visually spellbinding movie depicts their rigorous drills and rituals as ecstatic rites of purification and the embodiment of an impenetrable masculine mystique. In this version of the allegory, the Claggart figure, Sergeant Galoup (Mr. Lavant), is a disillusioned officer, and his prey (Mr. Colin), a soldier whose humanity offends the sergeant. Not to be missed (Holden).

\* "BLACK AND WHITE," starring Brooke Shields, Mike Tyson and Robert Downey Jr. Directed by James Toback (R, 100 minutes). Mr. Toback, who also wrote the script, hits the subject of white teenagers worshiping black culture with a chain saw, and chunks fly. The movie dashes through more melodrama and moral crises than an entire season of "E.R." In addition to the bigger story, there is a documentary filmmaker (Ms. Shields) and her fey husband (another brilliant performance by Mr. Downey) shooting the whites trying to be ghetto fabulous; there's a street hustler (Power) out to go legit in the recording business; a college hoop star (Allan Houston) caught in a point-fixing scheme; and the weak, corrupt cop (Ben Stiller) who traps him. The movie's sheer pop excitement carries the day. And despite being about teenagers, it's got an adult take on shifting loyalties and envy (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "THE COLOR OF PARADISE," starring Mohsen Ramezani and Hossein Mahjur. Directed by Majid Majidi (PG, 90 minutes). This beautiful Iranian movie about a widowed father who is reluctant to care for his blind 8-year-old son is a heartbreaker done with such conviction that it avoids mawkishness. When the special school the boy has been attending won't keep him on, the father takes his son first to the family's woodland homestead, then leaves him in the care of a blind carpenter. The movie evokes nature with an ecstatic sensuousness, and its heady soundtrack teems with the sounds of birds, insects, wind and rain (Holden).

\* "EAST-WEST," starring Sandrine Bonnaire, Oleg Menchikov and Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Regis Wargnier (PG-13, 115 minutes). After World War II the Soviet government undertook a propaganda campaign to entice Russians living in the West to return home. Aleksei Golovine (Mr. Menchikov) and his French wife, Marie (Ms. Bonnaire), the couple at the heart of Mr. Wargnier's sumptuous, moving historical melodrama, are luckier than most of their fellow returnees, who are killed or imprisoned on arrival. "East-West" chronicles Aleksei's ambivalence about their new life in a drab, depressing communal apartment and Marie's desperate attempts to escape it. The film may be faulted for dissolving the horrors of history in Hollywood-style catharsis, but it also uses the resources of old-fashioned emotionally emphatic filmmaking to shed light on forgotten history. "East-West" is a grand costume pageant, full of grandeur and period detail, but it is also the portrait of a marriage under extreme external and internal pressure, and a showcase for two great film actresses: Ms. Bonnaire and Ms. Deneuve, playing an actress who becomes aware of Marie's plight during a tour of the Soviet Union (A. O. Scott).

"ERIN BROCKOVICH," starring Julia Roberts and Albert Finney. Directed by Steven Soderbergh (R, 127 minutes). After a promising, effective beginning in which Ms. Roberts proves what a fine actress she can be and Mr. Soderbergh demonstrates yet again that he is one of the most thoughtful and original directors in Hollywood, this becomes a doggedly conventional crusader-for-justice Hollywood melodrama, a smooth secondhand amalgam of "Norma Rae" and "Silkwood," with vigorous nods to "The Rainmaker" and "A Civil Action." Ms. Roberts, playing a ***working-class*** single mother who spearheads an effort to win justice for victims of corporate negligence, aggressively solicits an Oscar nomination. After acting for about 40 minutes, Ms. Roberts spends the next 90 content to be a movie star. As the movie drags on, her performance swells to bursting with moral vanity and phony populism. It's as if she had a clause in her contract strictly limiting anyone else's right to be attractive or appealing on screen. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Soderbergh, the most brilliantly unpredictable of filmmakers, could have made a movie so utterly hokey and conventional? (Scott).

"FANTASIA/2000," with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and introductions by Steve Martin, Bette Midler, Mr. Levine, Itzhak Perlman, James Earl Jones, Angela Lansbury, Quincy Jones and Penn and Teller. Various directors (G, 75 minutes). The millennial version of Disney's 1940 groundbreaking fusion of animation and classical music includes seven new segments and keeps one from the original film (the wonderful "Sorcerer's Apprentice," starring Mickey Mouse). Despite the science fiction title and the Imax-size screen on which it is shown, "Fantasia/2000" is more backward-looking than futuristic. The two best segments are "Rhapsody in Blue," a witty Manhattan-in-the-Jazz-Age homage to the caricaturist Al Hirschfeld set to the music of Gershwin, and the finale (set to Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite), in which a cometlike sprite whooshes around the globe explosively creating, destroying and renewing the planet's life forms. Celebrity introductions lend the film the feel of a deluxe corporate promotion. At the Sony Imax Theater, Broadway at 68th Street, Manhattan (Holden).

\* "THE FILTH AND THE FURY." Directed by Julien Temple (R, 105 minutes). If you thought the passage of time had rendered the Sex Pistols quaint objects of pop-culture nostalgia, Mr. Temple's electrifying new documentary will make you think again. The film presents the great, short-lived British punk band in all its scabrous glory -- spewing obscenities on British television, spitting at journalists and fans and generally smashing through the drabness and hypocrisy of 1970's Britain like a brick through a shop window. At a time when every obscenity or aesthetic shock tactic feels like the product of either careful market research or dutiful graduate-school training, the filth and the fury of British punk rock at its moment of impact retains a surprising dignity. These guys hated everything, but at least they believed in something. Nihilism like this makes you glad to be alive (Scott).

\* "HIGH FIDELITY," starring John Cusack, Jill Peterson, Iben Hjejle and Joan Cusack. Directed by Stephen Frears (R, 107 minutes). Although its setting has been moved from London to Chicago, the screen adaptation of Nick Hornby's best-selling 1995 novel is wonderfully true to the spirit of the book. Mr. Cusack has one of his juiciest roles in Rob, a 30-something record store manager and vinyl fanatic sorting through the "Top 5" breakups in his disastrous romantic history while trying to salvage his latest relationship. The movie hilariously captures the mind-set of not-so-young men for whom pop music is a kind of religion and hip musical taste an ultimate measure of a person's worth (Holden).

"JOE GOULD'S SECRET." Starring Sir Ian Holm, Stanley Tucci and Hope Davis. Directed by Mr. Tucci (rated R, 108 minutes). Roaring with obnoxious energy, Sir Ian has one of his greatest roles as Joe Gould, the bohemian writer, alcoholic, loud-mouthed crank and beggar immortalized in two New Yorker profiles by Joseph Mitchell. The episodic movie, steeped in 1940's New York ambiance, tracks the relationship between Gould and the genteel Southern writer (Mr. Tucci) who made him semi-famous. But it is so one-sided that Mitchell barely comes into focus. He is more observer than the participant in their mutually exploitative relationship (Holden).

"KEEPING THE FAITH," starring Edward Norton, Ben Stiller and Jenna Elfman. Directed by Mr. Norton (PG-13, 129 minutes). Mr. Norton doubles as actor and director in this competent comedy with a premise that's both high concept and the punchline to a barroom joke: a priest (Mr. Norton) and a rabbi (Mr. Stiller) fall in love with a woman (Ms. Elfman) they've known since they were children. Mr. Norton wisely chose not to make himself the star. He places that burden on Mr. Stiller's shoulders, and both seem to be doing Woody Allen to compensate for the underwritten material (Mitchell).

"THE ROAD TO EL DORADO," with the voices of Kevin Kline, Kenneth Branagh and Rosie Perez. Directed by Eric Bibo Bergeron and Don Paul (PG, 89 minutes). This animated buddy movie aspires to the airiness of a Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road romp, but it's hopelessly bland even by those timid 1940's standards. Mr. Kline and Mr. Branagh provide the nearly interchangeable voices of two perky con men who foil Hernando Cortes's 1519 invasion of the mythical El Dorado. Though scenic and fast-paced, the main characters have no life, and the movie plays history false. Elton John and Tim Rice provided six clunky songs (Holden).

"RULES OF ENGAGEMENT," starring Tommy Lee Jones and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by William Friedkin (R, 123 minutes). The two powerhouse actors muster all the technique they can bring to bear for this by-the-numbers courtroom drama with flashes of bruising action: it's like the world's most expensive episode of "JAG," with bits of "The Verdict" mixed in for extra flavor. Mr. Jones plays a shaky, alcoholic Marine lawyer brought in to defend his fellow marine (Mr. Jackson) against charges of military misconduct. Since "Rules" makes it clear from the outset that Mr. Jackson's character is innocent, the only suspense comes from wondering if Guy Pearce, as the prosecutor, will be able to maintain his bizarre accent (Mitchell).

"28 DAYS," starring Sandra Bullock, Viggo Mortensen and Dominic West. Directed by Betty Thomas (PG-13, 110 minutes). Sandra Bullock gives a creditable performance as Gwen Cummings, a fun-loving New York writer ordered to visit a drug and alcohol rehabilitation clinic after a drunken car accident. Veering unsteadily between comedy and suds, the movie portrays Gwen's fellow residents at Serenity Glen as a bunch of goofy caricatures and confuses things further with its dime-store psychologizing. It ultimately reduces the rehab experience into a zany (but mostly unfunny) summer-camp farce (Holden).

"WHERE THE MONEY IS," starring Paul Newman. Directed by Marek Kanievska (PG-13, 89 minutes). A heist comedy, bizarrely overdirected at times, in which Mr. Newman comes through with a thoughtful, lean performance. He's burned down to pure essence now, and his concentration has never been better. That he chose to break through in this wafer of a film about a convicted bank robber is a shock; maybe he realizes he's only a got a few shots left, and he doesn't want to waste any of them. With Linda Fiorentino, who's quite good herself once she lowers her vamping a few notches (Mitchell).

Film Series

"STANLEY KUBRICK." Stanley Kubrick was 21 when he made his first short film, "Day of the Fight," a 1950 documentary that he sold to RKO-Pathe. Kubrick, a Bronx-born expatriate, was 70 last year when he died in England, his home since the 1960's, just before the release of his 13th feature film, "Eyes Wide Shut." Famously reclusive, notorious for his obsessive perfectionism, his meticulous attention to detail, his predilection for repeated takes, he created a body of work notable for classics like "Paths of Glory" (1957), "Dr. Strangelove" (1964)," "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968) and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971). His coldly brilliant films, which explored humanity's baser instincts with visual flair and frequently savage wit, are to be revisited beginning today in a retrospective at the Film Forum that begins with a weeklong run of "Barry Lyndon" (1975). This visually stunning adaptation of Thackeray's novel won four Academy Awards. The series continues through May 11 at the Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, in the South Village. Tickets: $9; $5 for members. Information: (212) 727-8110 (Lawrence Van Gelder).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Christian Bale plays a Wall Street hot-shot who goes on a killing spree in "American Psycho." (Kerry Hayes/Lion Gate Films); Linda Fiorentino and Paul Newman portray partners in crime in "Where the Money Is." (USA Films)

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[***Of Clothes, Sing Heavenly Muse!;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RRS-JHR0-000P-N503-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The enigmatic women who inspire the creations of fashion's top designers.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RRS-JHR0-000P-N503-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By SUZY MENKES

**Body**

DURING the 12 years that Amanda Harlech worked for love, not money, alongside John Galliano, the meeting of the minds was so instinctive that she would just say, "I like red," and the maverick designer would be off on a creative tear. She would change clothes "four, five, six times a day," she said, "because great ideas would come from nowhere, and suddenly everything you were wearing would be completely wrong, and you'd have to reinvent yourself."

The whippet-thin Lady Harlech, a former fashion editor who married into the British aristocracy, is probably the best-known muse in fashion today -- one of the industry's least understood, most controversial but seemingly essential roles. Leading designers, like Mr. Galliano, Karl Lagerfeld, Alexander McQueen and Ann Demeulemeester, don't just create clothes for an upscale Everywoman; often, they design with one specific woman in mind, someone who inspires them and reflects their image back.

A muse might be close by, working alongside them daily as a stylist, publicist or under some nebulous title like creative adviser -- or far away, like the rock star Patti Smith, whose inspiration Ms. Demeulemeester describes as "something really poetic."

"I see myself as a classical muse -- the Greek thing of inspiring learning," said Lady Harlech, whose aristocratic cheekbones and odalisque elegance make her a central casting vision of a muse. "There is a need of some figure in the highly sophisticated image-making houses: something romantic and ephemeral, a link with the old way of creating that is rapidly disappearing," she added.

A muse is not simply an icon. That cult status is reserved for Jackie, Marilyn and now Diana. The muse is a constant source of inspiration by her presence or the input she gives a designer.

"I hate the word 'muse,' " Mr. Lagerfeld said. "But I am not a woman, so I need an ideal incarnation of the woman of the moment as I see her. It helps me to express what I feel, and I design with her in mind."

Mr. Lagerfeld has had a string of muses, starting with the droll French model Ines de la Fressange in the 1980's. His latest is Lady Harlech, whom he snapped up after the deep relationship between her and Mr. Galliano abruptly ended last year, when Mr. Galliano was hired to design for the house of Dior -- and he did not fight for a position for her.

Her role at the Lagerfeld-led house of Chanel, where she has a salary but no job title, does not mean that she dresses head to toe in the designer's clothes. At the opening of a Bruce Weber exhibition in London recently, she wore a blend of 1930's vintage clothing: a sparrow-small Wallis Simpson-type jacket, with a long, flowered bias-cut skirt and Manolo Blahnik shoes.

So is a muse just an image maker, a beautiful woman meant to draw the attention of the press and the public to the designer? No, that was more accurately the role of the voluptuous Claudia Schiffer, or that of the tomboy-chic Stella Tennant, whom Mr. Lagerfeld photographs as the face of the house.

Mr. Lagerfeld explained: "Amanda is also important. Her style, her beauty, her wit, her spirit bring life to the studio, and it would be gloomier without her." The designer's faxes clatter across the night from Paris to the Mount, the rambling ancestral Harlech house in Wales. "Her presence gives a cosmopolitan mood to this very French business," Mr. Lagerfeld added. "She brings something very special to Chanel."

In Greek mythology, the nine Muses were goddesses who presided over literature and the arts and sciences; at least since the Romantic era in the 19th century, they have been flesh-and-blood women who inspired artists and authors and often were their sexual intimates. Picasso had Marie-Therese Walter, Dora Maar and Francoise Gilot, lovers and artist's models. Jonathan Swift had his Stella and Vanessa.

Isabella Blow, who has played a key role in the careers of Mr. McQueen, the milliner Philip Treacy and the knitting wizard Julien McDonald, articulates something that is particular to fashion muses: They inspire mostly gay designers. She said that she has "become every queen's icon," yet added that the deep friendship "can get quite sexual; it does have a romance."

She sees her influence as both visual and cerebral. "People say that I am inspiring, that I have a visual swagger," said Ms. Blow, whose towering hats are her trademark. "But I read a lot about historical characters -- and these designers don't read. My connection with Alexander was often about those characters, and through his mother, who is a genealogist."

Seeing Ms. Blow, cock feathers swooping down toward carmine lips, ball and chain dangling round the waist of a black dress, who could doubt that she was incarnating the image of Mr. McQueen, fashion's bad boy, whom she discovered and aggressively promoted? Mr. McQueen, like Mr. Galliano a son of the ***working class*** (his father drove a taxi), has spent weekends absorbing the culture of the Blows' crumbling family estate in Gloucestershire in southwest England.

But he hoots with laughter at the idea of Isabella the Muse. "She's a patron," he said. "There is no way that she could be my muse. She is an enthusiast. She loves loads of designers. Anyway, if you give one persona of what clothes should look like, you limit yourself."

When Mr. McQueen was absorbed into Paris haute couture last year -- he was named the designer at Givenchy -- Ms. Blow was left out in the cold, and she conceded that however you describe her working relationship with young designers, it is "very distressing when it ends."

In the case of Mr. Treacy, the milliner said he owed his career, which has included making hats for Chanel and founding his own business, to the fact that Ms. Blow picked him out as a student and asked him to make her wedding headdresses. Later she styled his runway shows. "Izzy is the most unorthodox person I have ever come across -- she's unique -- and that makes her misunderstood," he said.

But he, too, denies that Ms. Blow is a muse.

"I don't think Izzy is a muse," he said. "She gives young people encouragement when they need it most. She believes in creativity, and she creates excitement for you as a creator -- and she also makes you feel great in a personal way."

Although they are little known to the public, muses, by whatever name, have long had a role in design houses, especially in France. Mitzah Bricard, who dressed exotically in turbans and vertiginous high heels, became Christian Dior's muse in the 1950's.

"She was his dancer and courtesan," Alexander Liberman was quoted as saying in a 1994 French biography of Dior. "With her rustling silks, her poses, her pearls and her points of view on everything and nothing, she was feminine seduction incarnate."

Maybe the unfathomable nature of the relationships explains why designers and their muses often split up painfully.

"What a touchy subject!" exclaimed Carla Sozzani, the former muse and business partner of the Italian designer Romeo Gigli. Their relationship ended publicly and acrimoniously in 1991 like an ugly divorce. Ms. Sozzani has since gone on to build an eclectic store and art gallery in Milan, which features the ethnic romanticism that made Gigli collections so magical.

"I don't want to say that Romeo was a sponge -- it was working together in a creative way," Ms. Sozzani said. "I was doing research. I would say that I love this, and he would do it. But I wasn't capable -- alone, I couldn't have done it."

Ms. Sozzani, widely described by the fashion press at the time as a muse, is yet another person inside the industry who isn't quite comfortable with the term. She prefers to think of herself as having been an inspiration and a womanly presence. "Designers need to have an ideal woman," she said. "I don't mean, to be physically there, but she has to be a term of reference. They don't know the body and shape of a real person."

Perhaps the role of muse has changed from the passive goddess on a Greek pedestal to a more active participant. Carine Roitfeld is officially a stylist to the South American-born photographer Mario Testino, but both concede that there is more to their eight-year partnership, which has created memorable images, including Gucci campaigns that have defined 90's style.

The French-born Ms. Roitfeld, an unvarnished beauty with a minimalist fashion style, said she considers Mr. Testino, the godfather to her two children, as "my family."

"I would be flattered to be his muse," she said. "We have a lot in common. We are the same generation, think the same way, we are good friends, and we are crazy together. We share the same fascination with glamour. He likes me in high heels, and if I wore Birkenstocks to the studio, he would send me home."

Mr. Testino said that he admires Ms. Roitfeld as an editor, telling him what is good and bad. "She represents the woman that I love," he said. "It inspires me to see her and talk to her. She has been a major influence. A lot of male designers think how they might dress if they were a woman. I think fashion should be seen through a real girl."

And what if the designer-muse relationship is "a friendship between girls," as Anne McNally describes her role at New York-based Tocca, where she is the buddy, confidante and spokeswoman for the designer Marie-Anne Oudejans.

"I am a kind of muse -- it is a mutual feeling about each other," said Ms. McNally, a former ballet dancer and fashion stylist. "When Marie-Anne met me, it developed like a friendship. I like the way she approaches fashion, very classical, with a little bit of funkiness, not stiff or complicated."

And unlike the male designers with their women muses, both wear the clothes.

Ms. McNally added: "I didn't experience working with gay men, but with Marie-Anne it is about friendship and trusting what she does. We talk about a lot of things that are not fashion."

Perhaps the closest that fashion comes to the idea of an intense relationship with a distant muse is Ms. Demeulemeester's evocation of Patti Smith. The designer was captivated as a teen-ager by a picture of the rock star in the window of a record store and by the music when she bought the album.

"It was receiving an energy, something beautiful, like a present," said Ms. Demeulemeester, who always works to Ms. Smith's music and has used it for all 10 of her shows.

"She's not my icon -- an icon to me is an obsession. She is just an element in my work," said Ms. Demeulemeester, who bears a strong resemblance to the singer. She dismisses "muse" as a superficial fashion term and said that the relationship can't even be described as a real friendship. They know each other only slightly. "No, we're not friends," Ms. Demeulemeester said. "A friend is someone you see regularly.".

And then she gave this elusive description of fashion inspiration made flesh: "It's something really beautiful -- and I don't want to break it by talking too much about it."

**Graphic**

Photos: Inspirers and inspired: muses and their artists, from left, Amanda Harlech (Mario Testino); and Karl Lagerfeld (Pat/Arnal/Stills); Anne McNally (Roxanne Lowit); and Marie-Anne Oudejans (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times); Carine Roitfeld and Mario Testino (Mario Testino); Patti Smith (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times); and Ann Demeulemeester. (Corina Lecca)(pg. 1); Isabella Blow and Alexander McQueen (Associated Press); She played a key role in his career, but he called her "a patron" and not a muse. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

Drawing (Anja Kroenker)(pg. 1)

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[***After the Storm, One Town Finds 1,000 Ways to Give***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HJR-2CX0-TW8F-G39V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.

**Body**

THAT Saturday, Aug. 27, Rose Parsee, or Mother Rose to her church and her three younger generations, got a call from a daughter, Kathlyn Locke. Ms. Locke, Ms. Parsee and most of the clan lived in two houses and an apartment in Harvey, just south of New Orleans on the city's west bank. A hardy brick of a woman, intense and passionate, Ms. Parsee had never been out of the area in her 65 years.

''What are you going to do?'' she said Ms. Locke asked.

''About what? Ms. Parsee said, putting her on.

''About the storm coming,'' Kathlyn said. ''It's a Category 4.''

''I'm going,'' she said. ''Don't count me out.''

One hundred and eighteen miles north of Harvey is St. Francisville, a Mississippi River town of 1,700 where John Audubon painted many birds. The seat of West Feliciana Parish, it is the home of one of Louisiana's best public school systems, of poor rural blacks living in trailers and one-bathroom cinderblock houses, of stately plantation homes under canopies of skyscraping oaks, of cotton and poisonous snakes and a few stubborn artifacts of segregation, like the array of flapping Confederate flags for sale on Highway 61, the town's commercial artery.

That Saturday, the Rev. Joe Ratcliff called the 15 deacons of his wide red-brick, predominantly white First Baptist Church. On a slight knoll, encircled by acres of lawn and asphalt and near the intersections of Highways 61 and 10, the church is a conspicuous port in a storm.

''They all said, 'Open the shelter,' '' Mr. Ratcliff said. ''We chose not to be a Red Cross or FEMA shelter. We wanted our own people to sacrifice to take care of the needy.''

With that, First Baptist threw St. Francisville's first spark to ignite the kind of ad-hoc, small-town philanthropy that would help hundreds of thousands of Hurricane Katrina's accidental homeless restart their lives. For two months, West Feliciana Parish went to such lengths to succor evacuees -- like scrubbing their clothes and commandeering a New Orleans school bus to deliver their meals -- that some 300 are expected to try to settle here.

At the peak of the exodus, weeks before the arrival of the cavalry -- the household names of charity and federal government assistance -- the parish's half white, half black population of 15,000 would serve close to 1,000 evacuees. Hundreds scattered to private homes. After First Baptist took in 57, the parish Police Jury -- the local government -- signed up all 101 rooms of the Best Western motel for a shelter and set up a parish community center to take 46 evacuees. The second week after the storm, the Rev. Ronald E. Hardy Sr. and his wife, Robbin, known in the church as First Lady, opened the sanctuary of their black Faith, Hope and Love Worship Center to 23 more.

Help sprang up everywhere. Anne Butler, owner of the Butler-Greenwood Plantation, a bed and breakfast, used $2,000 that former guests had donated to buy $25 gift certificates for 80 children to get clothes at Fred's Super Dollar Store. Facing a surge of new shoppers, Fred's manager, Susan Hammer, gave 10 evacuees $5.35-an-hour cashier jobs.

One was Evelyn Roach, 47, who spent three days on New Orleans rooftops before a helicopter lifted her out. ''That Saturday I left on a bus,'' Ms. Roach said. ''I thought it was going to Dallas. But Dallas was full, so we went to Fort Smith, Ark. They checked us into the Army base up there.'' She caught a ride to the bus station and went to Shreveport. Her nephew picked her up at 1:30 a.m. and took her to St. Francisville, where her sister lives with her husband, three children and two grandchildren. ''I felt,'' she said, ''I'm back home!''

Her sister gave her a room. At Fred's, ''I filled out an application, and Susan hired me,'' she said. Her brother-in law lent her a truck to get to work.

At Fred's Pharmacy, the Police Jury picked up the tab for filling prescriptions for the week until a foundation took over. The sick turned to the splendid new clinic of Chaillie P. Daniel and Timothy R. Lindsey, young family doctors.

''Everyone was seen,'' Dr. Lindsey said. ''In September we saw 250 evacuees. Of the 250, about half could not pay and had no insurance. For the most part they were people running out of medicines or needing preventive care, routine labs, tetanus, hepatitis.''

Dr. Daniel said, ''We treated postoperative people.'' One lady had had two knees replaced 48 hours earlier. ''She had no follow up,'' he said. ''She came in in a wheelchair. We had a lady with acute pancreatitis, in a lot of pain. She definitely would have required a hospital. She wanted to fly to San Francisco. We looked up a doctor in San Francisco, and she had surgery the next day.''

As for the payments, Dr. Lindsey said: ''We have kept track of it as office overhead. We will probably turn in some charges to FEMA, but we don't know if we will be paid.''

Search for a Haven

Sunday, the morning before the hurricane, Mother Rose; Ms. Locke; two other daughters, June Hollins and Niya Parsee; Ella Montgomery, a niece; and 10 others packed into two cars and a pickup for a grinding, often frantic 12-day search for asylum from their homes in the New Orleans area. Crossing Louisiana, they stalled in traffic entering Texas and turned back, to Georgia and Florida, then moved into New Orleans and out again.

''We were 'The Family of 15,' '' Ms. Parsee said, to motelkeepers and the manager of a Chick-fil-A in Valdosta, Ga., who fed them free breakfast and lunch.

Their cash dwindling, the caravan stopped in a ***working-class*** resort in Florida near Disney World, where Ms. Locke owned a time share allowing them to stay.

Ms. Parsee said the developer offered her, Niya Parsee and Ms. Hollins $100 each to attend a 90-minute time-share sales pitch. Pitch over, the developer pressed the women to use their $100 for down payments. Instead, they took the money and ran.

Over the Labor Day weekend, the family heard that New Orleans was drying up. Hoping their odyssey was over, they returned and stopped at the house of June Hollins and her husband, Tim. ''It was like, gone,'' Ms. Hollins said. Mother Rose said, ''My house looked like a monster ripped it apart.''

Then it was off to the long abandoned house that Mr. Hollins's late grandmother owned in La Place, 30 miles west of New Orleans.

A Town Pitches In

In St. Francisville, volunteers were swarming. There were ladies doing 30 pounds each of evacuee laundry a day at First Baptist. A retired registered nurse, Carolyn Porche, visited shelters every day for six weeks. ''People just lined up,'' she said. ''It was hard to quit.''

The Happi Llandiers, a charity of retired black schoolteachers, scrounged up uniforms, shoes and supplies for evacuee schoolchildren. To help evacuees register online for housing aid, Linda Fox, the parish librarian, brought in tutors and more computers and stretched the library's hours. Over the two weeks after the storm, evacuees filled out 2,658 FEMA forms, 160 unemployment forms, 85 food stamp forms and 40 missing person forms.

Anne Butler's cousin Bob Butler, 51, a courthouse lawyer in St. Francisville's pretty historic district downtown, thought about food. He got catfish nets stretched across the Mississippi. He went to the David family, owners of the town's two supermarkets. ''What do you have in your coolers?'' he said he asked them. ''They said: 'Take whatever you want. We've got 352 pounds of Boston butt,' '' or pork shoulder.

Wednesday morning, two days after the storm, Mr. Butler hurried over to the office of W. Conville Lemoine, executive vice president of the Bank of St. Francisville and a friend since first grade. ''We've got to feed those people,'' Mr. Butler told him. Mr. Lemoine set up a Katrina victim food fund to which donors gave $47,744 through Nov. 3. He called in the bank's executive secretary, Kim X. Riggle, and asked her to work full time overseeing food services.

Wednesday evening, Mr. Butler and Ms. Riggle called a meeting in the West Feliciana Middle School dining room. Among those present were Bert F. Babers 3rd, president of the Police Jury, Floyd L. Younger Jr., the jury manager, Alline Baker, a school system food services manager, Lloyd Lindsey, the superintendent of schools, Pastor Ratcliff and clergy from three other churches. ''Here's my idea,'' Ms. Riggle said Mr. Butler told the group. ''We can feed these people.''

For nearly six weeks, starting at 11 a.m. after students' meals had been prepared, volunteers took over the school's industrial kitchen. They cooked 1,000 biscuits a day. They pitched a wide meal tent outside First Baptist. Inmates from the city jail cleaned it up and made $5 and $10 contributions from their work accounts into Mr. Lemoine's fund.

Volunteers ferried meals in plastic-foam boxes to isolated homes that had taken in evacuees, like the widow Rosa Pate's 50-year-old place on eight acres up rural Parker Road.

One story, with one bath and two bedrooms, the house has cinder-block walls painted turquoise. Rosa planted the crape myrtle trees in front. Close to the house she also has live oaks, pin oaks, a gun tree, a pecan tree and a hickory tree.

Darling, Ms. Pate's family nickname, took in her Williams family relatives -- blind and stooped James Sr., 94, his estranged wife, Katie, 88, both under the same roof for the first time in 41 years, and their sons, James Jr., 52, and Peter, 48, both ministers of churches in New Orleans that Katrina washed out. Ms. Pate, 63, moved to the living room couch.

''We stayed in Baton Rouge two nights,'' James Jr. said. ''My brother Peter said, 'Let's call Darling.' She said she was waiting for us to call. She said, 'Come on in, the door is open.' We were just blessed.''

The Police Jury begged and borrowed to get out the food. Its cars and trucks tied up delivering meals and care packages of soap, toothbrushes and toothpaste, deodorant, washcloths and towels. The jury needed more vehicles. So it also stole.

On a rural road just out of town, the jury found a school bus from New Orleans. Evacuees had left the keys and sprayed off their fingerprints with the fire extinguisher. ''We decided we would acquire it,'' Mr. Babers said. The second week of October, he said, the Orleans Parish sheriff called. ''He said, 'Lock that bus up.' '' Mr. Babers declined. ''We said, 'We're using it to feed your people.' ''

Finding St. Francisville

The Parsees thought they had found refuge in La Place. But that first night, Hurricane Rita ripped through town. Ms. Locke, her husband and children bailed out for Houston. Down to 11, the family drove to Baton Rouge where Didi, a former girlfriend of one of Ms. Parsee's three sons, put them up.

Didi's Uncle Roy is a deputy sheriff in St. Francisville, Mother Rose learned. Didi told her, ''They got a shelter opening.''

So into the bleak rural night of Sept. 8, the clan set off north on 61.

''Deers!'' Mother Rose recalled shouting. ''They have deers outside.''

''No streetlights,'' Ella Montgomery said she said. ''Cities have streetlights.''

Terrified, June Hollins said, ''We have to stop.''

''In the name of Jesus,'' Mother Rose said, ''keep going.''

Downtown, they came upon Faith, Hope and Love's wide, beige, one-story cinderblock church.

''We made it,'' Ms. Hollins said later. ''It was mattresses, not cots. Sheets, nice blankets.'' Out of money, they didn't need any. ''They brought food, supplies, whatever we needed.''

Ms. Parsee said: ''We had nurses show up and do checkups. We had flu shots.''

Some Help, Some Hindrance

Hoary bureaucracies kept putting up road blocks in St. Francisville. The jury needed help reaching unknown evacuees in homes like Rosa Pate's. Mr. Babers asked the post office to deliver notices urging evacuees to register so they could get meals and rides to school. '' 'You could never do that,' '' he said the post office told him. 'You have to go to the board of governors in Washington.' ''

At the parish's small community-center shelter where the Happi Llandiers has its office, Peggy Casanova, the secretary, said that departed evacuees without new addresses still use the shelter to pick up housing assistance checks from FEMA.

One day in late October a stack of letters, two from FEMA, arrived. Affixed to the stack was an unsigned handwritten note from the letter carrier. ''The people at this address needs to put up a box,'' it said, ''or I will have to return all the mail. Please correct address. Thanks.''

The second week after the storm, Red Cross and FEMA officials began trickling through St. Francisville, but their help was slow. The Red Cross contracted with four local restaurants to prepare evacuee meals beginning Oct. 7.

The Police Jury needed FEMA's help with the Best Western bill that was running $150,000 a month.

''They wanted us to project it for 60 days,'' Mr. Babers said. ''Then they went away with their little forms. We didn't hear anything at all for a while. Then they called and said, 'Within a day or two, we will send somebody with a form to fill out.' I said, 'Wait, I've already done that.' They gave us $23,000 as a first draw.''

'Thank You, Jesus'

During the six weeks the Parsees lingered in the shelter, daughter Niya, fed up, drove off to Texas. Mother Rose, Ms. Hollins and Ms. Montgomery got 12-week state-financed jobs answering phones and cleaning in the Faith, Hope and Love Worship Center. Tim Hollins, who had been a postal worker in New Orleans, found work at the St. Francisville post office.

In late October, the shelter closed, and the Parsees settled in a three-bedroom, two-bath brick ranch house on a tidy subdivision street. A gift from the son of the church's late secretary, the house was fixed up by volunteers with new paint, carpets and appliances, except for the worn-out 1960's harvest gold refrigerator. First Lady Robbin Hardy put her plan for a displaced girls' home on hold.

After church Oct. 23, Pastor Hardy dropped in.

''I have a surprise,'' he said.

''Thank you, Jesus, thank you Lord.'' Three joyful women and two teenage daughters whooped and clapped.

''The refrigerator's out, right?'' he said.

''Thank you, Lord!'' Mother Rose said, taking to her feet.

''So we're going to buy you a new one.''

''Thank you, Jesus!'' they said.

Outside, Pastor Hardy said: ''I did what I would have wanted done to me. If it was me, I'd want you to allow me a season when I can get back up. That's what I'm trying to do.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: REFUGE -- The Rev. Ronald E. Hardy Sr. with Rose Parsee, far right, and members of her family at the house lent by his congregation. (Photo by Jim Wilson/The New York Times)(pg. F1)

THANKS -- Ella Montgomery prays during a service at the Rev. Hardy's church, which sheltered her and her daughter.

ASSISTANCE -- Katie Williams looks on as her son, James, helps his father at a relative's home. Below, Alline Baker, Bob Butler and Kim Regal organized meals for evacuees. (Photographs by Jim Wilson/The New York Times)(pg. F20)Map of Louisiana highlights St. Francisville. (pg. F20)

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[***A Constant Struggle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HJH-S9P0-TW8F-G2HW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Gordon S. Wood

Gordon S. Wood is the Alva O. Way University professor and professor of history at Brown University. His most recent book is ''The Americanization of Benjamin Franklin.''

**Body**

The Rise of American Democracy

Jefferson to Lincoln.

By Sean Wilentz.

Illustrated. 1,044 pp.

W. W. Norton & Company. $35.

This enormous book by Sean Wilentz has been in the works a long time, and the results are nothing less than monumental. An old-fashioned account of the rise of democracy during the first half of the 19th century, it is a tour de force of historical compilation and construction that more than justifies all the articles and monographs on antebellum politics written by historians over the past several decades. Wilentz, the Dayton-Stockton professor of history at Princeton, has drawn extensively on these secondary sources and on his own research. He has brought it all together into a clear and generally readable narrative.

Coming in at just over a thousand pages, ''The Rise of American Democracy'' is one of the longest works of history to appear recently, and this at a time when most histories and biographies are getting shorter, presumably because of our reduced attention spans. Wilentz makes no concessions to his readers' patience. He has filled his book with an extraordinary multitude of details about nearly every conceivable aspect of antebellum politics, both at the state and federal levels. Of course, since context is everything in history, excessive detail of this kind warms a historian's heart, though whether anyone except a few scholars and information-hungry graduate students will have the stamina actually to slog through such an enormous work remains to be seen. Awesome in its coverage of political events, this is a long, long read.

Wilentz's first book, ''Chants Democratic'' (1984), was a celebrated study of the rise of the ***working class*** in the early Republic, an especially appropriate subject for a scholar known for his devotion to liberal causes and the Democratic Party. This new book is an outgrowth of that earlier work, but it is not likely to receive similar acclaim from the scholarly left; for it very much runs against the flow of current academic trends. Most historians today, especially those writing about the period Wilentz is concerned with -- the period of the early Republic from Jefferson to Lincoln -- are interested in what they call ''the new political history.'' They seek to transcend the usual stuff of politics -- elections, parties and the political maneuvering of elite white males in government -- and to provide a history that views politics through the lenses of race, gender and popular culture. So they devote themselves primarily to the symbols and theatrics of politics -- the various ways common people, including women and blacks, expressed themselves and participated in the political process, whether in parades, costume or drinking toasts. These historians believe culture trumps policy and power. They explicitly reject any sort of narrative of dead white males bringing about the triumph of democracy within the two-party system. This, however, is the very subject of Wilentz's book.

Wilentz is well aware of the new political history. Indeed, elsewhere he has expressed his contempt for it, assailing it as filled with ''bargain basement Nietzsche and Foucault, admixed with earnest American do-goodism, that still passes for 'theory' in much of the academy.'' In opposition to the fashionable emphasis on culture, he wants, he says, to highlight the independent existence and importance of politics. However significant social and cultural developments were to the American people in the early Republic, these developments, he claims, were perceived primarily in political terms -- ''as struggles over contending ideas of democracy.'' From the late 19th century to our own day we are apt to see economics, society or culture as the ground for politics and political institutions. But, Wilentz says, for the people of the early Republic, politics, government and constitutional order, not economics, not society, not culture, were still the major means by which the world and the men who ran it were interpreted.

He therefore feels justified in making this in-your-face challenge to the new political historians and in writing this old-fashioned narrative. By focusing on men like Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, however, he does ''not mean to say the presidents and other great men were solely responsible for the vicissitudes of American politics,'' since ordinary Americans had a profound influence on the exercise of power. ''But just as political leaders did not create American democracy out of thin air, so the masses of Americans did not simply force their way into the corridors of power.'' Leaders were always important. It is a fact of life, he writes, ''that some individuals have more influence on history than others,'' even if they cannot make history as they please.

Conceived as a narrative, his book, Wilentz explains, ''can be read as a chronicle of American politics from the Revolution to the Civil War with the history of democracy at its center, or as an account of how democracy arose in the United States (and with what consequences) in the context of its time.'' His huge work is divided into three sections, each a good-sized book in itself: the first (almost 200 pages), entitled ''The Crisis of the New Order,'' on the Jeffersonians; the second and the heart of the book (340 pages), entitled ''Democracy Ascendant,'' on the Jacksonians; and the third (270 pages), entitled ''Slavery and the Crisis of American Democracy,'' on the coming of the Civil War. These sections are bounded by a prologue and an epilogue.

The rise of democracy, Wilentz points out, was not a given from the outset. It ''developed piecemeal, by fits and starts, at the state and local as well as the national level.'' It emerged, he says, through a constant struggle among different groups that cut across distinctions of wealth, power and interest (though they often claim the same democratic ideals). In order to demonstrate this struggle, Wilentz takes us through all the national elections (and some of the state ones), the presidential administrations, many of the Congressional bills passed and defeated, and much of the complicated political maneuvering of the period. This accumulation of detail nicely recaptures some of the contingency of day-to-day politics that the participants experienced. Along the way Wilentz offers some beautifully drawn and concise vignettes of important events -- like the antislavery printer Elijah Lovejoy's martyrdom, the Amistad affair, the Dorr Rebellion of dissidents in Rhode Island and John Brown's raid -- that are better than many book-length accounts.

We can get some idea of where Wilentz is coming from by noting the book that seems to have most influenced him -- Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s Pulitzer Prize-winning history, ''The Age of Jackson.'' Before Schlesinger's book appeared in 1945, Wilentz writes, ''historians thought of American democracy as the product of an almost mystical frontier or agrarian egalitarianism.'' But Schlesinger, reflecting the New Deal perspective of the time, ''toppled that interpretation by placing democracy's origins firmly in the context of the founding generation's ideas about the few and the many, and by seeing democracy's expansion as an outcome of struggles between classes, not sections.'' ''The Age of Jackson,'' Wilentz says, located the origin of modern liberal politics in the belief of Jefferson and Jackson that the demands of the future, in Schlesinger's words, ''will best be met by a society in which no single group is able to sacrifice democracy and liberty to its own interests.'' In 1945, the interest group Schlesinger was most worried about was what he labeled ''the business community'' or ''the capitalists.''

Although Wilentz is too sophisticated to posit something as crude as ''the business community,'' he nevertheless believes that some sort of class struggle lay behind the politics of the antebellum period. In other words, he writes as a good liberal, but an old-fashioned New Deal one. Like Schlesinger in 1945, he wants in 2005 to speak to the liberalism of the modern Democratic Party. By suggesting that the race, gender and cultural issues that drive much of the modern left are not central to the age of Jackson, Wilentz seems to imply that they should not be central to the future of the present-day Democratic Party.

A S he was for Schlesinger, Andrew Jackson is Wilentz's hero. Jackson's presidential victory in 1828, he writes, ''marked the culmination of more than 30 years of American democratic development.'' In fact, Wilentz may help to recover the descriptive rubric ''the age of Jackson,'' which has fallen out of favor since Schlesinger wrote his book. In his account of the politics of the time, Wilentz includes all the usual personalities and anecdotes -- the Eaton affair, the clashes with Calhoun, the Bank veto -- and he generally comes down on the side of Jackson and the Jacksonians. He even makes credible Jackson's radical monetary actions, including the bizarre policy of removing all the federal government's specie deposits from state banks and placing them in the Treasury vaults, where they would have little effect on the money supply or the economy.

In 1957, Bray Hammond, in his Pulitzer Prize-winning study, ''Banks and Politics in America from the Revolution to the Civil War,'' severely criticized Jackson's banking and monetary policies, suggesting that they were backed by state bankers and others who wanted a free hand in running their commercial affairs. But Wilentz shows that Jackson, unlike Jefferson, was no promoter of laissez-faire economics. Instead, his antibank policies were devised to keep private interests, particularly speculative and business interests, out of the government. ''The key to Jacksonian politics,'' Wilentz says, was ''a belief that relatively small groups of self-interested men were out to destroy majority rule and, with it, the Constitution.'' The Jacksonian Democrats ''assumed that politics and government institutions remained the primary locus of power,'' and that power was to be used to protect the majority of ''producers'' -- farmers, mechanics and other workers in the society -- from ''a nonproducer elite'' composed of bankers, speculators and other moneyed men. ''If they did not invent democracy,'' he writes, ''the Jacksonians did make this way of thinking the basic credo of American liberal democracy.'' There's a hint in all this history that the present-day Democratic Party might greatly improve its bearings by going back to its Jacksonian roots.

These days, most historians would not look to Jackson for anything worthwhile. Indeed, modern scholars have bashed Jackson nearly as much as they have Jefferson, picturing him as a raging fanatic, a passionate slaveholder and a violent Indian-hater who removed Native Americans to the trans-Mississippi West and created the ''trail of tears.'' This sort of criticism did not exist 60 years ago. Schlesinger never even mentioned Indian removal in ''The Age of Jackson''; in fact, he has no entry for Indians in his index. Unlike Schlesinger, however, Wilentz confronts the issue head on, offering a generally impartial account. Nor does he deny the many contradictions and dilemmas of Jacksonian egalitarianism, especially on racial matters and slavery. He concedes, for example, that the Jacksonians celebrated the expansion of white suffrage in some of the Northern states in the 1830's, giving the vote even to white aliens, at the very time they were taking the franchise away from free blacks who had voted for a generation or more (mostly for Federalists and Whigs). Wilentz also admits that the Jacksonians tolerated slavery and were friendlier than their opponents to efforts that would widen its spread. But he denies the charge of some historians that this made the Jacksonians a proslavery party. In short, he makes no attempt to hide the flaws of either Jackson or the Jacksonian Democrats.

He does, however, provide as powerful a defense of Jackson and Jacksonianism as we are likely to get in this day and age. Wilentz insists that the various recent interpretations of the Jacksonian era contain only partial truths. These are the studies that emphasize an entrepreneurial consensus over economic conflicts; that believe religion, ethnicity and other cultural issues drove Jacksonian politics; that contend the Jacksonian Democratic Party was an alliance of slaveholders and racists eager to clear out the Indians in order to make the imperial republic safe for slavery; and that depict Jacksonianism as a movement of subsistence farmers and urban workers resisting capitalism. ''All of them,'' he says, ''slight the dynamic and unstable character of the Democracy's rise and development, and the primacy of politics and political thinking in the conflicts of the era.'' And none of them can take away from the fact that the Jacksonians ''created the first mass democratic national political party in modern history.''

Wilentz is especially anxious to distinguish the Jacksonian Democrats from the Whigs. The Democrats, he writes, were economic radicals intent on creating a hard-money currency regulated by the federal government. By contrast, the Whigs believed in a ''credit-and-paper, boom-and-bust'' economic system. Moreover, he denies the claim of some historians that the Whigs were the optimistic party of active government and the Democrats the pessimistic party of laissez-faire. If anything, he says, the opposite was true. To Wilentz the Whigs resemble the Republicans of today. ''As long as the Whigs appeared to be the party of the rich and privileged,'' he says, ''they would never win a national election.'' But in 1840 they reinvented themselves as the party of the people. ''For the Whigs to purport to represent the people,'' Wilentz says, ''they had to talk more like the people, or how they thought the people talked.'' So they stressed American exceptionalism, denied the existence of classes and ''with a combination of calculation and improvisation'' mastered the art of popular flattery, repackaging their message in order to bamboozle the public. The Whigs even had their own boy genius, the 43-year-old insider-manipulator Thurlow Weed. The Whigs, Wilentz writes, were especially successful in ''reorienting debates along ethical and cultural lines that cut across differences of wealth and class.'' If they could have conceived of gay marriage, they would have used the issue.

Good Democrat that he is, Wilentz cannot quite believe that the Whigs in 1840 (any more than the present-day Republicans) truly represented the majority of the people. The Democrats were natural democrats, the Whigs artificial ones. The Democrats never doubted that ''they were the constitutional party of the sovereign people.'' Thus it was only a matter of time before the fraudulence of the Whigs would be exposed. It was the issue of slavery that finally destroyed the Whig Party. (Although slavery broke the Democrats apart, it did not destroy them.)

A merica's politicians tried from the beginning to table the explosive issue of slavery -- to bury it, postpone it and hope against hope that it would just go away. But it would not disappear. By the 1840's the many-sided conflicts over American democracy, Wilentz says, came to focus on thefate of slavery. By then it had become increasingly clear that the free-labor North and the slave-ridden South had developed two very different systems of democracy. While those two systems often appealed to the same ideals and values, and were ''linked through the federal government and the national political parties,'' they were ''fundamentally antagonistic.'' Despite the leaders' attempts to suppress these antagonisms, ''by 1860 the conflict could no longer be contained, as a democratic election sparked Southern secession and the war that would determine American democracy's future.''

It is one of the many ironies of American history that the wildfire spread of democratic politics in both the North and the South eventually made it impossible to solve the problem of slavery peaceably. To learn how the triumph of democracy nearly destroyed the United States, this book is a good place to start.

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**Graphic**

Drawings (Drawings by Ed Lam)

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**Body**

Here is a selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 14.

Now Playing

\* "AMERICAN BEAUTY," starring Kevin Spacey (winner of best-actor Oscar), Annette Bening, Chris Cooper, Wes Bentley and Thora Birch. Written by Alan Ball. Directed by Sam Mendes (R, 116 minutes; winner of Oscars for best picture, director, cinematography and original screenplay). With heavenly finesse, Mr. Spacey plays a buttoned-down 42-year-old suburbanite who flips his lid for a teenage cheerleader. And he never gets it back on. The midlife crisis motif is familiar, but the stage director Sam Mendes brings terrific visual flair and dry humor to this barbecuing of the bourgeoisie. All the actors display coolly expert timing, especially Ms. Bening as the antihero's grasping wife. Although the story spreads itself thin among many characters, the film coalesces for a devastating finale (Janet Maslin).

\* "BEAU TRAVAIL," starring Denis Lavant and Gregoire Colin. Directed by Claire Denis (not rated, 90 minutes). A loose adaptation of "Billy Budd," moved to the present and set in the East African enclave of Djibouti, Ms. Denis's finest film to date observes the day-to-day rituals of a troop of French Legionnaires training in a harshly beautiful wasteland. The visually spellbinding movie depicts their rigorous drills and rituals as ecstatic rites of purification and the embodiment of an impenetrable masculine mystique. In this version of the allegory, the Claggart figure, Sergeant Galoup (Mr. Lavant), is a disillusioned officer, and his prey (Mr. Colin) a soldier whose humanity offends the sergeant. Not to be missed (Stephen Holden).

"BLACK AND WHITE," starring Brooke Shields, Mike Tyson and Robert Downey Jr. Directed by James Toback (R, 100 minutes). Mr. Toback, who also wrote the script, hits the subject of white teenagers worshipping black culture with a chain saw, and chunks fly. The movie dashes through more melodrama and moral crises than an entire season of "E.R." In addition to the bigger story, there is a documentary filmmaker (Ms. Shields) and her fey husband (another brilliant performance by Mr. Downey) shooting the white kids trying to be ghetto-fabulous; there's a street hustler (Power) out to go legit in the recording business; a college hoop star (Allan Houston) caught in a point-fixing scheme; and the weak, corrupt cop (Ben Stiller) who traps him. The movie's sheer pop excitement carries the day. And despite being about kids, it's got an adult take on shifting loyalties and envy (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "THE CIDER HOUSE RULES," starring Tobey Maguire, Charlize Theron, Delroy Lindo and Michael Caine (winner of best supporting actor Oscar). Directed by Lasse Hallstrom (PG-13, 125 minutes). Radically downsized in scope, and its examination of the issue of abortion greatly softened, John Irving's sixth novel (with his Oscar-winning Dickens ian screenplay) has been turned into a lovely World War II-era fable about a young man venturing out into the world. Mr. Maguire is Homer Wells, a doleful innocent brought up in an orphanage by Dr. Wilbur Larch (Mr. Caine), who performs abortions. Fleeing the institution with a golden young couple (Ms. Theron and Paul Rudd), he becomes an apple picker. Sentimental but smart, the movie has the sweetness and narrative drive of a 1940's "David Copperfield" (Holden).

\* "THE COLOR OF PARADISE," starring Mohsen Ramezani and Hossein Mahjur. Directed by Majid Majidi (PG, 90 minutes). This beautiful Iranian movie about a widowed father who is reluctant to care for his blind 8-year-old son is a heartbreaker done with such conviction that it avoids mawkishness. When the special school the boy has been attending won't keep him on, the father takes his son first to the family's woodland homestead, then leaves him in the care of a blind carpenter. The movie evokes nature with an ecstatic sensuousness, and its heady soundtrack teems with the sounds of birds, insects, wind and rain (Holden).

\* "EAST-WEST," starring Sandrine Bonnaire, Oleg Menchikov and Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Regis Wargnier (PG-13, 115 minutes). After World War II the Soviet government undertook a propaganda campaign to entice Russian nationals living in the West to return home. Aleksei Golovine (Mr. Menchikov) and his French wife, Marie (Ms. Bonnaire), the couple at the heart of Mr. Wargnier's sumptuous, moving historical melodrama, are luckier than most of their fellow returnees, who are killed or imprisoned on arrival. "East-West" chronicles Aleksei's ambivalence about their new life in a drab, depressing communal apartment and Marie's desperate attempts to escape it. The film may be faulted for dissolving the horrors of history in Hollywood-style catharsis, but it also uses the resources of old-fashioned, emotionally emphatic filmmaking to shed light on forgotten history. "East-West" is a grand costume pageant, full of grandeur and period detail, but it is also the portrait of a marriage under extreme external and internal pressure, and a showcase for two great film actresses: Ms. Bonnaire and Ms. Deneuve, playing an actress who becomes aware of Marie's plight during a tour of the Soviet Union (A. O. Scott).

"ERIN BROCKOVICH," starring Julia Roberts and Albert Finney. Directed by Steven Soderbergh (R, 127 minutes). After a promising, effective beginning in which Ms. Roberts proves what a fine actress she can be and Mr. Soderbergh demonstrates yet again that he is one of the most thoughtful and original directors in Hollywood, this becomes a doggedly conventional crusader-for-justice Hollywood melodrama, a smooth secondhand amalgam of "Norma Rae" and "Silkwood," with vigorous nods to "The Rainmaker" and "A Civil Action." Ms. Roberts, playing a ***working-class*** single mother who spearheads an effort to win justice for victims of corporate negligence, aggressively solicits an Oscar nomination. After acting for about 40 minutes, Ms. Roberts spends the next 90 content to be a movie star. As the movie drags on, her performance swells to bursting with moral vanity and phony populism. It's as if she had a clause in her contract strictly limiting anyone else's right to be attractive or appealing on screen. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Soderbergh, the most brilliantly unpredictable of filmmakers, could have made a movie so utterly hokey and conventional? (Scott).

"FANTASIA/2000," with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and introductions by Steve Martin, Bette Midler, Mr. Levine, Itzhak Perlman, James Earl Jones, Angela Lansbury, Quincy Jones and Penn and Teller. Various directors (G, 75 minutes). The millennial version of Disney's 1940 groundbreaking fusion of animation and classical music includes seven new segments and keeps one from the original film (the wonderful "Sorcerer's Apprentice," starring Mickey Mouse). Despite the science fiction title and the Imax-size screen on which it is shown, "Fantasia/2000" is more backward-looking than futuristic. The two best segments are "Rhapsody in Blue," a witty Manhattan-in-the-Jazz-Age homage to the caricaturist Al Hirschfeld set to the music of Gershwin, and the finale (set to Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite), in which a cometlike sprite whooshes around the globe explosively creating, destroying and renewing the planet's life forms. Celebrity introductions lend the film the feel of a deluxe corporate promotion. At the Sony Imax Theater, Broadway at 68th Street, Manhattan (Holden).

\* "THE FILTH AND THE FURY." Directed by Julien Temple (R, 105 minutes). If you thought the passage of time had rendered the Sex Pistols quaint objects of pop-culture nostalgia, Mr. Temple's electrifying new documentary will make you think again. The film presents the great, short-lived British punk band in all its scabrous glory -- spewing obscenities on British television, spitting at journalists and fans and generally smashing through the drabness and hypocrisy of 1970's Britain like a brick through a shop window. At a time when every obscenity or aesthetic shock tactic feels like the product of either careful market research or dutiful graduate-school training, the filth and the fury of British punk rock at its moment of impact retains a surprising dignity. These guys hated everything, but at least they believed in something. Nihilism like this makes you glad to be alive (Scott).

"GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI," starring Forest Whitaker. Directed by Jim Jarmusch (R, 116 minutes). In his new film Mr. Jarmusch does for the samurai epic and the gangster movie what he did for the western in "Dead Man," his dreamy, elegiac deconstruction of cowboys-and-Indians mythology. Here he has composed a ruminative, bittersweet visual essay on brutality, honor and tribalism, which may frustrate audiences expecting more visceral thrills. "Ghost Dog" is worth seeing for Mr. Whitaker's witty, moving performance as a modern-day samurai caught up in a Mafia vendetta, for Mr. Jarmusch's offbeat sense of cinematic style and for the hip-hop artist RZA's brilliant musical effects (Scott).

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"JOE GOULD'S SECRET." Starring Sir Ian Holm, Stanley Tucci and Hope Davis. Directed by Mr. Tucci (rated R, 108 minutes). Roaring with obnoxious energy, Mr. Holm has one of his greatest roles as Joe Gould, the bohemian writer, drunk, loud-mouthed crank and beggar immortalized in two New Yorker profiles by Joseph Mitchell. The episodic movie, steeped in 1940's New York ambiance, tracks the relationship between Gould and the genteel Southern writer (Mr. Tucci) who made him semifamous. But it is so one-sided that Mitchell barely comes into focus. He is more observer than the participant in their mutually exploitative relationship (Holden).

"MISSION TO MARS," starring Gary Sinise and Tim Robbins. Directed by Brian De Palma (PG, 113 minutes). This film's visual design is spectacular, and the scenes on the Martian surface look so real that the picture could have been made on location. But the movie is undermined by Mr. De Palma's uncharacteristic wet-eyed awe. All this addled sincerity comes from trying to create wonderment for adults out of a morose astronaut's rediscovery of his humanity on Mars. Mr. Sinise plays the depressed astronaut, and his thoughtful patience makes him appear a little sluggish, though not as sluggish as the movie: narratively it seems to be taking place in zero gravity, where each minute seems to last an additional 30 seconds. In space no one can hear you snore (Mitchell).

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"RULES OF ENGAGEMENT," starring Tommy Lee Jones and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by William Friedkin (R, 123 minutes). The two powerhouse actors muster all the technique they can bring to bear for this by-the-numbers courtroom drama with flashes of bruising action: it's like the world's most expensive episode of "JAG," with bits of "The Verdict" mixed in for extra flavor. Mr. Jones plays a shaky, alcoholic Marine lawyer brought in to defend his fellow Marine (Mr. Jackson) against charges of military misconduct. Since "Rules" makes it clear from the outset that Mr. Jackson's character is innocent, the only suspense comes from wondering if Guy Pearce, as the prosecutor, will be able to maintain his bizarre accent (Mitchell).

\* "WINTER SLEEPERS," starring Ulrich Matthes, Marie-Lou Sellem, Floriane Daniel and Heino Ferch. Directed by Tom Tykwer (not rated, 124 minutes). Thrillingly virtuosic cinematic flourishes lend a steady charge of adrenaline to this drama about the tangled destinies of well-to-do German slackers in a picture-perfect skiing village. Made just before the jet-propelled pop fantasy "Run Lola Run" put Mr. Tykwer on the short list of major international filmmakers, "Winter Sleepers" conveys the spiritual malaise afflicting the generation in its late 20's and 30's. But like "Run Lola Run," this movie is also about how human destiny has everything to do with split-second timing (Holden).

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**Graphic**

Photos: Shifting loyalties: Mike Tyson in "Black and White," written and directed by James Toback. (Theresa Dillon/Screen Gems); Catherine Deneuve, left, and Sandrine Bonnaire in Regis Wargnier's film "East-West." (Etienne George/Sony Pictures Classics)

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**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4006-4YS0-00MH-F1J7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Here is a selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 13.

Now Playing

\* "ALL ABOUT MY MOTHER," starring Cecilia Roth, Marisa Paredes, Antonia San Juan and Penelope Cruz. Directed by Pedro Almodovar (R, 101 minutes; winner of best foreign-language film Oscar). A whole new order of Almodovar extravaganza. The antic fizz and theatrical exaggeration of his earlier work have blossomed into a newly sophisticated style, one that is far more wise and deeply felt. Lovingly dedicated to actresses who have played actresses, this film weaves its own soap opera around "A Streetcar Named Desire" and tells of splendidly resilient women; Mr. Almodovar has aptly described his material as "screwball drama." Rich and entertaining, this story celebrates the power of artifice and impersonation to transcend ordinary truth. The irrepressible Ms. San Juan, a Spanish nightclub performer, plays a transsexual named Agrado and is the film's biggest treat (Janet Maslin).

\* "AMERICAN BEAUTY," starring Kevin Spacey (winner of best-actor Oscar), Annette Bening, Chris Cooper, Wes Bentley and Thora Birch. Written by Alan Ball. Directed by Sam Mendes (R, 116 minutes; winner of best picture, director, cinematography and original-screenplay Oscars). With heavenly finesse, Mr. Spacey plays a buttoned-down 42-year-old suburbanite who flips his lid for a teenage cheerleader. And he never gets it back on. The midlife crisis motif is familiar, but the stage director Sam Mendes brings terrific visual flair and dry humor to this barbecuing of the bourgeoisie. All the actors display coolly expert timing, especially Ms. Bening as the antihero's grasping wife. Although the story spreads itself thin among many characters, the film coalesces for a devastating finale (Maslin).

\* "BEAU TRAVAIL," starring Denis Lavant and Gregoire Colin. Directed by Claire Denis (not rated, 90 minutes). A loose adaptation of "Billy Budd," moved to the present and set in the East African enclave of Djibouti, Ms. Denis's finest film to date observes the day-to-day rituals of a troop of French Legionnaires training in a harshly beautiful wasteland. The visually spellbinding movie depicts their rigorous drills and rituals as ecstatic rites of purification and the embodiment of an impenetrable masculine mystique. In this version of the allegory, the Claggart figure, Sergeant Galoup (Mr. Lavant), is a disillusioned officer, and his prey (Mr. Colin) a soldier whose humanity offends the sergeant. Not to be missed (Stephen Holden).

\* "BOYS DON'T CRY," starring Hilary Swank (winner of best-actress Oscar) and Chloe Sevigny. Directed by Kimberly Peirce (R, 114 minutes). This stunning debut feature tells the strange and resonant story of Brandon Teena, who despite being born Teena Brandon went on to create a charismatic identity as a young man. Brandon's ultimately wrenching tale may sound tabloid-ready, but on screen it turns into Theodore Dreiser's idea of American tragedy. The film makes it hauntingly real and even tenderly romantic, with the astonishing acting needed to make it work. One of last year's best (Maslin).

\* "THE CIDER HOUSE RULES," starring Tobey Maguire, Charlize Theron, Delroy Lindo and Michael Caine (winner of best suporting actor Oscar). Directed by Lasse Hallstrom (PG-13, 125 minutes). Radically downsized in scope and its examination of the issue of abortion greatly softened, John Irving's sixth novel (with an Oscar-winning Dickensian screenplay by the author) has been turned into a lovely World War II-era fable about a young man venturing out into the world. Mr. Maguire is Homer Wells, a doleful innocent brought up in an orphanage by Dr. Wilbur Larch (Mr. Caine), who performs abortions. Fleeing the institution with a golden young couple (Ms. Theron and Paul Rudd), he becomes an apple picker. Sentimental but smart, the movie has the sweetness and narrative drive of a 1940's "David Copperfield" (Holden).

\* "THE COLOR OF PARADISE," starring Mohsen Ramezani and Hossein Mahjur. Directed by Majid Majidi (PG, 90 minutes). This beautiful Iranian movie about a widowed father who is reluctant to care for his blind 8-year-old son is a heartbreaker done with such conviction that it avoids mawkishness. When the special school the boy has been attending won't keep him on, the father takes his son first to the family's woodland homestead, then leaves him in the care of a blind carpenter. The movie evokes nature with an ecstatic sensuousness, and its heady soundtrack teems with the sounds of birds, insects, wind and rain (Holden).

"ERIN BROCKOVICH," starring Julia Roberts and Albert Finney. Directed by Steven Soderbergh (R, 127 minutes). After a promising, effective beginning in which Ms. Roberts proves what a fine actress she can be and Mr. Soderbergh demonstrates yet again that he is one of the most thoughtful and original directors in Hollywood, "Erin Brockovich" becomes a doggedly conventional crusader-for-justice Hollywood melodrama, a smooth secondhand amalgam of "Norma Rae" and "Silkwood," with vigorous nods to "The Rainmaker" and "A Civil Action." Ms. Roberts, playing a ***working-class*** single mother who spearheads an effort to win justice for victims of corporate negligence, aggressively solicits an Oscar nomination. After acting for about 40 minutes, Ms. Roberts spends the next 90 content to be a movie star. As the movie drags on, her performance swells to bursting with moral vanity and phony populism. It's as if she had a clause in her contract strictly limiting anyone else's right to be attractive or appealing on screen. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Soderbergh, the most brilliantly unpredictable of filmmakers, could have made a movie so utterly hokey and conventional? (A. O. Scott).

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"THE NINTH GATE," starring Johnny Depp and Frank Langella. Directed by Roman Polanski (R, 133 minutes). For those with an interest in seeing a dinner-theater version of "Eyes Wide Shut," look no further. This film, with its wizened decadence and its tired stabs at comedy, is calling your name. Mr. Langella is Boris Balkan, a wealthy and therefore evil collector of Devil-inspired antiquities who hires Dean Corso (Mr. Depp), a weedy rogue book dealer, to locate a volume called "The Nine Gates." Will Balkan get Satan's powers in his clutches through mastery of the book?Mr. Polanski is out to cross "Rosemary's Baby" with his saucy spoof "The Fearless Vampire Killers," but this movie is about as scary as a sock-puppet re-enactment of "The Blair Witch Project," and not nearly as funny (Mitchell).

\* "NOT ONE LESS," starring Wei Minzhi and Zhang Huike. Directed by Zhang Yimou (not rated, 106 minutes). Zhang Yimou's new drama enlarges the possibilities of filmmaking even as it grounds itself in one of cinema's oldest, most basic principles: the camera's ability to document reality. At the center of the film is Wei (Wei Minzhi), a 13-year-old primary school graduate who has been pressed into service as a substitute teacher in the Shuiquan Primary School. When one of her students is sent to the city to work off his parents' debts, Wei, who has been promised a bonus if she can keep her class intact (this is the source of the film's title), sets out to bring him home. And the movie, which has so far been a slow, touching study of village life, becomes something else: a work of lyrical realism that has some of the shattering, redemptive power of Vittorio De Sica's "Bicycle Thief" (Scott).

"THE ROAD TO EL DORADO," with the voices of Kevin Kline, Kenneth Branagh and Rosie Perez. Directed by Eric Bibo Bergeron and Don Paul (PG, 89 minutes). This animated buddy movie aspires to the airiness of a Bob Hope-Bing Crosby "road" romp but it's hopelessly bland even by those timid 1940's standards. Mr. Kline and Mr. Branagh provide the nearly interchangeable voices of two perky con men who foil Hernando Cortes's 1519 invasion of the mythical El Dorado. Though scenic and fast-paced, the main characters have no life, and the movie plays history false. Elton John and Tim Rice provided six clunky songs (Holden).

"WAKING THE DEAD," starring Billy Crudup and Jennifer Connelly. Directed by Keith Gordon (R, 106 minutes). Mr. Gordon's earnest screen adaptation of Scott Spencer's popular novel about a love that transcends death aspires to be a kind of intellectualized "Love Story," set in the 1970's counterculture. But the blend of history and heartbreak doesn't quite jell. Mr. Crudup, as a rising Chicago politician, and Ms. Connelly, as his radical activist girlfriend who dies in a car bombing, have good chemistry. But the movie is so busy jumping back and forth between the past and present that it is continually stumbling over itself and breaking its own spell (Holden).

\* "WINTER SLEEPERS," starring Ulrich Matthes, Marie-Lou Sellem, Floriane Daniel and Heino Ferch. Directed by Tom Tykwer (not rated, 124 minutes). Thrillingly virtuosic cinematic flourishes lend a steady charge of adrenaline to this drama about the tangled destinies of well-to-do German slackers in a picture-perfect skiing village. Made just before the jet-propelled pop fantasy "Run Lola Run" put Mr. Tykwer on the short list of major international filmmakers, "Winter Sleepers" conveys the spiritual malaise afflicting the generation in its late 20's and 30's. But like "Run Lola Run," this movie is also about how human destiny has everything to do with split-second timing (Holden).

Film Series

"FOR OPENERS: THE ART OF FILM TITLES." In the beginning are the titles. Blending image, sound, music and text, they enhance the experience of moviegoing by setting the mood and presenting the themes of a film. Today and tomorrow, the Film Society of Lincoln Center's Walter Reade Theater is presenting a tribute to movie title designers and their work in an event that includes two panels, two illustrated presentations and two programs of short films. At 6 tonight, predigital designers like Pablo Ferro ("Dr. Strangelove") and Wayne Fitzgerald ("Bonnie and Clyde") are to discuss their work, and at 8:15 the writer Ken Coupland and the designer David Peters are to show and discuss some 20 classic and rarely seen sequences from 1950 to 1980 by Saul Bass, Maurice Binder, Mr. Ferro, Robert Greenberg and others for directors like Stanley Donen, Blake Edwards, Alfred Hitchcock, Stanley Kubrick and Otto Preminger. At 6:15 p.m. tomorrow, a new generation of motion picture graphic designers like Randy Balsmeyer ("Magnolia") and Deborah Ross ("The Talented Mr. Ripley") are to discuss and show their work and at 8:15 Mr. Coupland and Mr. Peters are to discuss and show film titles from 1980 to the present. The tribute continues through tomorrow at the Walter Reade, at Lincoln Center. Admission: $9; $5 for Film Society members. Information: (212) 875-5600 (Lawrence Van Gelder).

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**Graphic**

Photos: Vinyl tap: Jill Peterson, left, John Cusack and Joan Cusack in Stephen Frears's "High Fidelity." (Melissa Moseley/Touchstone Pictures); Bed of roses: Kevin Spacey, best-actor Oscar winner, and Annette Bening in "American Beauty." (Lorey Sebastian/DreamWorks)

**Load-Date:** April 7, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Island's Hushed Scandals, Unhushed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P110-0038-D2TP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1608 words

**Byline:** By HOWARD W. FRENCH, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ST. JOHN'S, Antigua

**Body**

After years of hushed scandals that failed to spoil the calm of this tourist haven, the discovery that a shipment of Israeli arms was sent through Antigua on its way to Colombian drug traffickers has shaken the nearly five-decade dominion of Prime Minister Vere C. Bird.

The Colombian authorities disclosed in April that they had found a crate of Israeli assault rifles on the farm of Jose Gonzalo Rodriguez Gacha, after a raid on the property in which Mr. Gacha, a leader of the Medellin drug cartel, was killed. Since then, mounting evidence has pointed to the involvement of the Prime Minister's eldest son, Vere Bird Jr., in obtaining the weapons, causing a political crisis.

An investigation of the affair has turned up documents bearing what appear to be the younger Mr. Bird's signature over the nonexistent title of minister of national security of this Caribbean island nation, formally called Antigua and Barbuda (pronounced ann-TEE-guh and bar-BYOO-duh) after its two main islands.

Investigators and Antiguan officials say the fictitious title was used to certify to the Israeli authorities that the shipment of small arms was destined for the country's tiny armed forces.

Israel Calls Shipment Illegal

On May 31, a court in Israel indicted Lieut. Col. Yair G. Klein, an Israeli reserve officer who Antiguan officials say supplied the arms, on charges that he illegally furnished military equipment and training to Colombians.

Vere Bird Jr., who resigned his Cabinet post of Minister of Public Works in the wake of the arms scandal, has said he did not know that the weapons were intended for use in another country.

Through the local press, Mr. Bird, who declined to be interviewed for this article, has suggested that his younger brother, Lester, who initiated the Antiguan investigation into the matter, was trying to improve his chances of becoming the next Prime Minister when their 81-year-old father dies or steps down.

Anger over the arms scandal and widely perceived corruption in the Bird family, which dominates the Government, bubbled over on this island on May 26. About 5,000 people in this country of 80,000 marched through the narrow, crumbling streets of the capital, St. John's, carrying placards and chanting ''We Shall Overcome!'' and ''The Birds Must Go!''

Long String of Controversies

Businessmen, opposition figures, diplomats and even some members of the governing Antigua Labor Party have said the arms affair is merely the gravest abuse in a long string of controversies involving the Birds that illustrate the results of concentrating near-total power in the hands of one family. The scandals that have resulted, they say, have made Antigua a standout even in a region increasingly known for drug smuggling and money laundering, activities to which Antigua is also no stranger.

Business leaders, long supportive of Mr. Bird's Government for its laissez-faire policies, have begun to express concern that the island's reputation could threaten an already slumping tourist industry, which generates 70 percent of the gross national product.

Most of the tourists are Americans, and since World War II the United States has operated two naval installations on Antigua. But local diplomats and business people say their country, a Commonwealth member, retains stronger political and cultural ties to Britain than to the United States.

The operator of a major hotel complex said the ruling family had become consumed with ''unbridled ambition, greed, wheeling and dealing.''

''Trouble has been coming for some time now, but this has just hastened it,'' said Hilbourne Frank, a member of Parliament from Barbuda. Speaking of Prime Minister Bird, he said, ''When things are brought to light here and they involve his sons, he has always just brushed them aside.''

Under Mr. Bird's leadership, this island of coral-shielded beaches and green hills has been developed for upscale tourism, raising it from sugar-dependent poverty to become one of the most prosperous nations in the region.

''The problem is he didn't know when to stop,'' a diplomat said of Mr. Bird. ''If he had given up power before this scandal, he would have gone out as a genuinely loved national hero. Now, he'll be seen as just another despot.''

If Antigua benefited economically from Mr. Bird's leadership, most observers here agree, so did the Bird clan, and handsomely.

Seeking a Slice of Every Pie

The diplomat, who requested anonymity, said that for several years, Mr. Bird, who now walks only with assistance and whose memory has begun to fail, had systematically sought ''10 to 15 percent of everything, every major deal on the island,'' for himself and his clan, which includes a 27-year-old mistress named Cutie Francis.

Educated only through elementary school, Mr. Bird, tall and engaging, emerged from one of this island's most desperate slums.

In 1943, he became leader of the Antigua Trades and Labor Union, the vehicle he would ride to power after successfully pushing for higher pay and improvements in the conditions of the island's black plantation workers.

Every time he has faced a crisis, Mr. Bird has urged the masses to remember that before he came to power there were only rough jobs cutting sugar cane in the fields and dirty pond water to drink.

Mr. Bird's party won every election in the colony from 1951 through 1967.

In his only defeat, his ***working-class*** supporters abandoned him in 1971 when he cut wages in an unsuccessful effort to save the sugar industry. But the victor, the Progressive Labor Movement, was able to hold power for only one term before it was defeated by its own political ineptitude and the effects of the worldwide oil crisis of the 1970's. Mr. Bird was back in 1976.

Holding a near monopoly in Parliament for most of the 1980's, Mr. Bird quickly turned his attentions from governance to business, his critics say.

''He came back to power feeling the population had been ungrateful to their great savior and determined to amass great wealth,'' said Tim Hector, publisher of The Outlet newspaper, the nation's only news organization not owned or controlled by the Bird family.

In 1977, Mr. Hector said, a Canadian company called Space Research came to the island to work on weapons testing. In exchange for the use of a firing range, senior Antiguan officials say, Mr. Bird was promised advanced equipment and training for the country's armed forces, which number only about 100 members.

The Sons Stake Their Claim

The Outlet reported that some of the weapons being tested by Space Research, 155-millimeter howitzers, were being shipped to South Africa, where they were used in the Angolan civil war. A defiant Mr. Bird declared that having freed his country from domination by whites, he had no regrets in the matter despite the fact that the shipment violated Canadian export laws as well as the international arms embargo against South Africa.

The owner of Space Research, Gerald V. Bull, quietly pulled out of Antigua. On March 22 he was found dead in Belgium after reportedly working with the Iraqi Government to develop an advanced long-barreled cannon.

By the late 1970's, Mr. Bird's sons, Vere Jr. and Lester, both British-trained lawyers, had been elected to Parliament and held vital Government posts. From the accounts of business and opposition leaders and diplomats, the two brothers, always rivals, quickly proved even more rapacious than their father.

Lester Bird, the only Bird family member to consent to an interview, said of his reputed fortune, ''I am not a U.S.-dollar millionaire.''

In the early 1980's, Mr. Hector and others said, Lester Bird became involved in an abortive attempt by the fugitive American financier Robert Vesco to purchase half of Barbuda to establish a principality that was to be named the Sovereign Order of New Aragon.

Lester Bird, who was a long-jump champion at the University of Michigan in the 1960's, said that while a group unsuccessfully petitioned the Cabinet to establish what he called ''a little Monaco that would issue its own stamps and passports'' on Barbuda, he had not known that Mr. Vesco was part of it.

In another deal that infuriated Barbudans, in the mid-1980's, a company controlled by Lester Bird began mining the island's fine pink sand for sale to developers.

Lester Bird, who is 52, said his company, Antigua Aggregates, a real estate development and cement import concern, divested its interest in the sand mining ''when the Barbudans made an uproar.''

In addition to being Deputy Prime Minister, Lester Bird is also the leader of the ruling party and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Economic Development, Tourism and Energy. Asked if there were conflicts of interest in his family's business dealings, he said, ''I don't really see that.''

Although he is the eldest son, Vere Bird Jr., 53, has always been overshadowed by his brother, say people who know them both. He also has often been linked to controversies and scandals. $12 Million for Repavement In 1987, in a scandal that earned him the nickname ''Runway,'' Vere Bird Jr., then chairman of the Public Utilities Authority, personally negotiated a deal with French banks and contractors to repave the modest Vere C. Bird International Airport's landing surfaces.

The project, whose value had been estimated at $3.5 million, ended up costing nearly $12 million, leading the Cabinet to censure Vere Bird Jr., although one minister said the elder Mr. Bird ''barred any discussion of punishment.''

''There have been charges of corruption here for some time, but there was never any proof,'' said John St. Luce, the Minister of Finance. ''Now, we are a little two-by-four country caught up in something very big.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Prime Minister Vere C. Bird of Antigua, whose Government has been shaken by an arms-smuggling scandal. (United Press International, 1981); Map of Antigua showing location of St. John's.

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Saugatuck;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XVK0-008G-F216-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Immigrant Haven, a Sailor's Delight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XVK0-008G-F216-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 2, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ELEANOR CHARLES

By ELEANOR CHARLES

**Body**

WITH its toe protruding into Long Island Sound, the Saugatuck neighborhood at the southwestern corner of Westport resembles the boot of Italy, facing east toward its mate across the sea. It lends credence to the commonly held belief that European immigrants settle in areas of America that remind them of home.

"In the mid-1800's Westport farmers, the railroad, and anyone else who needed cheap labor would meet the shiploads of immigrants at the docks in New York, promising them jobs and homes," said Margaret Lebedis, a guide at the Westport Historical Society.

"That's how many Italians wound up here. Sometimes it took 20 years to pay off their debt as indentured laborers. It was common practice in those days."

Saugatuck's Italian laborers founded what has become something of an ethnic aberration in wealthy, cosmopolitan, suburban Westport. The enclave is now a ***working-class*** neighborhood of one- and two-family houses and businesses clustered around the Saugatuck railroad station, a hub of shops, food markets, restaurants, marinas and service companies that supply the entire peninsula with most of its needs.

Its houses, owned by such families as the Lucianos, DeMatteos, Nisticos and Valiantes, have been passed on from generation to generation and when they are for sale, usually under $200,000, it is by word of mouth or a small ad in The Westport News.

Beginning in the 50's the population of Saugatuck swelled with people from many ethnic and economic backgrounds, and the Italian sons and daughters moved up into the professions and business ownership, fueling a homogenization of Saugatuck that went largely unnoticed except by some oldtimers. "Now you hardly know anybody," complained Lillian Bottone, a lifelong resident. "Everybody used to be so close."

Saugatuck residents are passionate about their neighborhoods, whether they live in the crowded Italian section, in the spacious tree-shaded homes down Saugatuck Avenue, or the water-oriented properties at the foot of the boot.

Saugatuck Island, at the very toe southeast of Canal Road, is inhabited by about 100 families and joined to the mainland along the Saugatuck River side by a 60-foot-long, single-lane bridge reinforced with crude wooden planks, and on the Long Island Sound side by a causeway that occasionally floods under very high tides. But that's part of the charm.

"We moved here seven years ago because it's the most beautiful place we had ever seen," said Lynne Del Monte, an island resident out for a recent morning stroll.

All island householders belong to The Saugatuck Island Owners Association, to which they pay dues of $150 a year for road repairs and snow plowing. The association also maintains a private boat launch and two small beaches, and when the "clamming is open" sign is posted islanders can count on shellfish for dinner.

SAUGATUCK SHORES, northwesterly and just above Saugatuck Island, and the island itself are dense with homes -- everything from rebuilt fishing shacks to waterfront mansions. They sell from the mid-$300,000's to $2 million or more, and increase in value as the supply of waterfront dwindles.

Properties range in size from a rare acre or two down to a quarter-acre and the proverbial postage-stamp size, tucked behind other houses along gravel-covered lanes. So little land is available that new homes are built by buying old ones and razing them.

"Celebrities and privacy-seekers tend to buy in northern Westport," said Marta Flavin, a broker with Riverside-Shavell Realty. "Saugatuck houses are too close together for their taste." But Saugatuck summer rentals to celebrities are common, priced up to $30,000 for two months.

Joseph P. Arcudi, Westport's First Selectman and the son of an immigrant, is concerned about the revaluation of all town property, required by the state every 10 years, and due to be completed and in force by Oct. 1, 1995. "More than 250 people came to a meeting last month to discuss the ramifications," he said. "Most of them were waterfront property owners. Their value has gone up more than any others."

The decline in value of commercial property, which accounts for 20 percent of Westport's $3 billion worth of real estate, will shift an additional tax burden onto householders. Currently, Westport's tax rate is in the lower third statewide and houses are selling well, thus increasing their value and tax liability, said Mr. Arcudi.

"It seems like every other couple that comes into the office has a baby, or the wife is pregnant," said Sarita Solomon, a broker with William Raveis Realty on Riverside Avenue. "Saugatuck is attractive to young people because of the wide range of house styles and prices. It's possible to find a house under $300,000."

A principle reason for choosing Westport is its public schools: three elementary and two middle schools and one high school, which consistently produces S.A.T. scores that exceed state and national averages by 50 to 80 points.

The current baby boom required an addition of six classrooms and a library-media center to the King's Highway Elementary School, which Saugatuck children attend. Another addition will soon be necessary at the Bedford Middle School, but Staples High School will not be affected.

Westport's reputation for academic excellence is enhanced by award-winning programs in music, art, drama and sports, extended kindergarten hours from 8:30 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., the first FM radio station in the Northeast operated by high school students, a regional program for handicapped children, foreign languages from grade 5 on, and a predominance of teachers with master's degrees and doctorates whose average salary is $60,000.

In addition, there are 13 privately operated preschools and day-care centers, where child-care services for infants as young as 6 weeks, from 7:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. five days a week, cost around $200. Detailed information is available through the Pupil Personnel Department at Staples High School.

Westport's only private school is Greens Farms Academy, a day school where tuition for kindergarten to Grade 12 ranges from $10,700 to $13,600.

Recreation for the people of Saugatuck focuses on the water. Those who do not have a private dock can join the Cedar Point Yacht Club, with 150 slips, or Saugatuck Harbor Yacht Club. Cedar Point charges an initiation fee of $1,000 and $1,000 a year dues, with slip fees of $16 to $25 a foot per season. Saugatuck Harbor, with 160 slips at fees of $35 to $45 a foot, charges $1,000 in dues. But E. Don Smith, the club's commodore, would not disclose the initiation fee.

Both clubs are for serious sailors and neither has a restaurant or a bar, but their kitchens are at the disposal of members or caterers.

THE municipal Longshore Country Club on the east shore of the Saugatuck River, has a waiting list for its two marinas, which have a total of 245 slips (with fees of $13 to $20 a foot per season) and 183 moorings, but the golf course and 9 tennis courts are available to residents for $20 a season.

Greens fees are $7 to $13 daily, or $75 for the season. Tennis fees are $2 to $6 for an hour and a half, or $70 for the season and the fees apply to three other municipal locations with a total of 17 courts elsewhere in Westport.

Nearly a dozen restaurants of many ethnicities, but mostly Italian, thrive in Saugatuck. They include DeRosa's, specializing in northern Italian cuisine. A 10-ounce loin veal chop stuffed with fontanella cheese is $14.95. The Mansion Clam House features 1-pound lobsters with corn on the cob and salad for $18.95.

Cultural amenities in Westport proper include the Westport Country Playhouse, founded as a straw-hat theater in the 1930's by the Theater Guild of New York; the Westport Arts Center, where exhibitions, music, dance, lectures and art classes are scheduled all year; and the Nature Center for Environmental Activities.

Resident permits for three Westport beaches cost $20 a season, and admission to the 234-acre Sherwood Island Beach State Park off Exit 18 of I-95 is $5 weekdays, $7 weekends for residents, $8 and $12 for out-of-staters.

Shops on Main Street in downtown Westport include Barney's, The Gap, Coach leather goods, Williams-Sonoma, Joan & David and dozens of one-of-a-kind boutiqes. A new public library is off Route 1 near the Levitt Pavilion, where free summer concerts are held on the riverbank.

A Saugatuck relic of the early 1800's, when farmers sent their onions to New York by boat, the Bridge Street bridge over the Saugatuck River swings sideways to let vessels pass. David Haehl's great-grandfather was one of six men who operated the hand crank before the bridge was motorized. He also built the house that the family still lives in.

Descended from early Dutch, Irish and Scottish stock, Mr. Haehl is a dedicated Saugatucker. "We consider ourselves different from Westporters," said Mr. Haehl. "We've been here longer, and we stay here."

**Graphic**

Photos: Causeway over canal leads to Saugatuck Island; below, a forest of masts at the Cedar Point Yacht Club on Harbor Road. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times); On the Market -- 4-bedroom 1948 Cape Cod at 16 Sunrise Road, $283,000. 3-bedroom 1965 raised ranch with porch and deck at 120 Harbor Road, $474,900. 7-bedroom, 9,400-square-foot 1880 Victorian at 10 Pier Way, $2.954 million.

Chart: "GAZETTEER"

POPULATION: 2,357 (1990 census).

AREA: .920 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $81,957 (1990 census).

MEDIAN PRICE OF SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $469,500.

TAX ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $5,352.

MEDIAN PRICE OF SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE A YEAR AGO: $544,900.

MEDIAN PRICE 5 YEARS AGO: $411,000.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL EXPENDITURE PER PUPIL: $10,055.

DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 44 miles.

RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MANHATTAN: One hour on Metro-North, $10.25 one-way, $219 monthly.

CODES: Area, 203; ZIP, 06880.

GOVERNMENT: First Selectman (Joseph P. Arcudi, Republican) and 2-member Board of Selectmen elected to 4-year terms, 36-member monthly Representative Town Meeting, 2-year term.

ITALIAN FESTIVAL: Before the mid-50's, when the Connecticut Turnpike fragmented the old Italian neighborhood, a modest Feast of St. Anthony was held each July on Franklin Street. A parade was led by men carrying the St. Anthony statue, and homemade Italian foods were dispensed from booths on the street. Today the event goes on for four days and has grown so large, with food, entertainment, merchandise for sale, and a huge parade, that it is held in the parking lot of the railroad station and attracts around 110,000 visitors from Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. Saugatuck's old-timers still pin money on the statue in the old way, and linger at the booth that displays pictures of their immigrant forebears.

**Load-Date:** October 2, 1994

**End of Document**



[***AS BOSTON'S VOTERS CHOOSE A NEW MAYOR, THEY EMBODY A CHANGING CITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HVD0-0008-Y0W1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1568 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Nov. 14

**Body**

When Boston's voters go to the polls Tuesday, they will not only be electing a new mayor for the first time in 16 years, they will also embody the dramatic changes that are altering the character of this 350-year- old city.

Over the past decade, Boston has lost 25 percent of its white population, largely middle- and ***working-class*** Irish-American families who dominated politics here for a century.

In their place has come a major influx of minority groups, increasing the share of black and Hispanic people from one-fifth to one-third of Boston's 562,994 residents between 1970 and 1980, according to the Census Bureau. By the next mayoral election, in 1987, the number of blacks could equal Irish- Americans, some analysts predict.

At the same time, there has also been a large inflow of what is termed the new gentry, young, college-educated and relatively affluent professionals. The 1980 census found that 42 percent of Boston's residents were born outside Massachusetts; in addition, the number of people with college degrees in Boston has doubled in the past decade and those with professional, managerial or technical jobs has risen from 22 percent to 30 percent of the work force. Moreover, more than one person out of seven in Boston is a college student.

Article on demographic changes in Boston, where voters go to polls on Nov 15 to elect new mayor for first time in 16 years; city has lost 25% of its white population over past decade, and in their place has come influx of minority groups, increasing share of black and Hispanic people from one-fifth to one-third of population; graphs (M)

One result is that more than a quarter of the electorate Tuesday will be newly registered voters.

New Type of Politician

The two candidates themselves represent a new type of politician for Boston, populists who have put together what they term ''progressive'' coalitions embracing minority groups, white liberals, women's organizations and community activists.

Melvin H. King, a former State Representative, is the first black mayoral finalist in the city's history. Raymond L. Flynn, a member of the City Council, could be the first native of South Boston, the poorest white section of the city, to be elected mayor.

Whichever man wins, many Bostonians share a sense of excitement and a belief that after years of racial strife and neglect of the city's neighborhoods, the city is changing for the better. The campaign has been the least personal in the city's modern history, and there have been only two small racial incidents involving campaign workers.

''The fact that Mel and Ray are the two choices must tell anyone that something dramatic has happened,'' said David Scondras, a candidate for the City Council and a leader in neighborhood organizations. ''The people want to take back their city.''

John Marttila, who has taken polls for the Coordinating Committee, a group of influential businessmen, said, ''People feel more upbeat about the city than in years.''

And James Carroll, a novelist who lives on Beacon Hill, characterized Mr. King's campaign as ''invigorating, a redemptive thing'' after ''the city had hit bottom morally'' with the crisis over court-ordered busing to end school segregation in 1974.

New Focus on Neighborhoods

''What is particularly interesting is the way in which the demographic changes intersect with the new psychology of residents,'' said Rob Hollister, chairman of the department of urban planning and environmental policy at Tufts University in nearby Medford. There are still some racial divisions, Mr. Hollister said. but the new voters are ''very self-conscious about coming together to vote for the sense of what they want Boston to be.''

One way the changes in Boston's political physiognomy have influenced voters is the new focus on rebuilding the city's neighborhoods after years in which Mayor White concentrated on developing the downtown business district. Mr. White, who is not running for office this fall, helped revitalize the downtown area by overseeing such projects as the Faneuil Hall Marketplace, an old meat market converted into a carnival of boutiques, bars and restaurants that attracts more visitors a year than Disney World.

But critics, including the candidates to succeed him, say Mr. White did little about the growing number of abandoned buildings, potholed streets and rubble-strewn vacant lots in sections of the city like Roxbury or Dorchester, with its rows of three-story frame houses.

So, in Professor Hollister's view, ''The voters are now taking a picture of a three-decker and pasting it over the glossy postcard of Kevin White's downtown skyline. They are saying this is what the city is about.''

Poverty and Affluence

The 1980 census found that Boston was one of the poorest cities in the country - of the 30 largest, it ranked 26th in median household income. More than one resident out of five falls below the poverty line, only 25 percent own their own homes, and 18 percent live in public or subsidized housing.

Yet there has been a simultaneous burst of affluence. One out of three residents who has a job holds a professional, managerial or technical position.

To try to narrow the gap between these two cities within a city,, both Mr. King and Mr. Flynn have pledged to tighten rent-control laws, to give community groups more access to City Hall, and to require developers of downtown office buildings to contribute funds for neighborhood housing.

Lying behind some of the changes has been Boston's shift after World War II from a manufacturing to a service economy. With its universities and hospitals, its financial companies and the law offices and accountants for the new high-technology industries in the suburbs, Boston has 52 percent of its work force in the service sector, the highest figure for a major city.

In practice, this means more jobs scattered at the top and bottom of the pay scale, with fewer in the middle.

Puritan Heritage Lives

But some of Boston's underlying traits remain less changed, like its heritage from the Puritans who founded it on the narrow Shawmut Peninsula in 1630.

''The aesthetic of Boston is very Puritan,'' said Mr. Carroll, one of whose novels, ''Mortal Friends.'' is set here. ''It's like Beacon Hill,'' he said, referring to the fashionable residential area of 18th- and 19th-century Federal houses near the gold-domed Statehouse. ''Everyone agrees Beacon Hill is beautiful, but it isn't flashy. It wears its wrinkles well.''

Indeed, the Puritans' old taboos against vulgar displays of wealth or concern with appearance persist. A survey last year by Mediamark Research of consumer habits in 10 major metropolitan markets found that Bostonians buy the fewest Cadillacs.

Women in Boston also use less blush and mascara than the national average, the study discovered.

Looking smart in Boston, a city dominated by Harvard and M.I.T., means looking intelligent, not chic.

Peter Gee, a resident in surgery at Massachusetts General Hospital who is from Mississippi, was surprised to find that only 10 to 20 percent of the plastic surgery done here is for cosmetic, rather than reconstructive, purposes. ''In Florida, Texas or California it would be the opposite,'' he said. ''If women in Boston don't look well, they just don't do anything about it.''

'History in the Streets'

For Mr. Carroll, a native of Washington, this is part of the style that makes Boston a more attractive place for him to live than New York, a more usual choice of writers. He likes the ethnic diversity, the renaissance of the downtown and the way Boston has kept its ''historical values intact.''

''Boston has its history in the streets that other cities simply don't,'' Mr. Carroll explained. Just walk from the Common, he advised, once a 17th-century cow pasture, to the North End, where Paul Revere's house stands amid crooked streets that have been home successively to Yankee merchants, Irish immigrants, Boston's Italian community and now many trend-conscious young professionals who have converted old warehouses into expensive condominiums.

History has also left Boston with a troublesome legacy, the small size of Boston proper compared to its metropolitan area. Boston's is the 10th most populous metropolitan area in the country, with 2.7 million people. But when only residents within the city limits are counted, it drops to 21st.

Tax Burden on the Poor

Unfortunately for Boston, much of its upper- and middle-class component lives in the suburbs, leaving much of the city's tax burden on the poor. To compound the problem, 51 percent of Boston's property is tax-exempt, for schools, hospitals and museums.

Given this meager resource base and a new state law limiting real estate taxes, Boston is faced with potentially huge budget deficits.

''Whoever is next mayor, I would say his job is to be a diplomat,'' trying to get new tax revenue out of the State Legislature, said Thomas B. Adams, a writer and retired businessman who is a direct descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

Mr. Adams approves of the revitalization of the downtown, but he is worried that even this is not enough to support Boston and the institutions he loves, like the Public Library.

''They talk about all the young people and students who are attracted to Boston now,'' Mr. Adams said. ''But they don't have the money. The new people in the Back Bay are still a deuce of a long way in wealth from what I remember as a child.''

**Graphic**

graphs of Boston demographic data

**End of Document**



[***DE KOONING RETROSPECTIVE OF 60 YEARS AT WHITNEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HHM0-0008-Y531-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By GRACE GLUECK

**Body**

IT isn't often that a painter can celebrate a 60-

year retrospective, but that is happily the case

with Willem de Kooning. At the age of 79, he is one

of the last of the great Abstract Expressionist generation that won world-class standing for American art, yet he is still one of the most individual of artists. The big de Kooning survey - of paintings, drawings and sculpture - now at the Whitney Museum of American Art (through Feb. 19) is the first New York has seen in 14 years, and the farther we get from the Abstract Expressionist era, the clearer we are able to view the work - in all its strengths and weaknesses.

Grace Glueck article on Willem de Kooning and retrospective of his paintings, drawings and sculpture at Whitney Museum of American Art; photo (M)

The obligatory attempt is made in the catalogue by Jorn Merkert of the Akademie der Kunst in Berlin - who organized the painting and sculpture section of the show - to relate the artist's work to the present era of ''new violence in painting,'' and the show is unfortunately packed with big, strident de Kooning canvases of the 1960's and 70's as if in an attempt to bear him out. But de Kooning's contemporaneity is not - or should not be - really an issue. As has often been noted, the color and gestural impact and emotional intensity of Expressionism is essential to de Kooning, but it is by no means everything. A brilliant and remarkably inventive draftsmanship is the artist's greatest strength, and it's when draftsmanship provides the bones of his painting, as in the 1940's and early 50's, that the work is at its peak.

This draftsman's gift for structure can, of course, be more easily read in the drawings than the paintings. And the Whitney has chosen to display the drawings in a separate exhibition, organized by Paul Cummings, adjunct curator for drawings. They really should be looked at first since, though rarely studies for particular paintings, they have an intimate relationship with the oils, and they expound the basic picture-making strategies that de Kooning developed. Starting with an academic but highly skilled still life of 1921, when the Dutch-born artist was still at the Rotterdam Academy of Fine Arts and Techniques, we see the gradual shift from a precisely realistic, traditional style influenced by Ingres to the frenziedly fractured forms of recent years.

By the early 1940's - now one of the New York ''action painters'' who were transposing into American terms the events of European modernism - de Kooning had begun to free his line from direct representation. He tore the figure apart, frenetically recombining elements from it with suggestions of other forms in taut, dynamic compositions: in drawings, such as a Picassoesque pencil composition of 1945, ''Untitled,'' and in a remarkable series of black-and-white ''drawn'' paintings, which are some of his finest works. They include the mural-size ''Attic'' of 1949 and the greatest of them all, ''Excavation,'' 1950 (which, unfortunately, the Chicago Art Institute has refused to lend for this show).

In 1950, too - in both drawings and paintings - he turned again to a figural theme he had worked on before, but that was now to seize him with obsessional force - the theme of ''Woman.'' The female figure is, of course, a motif throughout art history, but the woman in de Kooning's work, a kind of perverted Rubens nymph, is a savage - though undeniably brilliant - Expressionist distortion of that motif. Toothy, mouthy, busty, bedizened, by turns ferocious and arch, these grotesquely misshapen images present woman in terms of the myths and cliches about her: as smiling starlet, shopper- spender, mother-monster, helpless child-woman, seductress, witch, prostitute, primitive deity and goddess. '' 'The Woman' had to do with the female painted through the ages, all those idols,'' de Kooning has said, and though the theme was chosen to allow him to grapple with the problems of figure painting (then discredited among his fellow artists), there is a heavy psychological charge to these works as well.

Nevertheless, the ''Woman'' drawings and paintings - from 1950 to 1955 - are among the artist's most compelling images. In the drawings exhibition, we see a number of haunting pastels, marvelously worked and reworked and worried by nervous darts of line and gestural strokes, some rubbed and stroked with the most delicately sensuous of colors; there are as well many black and whites on the theme. In his paintings of ''Woman,'' de Kooning took a much more forceful attack, throwing, slapping and sweeping the paint on the canvas in the gestural thrusts that came to be known as ''action painting,'' particularly in the strong series that begins with ''Woman I'' of 1950-52 (the Museum of Modern Art has not lent this one either). Their presence is made more powerful by the visible, let-it-all-hang-out struggles of the artist to wrestle them onto the ground he called a ''no-environment.''

For this viewer, these early periods are the highlights of the exhibition. In the late 1950's, de Kooning swerved course again and began doing a series of very large abstractions, broadly brushed affairs in which the taut, hard-won structure of his earlier work is banished by gesture and painterly ''accident.'' They are seductively easy to like; sensuous in color and full of exuberant energy, but they have lost the dramatic structural tension that the artist once maintained. And the same can be said for the ''woman'' canvases to which de Kooning returned in the 60's, in which much looser forms in sweeter colors are barely evoked from their gestural backgrounds. (The less ambitious ''woman'' drawings of the 60's, though loosened up a good deal in line, fare better.) As for the more recent paintings, whose free-flowing brushwork is designed to conjure up light, water, beach and things of more immanent nature, though they are obviously by a painter deeply engaged, their floating colors and compositional mushiness are unsettling.

Mr. de Kooning's bronze figure sculptures, begun late in his career, are another matter. Into them all the energies he poured into his figural drawings of the 60's seem to have gone, and they are a delight - keenly observed, often sly and satirical, their tortured configurations and hectically modeled surfaces a challenging shock to the eye. So the great draftsman is still at work. And he still gives us standards to measure him by.

The drawings exhibition is supported by grants from Warner Communications Inc. and the National Endowment for the Arts. The painting and sculpture exhibition has been jointly organized by the Whitney Museum, the Akademie der Kunst of Berlin and the Pompidou Center in Paris, to which the shows will travel. The Whitney's part in the exhibition is supported by grants from Philip Morris Inc. and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Also of interest this week:

Lizabeth Mitty (Rosa Esman, 121 Spring Street): Views from the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway are not noted for their grandeur, but grandeur isn't Lizabeth Mitty's cup of tea. She specializes in the tacky houses and backyards of the outer borough of Queens, getting them down on canvas by an effective combination of cooled- down Expressionist brushwork and staining. She conveys with a certain eagerness the dreariness of these ***working-class*** neighborhoods, in such views as ''Attached and Semi-Attached,'' whose brick-front houses and weedy lawns seem to exude dead air, and in ''Halfway House for the Dead and Dying,'' an upstate mountain panorama of tarpaper shacks and crippled cars deployed in a field of weeds. That we linger over these depressing tableaux is a tribute to the artist's lively brush and acute observation. (Through Dec. 31.)

Christopher Sproat (Bette Stoller Gallery, 13 White Street): A gift for elegant stylization is shown by Christopher Sproat in sculptures, mostly of black-painted wood and neon tubing, which take off from animal and insect motifs. From pieces of neon tubing and a simple forked structure of wood, he evokes the head of a steer; a pointed elliptoid of wood accented by a straight neon tube and underpinned by a jagged configuration of slats makes a determined-looking insect.

An exceptionally handsome piece is ''Black Bird,'' a long, horizontal line of neon tubing framed in black wood and accented by winglike forms placed along it in rhythmic alternations of angle. Other works include a chair made of triangles, like an Origami cutout; an ingenious chandelier of two trusslike forms in a cross, and several large drawings, in which robot figures are built of white girderlike elements on black paper. But Mr. Sproat is more interesting in 3-D. (Through Dec. 30.)

John Held Jr. (Martin Sumers Graphics, 50 West 57th Street): The cartoonist who gave us the flapper image of the 1920's, John Held Jr. (1889-1958), turns his hand here to arch linoleum cuts, depicting scenes from popular ballads and morality tales, vaudeville turns, street criers, villains, heroines and other bits of American nostalgia. One tableau, ''The Drunkar's Wife,'' shows a woeful woman en route to a pawnbroker with a large clock; a couple of others satirize lines from the ballad ''Casey Jones,'' and ''Arbor Day in Potters Field'' takes off with deadpan humor on the Victorian mourning picture. These slight but appealing works, crisply lined out in black and white, are posthumous productions, signed by the artist's widow - yet they're well done in small editions. A couple of snappy original flapper drawings are included in the show. (Through Dec. 30.)

**Graphic**

photo of ''Woman,'' by Willem de Kooning

**End of Document**



[***Pop Concerts, Once Cheap, Now Rival Broadway in Price***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P7W0-0038-D03F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1616 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

Pop music concerts, which used to be an inexpensive alternative to Broadway shows and other performing arts events in the New York metropolitan area, have been steadily going up in price.

This year, the top ticket prices for selected concerts at Radio City Music Hall have reached $50. That was the top price for Frank Sinatra's engagement last week at the Music Hall, which he postponed until mid-June after one performance. The ticket is only $10 below the $60 top price of the best seats for the most expensive Broadway musical, ''Jerome Robbins's Broadway,'' and only $5 less than a top ticket to any other major Broadway musical.

Mr. Sinatra's five sold-out shows at the 5,800-seat Music Hall are expected to gross more than $1.3 million. By comparison, the highest grossing Broadway show, ''Phantom of the Opera,'' is always sold out and brings in more than $550,000 for a week of eight performances at the 1,600-seat Majestic Theater.

McCartney Hits $32.50

Similarly, the ticket prices for arena concerts by pop superstars have climbed to $30. Though the $30 barrier was cracked earlier by Michael Jackson, the Rolling Stones and a couple of other big acts, it is only now becoming commonplace.

Now all 55,000 tickets for Billy Joel's sold-out concert on June 22 at Yankee Stadium are also $30, and so are all tickets for the eight performances of Madonna's ''Blond Ambition'' tour in mid-June at the Brendan Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, N.J., and the Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, L.I. Tickets for Paul McCartney's two sold-out concerts at Giants Stadium on July 9 and 11 are $32.50. When the Beatles first performed at Shea Stadium in 1966, the tickets were $5.75.

With some exceptions, the tickets for shows that today cost $30 would have cost $20 to $25 five years ago. During that time top prices have risen from $35 to $50.

The performers stand to make astronomical profits from these shows. Mr. McCartney and Madonna will probably walk away from their New York area concerts with more than $2 million each. And even after they pay their staffs and road crews, they will earn well over a million dollars, The 3 Main Promoters ''There's been a giant jump in prices in the last 12 months and especially in the last three months,'' said John Scher, the president of the Metropolitan Entertainment Company. Mr. Scher, who is based in Montclair, N.J., is one of the New York area's three leading promoters of pop concerts. His two principal competitors are Ron Delsener, who runs Ron Delsener Enterprises, in Manhattan, and Radio City Music Hall Productions.

The rise in ticket prices for pop concerts is part of a national trend that promoters attribute in large part to bidding wars by representatives of competing arenas vying to book concerts by the most popular acts.

''Thirty dollars is going to be the going price now on a lot of shows,'' said Mr. Delsener, who is promoting the Joel, McCartney and Madonna concerts. Mr. Delsener compared the bidding for the top talent to an art auction. He said one consequence may be that concertgoers have less money for other concerts with lesser-known acts.

Mr. Delsener, Mr. Scher and Scott Sanders of Radio City Music Hall Productions said the downturn in the economy in the Northeast has not affected ticket sales at the concerts they are promoting.

How Price Is Determined

They said the ticket prices for their concerts are determined by several factors. The most important, they said, is the cost of producing a show, which includes signing the performers, renting the facility and advertising. In negotiating with a promoter, the agents for a top pop act ask for an average of 85 percent of the net receipts of a concert after expenses have been paid.

Costs vary from facility to facility and depend a lot on rental and labor costs. Mr. Scher said the total cost of an average arena concert, including the performers, runs to about $200,000 at Madison Square Garden, $110,000 at the Nassau Coliseum and $120,000 at the Byrne Arena. For shows that do not immediately sell out, advertising costs are $25,000 to $30,000. Rents for the three facilities range from $20,000 to around $30,000 a concert, plus a share of the profits.

Perhaps the biggest variable affecting ticket prices is the guarantee a promoter pays to an act. Some popular acts demand as little as $25,000, but the guarantees can go as high as $100,000 to $200,000. If a show is successful, the promoter earns 10 to 20 percent of the net receipts. Infrequently, a promoter can lose $200,000 to $300,000 from a poorly attended stadium event. Mr. Scher said that 80 to 85 percent of the his company's arena shows were profitable.

Other Costs Are Stable

Even while the price of talent has risen, he said, the other costs of promoting concerts in the New York area over the last year have remained steady, rising less than 5 percent at Giants Stadium and the Byrne Arena and decreasing slightly at the Nassau Coliseum.

Like almost everything else in Manhattan, the costs of producing concerts are considerably higher than they are in New Jersey or on Long Island. This summer, the top prices for Shirley Bassey's Carnegie Hall concerts on July 12 to 14 are $50, which is $10 more than her concerts cost last year. Mr. Delsener, who is promoting them, said the rise was a result of living-cost increases for Carnegie's unions.

At Radio City Music Hall, the first solo act to crack the $50 barrier was Ella Fitzgerald last year. For her one-night return engagement last month, the top price was again $50. Both concerts sold out, each grossing more than $250,000.

At the Low End

This is the second year that Radio City Music Hall will also promote the Reebok Riverstage series of pop concerts at Pier 84, starting on June 13. At the request of New York City, which leases the site to Radio City, the ticket prices will be markedly lower than at other concert venues. With few exceptions they will be $17 for advance tickets and $19.50 for those bought on the day of the show. The series opens with Rickie Lee Jones and Lyle Lovett. Some of the other performers scheduled to appear include Alice Cooper, Ziggy Marley, Tears for Fears, Bad Company, B. B. King and the Moody Blues.

Other variables also affect the pricing of pop concerts. Performers whose shows involve the aggressive merchandizing of T-shirts and other memorabilia tend to take into account the possibility that a high ticket price might cut into its merchandising revenue. Some artists can gross almost as much in T-shirt sales as in ticket sales. Acts like Def Leppard, Bon Jovi and New Kids on the Block, which have young, loyal audiences, sell as much as $10 in merchandise for each person attending.

The Age of the Audience

While the generational divisions in musical taste of the late 1960's and early 70's have blurred in the last two decades, they can be sensed in the ways that audiences of different ages approach pop music entertainment. Thus ticket pricing is strongly influenced by the age of the audience and the type of music being offered.

The standard method by which young rock bands build up audiences is through constant touring, going from clubs to middle-size halls to large arenas. Because those audiences are mostly teen-agers with limited income, new performers use lower-than-average ticket prices to cultivate and then hold a loyal audience. Mr. Scher cited Bruce Springsteen, the Who, the Grateful Dead, U2, Robert Plant and Def Leppard as top acts that have followed this course.

When the Who played Giants Stadium last year, for example, the tickets were only $23.50. Tickets for Depeche Mode, which has sold out its June 16 Giants Stadium engagement, are $22.50. New Kids on the Block's Giants Stadium shows on July 20 and 21 are $25. Depeche Mode and the New Kids both have young, ardent followings.

Successful and durable performers like Mr. Sinatra and Miss Bassey, who bills herself as ''the world's greatest female entertainer,'' cultivate a flashy, ''high rolling'' aura that attracts a ''big spender'' type of audience. By paying a lot for tickets and dressing up to see their shows, audiences partake in the glamour of the event.

Veteran rock acts like the Grateful Dead, however, build their reputations on a populist ***working class*** mystique. The Grateful Dead, it is believed, haven't played to an empty seat in a decade. This summer the Dead are embarking on an extended national stadium tour. Depending on the city, the ticket price will range from $22.50 to $25.

The Elegant Cabarets

Roughly the same measurements that apply to concerts also apply to clubs. Elegant cabarets like Rainbow and Stars and the Cafe Carlyle have a $35 cover charge for an affluent over-40 crowd that is expected to order lots of food and drink.

Jazz clubs that book big names have a long tradition of being pricey. Depending on the act, the Blue Note, New York's biggest jazz club, in the West Village, charges anywhere from $15 to $35 and a $5 minimum per person at tables.

In rock clubs, which have younger audiences, the prices are a little lower. The Ritz, on the site of the old Studio 54, charges around $20 a show with no minimums. But that also can mean no seating. In New York right now, the club that has held the line on ticket prices is the Bottom Line, a rock showcase club started in the 70's. The average ticket price at the Bottom Line is $13.50 on weeknights and $15 on weekends.

So far, the rise in concert prices has not encountered strong public resistance. But how far can it go?

''There is not a bottomless pit of discretionary income out there,'' Mr. Scher said. ''The public will pay anything to see the superstars. But at what cost to the economic health of the rest of the entertaiment industry?''

**Graphic**

Photo: Top ticket prices for selected pop music concerts have been steadily going up. Seats for the New Kids on the block, at top, at Giants Stadium are $25; Madonna's ''Blond Ambition'' performances at Brendan Byrne Arena are $30 and the Frank Sinatra concert at Radio City Music Hall was the top price at $50, before he postponed the engagement to next month. (Larry Busacca/Retna; Associated Press)

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[***Metropolitan Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HBJ-F330-TW8F-G21B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2694 words

**Byline:** By John Updike

John Updike's new book, ''Still Looking: Essays on American Art,'' will be published in November.

**Body**

NEW ART CITY

By Jed Perl.

Illustrated. 641 pp. Alfred A. Knopf.

$35.

A hundred pages shorter than Andre Malraux's ''Voices of Silence,'' which surveyed art from its first traces in caves up to the present as of 1953, and a hundred pages longer than Robert Hughes's ''Shock of the New,'' which in 1981 took on modern art from Cezanne to Pop, Op, Happenings and Earthworks, Jed Perl's ''New Art City'' claims on its dust jacket to cover only ''Manhattan at midcentury.'' This is not a coffee-table art book; its illustrations, though numerous, are small, and black-and-white. A dense text rules the textbook-sized pages -- 557 of them, not counting notes, acknowledgments and index. Can there be that much to say about so concentrated a space and span of time? Have no fear: Perl, the art critic for The New Republic, is a fiercely fluent word-spinner, and he comes laden with a staggering knowledge of American artists and their critics from, say,

1948, when Willem de Kooning had his first one-man show and Jackson Pollock began to drip in earnest, down to 1982, when Donald Judd began to colonize the flat wilderness of Marfa, Tex., with 100 same-sized aluminum boxes.

The book could have been called ''Abstract Expressionism and Its Aftermath,'' except that the Abstract Expressionists themselves are given relatively curt treatment, as if the author doesn't dare look at the sun too long. Perl devotes the bulk of his philosophically intricate and aesthetically subtle considerations to the second-generation ''colonizers rather than explorers'' (in B. H. Friedman's paraphrase of W. H. Auden) whose fate it was ''to live in an Age of Silver, or maybe of Lead.'' This book's roll call tends to proceed two by two; it opens with de Kooning and Hans Hofmann, a pair of mature immigrants with an Old World passion for brushed paint, and ends with Fairfield Porter and Donald Judd, an unlikely duo of Silver Age ''empiricists'' -- that is, in Perl's terms, practitioners more concerned with the reality before them than with any romantic role in the historical progression of art styles.

The thesis of the book, to be blunt about it, is that art in Manhattan passed in midcentury and beyond from the nighttime creations of existential, heroic, romantic, art-history-minded revolutionaries hardened in the 30's to the daytime works of empirical, eclectic, unheroic, relatively theory-free individualists who had ripened in the shadow of the action-painting giants. These giants are evoked here and there in the book -- Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman toward the end -- and not always in worshipful terms. Pollock, Perl tells us, ''was an artist with a fine-tuned, rather small lyric gift'' graced by a big support system and a ton of publicity; by the end of the 40's ''the technique of dripping or flinging the paint, which Pollock originally borrowed from the Surrealists . . . soon became repetitive, a maze of lines that lock up the canvas all too efficiently.'' Concerning another paint-flinging giant, Franz Kline, Perl admires his famous personal charm and the ''buoyant, open-ended, angst-less void'' expressed by his whites but complains that ''Kline's swaggering black-and-white abstractions can have a perfunctory look -- they suggest a too easily existentialized romanticism.'' Perl's least qualified and most strenuous praise is for such relatively undersung achievements as Joan Mitchell's scrubbily brushed abstractions, Nell Blaine's nearly naive still lifes, Leland Bell's heavily simplified nudes and the obscure Earl Kerkam's worried, often incomplete nudes and self-portraits, expressing ''a quieter kind of yearning'' as opposed to de Kooning's ''gonzo, exhibitionistic romanticism.''

Well, in our anarchic post-Silver age, we are all free to like what we like, and patience with the lesser lights is what an art critic is paid for. Perl's long trek through the Silver Age galleries, however, is a wearying one. His pace enthusiastically picks up with such distinctive artists as David Smith, Joseph Cornell, Alex Katz and the abstract, pre-cartoon-brut Philip Guston, but our overall impression of being buried in an avalanche of reworked art reviews is reinforced by the inclusion of more and more quotation of other critics, at greatest length Harold Rosenberg and Clement Greenberg. Perl prefers the more doctrinaire Greenberg. He accuses Rosenberg of seeming to be ''riffing on Greenberg's ideas, giving his formalist sense of tradition an existentialist zing'' and of composing an essay that is ''all glittering bits -- a hot-air construction.''

While one would not mistake Perl's hip, allusion-rich prose for hot air, it does, in its schematizing ease and eager phrasemaking, attain a warm-air status. As warm air will, it can induce a certain grogginess. ''If oil paint was tradition, collage was revolution, but of course the kind of painting that was done on 10th Street was very much related to the revolution of Cubist collage, and so the connection between painting and collage was complicated, part of the loopy history of modern art'': a sentence like this leads us perilously close to nowhere. Complication goes without saying; we wait for the illuminating generalization. The words ''existential'' and ''empirical'' remain hazy, as much as Perl loves and uses them. The verb ''existentialize'' doesn't exist in my dictionary, and I groped to attach meanings to such nuanced variations of the concept as ''in their wackily existentialist way'' and the report that some Buckminster Fuller domes were sent out ''into the world in a pure, almost existentialized form.'' Almost existentialized -- an unlucky near miss!

In his commendable desire to stretch the language of visual perception and philosophical understanding, Perl coins compound adjectives as if hyphens were snowing upon his word processor. We have: ''the individual's at-an-angle relationship with society,'' ''go-with-the-flow neighbors,'' ''an increasingly knit-together, everything-is-one-thing, homogenous character,'' ''knock-you-in-your-teeth actualities,'' ''the wacky-bleak fascination of a play by Samuel Beckett,'' ''this everything-becoming-something-else moment,'' ''more-than-material yet grounded in the materials of art,'' ''the whatever-happens-happens nihilism,'' ''Ashbery's go-with-what-amuses-you attitude,'' and ''the stark, nobody-knows-you-when-you're-down-and-out decrepitude.'' Some of these Germanic compounds, like ''at-an-angle'' and ''go-with-the-flow,'' are handy enough to be used more than once, but they are, along with stretch adverbs like ''amazingly,'' ''infinitely'' and ''immensely,'' and such tenuous concepts as ''everydayness,'' ''brownishness'' and an ''ordinariness'' that ''melts into the silveriness of the images,'' symptomatic of the stresses placed on the vocabulary of those who would write about art.

And write about art modern man evidently must. (Full disclosure: I myself have a book of art reviews, infinitely modest, coming out this fall.) The belief that, as the premises of religion and patriotism suffer discredit, an inspiring humanism still lives in the production of paintings and sculpture afflicts us all. Volumes of commentary both precede and follow creative acts. Cezanne and the masters of Impressionism were relatively inarticulate -- their theories spoke in their praxis -- but since then every movement has had its manifestoes, and some of the announced programs, as with the Italian Futurists and English Vorticists, proved more vivid than their visual byproducts. And some, as with Dada, made the denial of art their program. Of the Abstract Expressionists, Pollock and Kline wrote little, but Motherwell and Newman and, most grandiosely, Clyfford Still, wrote and opined much. It is the nature of 20th-century art to cast a dense literary shadow. When one reads, in Perl's last two chapters, of the pungent and aggressive reviews of contemporary shows that Judd and Porter produced for art journals, one wonders if proving themselves as art critics wasn't a way of lending credibility to their own works -- what Perl might describe as the in-your-face-affectless constructions of Judd and the I-paint-what-I-see-and-so-what canvases of Porter.

If one of the underlying messages of ''New Art City'' is that heroic ''existential'' Abstract Expressionism was something to get over, and another is that an ''empirical'' Silver Age mix of representational and abstract private styles shouldn't be sniffed at, he takes a dark view of the mighty movement that came in between, beloved of collectors and of the nonbuying public alike. Perl sees Pop as the return of Dada, which didn't deserve an encore. Marcel Duchamp -- with Piet Mondrian Manhattan's most dramatic elder in exile -- strikes Perl as a sinister eminence grise. He quotes an article composed by the gallery owners Sidney and Harriet Janis in 1945; it explains of the Frenchman Duchamp, whose American career amounted to little more than a few arresting stunts, that he ''has worked out a system that has produced a new atmosphere in which irony functions like an activating element, causing a pendulum-like oscillation between acceptance and rejection, affirmation and negation, and rendering them both dynamic and productive.''

Perl's comment is uncharacteristically sharp: ''Here, in some carefully chosen words about Duchamp published at the end of World War II, we are face to face with a vision of artistic development as amusingly slippery or ironically aimless that would become commonplace a little more than a decade later. It's a poisonous attitude, so I believe.'' When, in 1958, Dada's deadpan irony was reborn in Jasper Johns's first show, Perl gets personal and nearly nasty:

''Johns liked to give his surfaces a beguiling complexity, often with glued-on layers of newspaper. The surfaces were worked over -- worried over. In all of these paintings, there was a suggestion of the collage or the ready-made, for Johns's sensitized surfaces became a mocking echo of the pancake-flat object -- a flag or a target or a map -- that he had taken as his subject. He used his slurpy encaustic paint to make painterly love to his quotidian subjects. He was slumming -- oh so elegantly.''

Irony, mockery -- these are poisonous, presumably to the health of the humanistic enterprise, diminishing ''the grandeur of art'' so that it ''was no longer a force that by pushing artists forward granted them their freedom.'' Johns's painstaking technique of encaustic over collage is ''slurpy,'' an image that becomes, in ''painterly love,'' curiously sexual. The critic tells us what Johns likes, and when he is slumming. He does not entertain the possibility that the famous flags and targets and maps were a way of coping with the chronic modernist issues of representation and reality, central to the surreal puns of Max Ernst and Magritte and Dali. And yet in other instances Perl grants artists the freedom to do what feels right, to let each work be ''an attempt to give form a shape that matched the artist's emotion.'' The concomitant obligation is to avoid doing what doesn't feel right, and Johns, with many in his generation, avoided trying to redo the great deeds of Western art, including the flamboyant gestures of the Abstract Expressionists. An image that is also a thing -- a flag or target or map -- is one way to subdue Expressionism while keeping painterliness.

Pop was a counterrevolution that made art experts feel, as Leo Steinberg admitted, like philistines. Perl quotes with zesty approval Fairfield Porter's disparaging review of a Johns retrospective in 1964, as displaying ''the course of an education that has been carried out in public.'' Porter went on, ''It shows the reaction to his education of an individual intelligent enough at first to take in all that he is being taught while giving it only part of his attention.'' Perl adds, ''And so Jasper Johns went straight to the top of the class.'' Usually noncombative, Perl on Pop takes sides all over the place; Leo Steinberg, quoted on Johns as an ally, is guilty of ''an avant-garde softheadedness'' when he tries to find something good to say about Robert Rauschenberg's enigmatic combines: ''What he liked about Rauschenberg's work was the mushy meanderings that the combines kicked off in his mind.''

As for Roy Lichtenstein and Andy Warhol, they are understood as deft perpetrators of implicitly fraudulent effects: Lichtenstein's blown-up comic strips won acceptance because ''they were susceptible to a kind of formalist, Bauhaus-inspired analysis that had been familiar at least since the 1940's,'' and Warhol, who left doing shoe advertisements to imitate Lichtenstein's big cartoons, happened, in his factory of duplication, on ''one Pop subject that had an immediate, visceral appeal for a sophisticated (and even for an intellectual) audience: the movies.'' Cleverly concentrating on stars associated with intellectuals like Arthur Miller and Richard Burton, he ''presented gallerygoers with a Hollywood universe in which just about everybody had at one time or another found a fantasy of romantic involvement. The whole arrangement worked beautifully for the part of the audience that wasn't interested in heterosexual sex.'' The little sting in this last phrase brings us to the matter of ''sophisticated campy taste'' that flavors the Pop movement; many if not most of the name artists were homosexual, and an ''at-an-angle'' derision of the straight world blinds Perl, it seems to me, to the innocence of Pop's basic appeal; as with Norman Rockwell's Post covers, the public recognized elements of the world it lived in. Claes Oldenburg, who wound up designing drolly huge public monuments, began, in 1961, with ''The Store,'' a mock emporium located in a ***working-class*** district where the East Village met the Lower East Side, stocked with grungy, brightly and messily enameled plaster replicas of merchandise -- candy bars, men's suits, pastries, corsets -- redolent of the 1940's. Perl offers an sour epigram: ''An art without a will of its own was an art drifting into nostalgia -- that was always the condition of Pop.''

The Pop episode prompts the sole deviation from Perl's ''what-happens-happens,'' ''go-with-what-amuses-you'' survey. He is as fondly respectful of Cornell's fey little boxes of assemblage as he is affronted by Rauschenberg's brut combines, and Judd's artifacts, which might seem as impudently blank as Johns's flags, are cherished for the aesthetic values they bring over from the industrial world: his plywood boxes ''were about the beauty of plywood, its color, its patterning, its edges with their sandwiched layers.'' No Dada urinals, snow shovels or bottle racks need apply, without those buzz-sawed, sandwiched layers.

The book's title and subtitle lead a reader to expect more concrete speculation as to why New York, which after all didn't lack bohemian strivers prior to 1945, replaced Paris as the world's art capital. One reason is perhaps too obvious for Perl to dwell on: the city was the economic capital of the only major combatant nation to emerge from World War II with its infrastructure intact and its civilian population unharmed. The private wealth of the postwar boom was a more flexible and lavish patron than the government's Depression mural projects could be. The expanding size of the Abstract Expressionist canvases, an index of their ambition and their strategy of engulfing the viewer, related to the size of the cheap lofts being vacated by downtown Manhattan's declining industries. The bold splashes found receptive pale walls in the rising skyscraper city, its swell midtown apartments and its newly fashionable museums. Downtown abounded in cheap living, found art, permissive cafeterias and jazzed-up friends. An Englishman, Cyril Connolly, in Horizon in 1947, said it best: New York presented ''an unforgettable picture of what a city ought to be: that is, continuously insolent and alive, a place where one can buy a book or meet a friend at any hour of the day or night.'' He promised, ''Something important is about to happen.'' Who feels that now?

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Willem de Kooning, photograph by Arnold Newman, 1959. Joan Mitchell in her Paris studio, 1956 photo by Loomis Dean. (Photograph by Time Life Pictures/Getty Images)

Top picture, Franz Kline, photographed by Fritz Goro in 1954. Below it, left, Marcel Duchamp in his West 14th Street studio, about 1956

right, Jackson Pollock in a photo by Martha Holmes, 1949. (Photographs by Duchamp by Waintraub-Budd Photography, From ''New Art City''/Others, Time Life Pictures/Getty Images)Drawing (Drawing by Ray Bartkus)

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[***'Qatsi,' Part III: Technology Triumphs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YV5-DJG0-00MH-F13G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Ty Burr is a senior editor of Entertainment Weekly.

By TY BURR;   Ty Burr is a senior editor of Entertainment Weekly.

**Body**

GODFREY REGGIO is an alien who wants to destroy the future from within.

At least, that is what he says. And the funny thing is that the reclusive 59-year-old filmmaker makes a beguiling sort of sense as he arranges his far-reaching abstractions about humanity's high-tech dilemmas into pleasant conversation, much as films like "Koyaanisqatsi" and "Powaqqatsi" string together pearls of staggering imagery into artful condemnations of Western civilization.

"I do believe that technology is not something we use, but something we live," Mr. Reggio says, touching a match to a Lucky Strike in the Sunday afternoon gloom of his friend Philip Glass's East Village apartment. He has the still charisma of the Christian Brothers monk he once was.

He also has the engaged, unruly intellect of the kind of monk who left the order before he could be expelled. "More important than empires and wars and other breakthroughs," he continues, "technology is now an environment, the host of human habitation. We don't live with the natural environment. There's so much interest in aliens because we are the aliens. We are off-planet."

This explains, perhaps, why Mr. Reggio's films are such out-of-this-world experiences, not to mention solar systems away from conventional Hollywood moviemaking. When "Koyaanisqatsi" (the title is a Hopi word meaning, roughly, "life without balance") made its debut at Radio City Music Hall as the opening selection of the 1983 New York Film Festival, audiences found themselves at a fulcrum of puzzlement and awe: here was a movie with no plot, no actors, no soundtrack other than Mr. Glass's percolating original score. And yet as magisterial shots of Monument Valley gave way to frenzied sequences of urban life, "Koyaanisqatsi" delivered a sensory head trip with a decidedly spiritual point of view. "To this day," says Francis Ford Coppola, who lent his name to the project, "images and sequences from the film remain with me."

In 1988, Mr. Reggio returned with a follow-up called "Powaqqatsi" ("Life in Transformation"), this time focusing on vanishing ways of life in the Southern Hemisphere. Despite another groundbreaking Glass score, critics were less enchanted. The Washington Post commented that "watching it, you feel as if you were being forced at gunpoint to flip through hundreds and hundreds of back issues of National Geographic," and the director was accused of, in his words, "aestheticizing poverty" and was spat on at the Berlin Film Festival.

Yet 12 years later it is difficult to deny the influence of Mr. Reggio's vision on the surfaces of modern pop culture. The time-lapse sequences of clouds scudding across natural and manmade landscapes have leaked into television and Hollywood films -- they are the very bedrock of the Weather Channel -- and the pas de deux of imagery and score has become the coin of music videos and television commercials.

"His style of filmmaking was adopted by the advertising world for good reason," says Jon Kane, the commercial film director responsible for VH1's "Go Behind the Music" spots and a recent Tommy Hilfiger campaign featuring Jewel and Lenny Kravitz. "In commercials, where you only have 30 seconds to create a world, music and pictures cut deeper and faster than words."

Since "Powaqqatsi," Mr. Reggio has directed only two films: "Anima Mundi," a half-hour tour of the animal kingdom made in 1991 under the auspices of the World Wide Fund for Nature, and "Evidence," a seven-minute short on the subject of children and television, filmed in 1994. During that time, the "qatsi" films have been kept curiously in the here and now by way of screening tours featuring live orchestral performances of the Glass scores. Starting on Tuesday, the Brooklyn Academy of Music will present "Koyaanisqatsi," "Powaqqatsi" and, in its United States concert premiere, "Anima Mundi" as part of its "Philip on Film" series, a weeklong festival of Glass film scores.

THIS is not why Mr. Reggio is in New York, however. While the filmmaker is deeply appreciative of Mr. Glass's ongoing support of their past collaborations -- "Philip is willing to stay on the road for over 100 days of concerts, around the world," he marvels -- Mr. Reggio is merely passing through. While based in Santa Fe, N.M., he has spent the better part of a decade "living out of a suitcase," searching for the financial backing to create a third "qatsi" film. It will be called "Naqoyqatsi," and if it gets made it may be his most extreme work by far.

The title, another Hopi derivation, translates roughly as "civilized violence," and the film Mr. Reggio envisions will acknowledge that technology has triumphed over nature. Where "Koyaanisqatsi' dealt with the mechanistic lock step of life in the Northern Hemisphere, and "Powaqqatsi" eulogized what the director calls a "handmade way of living" that is rapidly disappearing from the Southern Hemisphere, "Naqoyqatsi" will be about the shiny new global village of technological homogenization. And "at the leading edge of that phenomenon," says Mr. Reggio with the relish of a surgeon presented with a particularly interesting tumor, "is something we call the Internet. The Internet, like much of the technology we have today, resulted from research and development related to war. It is a phenomenon that is literally changing the way we live, the way we perceive, the way the world is organized. In that sense, it becomes the subject of the film."

The style of "Naqoyqatsi" promises to be similarly radical. Instead of going on location to shoot original material, as he did for the first two films, Mr. Reggio plans to create a visual symphony of existent footage, gleaned from a multitude of stock sources. He will then "revivify" this "spent imagery" by manipulating it with digital editing effects in a process of what he describes as "perfected degradation." He acknowledges that such techniques have become standard practice in art forms as distinct as avant-garde filmmaking, music videos and mainstream films. "In some of Oliver Stone's work, he uses digital imaging," Mr. Reggio says. "But it's not the main drive of his films. I'm going to make a full language out of degradation."

And what, exactly, will the result look like on the screen? "Well," he laughs, "it would be like trying to tell you what a persimmon tastes like."

There is, of course, a somewhat hefty paradox in using technological means to critique technology. Mr. Reggio welcomes it. "I want to grab on to those contradictions," he says, "and use them, as it were, with the spirit of Troy, and enter something into the market." Thus, his ambitious plans to use the Internet in the very creation of "Naqoyqatsi," recruiting collaborative media -- additional footage, for example, through an official Web site. "I'm going to try to implicate the Internet, both as a subject matter and as an aspect of the production," he says with a grin.

After talking with Mr. Reggio for a while -- or rather, after sitting spellbound as he weaves concepts and philosophy into dazzling, sometimes inscrutable tapestries -- one begins to wonder how a man who spent his adolescence and early adulthood as a Christian Brothers novitiate has come to surf the edge of the techno-media tsunami.

Born and raised in New Orleans, Mr. Reggio came from a ***working-class*** family yet managed to live what he refers to as a "pretty fast life" with the country club set by an early age. At the same time, he was intrigued by the selflessness of the monks who taught him in school, men who "weren't about themselves." The filmmaker still feels that his decision to enter the Christian Brothers order at the age of 14 was the right one. "It allowed me, in effect, not to grow up in the 1950's of the United States, but in the Middle Ages, or in 16th-century Europe. Not that that was better, but it was certainly different. I mean, instead of collecting baseball cards I was collecting holy cards."

Yet by the time Mr. Reggio was ready to take his vows 14 years later, he was heeding other calls. By then he was studying at the College of Santa Fe, a Christian Brothers school in New Mexico, and his work with the local community -- in particular with youth gangs -- was rankling his superiors. "The Chicano community, the community of poverty where I lived, was gaping with need," he says. "So I would teach during the day, and at night I would be out working with street gangs. And I think I became a scandal to my brothers." In 1968, it was suggested to Mr. Reggio that he stop his activities and go to work in the Christian Brothers archives in Rome. Instead, he left the order.

By the mid-1970's, his community-building efforts had flowered into an American Civil Liberties Union-backed project called the Institute for Regional Education, whose first campaign, presciently, was a series of billboards and prime-time television ads calling the public's attention to governmental incursions on personal privacy. The combination of his work with the underprivileged and his deepening distrust of techno-culture began to coalesce into the first stirrings of "Koyaanisqatsi."

"My feeling was that America was becoming rootless," he says. "That the family was dying, that it wouldn't be long before we would have a technological society. And I felt that 'Koyaanisqatsi' would be a way of putting into cinema something that if, I was a painter, I would try to make on a large painting." Never having made a film before, he began to assemble like minds, and, realizing that music would be crucial, approached Mr. Glass.

"At the time, about 30 or 40 minutes was shot," Mr. Glass recalls. "We got together, and I began by telling him that I didn't write film music. But we had a viewing, and I was so impressed that I immediately said that I would do it."

From that point on, the two were in close collaboration, with the cinematographer Ron Fricke's images affecting Mr. Glass's score and the score setting the pace for the editing. Nevertheless, as Mr. Glass is at pains to clarify, "the whole conception of the trilogy of films is Godfrey's aesthetic and his idea." When "Koyaanisqatsi" was finished in 1982, the team had an extremely singular film and no idea of how it might reach an audience.

Enter Francis Ford Coppola. Introduced to the "Godfather" director through a mutual friend, Mr. Reggio and Mr. Glass arranged a screening. "I fully expected to hear the sound of seats folding up, and the door opening and shutting," Mr. Glass remembers. "It never happened." Instead, says Mr. Coppola, "I was very moved and impressed with the power, the imagery, the music, and the innovative way ideas and emotions were presented. I felt the film was uniquely cinematic." Under the banner of "Francis Ford Coppola presents," "Koyaanisqatsi" unspooled at the New York Film Festival and went on to a theatrical release.

Finding angels, particularly financial backers for "Naqoyqatsi," is proving to be a harder task. Last November, Mr. Reggio met with George Lucas (who was a co-presenter with Mr. Coppola of "Powaqqatsi,") and the result is that Rick McCallum, the producer of "Star Wars: Episode I -- The Phantom Menace," is actively seeking money for the project. Still, why his famous friends have yet to step up to the plate is a delicate conundrum for Mr. Reggio. "It's like I've been given an enormous Rolls-Royce and a teaspoon of petrol," he says.

Considering the subject of the film -- not to mention the director's embracing of the Internet in its creation -- it is perhaps not too much to hope that a newly minted dot-com billionaire might see the happy irony in backing "Naqoyqatsi."

Mr. Reggio is not above optimism. In the material he gives to potential investors, the film's final sequence is titled "Startling Hope.' All the filmmaker will say about it is that, after being assaulted with images of technology rampant, audiences will find themselves looking at "a human situation -- completely human, in perhaps one of our most human acts, the act of dialogue." The alien's eyes crinkle with the subversiveness of it all: "Human beings are more mysterious than we know."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: With no actors or plot, "Koyaanisqatsi" was Godfrey Reggio's startling 1983 debut at Radio City Music Hall. (Godfrey Reggio); In "Powaqqatsi" ("Life in Transformation," 1988), Godfrey Reggio focused on the vanishing ways of life in the Southern Hemisphere. (Godfrey Reggio)(pg. 26); Godfrey Reggio, above, in Brooklyn this month. Top, a scene from his 1992 film "Anima Mundi." (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); (Godfrey Reggio)(pg. 13)

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[***The True Flavors of Mexico, Hidden in New York***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:494H-3DM0-01KN-2496-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By ERIC ASIMOV

**Body**

THE grocery Hidalgo Mexican Food Products looks as if it could as easily be in a courtyard in Cuernavaca as on a nondescript block in Astoria, Queens. The shelves are lined with avocado leaves and chilies. Small bags of dried herbs share the aisles with cans of beans, sacks of tortillas and racy comic books in Spanish. Bundles of fresh epazote leaves are stacked next to a cash register.

But sidestep a mop and bucket blocking one aisle and walk to the south end of the store, and a neat little counter with a handful of stools reveals itself. Behind the counter is a stove where a short woman in a tank top is tending a pot. She looks up with welcoming eyes. "Hola," she says as you take a seat and inhale the warm, homey aromas of steamed corn and sauteed pork.

The taqueria within Hidalgo is one of many hidden in the small groceries and shops that dot the city's scattered Mexican neighborhoods. Part lunch counter, part family dining room, these taquerias, serving mostly antojitos, or little street delicacies, have become an essential component of Mexican culture in New York City.

Not so long ago, any kind of taqueria was unheard of in New York. The city's Mexican population in 1980 was barely 24,000, according to the City Planning Department. But by 2000, that population had shot to about 187,000, primarily in the Queens neighborhoods of Elmhurst, Corona, Jackson Heights and Astoria; Sunset Park in Brooklyn; and East Harlem. It has spread farther since.

In the East Village, the Zaragoza Mexican Deli and Grocery, a cramped bodega with barely enough room to turn around between a cash register and a crate of fresh cactus paddles, offers a small selection of tamales and tacos each day, with a more elaborate selection on the weekends. A three-seat counter is squeezed in next to a jukebox, along with a pile of napkins on a paper plate, toothpicks and a bottle of salt.

At the Tehuitzingo Deli and Grocery in Clinton, the taqueria in the rear is far more spacious, complete with a blackboard menu, a small kitchen, a counter laminated with a sea creature design and enough fake flowers to hold a fake funeral. At Las Conchitas in Sunset Park, the taqueria is in the rear of a bakery, just a few simple tables and stools behind trays and trays of garish pastries in iridescent colors.

The quality of Mexican food in New York has improved markedly in the last few years, with restaurants as elaborate as Pampano, Rocking Horse and Salon Mexico showcasing the complexity and diversity of high-end Mexican cuisine. Yet the heart of immigrant Mexican culture beats within these rude and humble taquerias, where two soft corn tortillas, doubled and folded around carnitas or barbacoa -- braised pork chunks or stewed goat -- can for a moment soothe an ache for home.

These taquerias are decidedly modest. Paper plates are typical, and if you haven't mastered the important skill of grasping a taco and taking a bite without squeezing out the filling, the fork you receive will be plastic.

You have as much chance of seeing a margarita as a bottle of Chateau Petrus. The drinks include beer or excellent Mexican sodas made by Jarritos, which uses cane sugar instead of the American corn syrup, giving the soda a clean, crisp taste in tangy flavors like grapefruit and tamarind. Occasionally you'll be offered a glass of house-made aguas frescas, lightly sweet water-based beverages in flavors like mango or strawberry. Hidalgo serves a wonderful agua fresca made with hibiscus, like the Jamaican sorrel drink, and called, fittingly enough, Jamaica (pronounced hah-MY-ka).

The flavors and aromas may evoke nostalgia, but oddly enough the institution of the grocery-taqueria is practically unknown in Mexico. "No, never," said Barbara Sibley, an owner of La Palapa, a Mexican restaurant in the East Village, who grew up in Mexico City. "Stores are stores. You'll more often see a person on the corner, selling their special gorditas, or a certain kind of flauta or quesadilla."

Apparently the grocery-taqueria is a New York adaptation, perhaps inspired by the little groceries and delis in New York that double as sandwich shops. Or possibly it's a question of economy.

"Maybe it's because they have lots of labor -- the whole family -- but not much capital, so they want to get dual use of the stores they rent," said Paul Berman, an author and critic who has spent a lot of time in Mexico. "But mostly I guess it's because cuisine is a big aspect of Mexican culture, and to set up some kind of kitchen seems the logical thing to do for any Mexican."

Any immigrant culture, of course, tries to reproduce aspects of its homeland, and while grocery-taquerias may not show up on the corners of Cuernavaca, they are organized in New York along typically Mexican lines. Almost always they are family enterprises, with the men generally in charge of the grocery, and the women handling the cooking. It's not surprising. While a legion of Mexican men cook in restaurant kitchens throughout New York, the kitchens of Mexican homes are ruled by women.

"In Mexico, women are the owners of the kitchen," said Carmen Boullosa, a Mexican poet and novelist who lives in Brooklyn. "You really have to be a revolutionary soul in Mexico to cook if you are a man."

When you enter one of these taquerias you are in a way joining an extended family that seems to embrace each customer. Often the television is on, showing soccer games or soap operas, soundlessly so as not to compete with the blare of the jukebox. A child might be playing on the floor as mother and grandmother work the counter. People come in and out, issuing friendly greetings. Everybody seems welcome and accepted.

The food is family style as well. Though the menu changes little from taqueria to taqueria, the details vary. Each place has its own recipe for tacos and tamales, folk dishes with the proverbial secret ingredient. At Hidalgo, Carmen Fuentes, who owns the taqueria with her husband, Carlos Sanchez, serves tacos spread with salty, intensely flavorful guacamole. Her carnitas are chunky, with an almost crisp exterior, while the stewed goat, served on weekends, is wonderfully mellow. At Tehuitzingo, the carnitas are soft with a nutty flavor, the taco neat and compact, sprinkled with queso fresco and a salsa verde tangy with the taste of tomatillos. The tacos al pastor, made with chunks of roasted pork, are superb, and Tehuitzingo often serves chicharron tacos, made with almost jellylike pork skin that is far less chewy and more flavorful than you might expect.

"People are serving stuff that they serve at home," Ms. Sibley said. "Sometimes it's really good, sometimes not."

At Zaragoza, the tacos are filled to overflowing with tender lengua or cecina -- tongue or salted beef -- along with onions, cilantro, lettuce and red or green salsa. The delicious tamales are removed from their cornhusks and served drizzled with grated cheese, crema and lettuce. At La Vega in Corona, Queens, a deli with a small room that holds a half-dozen tables, the tacos are small and delicate, subtly flavored, accompanied by a thick, spicy salsa verde. At Las Conchitas, the bakery in Sunset Park, the tacos are also petite -- you can easily eat three for lunch -- and the salsa verde is thinner and milder.

Homesickness is evident in the names of the groceries that are in front of the taquerias -- Zaragoza and Tehuitzingo are the hometowns of the owners. Modesty, too. No matter how proud a cook might be if you enjoy her tacos or tamales, she most likely would insist on directing you across the street to a restaurant for even better ones.

"Most of the Mexicans in New York are ***working class***," Ms. Boullosa said. "They are running away from poverty, but they are not running away from their country." She said many send much of their earnings to their families back in Mexico, and fantasize about returning to live there one day.

As is typical in households of such recent immigrants, the children must do much of the English speaking for their parents. Why did Miguel Fuentes (no relation to Carmen) and Matilde Lopez start offering food at Tehuitzingo Deli? Simple enough, answered their son, Abraham Fuentes. "Customers came and they wanted to eat here," he said.

Few of the grocery taquerias are as elaborate or have as advanced a business plan as Hidalgo in Queens, which has been in business 10 years. It has always sold sandwiches and tacos, Carmen Fuentes said, but the counter was added four months ago with an eye to a steady stream of customers from the school down the block that is under construction and due to open in September.

Ms. Fuentes is from Costa Rica, but her husband is Mexican and she learned to cook for him. Now she oversees a small crew of women who prepare her recipes. Almost every day she has tacos with several fillings and tamales, wrapped either in cornhusks or banana leaves (the difference is subtle). She serves fabulous roasted chicken, tangy and moist as if lacquered in citrus. But many of the specialties are available only on weekends, like carnitas and barbacoa, pozole soup and tripe.

There is no menu, so you either have to know what is available, or just luck out. Sitting at the counter one afternoon, I noticed a woman making gorditas. She picked up a handful of masa, or corn dough, and shaped it into a pocket around a dollop of braised pork and closed the edges. She put it in a pan to fry, and as it sizzled enticingly, I gestured toward it. She gestured back, and we had closed the deal.

When it was done frying, she scooped it up, cut open an end, stuffed it with crumbled cheese and cream and handed it to me on a square paper plate. It was delicious, like a sandwich on a dense corn muffin. From a corner of the counter, Ms. Fuentes beamed. Her extended family was growing bigger.

6 Great Tacos For $2 or Less

ALMOST every Mexican neighborhood in New York City has a few delis or groceries that conceal taquerias, like these six. Most are open all day, from breakfast until after dinner, and all are inexpensive, $2 or so for a taco. The selections are modest, but almost always expand on the weekends.

FAST AND FRESH DELI -- 84 Hoyt Street, near Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, (718) 802-1661. A neat storefront that gives no indication of Mexican foods, except for the Mexicans sitting at the bright counter and the man behind the deli case, who makes fine beef, pork and chicken tacos.

HIDALGO MEXICAN FOOD PRODUCTS -- 30-11 29th Street, Astoria, Queens, (718) 274-6936. Great selection of Mexican products, and an inviting counter. Almost everything, whether tacos, tamales or roasted chicken or pork, is delicious. Try the refreshing aguas frescas, beverages flavored with fruit, herbs and spices.

LAS CONCHITAS -- 48-11 Fifth Avenue, Sunset Park, Brooklyn, (718) 437-5513. A small bakery with racks of bright, sugary Mexican pastries. In the rear, a small selection of compact, almost delicate tacos. Dim and rustic.

LA VEGA -- 103-07 Roosevelt Avenue, Corona, Queens, (718) 397-9362. One room of this deli has been turned into an actual restaurant, with an extended menu. The tacos are carefully made and delicious.

TEHUITZINGO DELI AND GROCERY -- 695 10th Avenue, near 47th Street, (212) 397-5956. The rear of the deli is a colorful and festive counter. Tacos carnitas and al pastor are excellent. Unusual fillings, like pork skin, are also available.

ZARAGOZA MEXICAN DELI AND GROCERY -- 215 Avenue A, near 14th Street, East Village, (212) 780-9204. A tiny bodega with a small selection of tacos that changes every day, and good tamales. ERIC ASIMOV

ROAST CHICKEN WITH HIDALGO SAUCE

Adapted from Carmen Fuentes

Time: 1 1/2 hours plus at least 30 minutes' marination

1 pound dried guajillo chilies (see note)

1/4 pound small dried chipotle chilies

1/4 pound dried pulla chilies (see note)

1 cup orange juice (optional)

2 large red tomatoes, chopped

2 medium onions, chopped

1 head garlic, cloves peeled

1/2 teaspoon coriander seeds

1/2 teaspoon cumin seeds

1/4 teaspoon whole cloves

1/2 teaspoon ground pepper

1/2 teaspoon salt or to taste

1 whole chicken, about 3 to 4 pounds.

1. Remove seeds and stems from all chilies. Place chilies in a large pot, and cover with water. Bring to a boil, and cook until softened, 20 minutes. Drain and puree in food processor, adding a little orange juice or water to make a sauce. Gradually add tomatoes, onions and garlic to processor. Add remaining ingredients except chicken and remaining orange juice or water. Strain sauce well. Taste and add salt if needed.

2. Place chicken in a bowl, and pour 1 cup marinade over it and inside cavity. (There will be more marinade than you need; excess can be refrigerated up to a week and used with leftovers.) Marinate for 30 minutes, or overnight in refrigerator.

3. When ready to roast chicken, heat oven to 350 degrees. Roast 40 to 45 minutes, basting every 20 minutes. Let rest 10 to 15 minutes. Serve as is or in enchiladas or tacos.

Yield: 4 servings.

Note: Chilies are sold at Kitchen/Market, 218 Eighth Avenue (21st Street) and at Mexican markets.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: HOMETOWN FOOD -- At the Tehuitzingo Deli and Grocery on 10th Avenue, Tere Fuentes, left, shows off a platter of tacos made at the rear of the store. Taquerias in groceries around the city cater to homesick Mexicans and other lovers of street food. (Photographs by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F1); SNACK AROUND TOWN -- 1. and 2. Las Conchitas Bakery in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, can fill an urge for either doughnuts or tiny tacos. 3. In Astoria, Queens, a customer digs into a chicken taco at Hidalgo Mexican Food Products. 4. In the shadow of the No. 7 line in Corona, Queens, is La Vega, a deli with a few tables. 5. and 6. Pompeyo Martinez, the owner of the Zaragoza grocery in the East Village, offers a small selection of tamales and tacos. 7. The chicken taco at the Fast and Fresh Deli on Hoyt Street in Brooklyn. (Photographs by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F4)

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[***Must Busing Go On Till Racial Balance Is Exact?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PRT0-0038-D3HR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SUSAN CHIRA, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** OKLAHOMA CITY, March 29

**Body**

Outside the small, self-contained worlds of Shelly Bridgwater's and Donna Stover's classrooms rages one of the country's most complex and far-reaching desegregation battles.

There is only one white face in Ms. Bridgwater's class at Longfellow elementary school: her own. Across town at the Lafayette elementary school, Mrs. Stover, who is half black and half American Indian, presides over a sea of blonds, redheads and brunets.

Six years ago, when Oklahoma City still bused first- through fourth-graders, such racially skewed classrooms did not exist. They still do not exist today from fifth grade onward, where busing remains in force.

Now the Supreme Court has agreed to consider whether the school district must resume busing in the lower grades. It is a case that may decide some unresolved legacies of court-ordered desegregation: How long must it continue, and how thorough must it be?

Unlike some large urban school systems in the North, Oklahoma City's school population is almost evenly divided between whites and blacks. Of the 37,735 public school students, 45 percent are white and 40 percent are black, with the remaining 15 percent Hispanic, Indian and Asian. In New York City, by contrast, minorities make up 80 percent of the public school population; in the Boston public schools the figure is 75 percent.

The Court's decision in the Oklahoma City case could affect about 500 school districts throughout the country. School officials everywhere are watching the case for clues.

But this city of 403,000 people provides few clear-cut answers. Nearly everyone, black and white, disliked the busing plan in effect here for more than a decade, in which young black schoolchildren, not their white classmates, were the ones riding the buses.

A Federal court declared in 1977 that the Oklahoma City school district had ended a longstanding policy of segregation, and in 1985 the school board decided to end busing for children in first through fourth grades. But the NAACP Legal Defense Fund sued on behalf of several students and their parents to stop the Oklahoma City school board from ending busing, arguing that schools would become re-segregated.

Appeal by School Board

A Federal appeals court ruled last year that the busing should be resumed, and the Supreme Court agreed last week to hear the school board's appeal.

The 1985 board decision to send young children to schools in their neighborhoods allowed the district to put money it saved on busing into education, and it encouraged more parents to get involved in their children's schools.

Also, more blacks and whites are living side by side, so that most of the city's 58 elementary schools were racially balanced even after the busing stopped. But 10 remain nearly all black, and five are 80 percent white.

While some black parents and community leaders initially supported the move away from busing, many now believe that the 10 black schools do not get as many supplies or good teachers as white schools, despite fervent denials and reams of statistics to the contrary offered by school officials.

Issues Clear, for Them

For Clara Luper, a black retired high school teacher whose daughter is one of the students in the Supreme Court case, the issue is clear.

''I believe in integration,'' said Mrs. Luper, who helped organize some of the city's earliest civil rights demonstrations more than 30 years ago. ''If it would take helicopters to get kids together, it would be all right with me. If you wait until a child is in fifth grade before having any contact with people of other races, you have already scarred that child.''

Arthur W. Steller, Oklahoma City's Superintendent of Schools, is just as certain that neighborhood schools can offer equal education.

''If I could just wave a magic wand, every neighborhood and every school would be integrated in every way,'' he said. ''That's not the world in which we happen to live. If we've eliminated prior segregation, now can we return to neighborhood schools and concentrate our efforts on student achievement?''

'Children of Different Colors'

But many others in Oklahoma City are torn and unsure about what to endorse. Some black parents want a return to busing; others do not. Some white teachers, like Shirley Swinford at the all-black Garden Oaks school, think their black pupils are getting shortchanged. Some black teachers, like Mrs. Stover, oppose busing because they feel it exhausts children and keeps parents distanced from schools.

''Sometimes I think we need children of different colors together as early as possible,'' said Beverly Story, principal of the all-black Longfellow school. ''Sometimes I look at all the negative things that come out of putting those little babies on buses across town, and that's not right either.''

With busing now beginning in the fifth grade, teachers say it is too soon to tell how children react when they encounter children of another race for the first time.

Interaction Against Isolation

Dr. Steller, the School Superintendent, says the schools are trying to counter such problems of racial isolation through an interaction program, in which children from predominantly white and black schools choose pen pals, visit each other once or twice a year and go on an annual field trip.

At one such interaction day recently at Garden Oaks, storytellers and dancers entertained black and white children, who later ate lunch together before returning to their own schools.

But many teachers say more needs to be done.

''Even if it happened once a month, that's not true interaction,'' said Darlene McVay, who teaches at Longfellow. ''I don't think true integration can take place unless children are there all the time.''

On 'Them and Us'

Abigail Whitwell, who teaches at Garden Oaks, said her students, who rarely deal with white people, appear to forget that she is white when they discuss race: ''When they talk about white people, they talk as though it's somebody foreign to all of us. There is that 'them and us' attitude.''

But Julie G. Bailey, principal of Lafayette, where there may be only one or two black children in a class, said her white students do not seem to display the prejudices that some of their parents hold.

''I don't think we can mandate social change,'' she said. ''All we can do is model it in our behavior.''

Teachers, parents and administrators are divided also about the academic impact of the switch back to neighborhood schools. The school board does not have long-term studies about the impact of integration on academic achievement, and it is difficult to compare schools' test scores during and after busing because the schools and their student bodies changed.

Loss of Power Feared

Some black parents and community organizations, like the Urban League, endorsed the return to neighborhood schools for the same reasons that some blacks across the country have become disillusioned with desegregation: They felt that black administrators, teachers and parents had lost power.

When busing ended for early grades, the school board also promised that all-black schools in poor neighborhoods would receive special services and equal resources, and it established an equity committee to make sure that schools were being treated equally.

But several of its members, including Lettie Ruth Hunter, a retired teacher, and LaWanna Hackner Bruner of the Urban League, say the equity committee has been thwarted at every turn, and that black schools are not getting their fair share. They cite lower test scores at black schools as proof of their suspicion that education there is second-rate.

They also complain that few black schools are headed by black principals, so students do not have role models of leadership. Of the 10 nearly all-black schools in Oklahoma City, three have black principals, a lower proportion than the 46 black principals out of the city's 122 principals.

Urban League Reconsiders

As a result, the Urban League is reconsidering its earlier support for neighborhood schools.

''I've visited many of these schools,'' Ms. Bruner said. ''You can see they receive fewer resources than in other parts of the city. Teachers say they have to purchase materials out of their own pockets. I've been in classrooms where, even through December, students do not have textbooks.''

Dr. Steller and the schools' principals deny that black schools are being shortchanged. Average spending per pupil this school year is $1,526 at schools with 80 percent or more black students, compared to $1,461 in schools that are less than 10 percent black, according to school district figures. Average spending per student is slightly under $1,500.

Ms. Story and Doyce Wilhelm, principal of Garden Oaks, say they believe they receive the same financing, based on how many students they have, as any other school. This year, Oklahoma City has spent $330,000 on special tutoring programs, including spring-break school and half-day school on Saturdays, for many black schools with the lowest achievement scores.

But Ms. Story argues that because her school is in a poor and ***working-class*** community, parents are unable to raise as much money for ''extras'' as those in more affluent neighborhoods. Her parents' group raised about $700 last year; Richard Danner, principal of Stonegate, a racially mixed school in an affluent neighborhood, netted more than $10,000 from parents. Stonegate spent the money on extra computers, carpets for some classrooms and air-conditioning for the computer room.

A walk through Stonegate showed brightly decorated classrooms full of books and games. Garden Oaks, while clean, appeared more rundown. Ms. Swinford, who teaches at Garden Oaks, told of film projectors so old they belonged in museums, and chronic paper and pencil shortages.

Ms. Story and Dr. Steller also dispute parents' assertions that black schools do not provide the same level of education. Lower test scores, they say, reflect the poverty and troubled family situations. Dr. Steller says that several black schools have shown marked improvement in test scores over the past three years.

Some look to the Supreme Court with hope, others with fear, as they await its ruling. The question, said Leonard D. Benton, president of the Urban League, is not whether more integration is better, but how best to achieve it. The answer, he said, still eludes him and Oklahoma City.

**Graphic**

photo: Deciding whether to return to busing in Oklahoma City has blurred racial lines for parents and teachers. Some white teachers think black students are being shortchanged. Donna Stover, with her class at the Lafayette elementary school, said she opposed busing because it tired children and kept parents away. (The New York Times/Steve Jennings) (pg. A18)

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION/RADIO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YR5-CP80-00MH-F01S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Behind the Deadpan, A Talent Is in Action***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YR5-CP80-00MH-F01S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ELVIS MITCHELL

**Body**

IF Bruce Willis feels "unappreciated," to quote his character from "Die Hard," it's easy to understand why. "The Sixth Sense," the other-world thriller, was one of the biggest hits of 1999. The movie has earned six Oscar nominations, including deserved acknowledgment of the young Haley Joel Osment and Toni Colette, as the mama lion whose belief in her tormented son is steadfast. Yet Mr. Willis's considerable effort in that film went unnoticed by the Academy. By now, he may feel that the most memorable line from "The Sixth Sense" -- "I see dead people" -- refers to the way Oscar voters feel about him.

After a shaky start in films, Mr. Willis claimed his place in the star firmament fully 12 years ago with "Die Hard." But he has rarely been taken seriously as an actor whose clarity is an integral element of his films: he can be so subtle he might well be a ghost.

There's no subtlety in "The Whole Nine Yards," a mindless comedy whose appeal -- it topped the box office in the two weeks after its release -- apparently stems from the fact that Mr. Willis doesn't break a sweat. His filmography is stocked with choices that allowed him to work hard as an actor, movies with performances as noteworthy as the one in "The Sixth Sense." But when Mr. Willis isn't saving the day, armored with an impermeable coat of street-corner suavity, his audiences generally stay away.

It's been true in movie history that audiences buy so deeply into an actor's image that they're unwilling to watch him venture into uncharted territory. Generally, it happens to masters of savvy casualness, like Humphrey Bogart or Lee Marvin. Because "Sense" is a genre picture, though an unusually thoughtful and elegant one, it serves as an exception. In it, Mr. Willis gets to demonstrate class and humility, and his performance offers texture. Were "Sense" a straight-ahead melodrama, he'd be laughed off the screen, though he's often available for such a risk. Still, he's not penalized so much for starring in bad action pictures -- and he's made his share -- because that kind of role is expected of him.

It may be because he started in television and therefore it's hard to take him seriously. Or it may be attributable to his rakish smirk. His moue and his party reputation from the 80's can make him seem insignificant, a frat-boy actor in a world of Method brooders. The slender, crooked smirk communicates so much leisurely confidence that it must make people feel as if Mr. Willis were tossing off an upstage wink, letting audiences in on the fact that he's just hanging until the limo pulls up to swoop him off for the next gig.

Mr. Willis's mini-grin was a perfect appliance for David Addison, the noisy, failing private eye he played in the old "Moonlighting" series on TV from 1985 to 1989. Addison's glib one-upmanship caused as much trouble for him as the cases he and his partner, Maddie Hayes (Cybill Shepherd), investigated while they tumbled through the tides of a comic romance. In the beginning, Mr. Willis's performance was sheer bemused effrontery, picking up the White Negro gauntlet that Robert Culp had laid down two decades earlier in "I Spy." From the mob flash of his clothes to his breezy way with lines dense with pop culture references, to his penchant for bursting into song from what seemed like the entire Stax catalog, Addison strove to be the man he thought he should be, but whose coolness had passed its expiration date: an exuberant and likable player-manque.

On "Moonlighting," Mr. Willis showed that depth of feeling, an emotional delicacy that contrasted with the sure banter, was not outside his range. (That contradictory fluidity, which is slightly reminiscent of Jackie Gleason, is one of the keys to his appeal.) In the series' "Brother, Can You Spare a Blonde" episode, which gave us the first intimation of yearning in the show, the camera pans across a room from Ms. Shepherd, who is flirting and laughing with the actor playing Mr. Willis's brother, to Mr. Willis. His face torn between a glare and a grimace, he casts a look at her, tightens his mouth and looks down, an expression of frustration and dejection he'll never let her see. It's also the first time Mr. Willis got a chance to unearth something beneath the groovy young hipster arrogance. He's capable of suffering, a quality that gives weight to the bounce in his stride. His silent pain was an updating of a screwball comedy tenet: feelings are all the more meaningful if you keep them to yourself.

That capacity for ache was the core of his performance onstage in Sam Shepard's "Fool for Love," where I caught him in 1984. His face was closed off, and his presence was riveting. He wasn't quite able to use his voice onstage; he got by on ambition and the energy expended for a live audience. Intriguingly, this offered a pre-vision of later work; the taciturn mask he tends to fall back on as shorthand in third-rate action pictures like "Mercury Rising" or "The Jackal," when he can't connect to a character, most likely because it's the standard Man With a Past. Or in "The Siege," where he looks as if he's still trying to remember his lines. But this austerity is a protective reflex, coasting on his movie star sinecure.

When he gets a chance to use his voice, occasionally dropping into a murmur of plaintiveness, Mr. Willis is astonishingly effective. (This is what the movies offer him that the stage cannot.) Much of the success of "The Sixth Sense" comes from Mr. Willis's performance; he pitched his voice into an unguarded whisper as Malcolm Crowe, the child psychologist determined to help the hypersensitive young boy played by Mr. Osment. The boy is so empathetic he seems to have been born without a layer of skin, and Mr. Willis is essentially a straight man. It would have been easy for Mr. Willis to upstage Mr. Osment, simply by calling attention to his own hurt and showing us the little boy within. He makes a trickier choice: he shows patience and awareness of another actor, a subtle fanning of technique that builds dread -- and sympathy for his character.

For some reason, whenever Mr. Willis underplays and shows some sophistication as an actor, he is, for the most part, ignored. In Norman Jewison's "In Country," the 1989 adaptation of Bobbie Ann Mason's novel, Mr. Willis's turn as Emmett, a Vietnam vet whose soul is a running wound, eschews the exhibitionistic explosivesness that's a stock reaction for actors in such parts. Mr. Willis plays Emmett as a man who's lost in his own skin, and is past caring how others think of him. Yet his discomfort over being damaged goods makes him wary of how he's regarded; he foolishly clings to his conception of masculinity because it's all he has.

That may be Mr. Willis's biggest asset: his ability to find the contradictions in a ***working class*** man's sense of self and to wrestle with his own vulnerability. In the first "Die Hard," in 1988, John McClane is not a supercop with Teflon-coated nerves. (Such action-hero corniness becomes his stock in trade in the two sequels, which made them increasingly more irrelevant.) In fact he's bewildered, and the comedy comes out of the fact that he can't believe what's happening to him. The movie relies on his regular-guy expressiveness, right down to his desire to apologize to his wife. His needs are a touch of sanity that somehow makes the ridiculous proceedings seem real. Mr. Willis's melancholy flipped the script, humanizing a genre that had atrophied into, at best, a home for archetype. Imagine "Die Hard" with the Zen placidity of Richard Gere, who turned down the role, and you get an idea of what it could have been. (In Mr. Willis's commentary on the DVD of the "Moonlighting" pilot, he reveals that Glenn Gordon Caron, the series's creator, told him that taking the "Die Hard" role was a bad idea.)

Maybe the biggest risk that Quentin Tarantino took with "Pulp Fiction" in 1994 wasn't in casting John Travolta, but in hiring Mr. Willis. (Mr. Willis's throwaway riffing in "Moonlighting" must have left a mark on Mr. Tarantino; a tag-team version of that chatter fills his films.) By then -- seven years into his film-star career -- Mr. Willis was already a punchline in search of a joke.

He was at the time sinking in the morass of "The Color of Night," a title that was becoming way too prophetic for his career. And ever since "Die Hard" put him on the A-list, any time he has tried to experiment and turn his ready-for-anything iron-man persona on its head, audiences have taken his grasping for something other than playing a guy's guy as a slap in the face. His fan core was probably appalled by a man who was starring in a series of wine cooler ads trying to convey an inner life in his films.

Because of "Die Hard," Mr. Willis will probably always get work as an action star, the kind of hood ornament who stands for American swiftness and brutality around the world. Pictures like 1998's "Armageddon" will ensure an eight-figure paycheck.

Still, it's as if fans missed the point of the flesh-and-blood humanity he radiated amid the gore of "Die Hard." His accomplishment was to raise the stakes for the action film, but the only lesson the movie industry seemed to learn from "Die Hard's" success was to turn that picture into a mini-genre: "Die Hard" on a bus ("Speed"), "Die Hard" as a live-action cartoon ("Home Alone") or "Die Hard" on Air Force One ("Air Force One").

Mr. Willis's triumph laminated him as a two-fisted type, and his public was uninterested in accepting him in movies that deviated from action and, eventually, in action movies that deviated from "Die Hard."

Many of the films he made in the time directly following "Die Hard" played to theaters where the projectionist might have been the only audience member, so throroughly did they repel. Few stars were rejected as fully for attempting material that offered rewards different from their bread-and-butter work.

Mr. Willis's predicament is similar to that of Burt Reynolds, who became a redneck in a gilded cage because of his skill at portraying high-living backwoods slickers. (Fortunately, Mr. Willis doesn't have a resume full of "Cannonball Run's" and "Smokey and the Bandit's." Those pictures stuck to the talented Mr. Reynolds like tattoos.) Willis films like "In Country" or "Death Becomes Her" (1992) or "The Color of Night," and films in which he had smaller parts like 1991's "Billy Bathgate" (where he was the only credible person in the picture) and "Mortal Thoughts" (his seedy pleasure seeker seemed to have crawled out of a Buick ashtray), were not only failures, but were also interpreted by hardcore Willis fans as insults. In the case of "Hudson Hawk," a misbegotten and smug adventure spoof, audiences were justified in feeling insulted. His Peter Fallow, the wrecked journalist in the hollow 1990 adaptation of "Bonfire of the Vanities," was a marvel, but he was treated as if he had no business being in it, and as if its failure were his fault. (His spoiled-brat behavior during its making, detailed in Julie Salamon's book "The Devil's Candy," didn't do him much good, either.)

It's in these other kinds of parts that he shows the hunger that sparked his best acting. Unlike other stars who are stunted when they deviate from their specialite de la maison, Mr. Willis seems liberated by a fresh take. In "12 Monkeys" (1995), for example, he centers Terry Gilliam's conversion of Chris Marker's "La Jetee" from a bravura art-film gesture into a hothouse noir and gives one of the best and most undernoted performances of his career.

Clearly, Mr. Willis isn't interested in just squandering his currency in action, preferring to shift his attention outside his normal purview (though someone should have talked him out of starring as the neurotic car salesman in last year's "Breakfast of Champions"). Such an instinct shows Mr. Willis's compulsion for making the odd bets -- and often as not, he rolls a winner.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bruce Willis as the New York City policeman John McClane in the first "Die Hard" (1988). (Peter Sorel/20th Century Fox)(pg. 1); Bruce Willis as Dr. Malcolm Crowe and Olivia Williams as his wife, Anna, in "The Sixth Sense." (Spyglass Entertainment Group)(pg. 33)

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[***CONFLICT, REVISIONISM AND HARMONY: THE ARTS IN ENGLAND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J5V0-0008-Y419-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By EVA HOFFMAN

**Body**

LONDON

It's no wonder that some theoreticians of culture nowadays speak

about ''production of culture,'' implying a massive, and sometimes

a mass scale of culture-making. A visitor to a city like London is struck not only by the quantity of events going on each day - but also by the number and hugeness of institutions meant to exhibit, promote, fund and otherwise encourage artistic endeavor.

Aside from its well-known and august museums and theaters, London offers the culture-hungry tourist its enormous multiartistic, multimedia complexes like the Barbican, with its maze of concert-halls, movie houses, libraries and exhibition spaces, the South Bank complex with its batch of capacious buildings dedicated to the various arts, or even the smaller Institute of Contemporary Arts, which in one building contains three galleries, a theater auditorium, cinema and a cinematheque, a video library and a bookshop. Contemplating this cultural sprawl, one can indeed get a sense of a tremendous machinery whose gears and wheels churn to produce not cars or computers, but enough culture to satisfy the apparently inexhaustible demand.

Article examines state of the arts in England; illustration (L)

Perhaps it is because the arts have become such a large industry, that they are increasingly the subject of political contention. In London right now, one of the focal points for such contention is the Greater London Council - the closest thing that the city has to an over-all municipal government, and a maverick enclave of Labor Party power amid entrenched Thatcher conservatism. The council's arts and recreation committee, with a hefty budget of about $65 million, is headed by Tony Banks, but many of its position papers have been drafted by Alan Tompkins, the committee's energetic and unabashedly ideological policy adviser.

Mr. Tompkins, who situates himself firmly within the socialist tradition and speaks with polemical fervor rarely heard among American policy-makers, has very definite ideas on what's wrong with the production of culture and how it should be redirected. ''We no longer believe in a polite dialogue of the classes,'' he says, and one of his aims is to ''privilege'' groups which, as he puts it, ''have been marginalized out of the arts completely'' - women's and ethnic groups, the unemployed, homosexual groups and the elderly.

A large portion of the council's arts budget has to be allocated for responsibilities that are largely mandated; for example, in conjunction with the London Arts Council, the council maintains and manages large chunks of the South Bank complex, as well as a number of museums and historic houses. But under Mr. Banks's and Mr. Tompkins's leadership, the arts committee has funded a number of community arts centers, a range of women's media projects, a black arts center, and such more unusual endeavors as bringing orchestras to shopping centers and short operas to pubs.

Even while dispensing such financial largesse, Mr. Tompkins is sensitive about imposing art in what he calls an ''authoritarian'' way. The logical conclusion of his ideas, which even he concedes to be ''paradoxical,'' would be not to have an arts committee at all, but to give responsibility for arts funding to shop stewards in factories or various interest groups themselves. In the meantime, he wants to emphasize participatory forms of art such as photography - ''few ***working class*** people own paintings, but most of them have a family album,'' he notes.

Where does the notion of esthetics come into this scheme of things? Again, Mr. Tompkins is quite unhesitant in subsuming such questions under political categories. ''The issue of taste, of where to draw the line between good and bad, high and low, the ugly and the beautiful. . . is an explicitly political one,'' he has said, and has to do with who is creating the art and the terms of its appreciation.

A note of audible sarcasm enters Mr. Tompkins's voice as he says that Mrs. Thatcher wants to see England as ''an antique shop'' - to preserve the heritage and do nothing new. But if he is free in his criticisms of Margaret Thatcher, she may be able to cause considerable trouble for the GLC. The Council, which flies a banner proclaiming the number of the unemployed each day from its County Hall offices, situated directly across the Thames from Mrs. Thatcher's quarters, has irked her so much, that she has started proceedings to try to disband it entirely and redistribute its functions among the various borough authorities. Mr. Tompkins calls the idea ''mad,'' but the Council has some time ago put away money for a potential - and potentially wearing - legal battle.

''Heaven's Gate,'' Michael Cimino's white elephant of a movie, which seemed to have vanished to wherever dead movies or white elephants go after its disastrous American reception three years ago, is experiencing a second life in London. The sequence of events leading to this unexpected revival involves two versions of the movie - a long, three- and-a-half-hour version which was judged commercially untenable when first seen in the United States, and a shortened version, which was briefly released and also roundly panned. The full version was screened at the Venice film festival last year, where it was seen by members of London's National Film Theater. The NFT thought that the unexpurgated ''Heaven's Gate'' eminently deserved another chance, and, with the agreement of United International Pictures, the film's English distributor, it ran the film for nine evenings. This time, it drew packed houses - and critical raves. Margaret Hinxman in Cinema confessed to having to eat ''humble pie,'' after her first negative review, and called the uncut film ''Cimino's master work.'' Nigel Andrews in The Financial Times pronounced flatly that ''The film is a masterpiece,'' and David Castell in The Sunday Telegraph said, ''I confess to finding the truncated film disappointing and confusing. The restored version is little short of magnificent.''

This kind of critical response persuaded UIP to open the 70-mm version of ''Heaven's Gate'' commercially at the Plaza in London. According to James Higgins, the Managing Director of UIP, UK, ''business has been good, though not sensational'' - but fortunately for him, the critics haven't done another turnabout. ''I hope this masterpiece will now get the support it deserves,'' wrote Philip French of The Observer in a typical notice.

What accounts for this quite astonishing reversal? Most reviewers agree that cutting the film by 75 minutes damaged its coherence and atmosphere. Perhaps non-American audiences are more patient with its slow, epic rhythms and more responsive to the exoticism of its American mythology. And then perhaps, in the vast world of cultural production, this is just an inexplicable fluke.

Undoubtedly, one of the more amiable and uncontroversial ways to organize and dispense cultural goods is through the ever-more popular institution of the arts festival. It is estimated that there are some 450 festivals in Britain each year, although only about 25 of them come under the auspices of the British Arts Festivals Association. Of these, four are directed by Richard Gregson-Williams - which, in purely numerical terms, makes him the premier organizer of such events. ''I'm so lucky,'' Mr. Gregson-Williams says. ''Every one of my festivals happens in a town that has a cathedral in it.'' The four towns are Chichester, Exeter, Salisbury and York, the site of a large festival which takes place every four years in conjunction with a rare recreation of medieval mystery plays.

In the Salisbury Festival, the majestic English Gothic Cathedral was put to good use: Several concerts, including ones by Janet Baker, the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini and the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, took place in its awesome, and acoustically crystalline interior. For the Academy concert, the Cathedral was lit by hundreds of candles, creating a sense of spectacle quite appropriate for the program of Baroque music and quite unavailable in ordinary concert halls.

Aside from the numerous musical events, the Festival featured films, lectures, meetings with authors, and several small art exhibits, including a show of Henry Moore's lithographs - although Mr. Gregson-Williams readily admits that ''the visual part of the Festival is the weakest.''

Interwoven through these events was a modest Thomas Hardy motif - Salisbury being very close to Hardy's home country - consisting of several lectures and a play adapted from Hardy's rural romance, ''The Woodlanders.'' The charmingly rustic adaptation was written and directed by David Horlock, the full-time director of the Salisbury Playhouse.

In general, Mr. Gregson-Williams says quite frankly that he goes for the ''splashy and spectacular kinds of events'' and tries ''to cover all the bases and appeal to all kinds of audiences.'' His main objective in organizing the smaller festivals is ''to amuse and amaze people in the region and only secondly to attract people from far afield.'' York, with its attendance of about 40,000, plus another 40,000 for the mystery plays is, of course, the exception.

Running four festivals with only one full-time assistant is no mean task, and the York Festival, which will take place next June, has already been in the planning for about two years. But as he approaches the cathedral, which is bustling with preparations for the evening's concert, Mr. Gregson-Williams avers that ''nobody will enjoy tonight's concert more than I - and the moment that isn't true anymore, I'll stop doing this.'' As for the 2,500 people who filled the candle-lit cathedral to listen to St. Martin's Academy, they seemed - whatever the larger ramifications of the festival may be - to be getting their honest share of enjoyment.

**Graphic**

photo of scene from Heaven's Gate

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; A Welcome Tribute To a Lost Composer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:491Y-C280-01KN-252K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JEREMY EICHLER

**Body**

THE German composer Hanns Eisler wrote music of terse expressiveness, sharp wit and often immaculate craftsmanship. If, more than 50 years after his death, his work is little remembered today, it is largely because he spent his career prostrate to the faltering God of socialism, seeking an elusive wedding of progressive music and progressive politics and ultimately lending his formidable gifts to history's losing side.

Arnold Schoenberg gave Eisler his technique, and the heady culture of Weimar Berlin gave him his musical voice -- sometimes compared to Kurt Weill's -- as well as the grounding for his radical politics. His Marxist worldview infused his work as a composer, and he tirelessly strove to find a musical language that could play its part in the epic battle against the fascism of his day.

After fleeing Hitler in 1933, Eisler eventually settled in the United States for a productive 10 years of exile before he was notoriously called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and driven from the country in 1948. He settled in East Germany, where he wrote the country's national anthem but was later condemned for his Western "formalism." He died in 1962, his great opera unwritten, his faith in the socialist ideal tempered by his firsthand confrontation with the bureaucratic machinery of the state.

Opportunities to consider Eisler at any length are rare these days, so the tribute work called "Eislermaterial," by the German composer Heiner Goebbels, is a welcome addition to this year's Lincoln Center Festival. It will be performed by the Ensemble Modern on Sunday at 7 p.m. at La Guardia High School.

This tribute notwithstanding, Eisler's legacy today is peculiar. His music seems to be perpetually on the brink of a revival that never arrives. Even the end of the cold war did not bring the stream of Eisler scholarship or performances in the United States that one might expect. To be sure, Eisler's output was widely varied and uneven. It included symphonies, choral works, art songs and chamber music but also protest songs, film scores and music to accompany the plays of his most frequent collaborator and political soulmate, Bertolt Brecht.

The best of these reveal an elegant take on modernism, at once rigorous yet expressive. Eisler's art songs in particular are masterly miniatures written with a delicacy of touch and an exceedingly refined ear for the rhythms and meanings of a text.

Indeed, Eisler deserves more than the strange purgatory into which he has been consigned: the composer in residence of a failed utopia, the author of the national anthem for a country that no longer exists. He did not always succeed in his goals, but they were often worthy ones. In a century in which music's avant-garde too often betrayed its commitment to an audience, he urged the modern composer "to leave his airtight room and find his place in society." Eisler's dream of finding an advanced music of bright originality and real communicative power speaks as loudly now as it did in his own deeply troubled time.

Schoenberg's Affection

Eisler lived a fascinating 20th-century life. Born in Leipzig in 1898, he fought in World War I and was therefore thrust head-first into the political convulsions of his day. Afterward he studied with Schoenberg in Vienna and was among his finest students, but the hydraulics of history were already in motion, and Eisler was soon drawn to the tumult of Weimar Berlin, where he could not resist the call of revolution. He joined the German Communist Party and began writing agitprop music in a simple and direct style.

He also met Brecht and collaborated with him on didactic theater works. "Die Mutter" was one such work, based on Brecht's adaptation of Gorky's novel of revolution, "Mother." The music is far more artful and dynamic than one might expect given the exhortatory nature of the project.

Not surprisingly, Schoenberg disapproved of his student's new orientation, and they clashed over the direction music should take. Schoenberg believed in the imperative of musical progress. He could handle the "emancipation of dissonance," his phrase for his 12-tone technique, but he had no patience for his student's politics of emancipation.

Eisler's radical views and his abandonment of pure musical expression drove Schoenberg to distraction. "If I had any say in the matter," Schoenberg later wrote with paternal condescension, "I'd turn him over my knee like a silly boy and give him 25 of the best and make him promise never to open his mouth again but to stick to scribbling music. That he has a gift for, and the rest he should leave to others. If he wants to appear 'important,' let him compose important music."

Eisler was trying to do that, in his own way, but the fertile chaos of Weimar Berlin would not last, and with Hitler's rise to power, Eisler fled through Europe, eventually settling in Los Angeles, where he made a living writing scores for films like "Hangmen Also Die" (Fritz Lang, 1943) and "None But the Lonely Heart" (Clifford Odets, 1944). In his own music he returned to a more advanced compositional style, though one that still prized accessibility. The epic "German Symphony" dates to this exile, as does a shockingly good chamber work, "14 Ways of Describing the Rain." Both convey a sense of the somber emotional landscape of war and exile, and capture Eisler's remarkable progress in adapting Schoenberg's 12-tone idiom to his own expressive ends.

Problems Brewing

But while Eisler thrived beneath the palms, the F.B.I. was watching him closely, partly for his political leanings but largely because of his connection to his brother, Gerhardt Eisler, whom it suspected of being a top Soviet agent in the United States.

In 1947 Hanns Eisler was brought before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and accused of being "the Karl Marx of Communism in the musical field." Eisler, who joined the German Communist Party in 1926, responded, "I would be flattered." Many luminaries rallied to his defense, including Pablo Picasso, Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein, but to no avail. Embittered and unrepentant, Eisler left the country under the threat of deportation in 1948, eventually settling in East Germany, where he lived the remainder of his life.

In addition to composing music, Eisler wrote essays throughout his career that crackle with the workings of a keen dialectical mind. Time after time Eisler finds the crisis in 20th-century music to be inextricably linked to the political crisis. He rails against the creed of pursuing art for art's sake, arguing instead for an applied music with a purpose. Otherwise, he maintains, music functions as a sort of opiate that placates the workers and forestalls their struggle for justice. Music must not stupefy but engage its listeners, he asserts. If avant-garde composers are losing their audience, he writes, they can gain a second chance by realigning themselves with the ***working class***.

Some of his diagnoses seem stale these days, but some of his other writing has a startlingly prophetic ring. He foresaw the dangers of serialism as it would be practiced by Schoenberg's artistic progeny. Eisler wrote in 1948, "Although Schoenberg's historical achievement was audacious and new, he can be aped today by any mediocre music graduate of an average conservatory. Yet Schoenberg's cloak of loneliness cannot be borrowed. Our times require and demand something new. Schoenberg's school is closed, and new pupils will fail."

A Musical Portrait

At 51, Heiner Goebbels, a leader of Germany's avant-garde, credits Eisler as an inspiration for his career as a composer of both concert and stage music. Written for the Ensemble Modern, "Eislermaterial" is a fond tribute to Mr. Goebbels's hero, who symbolically attends each performance as a small statue in the center of the stage. This pint-size musical revolutionary stands with his clenched fists raised, and the ensemble is seated around him on three sides.

Mr. Goebbels's work is not a survey of Eisler's music but a subjective and affectionate portrait, tending toward the simpler and more melancholy songs, like the opening "Children's Anthem" with a text by Brecht. But the work also samples the composer's hard-hitting earlier songs as well as excerpts of instrumental music like the "Kleine Symphonie." Eisler's recorded voice, incisive and edgy, enters the mix, discussing politics and aesthetics in German, sliced up into a taut aural collage.

Mr. Goebbels cuts and pastes freely among his sources, connecting the different pieces with bits of ambient noise and his own music. On the recording of the work for ECM, the actor Josef Bierbichler sings, rendering Brecht's lyrics with a craggy but warm voice. The work ends on a somber note, with a setting of a poem by Peter Altenberg, whose first lines brim with a sadness that seems somehow appropriate: "Eventually, longing dies, too, as blossoms languish in a cellar waiting daily for a little sun."

Defined by a Time

Mr. Goebbels's tribute may introduce new listeners to Eisler's work, but taking the full measure of the composer's legacy remains tricky. How does one weigh for posterity an art that by its definition resisted notions of posterity? Eisler's music was intended to respond to its own historical moment, and many of the works, particularly those with texts, are fully understood only in their original context. Indeed, this music beckons us back into Eisler's period of cataclysm and uncertainty, illuminated by the composer's inextinguishable sense of hope and his combative belief in the possibility of change.

Certainly, it is impossible to judge Eisler's musical or political choices divorced from their time and place. The wars and conflicts of the last century ripped a hole in music that has not yet healed, and Eisler's approach was one response to that damage. At least as salient as his music is his vision of an advanced art form still able to communicate beyond the narrow stratum of the elite, a vision of an engaged composer who in Eisler's words arrives like a messenger "gasping for breath" with "something to deliver." After a century whose convulsions shook music to its core, Eisler's dreams still resonate.

Music and Talk

The "Eislermaterial" events at Lincoln Center Festival:

Tomorrow

SYMPOSIUM. " 'Eislermaterial': A Discussion With Heiner Goebbels," Kaplan Penthouse, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, 6 p.m. Free; tickets distributed in lobby beginning at 5 p.m.

Sunday

"EISLERMATERIAL." American premiere, composed and directed by Heiner Goebbels. La Guardia Concert Hall, 100 Amsterdam Avenue, at 65th Street, 7 p.m., Ensemble Modern; Josef Bierbichler, vocals; with music by Hanns Eisler, words by Bertolt Brecht and others. Tickets: $40. Information: (212) 875-5766 or (212) 721-6500; [*www.lincolncenter.org*](http://www.lincolncenter.org).

From Korean Shamanism to Verdi Opera

Lincoln Center Festival 2003 continues through July 27 at various Manhattan locations, including the New York State Theater, the Metropolitan Opera House, the Juilliard School and the Rose Building, all at Lincoln Center; John Jay College Theater, 899 10th Avenue, at 59th Street, Clinton; and La Guardia Concert Hall, 100 Amsterdam Avenue, at 65th Street. Tickets: $20 to $250. Free symposiums will be held in the Kaplan Penthouse in the Rose Building; tickets are distributed in the lobby one hour before the event. Information: (212) 875-5766 or (212) 721-6500; online at lincolncenter.org. The schedule through Wednesday:

Today

SYMPOSIUM: "DANCE THEATER OF HARLEM: THE MAKING OF 'ST. LOUIS WOMAN: A BLUES BALLET,' " with Arthur Mitchell, founder and director of the dance company. Kaplan Penthouse, 6 p.m.

"KHOVANSHCHINA," Mussorgsky's opera. Kirov Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, 7:30 p.m. Also Monday at 7:30 p.m.

"MACBETH," an opera by Salvatore Sciarrino, directed by Achim Freyer, and performed by Oper Frankfurt and Ensemble Modern. John Jay College Theater, 8:30 p.m. Also tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.

"THE ANGEL PROJECT," site-specific performances conceived and directed by Deborah Warner. At various Manhattan locations. All performances begin on Roosevelt Island. Performance times, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., Wednesdays through Sundays; 3 to 8 p.m., Mondays and Tuesdays. Daily through July 27.

"MYTHOS," adapted and directed by Rena Yerushalmi, with music by Avi Belleli; featuring the Itim Theater Ensemble and Cameri Theater of Tel Aviv. La Guardia Drama Theater, 8 p.m. Also tomorrow at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 3 p.m.

DANCE THEATER OF HARLEM, PROGRAM B, New York State Theater, 8 p.m.

Tomorrow

"SEMYON KOTKO," the Prokofiev opera, Kirov Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, 12:30 p.m.

"MACBETH," the Verdi opera, Kirov Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, 8 p.m. Also July 18 at 7:30 p.m.

DANCE THEATER OF HARLEM, PROGRAM A, New York State Theater, 2 and 8 p.m. Also Sunday at 3 p.m.

Monday

SYMPOSIUM: "THE ANGEL PROJECT," a discussion with Deborah Warner, creator of the site-specific project, with Anne Pasternak, executive director of Creative Time, Kaplan Penthouse, 6 p.m.

Tuesday

SYMPOSIUM: "KOREAN SHAMANISM AND PANSORI," a discussion of an ancient practice based on communication with spirits, with Laurel Kendall, Kaplan Penthouse, 5 p.m.

"THE DEMON," a concert performance of the Anton Rubinstein piece, by the Kirov Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, 7:30 p.m.

"MUSIC OF SALVATORE SCIARRINO," featuring "Le Voci Sottovetro" and "Infinito Nero," by the New Juilliard Ensemble, the Juilliard School, 8 p.m. Free.

"DAEDONG GUT," a Korean shaman ritual, performed by Mudang (Shaman) Kim Keum-hwa and a troupe of 17 assistants and musicians, John Jay Theater, 7 p.m.

Wednesday

"THE LEGEND OF THE INVISIBLE CITY OF KITEZH," by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov. The Kirov Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, 7 p.m. Also July 17 and July 25 at 7 p.m.

"A FESTIVAL OF BRAZILIAN MUSIC," Program 1, "From Coco to Mangue Beat," featuring Selma De Coco, a singer; with percussion and singers. La Guardia Concert Hall, 8 p.m.

"PANSORI: KOREAN SONG NARRATIVE WITH DRUMS: HEUNGBOGA," by Kim Soo-yeon, Lee Tae-baek and Kim Chung-man, percussionists. John Jay Theater, 7 p.m.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The German composer Hanns Eisler with his wife, Louise, boarding a plane for Vienna in 1948 after a run-in with the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Eisler is the subject of a tribute at the Lincoln Center Festival this weekend, directed by the German composer Heiner Goebbels, below. (The New York Times top ; above, Wonge Bergmann)(pg. E1); Hanns Eisler before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (Associated Press, 1947)(pg. E7)

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**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YGP0-008G-F1TV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Father and Son Find a Kinship, And Triumph, In Shakespeare***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YGP0-008G-F1TV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 7, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By MATT WOLF;

Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist in London.

By MATT WOLF;   Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist in London.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

IT'S SUNDAY, A BRITISH STAGE performer's day off, and Robert and Toby Stephens are together in a borrowed north London flat, passing a sunny afternoon trading thespian notes. Which makes perfect sense, since acting is the family trade.

"I think if you're playing big parts, it's best not to speak," Robert Stephens is saying less than 24 hours after receiving his latest ovation as King Lear. "It's best to stay in bed." (The Royal Shakespeare Company's highly praised production runs through Aug. 30 at the Barbican Center in London.)

His son Toby, currently winning acclaim in the title role of "Coriolanus" for the R.S.C. in Stratford, has his own view on matters vocal, even if he shares his father's theatrical husk iness and his fondness for cigarettes:

"I was very worried during previews," the actor says. "I was very, very tired and had to use a steam inhaler and wouldn't speak." Now, some two months after the opening, he finds his vocal power "has grown so much. My lung capacity is much bigger; it's incredibly interesting how strong the voice is."

His father, who has reclined into an armchair with the ease of the raconteur he is famous for being, nods emphatically. But it is soon clear that the one topic Robert Stephens will not elaborate on is his, or anyone else's, acting method. "Obviously, it's a very private business," he says, "and the less talked about the better, because you can talk it into the ground."

When it comes to advice for Toby, though, he speaks with the eloquence of one who allowed himself for too long to become waylaid and wants something better for his son. "You've got to keep working at it all the time," he tells Toby with Learlike authority. "You must never sit back and think, 'I'm there now; I can take it easy.' It is your work, just you and your equipment, and that's all the audience sees. So the more exact you are, the more experienced you are, the more adventurous you are, the better actor you're bound to be."

For Stephens pere, Lear follows his R.S.C. Falstaff of 1992 in restoring to the forefront of English classical theater an actor who had fallen into eclipse. For much of the last two decades, the elder Stephens, now 63, was relegated to minor roles on film and stage and was better known for his Falstaffian drinking capacity than for his acting.

"Coriolanus," in the meantime, has given the R.S.C. a new star in its 25-year-old lead, Toby, who is the younger of Robert's two sons by Dame Maggie Smith, the actress. (The couple divorced in 1975 after eight years of marriage.) Toby's brother, Christopher, 27, also an actor, has a featured part in "Angels and Insects," a film now shooting in England and based on a novella by A. S. Byatt.

Toby wasn't yet 4 when his parents' marriage began to unravel during a West End run of "Private Lives." The child's knowledge of his father -- whom today he calls Robert; it is his stepfather, Beverley Cross, who is Dad -- came largely from seeing him on film and stage: in particular, the movies "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969), in which his father played Dame Maggie's art-professor lover, and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), in which Robert was an unusually rueful, cocaine-addicted Holmes. Then there was his last Broadway engagement, in 1975, as a replacement for John Wood in the long-running "Sherlock Holmes."

"They offered a lot of money, and I needed it at the time," says Robert.

"I remember a revolving set," Toby says, looking at his father for confirmation.

"That's right, yes," he responds, clearly pleased.

Robert's early triumphs, as Atahuallpa in Peter Shaffer's "Royal Hunt of the Sun" (1964) and Benedick to his future wife's Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" (1965), occurred before his two younger sons were born. (He has two older children from previous marriages and has lived for the last 20 years with the actress Patricia Quinn, who is in the current West End revival of "The Rocky Horror Show.")

But now, of course, both father and son can attend each other's performances. "I don't think I've ever seen a play where I've been surrounded by people openly weeping," Toby says of his father's Lear, which has been acclaimed as the most affecting in recent memory. "I just found it amazing -- that ability to focus an audience, to keep them in the palm of your hand."

Robert had his own fears about Toby's Coriolanus. Remembering the character from the vantage point of his role as a tribune to Richard Burton's Caius Marcius some 40 years ago, he says: "Even then I thought, by Jesus, this is a difficult and hard part. Coriolanus says the same thing over and over and over, and it could be frightfully monotonous. Then I went to see Toby do it, and at one point he says, 'I said it before, and I'll say it until the day I drop dead; you shouldn't give the bloody corn to the Romans.'

"So it's justified," Robert smiles toward his son, lighting another cigarette. "You think, that's it; he's excused himself. He's so positive about the corn he won't go off it."

If father and son are enjoying simultaneous triumphs within the same company, their routes into the profession could not have been more different. Robert was born into a ***working-class*** family in the west England city of Bristol. His relatives, he says, "thought the theater was all wrong and that I was mad." Even after he had begun his career at the Royal Court in plays like "Epitaph for George Dillon" and "The Kitchen," and had become a founder-member of the National Theater under Laurence Olivier (he was Horatio in the opening "Hamlet," with Peter O'Toole), "All my parents ever said was, 'It was very good' or 'It wasn't very good' or 'It was brilliant.' They didn't know theater," Robert recalls.

TOBY, BY CONTRAST, GREW UP surrounded by theater people and parlance -- in the wig rooms at Stratford, Ontario, where his mother led the acting company during the late 70's, or back in England in the Sussex countryside, where neighbors included Lord and Lady Olivier (the actress Joan Plowright) and Sir Alec Guinness.

"It probably was easier to go into acting," says Toby, who trained at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art a year ahead of his brother. Why? Because he was spared "that so-you-want-to-be-an-actor thing from people who don't know about the theater.

"You always get the question, 'How do you learn the lines?' But that's the easiest thing to do. What is a problem is all the rest of it."

Acting for Toby "was all or nothing." Robert seems approving: "That makes you fierce."

Still, Toby says, "there was nothing grossly theatrical about my upbringing, no quoting Shakespeare at the breakfast table and that sort of stuff. There was a lot of talk about theater, obviously. But my mother is so desperate to get away from all of that all the time. When she gets home, she wants to read, to do the crossword, to forget about it."

He made his West End debut, directed by Sir Peter Hall, alongside Felicity Kendal in "Tartuffe." Then the R.S.C. beckoned, offering Bertram in "All's Well That Ends Well" -- again directed by Sir Peter -- and Pompey in "Antony and Cleopatra." At that point, Robert was called upon for advice.

"Toby said he'd been given Bertram," says Robert, "and I told him the part is hell because he's so toffee-nosed and vain; it's possibly one of the most difficult roles ever. He comes on with, 'I'm going off now, goodbye mother, goodbye father,' and you can't do an awful lot with that. But I thought, if you can crack that one, then it's worth doing. It's a wonderful exercise in playing Shakespeare."

The production got generally good reviews, and began what would become a series of stage braggarts. "I do seem to have monopolized the arrogant young men," Toby says of his five R.S.C. roles so far, including that of Coriolanus. But it was his current R.S.C. repertory, which includes Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (it opened on Wednesday) and Claudio in "Measure for Measure" (scheduled for October), that prompted a caveat from Robert:

"I said, 'No, you mustn't play just Claudio and the 'Dream.' It's ridiculous. They are two juvenile parts, and there is nothing you can do with them except be handsome and charming.' "

Coriolanus was the last, and best, of the roles to be offered, and suddenly Toby was center stage. For the first time he faced the task of carrying a play, and not for the first time sought his father's reaction. "Robert said, 'Sometimes you stoop slightly; you must never stoop.' "

This reminds Robert of how often Laurence Olivier "nagged one about the plasticity of the body."

"He said, 'As soon as you walk onto the stage, before you've spoken, you've told the audience a story; your body, the shape of it, has got to express what your voice is saying so they can see what you mean.' "

Toby leans forward on the couch: "Actors who are too cerebral can be very cold and somebody too intuitive can be too relentless. With Robert, what I admire so much is a very neat blend of technique and intuition. But when someone is marvelous, then you can't see the seams. That's what I would like to end up at, that harmony."

Might father and son (or sons) ever work together, as the Redgrave and Cusack women did in recent years in separate stagings of Chekhov's "Three Sisters"?

"It can seem gimmicky," says Toby. "If it's one family, like those things were, you think, 'Oh God, an entire package.' I'm slightly wary of it. But then again, you can never rule it out."

His father is affectionately impatient, as if to suggest that talent, not genes, will tell: "It's always good to work with good actors. You ignore the fact that they're related, and see how it goes."

**Graphic**

Photos: Robert, top left, and Toby Stephens in London and, above, Toby Stephens in "Coriolanus" at the Swan Theater in Stratford, England (Alastair Muir/"Coriolanus") -- There was no quoting Shakespeare at the breakfast table, says the younger actor. (Laurie Sparham for The New York Times); Robert Stephens in "King Lear" -- "The more adventurous you are," he tells his son, "the better actor you're bound to be." (Alastair Muir/"King Lear")

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[***Tough Leader Wields the Ax at Scott***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TVW0-008G-F3J9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Albert J. Dunlap

By GLENN COLLINS,

By GLENN COLLINS,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

The two brass ornaments that decorate the desk of Albert J. Dunlap are circling sharks. A pouncing brass lion rules his conference table. And a brass eagle stoops to its prey in his reception room. "I like predators," said Mr. Dunlap, the chief executive of the Scott Paper Company, fixing an office visitor with steely blue eyes. "I like them because they live by their wits."

To be sure, the 57-year-old turnaround specialist, who recently announced the biggest corporate revamping in Scott's history, has acquired a few predatory nicknames himself. When asked about them, he smiled, paused and said: "On the whole, I prefer to be called Rambo in Pinstripes rather than Chainsaw. That makes me sound like a serial killer, don't you think?"

Mr. Dunlap said both sobriquets were quite popular in England, where he lived for eight years while turning around Crown Zellerbach and Diamond International for Sir James Goldsmith, the British-French financier. Then Mr. Dunlap restructured units of Consolidated Press Holdings, the Australian media company controlled by Kerry Packer.

Cutting 10,500 Jobs

Now Mr. Dunlap, a perpetual-motion machine with a bulldozer voice and a caustic wit, is applying his intensity to the world's largest producer of tissue products. In early August, Mr. Dunlap announced that 10,500 jobs -- nearly a third of the company's work force -- would be eliminated by the end of the year. The cutback superseded the more gradual three-year reduction of 8,300 jobs announced last November. In scope and in number of jobs, Mr. Dunlap said, this is the largest revamping he has ever tried.

Mr. Dunlap, who came out of retirement to join Scott in April, trained as a paratrooper before he graduated from West Point in 1960. (He continues to wear his class ring.) And though he no longer jumps out of airplanes, he is still "taking frightening jumps out of the sky into strange corporations," he said.

After touchdown, instead of sinking in the quicksands of corporate culture, Mr. Dunlap has sought to transform the companies he heads. "You must get rid of the people who represent the old culture, or they will fight you," he said. "And you have to get rid of all the old symbols."

Many Scott employees are in a state of shock, dread and anger as they wait for their managers to decide who will go and who will stay. "Hundreds of people are already cleaning out their offices, and most people are assuming they're not staying," said Susan Kent, a 10-year employee on the corporate human relations staff. Ms. Kent has already learned her fate: she was let go last week.

Dottie Carrigan, a purchasing specialist who has worked for Scott for 19 years, did not yet know if she would be dismissed but found the courage to say that Mr. Dunlap "has no idea of the quality or the spirit or the integrity of the people he's letting go."

"It's a very painful thing," she said.

But Mr. Dunlap says he sympathizes with the pain of his workers. "I come from a ***working-class*** family, and lots of times my father was out of work due to no fault of his own," he said, referring to Albert Sr., a shop steward at Todd Shipyards in Hoboken, N.J., where Mr. Dunlap survived what he called an inner-city childhood.

"They call me abrasive, but I'm really just a catalyst," Mr. Dunlap added. "It doesn't make any sense to sacrifice 100 percent of the people at this company to save 30 percent of the people we have to let go."

When he came aboard at Scott, Mr. Dunlap bought $2 million worth of stock at $38 a share. When the stock price rose above $50 in June, he bought another $2 million on the open market, he said, because he wanted to show the world that he believed in the company.

Praise From Wall St.

The stock is now trading for more than $60, not only because Wall Street loves blood, but because Mr. Dunlap "has been extremely successful in restructuring and is very conservative about the balance sheet," said Kathryn McAuley, an analyst who follows Scott for Brown Brothers Harriman & Company.

Mr. Dunlap said earlier this month that his shrinking of Scott would save $420 million in operating costs next year before taxes. Scott's second-quarter earnings rose 71 percent, to $40.2 million, or 54 cents a share, from $23.5 million, or 32 cents a share, in the quarter a year earlier. Sales, however, declined 2 percent, to $1.18 billion in the quarter.

Scott "was a stodgy old company, and they decided to go outside to someone from a totally different management culture," Mr. Dunlap said. The tough, brash raider described his arrival in the comfortable, patrician offices of Scott as "a strange marriage, born out of desperation."

"It was call me, or call Dr. Kevorkian," he added.

Scott was "in jeopardy of losing our investment-grade rating on our bonds," he asserted. Annual shareholder returns were down 1.9 percent, in comparison with returns in the rest of the paper and forest-products industry, which were up 9.6 percent.

"Debt had ballooned, there was a high cost structure, there was no vision and no leadership," he said. "If you ask me about the shareholders, they would have been abused less if they had been captured by terrorists."

Since his arrival, Mr. Dunlap has been a ubiquitous presence in Scott's corporate suites as he charges down corridors for face-to-face meetings with his managers. "I walked into my office today, and Al was there, sitting in my chair," said Basil L. Anderson, Scott's chief financial officer, one of the few former senior Scott executives to make the new team. (Seven other senior executives were not so lucky.) Mr. Dunlap sat to scribble out a memo.

Internationally, Scott is the market leader in sales of toilet paper, facial tissues, paper towels, napkins and wet wipes. But domestically, it has been vying for second place with James River, the maker of Northern brand products, while Procter & Gamble is No. 1.

Mr. Dunlap has already put up for sale Scott's S. D. Warren subsidiary, which produces coated printing papers, and other paper-industry businesses, because, he said, "our emphasis will no longer be as a forest-products company."

"We are no longer solely in the business of pumping out tons of paper," he said.

Also on the block is the 55-acre Scott World Headquarters, a symbol of the order he is changing. "It has lovely walking paths, fountains, a pond and geese, too," Mr. Dunlap said of the corporate park with its three squat, modernistic buildings that sit like three boxes of Scott tissues adjacent to the Philadelphia airport. Everything must go: "The pond, the flags, and we'll throw in the geese."

The corporate headquarters staff will be reduced to 200 from 1,600; initially, employees will be consolidated in a building in Philadelphia. Mr. Dunlap would not say how long the company would honor its marriage vows to Philadelphia.

Beyond cost-cutting, Mr. Dunlap's vision is to focus on Scott signature brands, he said, reorienting the corporation as a global consumer-products company selling not only to individuals but also to offices, factories, institutions and hotels, a market that accounts for 40 percent of domestic sales.

Emphasizing this core business will enable Scott "to work out our debt reduction and future possible stock buybacks," he said, adding that he intends to create a new corporate culture from the ground up, "building on the adversity that the new team has shared."

There is a belief among some workers at Scott that Mr. Dunlap is a short-time hit man who will not fulfill his five-year contract and who took the job to make a lot of money. Their view is that Salomon Brothers and Coopers & Lybrand, the reorganization consultants, are calling the tune.

"Al is hardly a puppet dancing to our tune -- boy, let me tell you, with Al, it's just the opposite," said C. Don Burnett, a senior partner at Coopers & Lybrand. "There's no question that Al is in charge."

By the accounts of executives who have worked for him, Mr. Dunlap is an exacting leader whose dressing-down of a manager can be as surgical as his rejuggling of a balance sheet.

Mr. Dunlap 'Is No Diplomat'

Mr. Dunlap "is no diplomat," Sir James Goldsmith said in a telephone interview from Spain.

Sir James also has high praise for Mr. Dunlap's skills. "At the particular task of repositioning a company, and taking the hard decisions to get it right, I've never met anyone better," Sir James said. "He is a surgeon in the sense that he has to cause bleeding to get the patient right."

To Mr. Dunlap, the huge work-force reduction is not uninhibited bloodletting but carefully targeted laser surgery. Those who survive it can reap great rewards. More than a decade ago, when Mr. Dunlap brought the near-moribund Lily-Tulip Inc., the paper cup maker, back from the living dead, "everyone was shaking in their boots," said John P. Murtagh, whom Mr. Dunlap brought in as Scott's general counsel in June. "I thought my number was up. But he took me from a low-level lawyer and elevated me above my boss."

As for charges that he is making money off the painful restructuring, Mr. Dunlap said: "Scott should be making money for its shareholders. It's a sin to lose money, a mortal sin."

Mr. Dunlap is not among the sinners but the saved. He denied published reports that his net worth is $50 million; he put it at twice that, and several executives he has worked with confirmed that figure.

His wealth gave him a lavish retirement. But by all accounts, Mr. Dunlap did not flourish in it for long. "Al gets bored when all he has to do is go to the golf course or play tennis," Judy, his wife of 26 years, said.

Why, then, did he come out of retirement to head Scott? "He wants to show people, this time, that he is more than Rambo in Pinstripes," said Mr. Burnett of Coopers & Lybrand. "He wants to show the world that he knows how to build a company."

Standing at parade rest behind his desk with the circling sharks, Mr. Dunlap supplied his own answer. "Jimmy said to me once, 'You have a fire in the belly,' " he said, referring to Sir James. "I feel that he was absolutely right."

**Graphic**

Photo: To transform a company, "you must get rid of the people who represent the old culture, or they will fight you," said Albert J. Dunlap, who came out of retirement to become chief executive of Scott Paper in April. (Sal DiMarco Jr. for The New York Times)

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[***FRUGAL TRAVELER; Hip Cafes, Celtic Art and Bargains in Dublin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48YC-R9Y0-01KN-209C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2319 words

**Byline:**  By DAISANN McLANE

**Body**

THE signs in Dublin Airport were boldly bilingual, every indicator from "Exit" to "Ladies" printed in both Gaelic and English. But the first language I overheard as I stepped off the airport bus was Mandarin, spoken by a cluster of Chinese students near Trinity College.

And my first conversation on Irish soil happened to be in Spanish.

Stopping in Dublin before heading off on a hiking trip on Ireland's southwest coast, I wasn't exactly expecting shamrocks and leprechauns; the city's transformation into a cosmopolitan European capital has been well documented by now. But the advance press hadn't prepared me for the international mix I encountered on Dublin's streets during the four days I spent there in April.

The Argentine woman who checked me in at La Stampa, the small boutique hotel where I first landed on arrival, explained that Dublin was full of young people from her country, many of them riding out Argentina's economic hard times by studying in one of Dublin's numerous English-as-a-second-language schools. Dublin, she explained, has a liberal policy for work-study visas; enrolled students may take up to 20 hours a week of paid employment.

So Dublin has become a mecca for students from Buenos Aires to Beijing. Walking the streets, especially that first morning as I wove my way through the throngs hurrying into the walled quadrangle of Trinity College, I felt as if I'd traveled back to my own university days.

Dublin's youth and hipness mean it is easy to find a good cappuccino -- and perhaps even connect to the Internet -- in cafes north or south of the Liffey, the wide, brownish river that slices the city in half. Another upside to cosmopolitanism is that Dublin now boasts the same smart and stylish accommodations you would expect to find in any European capital, at more affordable prices. For about the cost of a damp closet with a bathroom down the hall in London, I stayed in quite luxurious surroundings at La Stampa, where the large, thick-walled guest rooms are part of a renovation of several old buildings above and behind a popular restaurant of the same name.

Twin beds with lush russet velvet comforters and Italian silk pillows awaited as I collapsed with an unusually severe case of trans-Atlantic jet lag. (I'd called ahead and asked if I could check in early.) Around the block was Grafton Street, Dublin's pedestrian shopping area, where browsers parade, flower sellers ply their trade, and street musicians with guitars sing Jimi Hendrix and Dylan songs for loose change.

Later I joined the lunchtime stroll of shoppers and ducked into Bewley's Cafe, a Dublin landmark. Inside the 19th-century building with its giddy faux-Egyptian details, I found a table on the second floor by the window overlooking the street and ordered potato soup, brown bread and coffee while checking my map and getting my bearings.

I was staying south of the Liffey, which traditionally has divided Dublin horizontally into "smart" and "***working class***" neighborhoods. While that distinction no longer holds, many of Dublin's main attractions, like its National Museum, Dublin Castle, the famed Georgian facades around Merrion Square, and the recently renovated entertainment district Temple Bar, are on the once neglected south side. To the grittier north is Moore Street, home of Dublin's big outdoor market, and a number of small literary museums that pay homage to the pantheon of writers who have made the city their home at one time or another. The most celebrated of them, James Joyce, still edges out the rock band U2 as Dublin's No. 1 cultural icon -- he's got two museums, plus a statue, while U2's footprint so far is limited to the elegant hotel that two of the band members partly own, the Clarence.

Over the next couple of days, I covered both sides of the Liffey, crossing and recrossing the pretty little white wrought-iron Ha'penny footbridge. The things I wanted to see weren't more than 20 minutes or so from my hotel or from one another, and I enjoyed exploring on foot. The weather wasn't too bad -- a friend who lives in the city was raving about the unusual spell of sunshine -- and getting lost was not a problem, because wrong turns eventually led to a familiar landmark.

If you want to go touristy in Dublin, the city obliges in spades: there are waxworks, and tours of breweries and distilleries, and a tour bus that I kept running into filled with cheering folks wearing plastic Viking helmets. But I didn't feel like giving over a morning to playing Brunhild or recovering from a tasting room hangover. Instead, I went through the guidebooks and edited a list of things to do that seemed appealing.

What I found out, after a day or two, was that Dublin's best museums also happen to be free. Although most guidebooks direct the first-time Dublin visitor to Trinity College's exhibit of the Book of Kells, at $8 admission I found it a pricey disappointment. Only four pages from the celebrated medieval illustrated manuscript were on display (they are changed every few months), under glass, in light so low that I strained to see their details. Perhaps to compensate for its smallness, the exhibit was preceded by a much larger room filled with an audiovisual display about illustrated manuscripts.

By contrast, Dublin's National Museum, which is free, is a treasure trove, a cornucopia of gold artifactsand jewelry from Ireland's ancient Celtic past. Gold deposits once dotted the island, and the Celts turned the precious metal into exquisitely simple bracelets, cloak pins and artifacts. A display in a sunken area of the main floor showcases the oldest gold, which dates from 2200 to 500 B.C. In another wing are examples of more elaborate medieval Celtic gold and silver work, including the famous Ardagh Chalice, and several beautifully filigreed and inlaid brooches, circle pins of various sizes used to fasten men's and women's shawls at the shoulder.

I almost missed Dublin's best free museum -- and one of the best I've visited lately anywhere -- by leaving the Chester Beatty Library until the afternoon of my last day, on a day I was running late. But when I saw the sign in front of the building that said "Winner of Europe's Best Museum Award 2002," I decided to skip nearby Dublin Castle (the Beatty library is in the castle's backyard) to have more time in what turned out to be a stunning, world-class pan-Asian art collection.

Beatty was a wealthy American mining engineer of the early 20th century who emigrated to London and developed a passion for collecting Oriental and Middle Eastern art. Spending part of his last years in Ireland with his collection, he willed it to the Irish government on his death. Beatty had eclectic tastes -- the pieces range from Indian miniatures to Japanese woodblock prints to Qing dynasty pottery -- and he was particularly interested in printing. The most stunning area of the beautifully arranged museum is the section devoted to an extraordinary collection of Korans from all over the Islamic world. I spent more than an hour working my way through these hand-illustrated manuscripts that shimmered with gold leaf and deep inks, whose flowing black Arabic script unfurled across the delicate pages like ribbons in the wind.

Such multicultural treats were not what I expected to find in Dublin, and I savored them along with more hometown ones, like an hour spent over tea and cakes and Champagne in the swagged and mirrored Victorian-style lounge of the Shelbourne Hotel, or watching ladies in sweaters and pearls chat over copies of the Irish Times. I braved the narrow streets of Temple Bar early on a Saturday night. Temple Bar -- nicknamed "Temple Barf" by locals -- is the Dublin neighborhood where collegiate partying reaches Olympic levels. Every other storefront seems to house a pub, and all have the same doorway decoration: a large, menacing-looking bouncer with a shaved head, a black overcoat and a cellphone wire plugged in his ear.

Over dinner at Mermaid Cafe, a local favorite for the updated Irish food emphasizing fresh fish and organic vegetables, my Dublin friend, Perry, explained the Temple Bar scene. Because of Dublin's legendary pub culture and its relatively low prices compared with London, the city has become a magnet for British groups celebrating "stag and hen" prewedding parties (one reason weekend hotel rates jump in Dublin). The men in black are there to keep things under control. But Perry advised me not to take Temple Bar at face value; it had been renovated by the city with the intention of creating a cultural and arts enclave, not an Animal House.

On his direction, the following evening I headed for the Irish Film Center, a complex of theaters and a cafe, where an excellent program financed in part by the Irish Film Board over the last 10 years was running, and saw a screening of "Bloody Sunday," the dramatization of the 1972 clash between British forces and Catholics in Londonderry. The center's enticing future programs made me wish I lived in Dublin.

Temple Bar held one more big surprise, which I stumbled into on my final afternoon in Dublin. I'd wandered north of the Liffey on a chilly, damp day, enjoying the bustle of fruit and meat sellers on Moore Street, then crossed over the bridge and kept walking along the riverfront, thinking I might stop in Christ Church Cathedral. But, not quite there, I heard singing and headed in that direction. Up a narrow street, I found myself in a crowd gathered in front of a pub called Handel's, listening to a choir and orchestra perform, beautifully, the "Messiah."

After the last stirring strains, I learned that Handel's "Messiah" had had its premiere in Dublin, in a long-gone concert hall on this street, Fishamble, on April 13, 1742. Every year on that day, a Dublin choral society commemorates the event with a public performance.

Afterward, I ducked into a cafe to warm up, and to celebrate my luck at being in the right place at the right time. In the window was a copy of a local paper's 1742 review of the "Messiah."

"The most auspicious musical debut of recent years," said the Irish critic about what would become one of the most beloved works of all time.

A city well attuned, and cosmopolitan, then and now.

The bottom line

I spent $191 a day on food, transport, activities and lodging for four days. At the time of my stay in April, the exchange rate was about $1.06 to the euro; the current rate is $1.18, so prices will be slightly higher.

Getting There

An Aer Lingus ticket from Kennedy Airport to Dublin, with the return from Shannon to Kennedy, booked and bought online ([*www.aerlingus.com*](http://www.aerlingus.com)) cost $421.40.

Where to Stay

I booked a room for two nights directly with La Stampa, 35 Dawson Street, (353-1) 677 4444, fax (353 -1) 677 4411, [*www.lastampa.ie*](http://www.lastampa.ie), at $143 a night, with Continental breakfast.

I was less happy with the room I booked, for around the same price ($145), at the 81-room Trinity Capital Hotel, Pearse Street, (353-1) 648 0000, fax (353-1) 648 1010, through an online discounter that specializes in Irish Hotels, Book Now Limited, (800) 869-4330, on the Web at [*www.hotel-ireland.com*](http://www.hotel-ireland.com). Small and cramped even with a single twin bed, the room had a lock that didn't work when I first checked in, and there was street and hallway noise; the hotel seems to cater to groups. A somewhat institutional-tasting buffet breakfast of eggs, ham and bread is included in the rate.

Where to Eat

I splurged on two big restaurant experiences in Dublin and was pleased with both. The low-key, cozy Mermaid Cafe, 69-70 Dame Street, (353-1) 670 8236, [*www.mermaid.ie*](http://www.mermaid.ie), has an excellent menu of updated traditional Irish cooking. Highlights of the dinner I shared with a friend included a rich broiled sole and an order of the signature crab cake appetizer; dinner with wine and shared dessert cost $53 apiece.

My other extravagance was full afternoon tea with Champagne at Le Meridien Shelbourne Hotel, 27 St. Stephen's Green, (353-1) 676 6471. For $43, we had a three-tiered silver tray of savory sandwiches, superb scones and sweets, a pot of tea, plus a tiny airline-sized bottle of Champagne (tea without Champagne, $26).

At Bewley's Cafe at 78 Grafton Street, (353-1) 635 5470, a cappuccino and a lunch of potato soup and brown bread cost $7.40.

The Chester Beatty Library (below) has a cafe that serves delicious Middle Eastern and Far Eastern entrees at reasonable prices. I had an excellent lamb curry, iced tea and Turkish pastry dessert for $12.70.

Activities

The Chester Beatty Library, inside the precinct of Dublin Castle, (353-1) 407 0750, [*www.cbl.ie*](http://www.cbl.ie), is open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday. Free; donations welcome.

At the Irish Film Center in Temple Bar, 6 Eustace Street, (353-1) 679 3477, [*www.fii.ie/ifc*](http://www.fii.ie/ifc), admission is $6.15 or $6.70, depending on the time.

The Book of Kells can be seen at Trinity College Library, at Trinity College, (353-1) 608 2320, [*www.tcd.ie*](http://www.tcd.ie). It's open Monday to Saturday from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., and on Sundays from June to September from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission is $7.99.

Admission to see the Celtic gold treasures at the National Museum of Archaeology and History, one of four National Museum sites, Kildare Street, (353-1) 677 7444, [*www.museum.ie*](http://www.museum.ie) (under construction), is free; donations welcome. Open Tuesday to Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sundays 2 to 5 p.m.

The James Joyce Center, 35 North Great George's Street, (353-1) 878 8547, [*www.jamesjoyce.ie*](http://www.jamesjoyce.ie), is in an old Georgian house that has but a tangential connection to Joyce. (Part of the house was rented to a dance instructor who appears, briefly, in "Ulysses.") But the collection of Joyce memorabilia, photos, portraits and books evokes both Joyce's life and the history of Dublin. Admission of $5.40 includes a video presentation worth seeing. Open 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Saturday, Sunday from noon. DAISANN McLANE

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Scene in the popular Temple Bar district. At the James Joyce Center. A student leads a tour at Trinity College. Koran, 14th century, from Cairo, at the Chester Beatty Library. On Grafton. (Photographs by Derek Speirs for The New York Times); (Daisann McLane); (The Trustees of the Chester Beatty Library, Dublin)(pg. 6); The Ha'penny footbridge. (Derek Speirs for The New York Times)(pg. 19)

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[***Unraveling the Issue of Illegal Apartments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48SX-D050-01KN-22PM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

DARLENE WASHINGTON MOTLEY always suspected that the studio apartment in Huntington, where she lived with her husband and two children until about five years ago, was an illegal unit.

It was one of two studios on the second floor of what looks to be a single-family house from the outside. The first floor was rented out as a two-bedroom apartment. Ms. Motley's one-room apartment had no kitchen, just a hot plate, and the tiny bathroom had only a shower. For this, she paid $500 a month.

"It was pitiful in every way," said Ms. Motley, 45. "But when you need somewhere to live, and you're trying to keep your family together, you just go ahead and make do."

She concluded that the apartment must have been illegal when her family and everyone else in the house was evicted just days after word spread that the Town of Huntington was cracking down on her landlord for renting illegal apartments elsewhere in the area.

The eviction split up Ms. Motley's family for months. She lived with her relatives, her husband with his, while the children, who were then ages 21 and 2, went back and forth between them. They eventually moved into another studio apartment before finally buying their own two-bedroom house two years ago.

Huntington officials confirmed last week that there had been complaints about illegal apartments at Ms. Motley's address in 1998 and said they had recently reopened the file after receiving new complaints that dozens of people were living there.

Ms. Motley's housing history illustrates the thriving illegal apartment market on Long Island, which is fueled by an overwhelming need for more affordable places to live. Across the island, from Montauk to Long Beach, local officials regularly field complaints about single-family houses being illegally sliced up into three, four and five apartments.

Zoning laws in most municipalities do not allow accessory apartments in single-family homes. If the zoning does allow such units, when a conversion takes place illegally, the municipality is deprived of the higher taxes a dwelling with two or more units would command.

Regional planners estimate there may be as many as 50,000 illegal apartments on Long Island. They range from the well-maintained attic or basement apartment that is rented out by an older homeowner who needs the extra money to hundreds of houses subdivided into apartments and owned by an absentee landlord who does little to keep them in safe and sound condition. In the worst cases, basements have been subdivided into cubicles where people sleep in shifts.

In the past local officials have been spurred sporadically into action by some well-publicized event: a fire, for example, in which residents of illegal apartments have perished because of dangerously overcrowded conditions.

But more recently, many towns and villages have been forced to respond to the demands of homeowners who say illegal apartments are a threat to their quality of life. Homeowners see their property taxes rising to meet the needs of the not-so-hidden population in illegal apartments. Something must be done, they insist, because schools are overcrowded, sanitation costs are up, and driveways and streets have turned into parking lots to accommodate the cars driven by the renters of illegal apartments.

In response to the taxpayers' demands, municipalities have adopted new measures aimed at eliminating the worst cases. In Brookhaven, for example, town officials count bags of garbage and watch who comes and goes from suspected illegal apartments. In Hempstead, they count the number of gas meters, mailboxes and doorbells. In Babylon, the town has banned homes with two entrances.

And a number of towns, including Huntington, North Hempstead, Islip and Brookhaven, have passed accessory apartment laws that essentially allow owners to register and legalize apartments that otherwise would be illegal.

But officials across Long Island agree that these measures barely scratch the surface of the problem. At the same time, business leaders and elected officials are starting to focus more on the need to build more affordable housing on Long Island as a way to alleviate the illegal housing problem.

They have reached this conclusion in large part because of the realization that the stereotype of people living in illegal apartments as illegal aliens, unemployed and on welfare, no longer holds. Much more likely, they are ***working-class*** taxpayers.

Take Ms. Motley and her family. She and her husband both hold steady jobs, but together they earn less than $50,000 a year, well below the median family income in Suffolk County, which in 2000 was $72,112.

"We make a decent wage," she said, proudly noting that she earns $15.15 an hour packing equipment at a telecommunications company. "But still we're struggling, because you need a roof over your head, you got to eat and you need a car to get back and forth to work, so where are you supposed to cut?"

Ed Hernandez, a co-chairman of the Long Island Campaign for Affordable Housing, said that his organization planned to begin an advertising campaign later this month to combat a misconception of who needs affordable housing.

"We want people to understand that it's not just the stereotype, and it affects kids returning home from college who can't afford to live here and industries that have no housing for their entry-level work force," he said. "That includes even people like teachers, nurses or workers at hospitals, people that we depend on."

Mr. Hernandez said efforts to improve housing-code enforcement are laudable, but added, "The reality is if you crack down on one hand and have no alternatives on the other, you're just making the crisis even more of a crisis."

He said he and other housing advocates are heartened that elected officials are finally starting to focus on building more affordable housing. For example, Assemblyman Tom DiNapoli of Great Neck is working on legislation that would require municipalities to compel developers of housing projects with five or more units to provide for affordable housing as a prerequisite for site plan approval.

Lee E. Koppelman, the executive director of the Long Island Regional Planning Board, said he first recommended similar legislation nearly 40 years ago when regional planners studied the problem and estimated there were as many as 100,000 illegal housing units on Long Island.

He said he suspected the number may have actually decreased to about 50,000 now, since new housing has been built in the interim. "But that number is just an estimate because towns don't keep such records because if they did, they'd have to do something about it," he said.

Dr. Koppelman's figure is corroborated by a report commissioned by the Long Island Housing Partnership last year that concluded the Island needs at least 50,000 more affordable housing units. The report, prepared by Pearl M. Kamer, the chief economist for the Long Island Association, found that roughly a third of Long Island's rental units are unaffordable, meaning renters pay more than 35 percent of their household income for the units. Federal guidelines recommend that people pay no more than 30 percent of their income on housing to live within their means.

The report also found that Long Island lags far behind other areas in terms of rental housing. Rental housing accounts for only 19 percent of Nassau County's total housing units, well below the 38 percent in Westchester County and 32 percent in Bergen County. "We're obviously really behind the curve in affordable work-force housing," Dr. Kamer said.

Regional efforts to improve the legal housing shortage have been stymied, Dr. Koppelman said, because county governments have no control over housing issues since towns and villages control zoning and housing code enforcement.

Thomas R. Suozzi, the Nassau county executive, has made housing a high priority in his administration. He funneled $200,000 in federal grant money to the Village of Hempstead and the Town of North Hempstead last February to help pay for more code inspectors and hopes to increase that to as much as $1 million by the end of the year. He also has promoted federally financed programs that help people become first-time home buyers and has pushed to expand federally subsidized rental programs.

"I think Tom Suozzi's approach is reasonable, and I think his heart is in the right place," Dr. Koppelman said. "But the federal programs are always being cut back, and it's really up to the towns to implement change."

He added that he believed town governments had done woefully little to address the housing problem. "Local communities don't want to enforce the codes because they don't want to put people out on the street," he said. Local leaders also have tended to steer clear of affordable housing, he said, "because their constituents feel it's a threat against housing values."

But the adverse impact of illegal apartments on school taxes, traffic, parking and municipal services is leading homeowners to push for more aggressive enforcement of housing codes.

In Elmont, the local school district has built additions to each of its six elementary schools in the last two years, adding a total of 40 new classrooms. Roy Mezzapelle, the founder of the Elmont Quality of Life Committee, said he believed that most of the new students were coming from families living in illegally subdivided houses.

Last year, Mr. Mezzapelle's committee started keeping track of housing complaints, most of them anonymous, so far, he said, it has received more than 400 about illegal apartments. The committee submits each complaint to the Town of Hempstead for housing code enforcement.

"But the town hasn't seemed to want to enforce anything," Mr. Mezzapelle said. Town officials said, however, that efforts were under way to improve enforcement and cited resolutions approved last March to increase fines and to allow housing inspectors to issue code violations without the premises, merely based on what they can see outside the building indicating that a house has an illegal apartment.

"People are fed up because there's no increased tax base from these homes, but there are more kids in the schools, more cars on the streets, more garbage to be picked up, and we wind up paying for it," Mr. Mezzapelle said. "This is suburbia -- people came here to leave the crowded schools and life in the city."

The Town of Huntington significantly intensified its efforts to deal with illegal housing this year, dedicating five of its 15 code inspectors to deal exclusively with such complaints and establishing Long Island's first zoning violations bureau to adjudicate those cases.

Before the violations bureau was created, illegal housing cases would go to criminal court, where the town would have to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that a house had an illegal apartment. The violations bureau requires a lower standard of proof, and the town need only show a preponderance of evidence.

"I've been working code enforcement for 16 years, and the legislation the Town Board has passed in the last two years has given us the tools to really deal with the illegal housing situation in Huntington," said Bruce Richard, the town's director of public safety. "And I believe landlords are getting the message that the cost of maintaining illegal housing in the town has gone up."

Mr. Richard said the town receives about 1,000 complaints a year that deal with illegal housing, with issues ranging from too many cars parked on a street to too much litter in a front yard and simply too many people coming and going from a given home.

For safety reasons, the town shuts down houses illegally divided into apartments about six times a year.

But increased enforcement can be a double-edged sword. Officials across Long Island are closely watching a lawsuit filed against the Village of Freeport in which the state attorney general's office has accused the village of violating the civil rights of Hispanic residents by targeting their homes for safety and zoning inspections. The case is expected to go trial later this year.

In Huntington, Mr. Richard said, the town uses Spanish-speaking inspectors "to try and educate the Hispanic community on their rights." "We try to let them know that they don't have to live in some of these terrible living conditions that landlords impose on them," he said.

Susan R. Lagville, the executive director of Housing Help, an advocacy group based in Greenlawn, said that cracking down on the landlords who rent illegal apartments with terrible conditions was important, "but oftentimes the renters just wind up moving to another illegal apartment somewhere else because that's all there is, and that's all they can afford." She added that very few new apartments were being built on Long Island, and most of those that are built tend to be fairly upscale and expensive.

Jim Morgo, the president of the Long Island Housing Partnership, said building two- and three-family homes might be more palatable to Long Islanders than constructing apartment buildings. He cited projects in North Bay Shore and Central Islip where the partnership has helped develop such houses and has then sold them to moderate-income workers who are then required to rent their units to a lower-income tenant.

"The renter then can be taught how to save for a down payment, and we can create a continuum where there are affordable rentals, the homeowner gets into small business and the renter gets prepared for home ownership," he said.

But Long Island's housing problems are so vast and multifaceted, Mr. Morgo added, that "there's no one thing that can be done to solve it all." "We'd love to create a Long Island where everybody could afford a safe home," he said, "but no one action is going to do it."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Regional planners estimate there may be 50,000 illegal apartments on Long Island, like this one in the Town of Huntington. (Town of Huntington)(pg. 1); Illegal apartments may be carved out of basements by adding partitions. (Town of Huntington); Inspectors searching out illegal apartments count electric meters. (Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 5)

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[***Frugal Paris***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W1N-SGY1-2PBB-2202-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MATT GROSS

MATT GROSS writes the Frugal Traveler blog at nytimes.com/travel.

**Body**

WELL before midsummer, the sun sets late over Paris. Even at 9 p.m., you can sit on the banks of the Canal St.-Martin in the 10th Arrondissement, and see in the still water the reflection of the sky, a blue mottled with thin clouds, and the low pale buildings with their amber lights just turned on, and the ruffled, fractal edge of the trees in full green bloom. Night seems as if it will never come.

By the water, there is a small pink dot of a helium balloon, bobbing in the intermittent breeze. The balloon is key. It was given to you by Pink Flamingo, a pizza parlor down the nearby Rue Bichat, whose bicycle deliveryman will use it as a beacon to locate you and present the five pies you've ordered (10.50 to 16 euros each). They're not all for you, of course -- you've got friends to help eat the pizza and drink the four bottles of red wine (40 euros) you picked up from Le Verre Vole, a wine bar across the canal.

You'll love the pizza's quirky toppings -- the Poulidor's goat cheese and sliced duck breast, the bacon-and-pineapple Obama -- and the earthy pinot noir. But finally it will be dark and you'll be more than tipsy and your friends will be heading home by Metro, by Vespa and by Velib', the city's rental bicycle system.

And you, you'll take off on foot, up along the canal toward Belleville, where Asian, Arab and African immigrants live alongside artists and yuppies and bobos. And you'll climb the stairs at the Hipotel Paris Belleville and collapse into the single bed of your spartan room, not caring that the toilet is in a smelly closet down the hall, because the sheets are clean, the rate is dirt cheap and you've just experienced the most wonderful, traditional and frugal activity in the City of Light -- the picnic.

The picnic is the great democratizing institution of summer, when Parisians spill onto riverbanks and bridges and into parks and gardens, chasing away the memories of winter and rain with baguettes and bottles, sandals and sundresses. For the wealthy, picnics are a lark, for the less wealthy an escape, and for this Frugal Traveler, who spent nine days in Paris at the end of May and early June, proof that classic Parisian indulgence doesn't have to cost a fortune.

In fact, this idea that Paris is expensive has always struck me as odd. Of course, it can be, if your conception of Paris is built on haute couture and Michelin stars. But Paris -- the physical as well as the cultural -- is the creation less of the moneyed nobility than of the strivers, schemers, hustlers, freeloaders and starving artists who roam its streets, sing chansons on its subways and make tiny cups of coffee last hours at zinc counters. When I imagine Paris, I think of Emile Zola, the 19th-century novelist whose based-in-reality characters -- from ambitious laundresses to real-estate speculators -- are, in their own way, just as responsible as Napoleon III and Baron Haussmann for transforming it into the grand, boulevarded city we know today.

I also think of Ernest Hemingway, whose ''A Moveable Feast''-- a ''restored'' version is being published this summer by Scribner -- is the ur-text of rose-tinted Parisian poverty, a collage of scenes in which the young novelist starves for his art in a cold-water apartment, yet somehow manages to enjoy ski trips to Austria, bottles of good white Macon and platters of oysters.

Of course, Hemingway didn't spend the rest of his life in a dingy garret (hello, Key West!), and neither would I. In the spirit of Parisian strivers past and present, my plan was to switch hotels every few days, starting with cheapest but (I hoped) still recommendable bed I could find, and moving my way up to grander and fancier digs -- while, of course, staying well under 100 euros a night. In a twisted kind of way, I wanted to develop a bit of Baudelairean ''nostalgie de la boue,'' or nostalgia for the gutter -- a romantic vision of poverty that can only really be embraced after climbing out of privation.

My descent into Paris's lower rungs began at the allegedly two-star Hipotel, which I found through my trusty European hotel guide, EuroCheapo.com. The photos were sharp, the location decent and the price (32 euros a night, or about $44 at $1.41 to the euro) terrific, and the poor reviews on TripAdvisor only fed my dream of finding the ideal, undiscovered hovel. Dream on. When I arrived around 11 a.m., there was no one at the front desk and the hallways were just clean enough to dissuade complaint. After lugging my suitcase up a flight of stairs (what, did I expect an elevator?), I found the corridor dark, the light switches dangling on exposed wires.

The room was, in the French description, a ''simple.'' I had a desk, a bed, a sink, mismatched hangers and a single window that let in some welcome daylight. The only towels were hand towels, and the shower was down the hall, in a locked, windowless closet whose key I had to request at the front desk. It was bad, but neither hilariously bad nor charmingly bad. At least I was well situated, around the corner from the Colonel Fabien Metro stop and walking distance from other neighborhoods.

Because of this, I spent little time in Belleville. Instead, as always seems to happen, I wound up wandering the Marais, the former Jewish quarter that straddles the Third and Fourth Arrondissements and has, in the past 15 years, become home to innumerable galleries and fashionable boutiques. It's also one of the few neighborhoods relatively untouched by Haussmannian urban planning. The streets remain narrow and chaotic, and feel more so because of the masses of tourists bumbling about.

But though it now defines the beaten path, the Marais still holds, if not secrets, then overlooked -- and inexpensive -- delights. Chief among them is the Carnavalet, one of 14 free museums run by the city, this one focusing on the history of Paris itself. In a conjoined pair of opulent 16th- and 17th-century mansions, dozens of exhibitions track the city's evolution, from prehistory (represented by fossilized canoes) to the Middle Ages to relatively modern times (a niche containing Proust's bedchamber). I was captivated by an 1890 painting of the Canal St.-Martin, looking almost as it does today, mirroring the lights of buildings at night, but also by a 16th-century painting of an anti-Henri IV march by soldiers and priests at the Place de Greve. All around them, everyday city life thrives -- men cut wood, repair boats and fight over a pig.

AS I visited museums, I even tried skipping lunch a la Hemingway, who claimed fasting helped him concentrate on the Cezannes in the Musee du Luxembourg -- ''to see truly how he made landscapes.'' My hunger, meanwhile, let me focus not on Cezanne but on the Museum of Hunting and Nature, free the first Sunday of every month. (The Louvre, the Musee d'Orsay and others offer the same deal, which President Obama took advantage of at the Pompidou.) My stomach empty, I explored this strange collection of taxidermied animals, read arcane lore (in late medieval France, I learned, deer had to be hunted nobly, but you could catch wolves deviously) and admired works of contemporary art -- like a Jeff Koons puppy -- among the stuffed relics.

Two nights in the garret, however, was enough -- I was ready to upgrade my Paris life. I moved into the Hotel des Arts Bastille, a fine old seven-story building with a mansard roof, Juliet balconies, an elevator and, what I was most excited by, ensuite bathrooms. I'd found it through Kayak.com and picked it for its looks (rooms with jaunty orange highlights), location (close enough to Bastille to be accessible, but far enough from the noisy bars) and, above all, its price: 60 euros a night, if I booked for three nights. Compared with the Hipotel, it felt like a five-star.

After checking in, I cracked open the tall double windows that looked down on the quiet street and breathed deeply. The air did not smell like a toilet. There was no hammering from next door. There was absolutely nothing wrong with this place -- but maybe nothing truly special, either.

Once I settled into these plusher surroundings, I felt ready to indulge in a slightly better life. The sandwiches au jambon I'd been buying for a few euros from nameless street vendors were great, as were the half-dozen fines de claire oysters I'd consumed at a stand outside the Montgallet Metro (8 euros, including bread, butter and wine), but I'd been dying for a traditional French bistro meal.

Thanks to one of my Twitter followers, @webcowgirl, I found Bistrot Victoires, about halfway between the Louvre and Opera. The decor was classic -- zinc bar, huge mirrors, wood paneling, brass trim -- and so was the food. My grilled rib-eye (11 euros) came topped with burning thyme, the embers glowing red, the smoke a haunting perfume. The Cotes du Rhone (13.75 euros a bottle, shared with my three lunch mates) paired nicely, and the creme brulee (5 euros) was, as the French say (and are than happy with), correct.

My craving sated, I worked up the courage to go shopping. The flea markets provided many bargains (which I'll describe in detail this Wednesday on my blog), but I found other options, too.

A Chacun Son Image, for example, was a trove of anonymous found photographs (5 euros and up) of midcentury beachgoers, World War I veterans, dinner parties where half the attendees have their eyes closed -- all regular people contributing to a romantic, black-and-white image of Paris past.

Paris past also turned up at Native Kingdom, a newly opened vintage children's clothing store in the upper Marais, where I bought my daughter a striped Petit Bateau bikini bottom (only 4 euros!), and the shop's owner, Ema Caillon, wrapped it up in pink tissue paper held together with a pretty toy bird clip.

More slightly outdated fashions were available at the A.P.C. surplus store in Montmartre. A.P.C. virtually defines a certain type of fashionable Parisian -- equal parts sharp tailoring and street style -- but six months after the clothes hit stores, if they haven't sold they move up to the Montmartre outlet and go on sale at 50 percent off. Eighty euros still isn't cheap for a hooded windbreaker, but definitely more tempting than the original price.

When evening began to fall, hunger became an issue again. I'd stave it off a bit with a drink at Le Baron Rouge, a bar in an old ***working-class*** neighborhood where most of the nearly 50 wines cost less than 3.50 euros, or at Chez Georges, the kind of ancient dive that's been sustaining impoverished drinkers for decades. (''I used to go there when I was 18!'' wrote one friend, now 39, in response to my e-mail invitation.) It's easy to see why. Beers are 2 euros, kirs 2.50, and all are welcome, from old-timers who wander in and out, to hip kids who groove to the D.J.'s turntables under the stone arches in the basement. In my mind, I saw it as an assommoir, or gin mill, from one of Zola's novels.

But eventually, I had to eat, and though I loved the picnics -- say, on the Pont des Arts, a pedestrian bridge that crosses the Seine west of the Pont Neuf -- occasionally I wanted to sit down in an actual chair. Well, Churrsaqueira Galo, a Portuguese restaurant on a forlorn stretch of the Ninth Arrondissement, recommended by the Paris-based American cookbook author David Lebovitz, had chairs. And tables. And that was about it: there was no decor to speak of, just white walls and, in one room, a steel rotisserie. But it also had beyond-hearty helpings of roast chicken, pork ribs, steaks, lamb, rice, fries, salad and an herb-flecked hot sauce, most for 10 euros or less. It was the kind of place where, if I lived in the neighborhood, I'd feel guilty for going there so often. (Maybe.)

The decor at Spring, one of the hottest tables in the city, was pared down as well, but in a far fancier and more expensive way. Opened two and a half years ago by Daniel Rose, a 32-year-old American chef who has already become a Paris legend, it featured a 48-euro menu (gray-shrimp marmalade, sole beignets), just 16 seats and a monthlong waiting list for reservations. How did the Frugal Traveler get in? On a no-reservations Saturday, when Mr. Rose serves a discount menu of lobster rolls (23 to 28 euros, depending on the market price) and duck-fat French fries (5 euros).

Champagne, wine and macvin (a wine fortified with grappa from the Jura) flowed long after Spring should have closed, but Mr. Rose's friends and customers kept strolling in, including one stunning woman in evening dress who clutched her nonexistent potbelly and declared, mixing French and English, ''Je suis full!'' So was I. (Spring is in flux right now as Mr. Rose is shifting it to a new location in January.)

And so it went most nights. A good, inexpensive meal with friends, maybe a visit afterward to a wine bar like Le Garde Robe, where the bartender suggested one of my all-time favorite bottles, the rough and punchy 2001 Domaine Maria Fita (24 euros), and plunked down a baguette and a slab of gnarly terrine. And then I'd walk through the empty streets -- watching the occasional Velib' rider cruise past, or dodging the raindrops that dripped through the trees -- to whichever hotel I was staying in that night.

That stroll was, my last two nights, particularly joyful, as I was heading for the 40-room, family-owned Les Chansonniers. After holding my nose at the Hipotel, and feeling simply satisfied at the Hotel des Arts, I was ready for a dose of Parisian luxury (okay, affordable luxury). I'd found Les Chansonniers -- off in far-flung but Metro-accessible Menilmontant, between Belleville and the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery -- through EuroCheapo, and I'd fallen for its beauty, its affordability (my room, one of the hotel's best, cost 82 euros a night) and its theme: the great French singers of old, almost all of whom were, at one point or another, starving artists.

I dragged my old rolling duffel there from the Hotel des Arts as a light rain beginning to fall. I checked in (the clerk even complimented my French!) and climbed the stairs to my room, the Mistinguett, named for the singer who started out selling flowers on the street and a couple decades later was insuring her legs for 500,000 francs.

When I walked in the door, I felt suddenly, weirdly out of place. The bed was big and soft, covered in a thick, tastefully pink duvet. Rose-patterned toile de Jouy wallpaper added to the romance, and in the huge bathroom I spied a whirlpool tub. (Towels, too!) After a week of striving, I'd hit the big time, and I wasn't sure I was ready for it. I almost felt as if I couldn't simply relax there -- as if this was someone else's room and I didn't want to mess it up. One afternoon, I brought home a merguez sandwich (4.50 euros) and ate it carefully, afraid of what the housekeepers might think if they found crumbs in the sheets.

It wasn't until my last morning in Paris that I put that whirlpool bathtub to its proper use. There, with the hot water whooshing around me, I examined the intricate details of the tiled wall and felt what I imagine Hemingway, Piaf and every other striver who made it felt -- that despite the challenges of poverty, self-imposed or circumstantial, the days of denial had made this final indulgence that much sweeter (especially, in my case, since I still wasn't spending much). Life in Paris on a low budget could be tough, could be frustrating, could involve long walks, bad meals, rudeness and discomfort. It was certainly no picnic -- except, of course, when it was.

IF YOU GO

HOW TO GET THERE

Many airlines fly nonstop between New York City and Paris. A recent Web search found Air France flights from Kennedy Airport into Charles de Gaulle from $900 in July.

HOW TO GET AROUND

The Velib' bicycle-rental system has become exceedingly popular. Rental stations are located all around the city, and a one-hour rental costs only 1 euro.

The Metro is the best alternative (besides walking). Tickets are 1.60 euros each, but can be bought in packets of 10 (un carnet) for 11.40 euros, about $16 at $1.41 to the euro. If you're going to be in Paris from Monday through Sunday, or plan to ride the Metro frequently, invest in a swipable Navigo card. The card itself costs 5 euros, and a weeklong unlimited credit is 16.80 euros. Hold on to the card when the week is up -- you can use it on your next visit.

WHERE TO STAY

Hipotel Paris Belleville, 21, rue Vicq d'Azir, (33-1) 4208-0670; singles from 32 euros.

Hotel des Arts Bastille, 2, rue Godefroy Cavaignac; (33-1) 4379-7257, www.paris-hotel-desarts.com; doubles from 59 euros.

Les Chansonniers, 113, boulevard de Menilmontant; (33-1) 4357-0058, doubles with shared bathroom from 46 euros, with ensuite bathroom from 59 euros.

WHAT TO SEE

Musee Carnavalet, 23, rue de Sevigne;(33-1) 4459-5858; www.carnavalet.paris.fr, free admission.

Musee Cognacq-Jay, 8, rue Elzevir; (33-1) 4027-0721; www.cognacq-jay.paris.fr., free admission.

Musee de la Chasse et de la Nature, 62, rue des Archives; (33-1) 5301-9240, www.chassenature.org; admission 6 euros, free the first Sunday of every month.

WHERE TO EAT & DRINK

Pink Flamingo, 67, rue Bichat; (33-1) 4202-3170; www.pinkflamingopizza.com

Le Verre Vole, 67, rue de Lancry; (33-1) 4803-1734; www.leverrevole.fr.

Bistrot Victoires, 6, rue de la Vrilliere; (33-1) 4261-4378.

Chez Georges, 11, rue des Canettes; (33-1) 4326-7915.

Le Baron Rouge, 1, rue Theophile-Roussel, (33-1) 4343-1432.

Churrasqueira Galo, 69, rue de Dunkerque, (33-1) 4874-4940

Le Garde Robe, 41, rue de l'Arbre Sec, (33-1) 4926-9060.

Le Cul de Poule, 53, rue des Martyrs, (33-1) 5316-1307, is super-playful from its name (literally, chicken butt; figuratively, double-boiler) to its decor (orange chairs, bed-like banquette). But the cooking is serious, precise, creative and affordable, with two courses 23 euros, and three for 26.

Le Bar a Soupes, 33, rue de Charonne; (33-1) 4357-5379; www.lebarasoupes.com, offers an excellent lunch deal: a fresh market soup, two types of cheese, bread and a glass of wine for 9.90 euros.

WHERE TO SHOP

A Chacun Son Image, 35-37, rue Charlot, (33-665) 2395-0300; achacunsonimage.wordpress.com.

Native Kingdom, 24, rue de Poitou

A.P.C. Surplus, 20, rue Andre del Sarte; (33-1) 4262-1088; www.apc.fr.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Picnicking, a favorite and inexpensive Parisian summer rite, on the banks of the Canal St.-Martin. (pg.TR1)

FROM TOP: A picnic on the Pont des Arts

sandwiches for sale at a bakery in the Marais

dinner at Le Baron Rouge. (pg.TR8)

ABOVE: Dining on the terrace of the Bistrot Victoires. BELOW: A room at the Hotel des Arts Bastille. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY OWEN FRANKEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.TR9) MAP: Paris, France (pg.TR9)

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[***East of the Vatican, Everyday Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YD6-6YM0-00MH-F06M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 23, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

IN 1527, Rome was invaded and sacked by the Spanish and German troops of Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor. Leaderless and increasingly infuriated because of their paltry wages, the armies brutally crashed through the city, then a papal stronghold, leaving destruction and devastation in their wake. The Borgo, the area east of the current Vatican City, was badly looted, and afterward became one of Rome's poorest districts.

Nearly 500 years later, Borgo residents are bracing for another invasion, though this time, the marauders will be carrying guidebooks rather than crossbows.

In fact, there may never be a better time to visit this part of Rome, which is looking especially smart after a thorough makeover in time (or almost) for the Roman Catholic Jubilee Year. Part of the Borgo's appeal is that, notwithstanding its proximity to the Vatican and its profusion of souvenir shops, religious trinket vendors and tourist-trap restaurants, it is essentially an authentic Roman neighborhood. Because it is still largely residential, it remains rooted in ordinariness and is uncommonly quiet.

The greater likelihood of bumping into a priest or a nun, purposefully bustling from one Vatican office to the next, does distinguish the Borgo from other Roman ***working class*** neighborhoods. But laundry hangs on sagging clotheslines between windows, neighbors chat with one another from streetfront windows, children recklessly speed through the streets on bikes (in training for when they'll be old enough to drive).

In ancient Rome, this area on the Right Bank of the Tiber was known as the Ager Vaticanus, the "country around the Vatican hill," which Cicero observed was notorious for bad soil that produced bad wine. Caligula chose to build his circus there around 40 A.D., enlarged later under Nero. During his bloody reign, many Christians, including Peter according to tradition, were martyred in the circus or in the adjoining gardens. A few years later, Hadrian built his mausoleum, now Castel Sant'Angelo, nearby.

In the fourth century, after the conversion of the Roman emperor Constantine to Christianity, the first Basilica of St. Peter was built. Other churches, convents and chapels were constructed close by, attracting mostly pilgrims from Northern Europe, and the area became known as the Borgo or borough, probably from the Germanic "Burg," which means a small fortified settlement.

In the ninth century, Pope Leo IV surrounded the Borgo with high walls, fortified with 44 towers, to protect it from invaders. The Civitas Leonina, or Leonine City, became the papal citadel and was the site of repeated struggles, sieges and expulsions. After the popes returned from Avignon in the 14th century and chose the Vatican as their residence, a new period of prosperity ensued, and the Borgo and the Vatican grew and were embellished until the ruinous Sack in 1527.

Much of the Borgo today -- at least the part to the northeast of the Basilica -- was developed during the late 19th century. And the original layout of the neighborhood was further destroyed starting in 1936, when houses and streets were demolished to build the Via della Conciliazione, the broad avenue, lined with faux obelisks, that leads from the Tiber to St. Peter's.

Proximity to the Basilica has inevitably influenced the development of the neighborhood. Restaurants and cafes have multiplied, especially in recent years. Shopping is mostly limited to religious souvenirs, which come in all shapes and tastes. Apart from these, local stores do not really cater to tourists, and there is no sense that the needs of the inhabitants of the Borgo have become secondary to those of visitors. That might explain why, for the most part, the residents are genuinely friendly.

No longer walled to keep out invaders, the Borgo may now be entered from many sides. One of the grandest entrances is through the Porta Santo Spirito near the entrance ramp to the new Vatican parking lot. The massive Renaissance gateway to the Leonine City was begun by Antonio da Sangallo the Younger in 1543-44 but was never finished. Enclosed by two 16th-century bastions ordered by Pope Pius IV, four massive half-columns frame a broad arch with side niches. Resembling an ancient Roman triumphal arch, it seems a fitting entrance to a papal domain.

The road from the Porta leads to the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassia, founded in the eighth century by Ine, king of Wessex, for pilgrims coming from his homeland. Antonio Sangallo the Younger rebuilt the church after the Sack of Rome. The classical facade by Ottaviano Mascherino was recently restored to its former brilliance, while the 15th-century campanile attributed to Baccio Pontelli is one of Rome's most beautiful.

This area of the Borgo, east toward the Tiber, is less populated, at least by healthy Romans, because it is largely taken up with the Hospital of Santo Spirito in Sassia, founded in the 12th century by Innocent III and rebuilt in the 15th century. The hospital has recently undergone a complete modernization and reopened for patients in December. But scaffolding and yellow tubes still mar good views of parts of the structure, including the porticoed facade that faces the Tiber. (Its original likeness is visible, however, in Sandro Botticelli's recently restored fresco "The Temptation of Christ" in the Sistine Chapel.)

The National Historical Museum of Medicine inside the hospital is open three mornings a week. The museum is full of fascinating (if sometimes creepy) objects relating to medicine, including 18th-century wax models of parts of the human body, used for teaching, along with the reconstruction of an alchemist's laboratory and a pharmacy from the 17th century.

The Via della Conciliazione slices through what was once the heart of the Borgo. The sight of St. Peter's Basilica looming at the end of this avenue has become so familiar that it is difficult to imagine that the street was once crammed with buildings jostling for space. However, the 17th-century architect Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini did not design his colonnade surrounding the Piazza San Pietro to be approached from a distance. Rather, the pilgrim was meant to stumble into the elliptical colonnade, having passed though the Borgo's tangled web of palazzi. That element of surprise and awe was certainly lost with the opening of the Via della Conciliazione.

The avenue was completed for a previous Roman Catholic Jubilee in 1950, and the upheaval could have been worse. Many Renaissance palaces, such as the elegant Palazzo Torlonia, built around 1500, were left standing. Just as the recent restoration of the 17th-century facade of St. Peter's has brought to light the use of surprising colors (reds and greens), so the restoration of the facade of the 16th-century church of Santa Maria in Traspontina revealed the bluish gray and rose of the apse that frames the 17th-century statue of the Virgin and Child over the main door, very unlike the dull car-exhaust gray that the facade had turned over the years.

One of the new Jubilee Information Centers opened last month near this church. The center has interactive multimedia displays complete with virtual reconstruction of ancient Roman buildings and sites. More low-tech traditional paper pamphlets are available, as is up-to-date information regarding Jubilee events. The building also houses the Museum of Historical Musical Instruments, affiliated with the Santa Cecilia auditorium next door. It comprises a small but interesting collection of musical instruments dating from various centuries. Predecessors of the piano, such as the spinet and the harpsichord, are fancifully painted with battle scenes and landscapes, and an interactive computer program allows you to hear the sounds of different instruments.

North of Via della Conciliazione is the livelier part of the Borgo. The most charming street is Borgo Pio, an ostensibly pedestrian street (though cars do have a habit of sneaking through) lined with irregular buildings in varying states of repair, small shops, restaurants and the odd hotel. At one end of the street is the Cancello di Sant'Anna, an official entrance into Vatican City.

At the corner of Via del Falco is a newly restored five-story Baroque palazzo, resplendently white. At No. 48 is the Latteria Giuliani, one of the few remaining bars that still maintain their original marble-topped counters. A favorite with locals -- the cappuccini are renowned -- the latteria recently closed for restoration, with plans for reopening in March, but the owners say the remodeling will be in keeping with the original 1912 design.

NEAR the other end of the street is the small Piazza del Catalone, a picturesque square with ivy-covered buildings and an oddly shaped fountain resembling a dumpy temple. Sculptured over the water spout is the epitaph "aqua marcia" -- poor advertising, actually, because "marcia" means rotten in Italian. In fact, Pliny claimed the water to be the best in Rome; the name refers to Quintus Marcius Rex, the Roman praetor who brought the water to Rome in the second century B.C.

Another charming square is the larger Piazza delle Vaschette, one street over, whose 19th-century fountain spouts "aqua angelica," believed by some to have curative effects on the liver. The piazza is another quiet spot to sit and observe the neighborhood or just escape the masses.

From here, the Castel Sant'Angelo is a short walk. The imposing structure was begun around 130 A.D. by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum for himself and his family. Completed about a decade later, it underwent various changes and transformations through the centuries, gradually evolving into a castle. It now houses a museum, and a visit is advisable, if only to get lost in the seemingly endless labyrinth of its rooms and passageways.

The area around the Castel Sant'Angelo, where cars once lurched, bumper to bumper, has recently become a pedestrian zone, landscaped with a tree-lined avenue above the Tiber and with formal gardens. The moat under the ramparts of the Castle was also opened to the public last month, and footpaths and benches will now provide shady refuge in the hot summer months.

From St. Mark's bastion inside the Castel Sant'Angelo, more complete guided tours of the "passetto del Borgo," the covered walkway that joins the Castle to the Vatican, will be possible starting in late February. The passetto was built in the 13th century over the 9th century Leonine walls and reconstructed at the end of the 15th century under Alexander VI. Since then it has served as an escape route for the Popes in times of trouble. In 1527, Clement VII used it to escape the murderous troops of Charles V.

The visit includes a walk of about 250 feet inside the passageway; one then emerges above, in the open air, and continues for another 2,000 feet toward the Vatican. It doesn't really afford breathtaking views of Rome, like those that can be had from the cupola of St. Peter's Basilica, but it does provide a glimpse into the backyards of the Borgo dwellers. The hanging laundry, plastic furniture and balcony herb gardens show the Borgo remains a vital neighborhood, and the piles of bricks -- construction material for an addition to one of the palazzi -- suggest it will continue to be so well into the future.

Real Rome

National Historical Museum of Medicine, Lungotevere in Sassia 3; (39-06) 683 52353 or (39-06) 689 3051.

Open Monday, Wednesday and Friday 10 a.m. to noon. Admission $2.70, at 1,875 lire to the dollar.

Jubilee Information Center and Museum of Historical Musical Instruments, Via della Conciliazione 2; (39-06) 688 09938. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission is free.

Castel Sant'Angelo, Lungotevere Castello 50; (39-06) 681 9111. Open Tuesday through Sunday from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Monday. Tickets $5.30. To book tours of the Passetto del Borgo ($4.80 plus castle admission), call (39-06) 390 80730. Reservations are required for the tours, Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: View from the top of Castel Sant'Angelo of the walkway, at center, linking it with the Vatican.; Fountain in the Piazza del Catalone.; The Castel Sant'Angelo, begun by Hadrian. (pg. 12); The Porta di Santo Spirito, a grand entrance to the Borgo dating from the Renaissance. (Photographs by Chris Warde-Jones for The New York Times) (pg. 26)

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[***A Lot About Tradition (and a Little 'bout Independence)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y84-RS00-00MH-F17T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By NEIL STRAUSS

**Dateline:** NASHVILLE, Jan. 3

**Body**

This is how it went down:

As the hours ticked closer to 7 p.m, when the Country Music Association awards were scheduled to be broadcast live on CBS, Alan Jackson, a solidly built 6 foot 4 country star of few words, sat in his tour bus outside the Grand Ole Opry debating with his band. He had planned to perform his new single, a version of the Jim Ed Brown drinking song "Pop a Top." But in the back of his mind he had another idea: George Jones, his friend and one of country's greatest living musicians, had been snubbed by the awards show. And Mr. Jackson wanted to do something about it.

Mr. Jones's comeback hit, "Choices," had been nominated as best single, and he was asked to sing an excerpt for the broadcast. But he declined to appear unless, like many younger performers on the show, he could do the whole song. When the producers would not relent, Mr. Jones stayed home.

So Mr. Jackson told his band he was considering stopping "Pop a Top" halfway through and segueing into "Choices" to protest the way Nashville treats its living legends. Yet he warned his band that he might change his mind, especially if others brought up the George Jones controversy.

As is typical in the world of country music, where even stars step carefully for fear of rocking the boat, no one had spoken a word about Mr. Jones when it came time for Mr. Jackson to perform. As Mr. Jackson and the band walked onstage, they still were not sure what they would do.

"We were all so nervous," Mr. Jackson said recently, sitting in a converted garage on his Nashville estate and recalling that evening in September. "The guitarist had this solo in the middle of "Pop a Top,' and the song sort of modulates up at the end of the solo. I signaled to him that we were going to do it, and he just stopped. I looked over at him and he was sweating. The boy looked like he was going to bite his lip off. Then I hit that C chord to start 'Choices.' "

Slowly, as it dawned on the audience what Mr. Jackson had done, applause rang out in the hall. By the end the audience was on its feet, giving him a standing ovation.

And so Mr. Jackson, known in Nashville as a man who keeps to himself and tends not to get involved in music industry politics, took a stand. With country's biggest stars, Garth Brooks and Shania Twain, busy chasing rock and international pop audiences, respectively, Mr. Jackson cemented his reputation as the lone traditionalist, as he is sometimes called. Of course many other singers believe in the genre's roots and the idea of making country music for country people, but none have approached Mr. Jackson's success: 26 No. 1 country singles and estimated sales of 27 million albums in his 10-year career.

"A lot of my songs have ended up No. 1 or in the Top 10 on the strength of my career," Mr. Jackson said. "Radio wouldn't play those songs for a new artist. If I was starting over today with my same sound, I don't know if I would make it."

Don't get the impression that Mr. Jackson's music is a return to Hank Williams or Johnny Cash. It is very much the sound of contemporary Nashville, but at the same time it is a logical sequel to the classic country that came before it. (Fans in the New York region can judge for themselves when he performs at Irving Plaza in Manhattan on Jan. 19.)

Mr. Jackson sings in a deep, booming voice with the force of Ernest Tubb and the homespun humor of Tom T. Hall. His songs (many written by Mr. Jackson or nonestablishment songwriters) tell of small-town life, chasing ***working-class*** dreams and the vagaries of love. Although the production sparkles with Nashville polish, and some songs are oversentimentalized, the instrumentation is traditional, full of steel guitar, fiddle and mandolin.

He is one of the few contemporary country stars whom the old guard respects. "Since I had the pleasure of meeting Alan Jackson many years ago," George Jones said, "I'm still amazed at how he continues to honor traditional country music. He writes and performs what I think is the very best music. I always kid him and tell him to keep it country, which he has."

Unlike his contemporaries, Mr. Jackson does not seem to have ambitions outside of country, whether it be MTV or Hollywood. A giant with a thick blond mustache and shoulder-length blond hair perpetually sticking out of a spotless white cowboy hat, he has a will of steel. He often seems like the human equivalent of a steam locomotive, unstoppable in his tracks and slightly out of date. On his new CD, a collection of country remakes called "Under the Influence" (Arista Nashville), he performs two songs associated with Merle Haggard that sum up his personality best: "The Way I Am" and "My Own Kind of Hat." "I'll stand right where I'm at," he sings, " 'cause I wear my own kind of hat."

Mike Dungan, the general manager of Arista Nashville, said: "I think he may be the last of his kind. He believes in tradition, and sometimes it becomes an issue. A well-rounded Nashville label has to have all kinds of music on it, and Alan doesn't always understand why we sign the acts we do."

Tim DuBois, the president of Arista Nashville, agreed: "He and I have run head to head more than once creatively on things. But I give him more creative control than any other act I've worked with because he has that keen sense of what works for him and what he's about."

The label will probably not be too pleased with what Mr. Jackson has planned for this year. He is performing a duet with George Strait (a singer who rarely agrees to a duet) on a song called "Murder on Music Row" for Mr. Strait's next album. The song, written by the bluegrass singer Larry Cordle, alludes to Mr. Jones's treatment at the awards show and lashes out against contemporary Nashville for squelching traditional country. One verse begins, "The almighty dollar and the lust for worldwide fame/Slowly killed tradition, and for that someone should hang."

Mr. Jackson is probably the only current star in Nashville who could get away with singing those lines without sounding hypocritical. Pouring salt on the wounds the song is intended to inflict, he wants to cut a Bobby Braddock composition called "Same Old Song" for his next album. Mr. Jackson describes it as "criticizing songwriting and being about how it's all turning into a factory, and there's the same old guy in the same old cowboy hat singing the same old song."

Mr. Jackson is quick to deny that he's getting on a soapbox, instead he says he's just speaking his mind. He often uses Popeye-like expressions -- "I do what I do," "I am what I am," "Music is music" -- that frustrate interviewers but say a lot about his inflexible, instinctual ways.

As he spoke for this interview, he sat in an armchair in his garage, which was filled with old automobiles, Harley Davidson motorcyles, wooden boats and a seaplane. Outside, a huge American flag flapped in the wind, and a horse grazed near the banks of a stream on his property.

"I've always been attracted to classic things," he said, "whether it's a movie or a guitar or furniture or a house or a boat. I don't know why exactly. I've always loved an old collectable classic. My first car was one of those. I don't know if it's the workmanship that I like as much as it's a piece of art to me."

Mr. Jackson, 41, was born in a small Georgia town, Newnan, with four older sisters, a mother whose maiden name was Musick and a father who worked as a mechanic at a Ford plant.

While other students in school were listening to disco, he was singing in small-time country outfits. After graduating he sold Ford cars (he would later tout them in television commercials) by day; by night he performed at parties and beer halls, singing many of the songs that appear on his CD "Under the Influence."

At 21 he married a flight attendant, Denise (her maiden name was Jackson), who gave Mr. Jackson his first lucky break when she ran into Glen Campbell in an airport and got his card. Within a year the couple were living in Nashville, and Mr. Jackson was signed to Mr. Campbell's publishing company.

At first it seemed as if Mr. Jackson's timing could not have been worse: Nashville was in the midst of a musical drought. But while he was signing with Arista Nashville as its first country act, Garth Brooks and Clint Black were recording their first country albums. Together, these three singers sold millions of records, triggering a boom in Nashville that made the record industry gasp as country acts outsold their pop counterparts. Today that boom has ended, and Nashville is finding itself caught off balance as its music grows even slicker and its radio formats narrower, widening the gulf between traditional and contemporary country.

Upon releasing his previous record, "High Mileage," Mr. Jackson was surprised to discover that one of the strongest singles of his career, "Little Man," was rejected by several major radio stations. They said that the song was "too country," he recalled.

"I believe that there are a lot of people who want to hear what I call real country music," he said. "And I just think there needs to be more of a balance out there. I don't have anything against other forms of country music. It just happens that the kind of country music I do is different."

"Little Man" provides a good summation of Mr. Jackson's sensibility: it is an epitaph for independent shopkeepers who have been driven out of business by superstores. Like some of rock and country's greatest songs, it turns the ordinary working man into a hero, with Mr. Jackson closing the song with the blood-rushing, fist-in-the-air farewell of "God bless the little man."

"Where I came from, the town was just a little court square and privately owned businesses around it," Mr. Jackson said. "But as everything got bigger, the big chains started coming in and building out on the four-lanes near the Interstate, putting the little man out of business.

"When I actually tried to go ahead and write the song, my wife and I were going through a rough time. I was pretty bummed out. So I got into a car and just took off. I didn't hardly know where I was going. And I started heading south, to Georgia and northern Florida and almost to Fort Lauderdale before I stopped.

"I went on a lot of two-lane roads and through little towns, and I saw a lot of those same images and scenes where the two-lane highway wasn't the main road anymore, and the service stations were closed up, and there were little Kwic Sacs" -- convenience stores -- "everywhere. And that's when I started writing."

Arista recently fell victim to the corporate forces Mr. Jackson describes in "Little Man." As fallout over an internal power struggle in which BMG Entertainment, Arista's corporate parent, is trying to force the retirement of Clive Davis, the maverick founder of Arista who talked Mr. Jackson into signing with the label, BMG has been attempting to shut down Arista Nashville and absorb some acts into RCA.

Mr. Jackson said he thought he was established enough that it would not affect his career. He was more worried about the employees of Arista Nashville, he said, and, in the larger picture, the future of country music. He pointed to the consolidation and layoffs in the industry and to the transformation of Nashville itself into a featureless metropolitan sprawl.

"Now they're shutting down live music on Broadway," Mr. Jackson said, referring to a cluster of downtown Nashville honky-tonks that are being singled out by the police because of noise violations. "The police are writing them tickets if it's too loud. They're trying to make it a big tourist trap down there."

Mr. Jackson shook his head, and a bemused smile spread across his face, as if he were an experienced angler watching a novice try to catch fish by draining the lake. "Awww," he said with a resigned chuckle, "they're going to kill it all."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Alan Jackson turned his appearance at the Country Music Association awards into a tribute to George Jones. (Associated Press)(pg. E3); Alan Jackson champions the little man. (Pamela Springsteen/Force)(pg. E1)

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**End of Document**



[***How to Make a Museum More Fun to Visit;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y5K-5W10-00RP-K3W9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Director Does What He Was Hired To, and the Criticism Won't Let Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y5K-5W10-00RP-K3W9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BRUCE WEBER

By BRUCE WEBER

**Body**

On a speedy tour of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where he has been director for five years, Malcolm Rogers stopped in the high-ceilinged corridor that was once a tapestry gallery and is now the entryway to the museum's collection of European paintings. Fifty-four paintings from the 16th and 17th centuries, including works by Titian, El Greco, Velazquez and Rubens, are mounted two and three high. It is a commanding medley, a brazen array of artistic riches that tends to make visitors halt in their tracks.

"It's a wonderful room for displaying art," Mr. Rogers said, "that people used to walk right through without stopping."

The comment, deft and quite possibly calculated to head off the criticism that the exhibition enhances the dazzle of the room at the expense of the individual paintings, is emblematic of Mr. Rogers's stewardship and the rancorous debate it has generated over his new model for museum management.

In the broadest terms, what he has done at one of the nation's most established (and by most accounts stodgy) museums is to put a priority on enhancing the experience of visitors with the idea of attracting a larger, younger and more diverse audience. That has worked.

But it is an effort, his critics say, that undermines the seriousness of a serious place. The angry controversy that began in June over Mr. Rogers's announcement of a restructuring of the museum's organization and staff keeps being revived by aftershocks.

On Friday, Ellenor Alcorn, a curator of decorative arts who had been at the museum 17 years, resigned. She was the third curator to depart this fall, after two others, both in the decorative arts, were dismissed in the reorganization.

"I don't want the institution to be damaged more than it has," Ms. Alcorn said. "But the decorative arts collections cannot survive without the restitution of the positions that were eliminated."

The treatment of decorative arts, Mr. Rogers's detractors say, is typical of his priorities.

"I think the new director is good at getting money, and I applaud that," said Fred Licht, a curator and scholar who has resigned from the museum's visiting committee in protest. "But his acquisitions, his exhibition policies, everything that has to do with art is a disaster."

Mr. Licht is unusual among art professionals for attaching his name to a pejorative opinion, but he is not alone in that opinion. And it is indisputable by now that the museum's reputation has suffered by its lingering status as a culture-war battlefield.

The outrage has shaken and to a degree divided the museum's board, whose members seem, more than anything, chagrined by the controversy. And because Mr. Rogers, who was previously the deputy director of the National Portrait Gallery in London and whose contract here was renewed in October, was hired by the board with a mandate to make sweeping changes, he has become a flash point in the debate over how museums ought to be run in the 21st century.

"Resiliency and the ability to adapt are quite important in this job," Mr. Rogers said.

No one disputes that his tenure, in boom economic times to be sure, has rescued the museum from severe financial doldrums. His program of crowd-pleasing exhibitions, from "Monet in the 20th Century" to "John Singer Sargent" and a show on the work of the fashion and celebrity photographer Herb Ritts, and his gift for fund-raising have turned a $4 million operating deficit in 1995 into an operating surplus last year of $437,000. His efforts have helped the museum complete a $137 million capital campaign. And the 1.7 million visitors last year were the most in the 129-year history of the place, with membership, at 103,000, nearly double what it was five years ago.

The museum is now praised, among other things, for its renewed commitment to building maintenance (several employees mentioned how much cleaner the place was these days) and for its extended hours. (It is open seven days a week.) The stately front entrance on Huntington Avenue, which was closed in 1990 for financial reasons in a move considered an insult to the ***working-class*** neighborhood it faces, has reopened. And the museum's growing efforts to reach out to the community (150,000 students, including every fifth grader in the Boston public schools, took part in museum programs last year) have helped dispel its reputation as a Brahmin-controlled bastion of elitism.

But if Mr. Rogers, 51, an outgoing, round-faced man with a pleasant if beleaguered manner, is wont to anticipate opposition, it is not surprising. He has been drawing increasing criticism from curators, scholars and newspaper reviewers who lament, often with virulent disgust, what they see as an autocratically administered art museum with a diminished emphasis on, well, art.

The imbroglio dates from Mr. Rogers's announcement in June that he would restructure the museum's curatorial model, creating five megadepartments to increase cooperation among curatorial specialties in a way better suited to the physical plant of the museum, which is on the verge of an expansion.

His critics were particularly incensed by the minimal amount of consultation with curators about the new structure and by the abrupt dismissal of 18 employees in eliminated departments. Twenty other people were hired, but among the lost were two senior decorative-arts curators, Jonathan Fairbanks and Anne Poulet, who were dismissed early on June 25 and asked to turn in their keys by the end of the day.

In September, Jeffrey Munger, a European decorative arts curator, resigned. Then in November Theodore E. Stebbins Jr., the museum's curator of American paintings for 22 years, followed suit, stinging Mr. Rogers and the board with a letter critical of the reorganization as having created an unfelicitous atmosphere for curatorial work.

"Looking ahead, I see an endless number of meetings and memos," wrote Mr. Stebbins, whom Mr. Rogers had promoted to head one of the museum's new divisions, "without any assurance, in the end, that I will have the kind of strong voice curators have traditionally had in developing exhibitions and publications, guiding acquisitions, selecting staff and shaping policies."

The Stebbins letter renewed the vigor of Mr. Rogers's critics. The new bureaucracy robs curators of their independence, they say, and they offer a list of slights to the curatorial staff (the canceling of the museum's scholarly bulletin, for example) and a handful of pop-culture-oriented exhibitions (like the Ritts show and a 400-year retrospective on guitar design, scheduled next fall). as evidence that scholarship and high art are not prized as they were.

"The way the paintings are exhibited!" Mr. Licht exclaimed. "All the important jewels of the collection have been massed together in the tapestry gallery, so that these important things that are the center of the collection become a corridor. You can't possibly concentrate on them when you get them massed in close quarters, and it teaches the public a disrespect for art."

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the dispute is how vehement it has become. If Mr. Rogers's fiercest detractors see the battle as one between the forces of art and the forces of commerce, Mr. Rogers's staunchest supporters view the conflict as one between the forces of progress and the forces of inertia. These supporters say privately that the curators have long been coddled, many have been unproductive, and the management model that allowed them their independent pursuit of idiosyncratic interests helped bring the museum nearly to financial ruin.

"What I think is going on is that people are scared," said Alan Strassman, a trustee and former board president who was among the leading developers of the reorganization plan. "We're going to redefine the model of how to manage an encyclopedic art museum in the 21st century. And if people have been very cozy and happy, they're not going to be very interested in responsibilities associated with a new template."

The actual state of affairs, as visits on three consecutive days and dozens of interviews showed, is more nuanced than either view. The museum is thronged with visitors, and three current exhibitions -- one focusing on Egyptian art during the brief reign of the pharaoh Ikhnaton, another on the work of the 19th-century American painter Martin Johnson Heade and a third on new paintings by the contemporary Expressionist Susan Rothenberg -- all well reviewed, certainly argue against the notion that it has forsworn curatorial standards.

"The Egypt exhibit exemplifies the highest scholarship," Mr. Rogers said, with more than a hint of exasperation. "And the very critics who have accused me of dumbing down the museum love it. And it was my idea. It's so peculiar."

Some administrators at other museums recognize the pickle he's in. "This is what directors are hired to do, and it's what they inevitably have to do, make big decisions that are controversial," said the director of a major museum in New York, who spoke on condition of anonymity. "Whether this particular plan is a good idea is debatable but not inconceivable. That is, it was perfectly reasonable to suggest this plan. You can debate whether it is an intelligent one."

That is precisely what happened, at high volume. The plan was immediately denounced by art scholars, who among other things found it untenable to think that a single curator could satisfyingly oversee such disparate collections as, for example, American paintings, decorative arts and pre-Columbian art, which have been gathered under the rubric Art of the Americas, headed until recently by Mr. Stebbins.

The dismissals that ignited much of the criticism were handled poorly, most board members admit. They say they followed the advice of outside consultants to get them over with as quickly as possible. And they have softened their announced position on the restructuring, saying there is some room for flexibility. (Mr. Fairbanks and Ms. Poulet, the dismissed curators, who have been given emeritus positions, said they were constrained from commenting by their severance agreements.)

In the museum Mr. Rogers's supporters have seen positive changes. What the director has done, said Nancy Allen, a 24-year employee who is director of information resources, is change the culture of the institution.

"What's different now is that change is possible," said Ms. Allen, who is in charge of developing the museum's computerized database and of augmenting the photographic documentation of the museum's holdings.

"We've gotten funding to photograph every Rembrandt, Durer and Goya in our collection. We plan to photograph every item in the textile collection. These things were never within our reach. If it takes a Herb Ritts show to do that, all I can say is, 'What's the next Herb Ritts show?' I don't know what it feels like to be a curator now, but I can't believe there's not enough respect to go around."

But as Ms Alcorn's resignation showed, wounds remain open. Over the summer, as published criticism continued and museum professionals from around the country wrote in to express concern, divisions within the board surfaced.

In August, James Cuno, a trustee who is director of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard University, wrote a four-page letter to the board president, Robert P. Henderson, which was distributed among the trustees. In it he detailed the unanswered questions about the restructuring plan and said the board should seriously consider the criticism that the museum's curatorial enterprise was being undervalued.

Both sides say it will take years for their points to be proved. Either the new structure will work and a financially sound institution will provide increased community service for a growing audience as it maintains a foundation of high connoisseurship and academic rigor, or the devaluing of scholarship will attenuate the museum's curatorial expertise and the place will devolve into mediocrity.

"There is no question that the kinds of questions that have come to us from within the scholarly community need to be addressed," said Ted Landsmark, president of the Boston Architecture Center, who has been on the museum board for five years. Mr. Landsmark was the only one, among a dozen or so interviewed, to express a conciliatory stance for attribution.

"We will need to take deliberate steps designed to reassure the scholarly and curatorial communities that we have a commitment to core value of helping a broad public understand art in culture," he said, "and that we are not becoming a financial-based bottom-line institution."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Malcolm Rogers, director of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by the Huntington Avenue entrance, which he reopened. Top, the former tapestry gallery. (Photographs by Ed Quinn for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***Children's Names: Mirror of a Society***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RB30-0038-D00Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LENA WILLIAMS

**Body**

IF a child's name tells more about the parents than it does about the child, then the 1980's may well be remembered as a decade in which some parents were self-indulgent, ambitious, proud of their heritage and just a little outrageous.

Luci was spelled with an i and Tyffany with two y's. Michael became Mykell. There were Jennifer Wongs and Ashakulu Johnsons. Boys were Leslies; so were girls.

''I don't think anyone could imagine how ingenious the America public could be when it comes to names,'' said Dr. Leonard Ashley, a professor of English at Brooklyn College and the author of ''What's in a Name?'' (Genealogical Publishing, 1989).

Unlike the 1960's, when parents were naming their children with social and environmental concerns in mind (Sunshine, Moon and Peace), in the 1980's, more and more parents chose names that reflected their heritage and ethnic origins and their economic status. Many chose names that were gender-neutral or names they believed would set their children apart from others.

''People no longer go to the Bible or literature in choosing names for their children,'' Dr. Ashley said. ''They go to television or their ethnic roots, or they simply use their imaginations.''

Last month, at a regional meeting in Washington, the American Names Society, whose members often serve as consultants to corporations that want to find appropriate names for products, devoted two days to exploring the differences in choosing personal names based on race, region and sex. Such concerns are also reflected in the public's fascination with personal names and surnames.

''For over a hundred years, there have been naming fads and trends,'' said Dr. Cleveland Kent Evans, an assistant professor of psychology at Bellevue (Neb.) College, who has researched white, black and Hispanic names in the United States. ''Today, I think people, blacks especially, are more into finding different and unusual names for kids.''

For example, one black woman, Kelly A. Tillers, a commercial real-estate broker in Manhattan, was going to name her daughter Bianca until one of the characters on a her favorite soap opera, ''All My Children,'' chose that name for her television offspring. ''Then it became too phony,'' said Ms. Tillers, whose daughter is now a year old.

So she called her Chiara, a name she overheard in an Italian restaurant. ''It just sounded right,'' she said.

Zahmu and Malyka Rose Burgin, a Philadelphia couple who adopted their African names several years ago, looked no further than the carved wooden African map on their living-room wall to choose a name for their son, Zaire, now 2 months old.

Dr. Ralph Slovenko, a professor of law and psychiatry at Wayne State University in Detroit and an expert in onomastics, the study of the origins and uses of names, believes the new trends reflect a growing ''appreciation and awareness'' of ethnicity as well as social changes, in particular the women's movement.

''Whereas before everybody wanted to be in the melting pot and have assimilated names, some of the new immigrants are keeping their names,'' Dr. Slovenko said.

The women's movement has resulted in gender-bending names like Beverly, Carol (or Carroll), Kerry, Shawn or Chris, which are being used for both girls and boys.

Indeed, some women consider traditional feminine names a handicap in the business world and are choosing neuter names for their children. Dr. Slovenko said: ''Usually, it's a statement by the mother that this is still a man's world. Said one mother who gave her daughter a man's name, 'It'll look good when she applies to medical school.' ''

While these changes were taking place, most parents were still choosing traditional names for their children. For the 25th year in a row, more New York City parents named their newborn sons Michael than any other name in 1988, the latest year for which statistics are available from the City Health Department.

Jessica led the list of names for baby girls for the third year in a row. In 1988, a Gallup Poll produced similar results, with Michael leading the list for boys, followed by Christopher, and with Mary leading the list for girls, followed by Jessica.

''In the 1990's, more and more names will come from television and soap operas, said Dr. Ashley, the Brooklyn College professor, ''so you'll have Ashleys, Alexises and Crystals. Matthew will be around for a long time, as will names that are feminized versions of boys' names like Danielle, Stephanie and Michelle.''

Many black Americans began adopting names from authentic African or Islamic sources during the civil-rights and black-power movements of the 1960's and 1970's, rejecting the names given to slaves by their English-speaking masters. They have been joined by new immigrants to the United States who are not Americanizing their traditional African and Caribbean names.

In the 1980's, some younger black parents went a step further by creating names that many readily admit come out of thin air. This trend has been the subject of considerable controversy, highlighted recently by an essay, ''Names Can Hurt,'' in the April 1989 issue of Essence magazine.

The essay's author, Cathy M. Jackson, a freelance writer, denounced ''cumbersome, unpronounceable, phonetically awkward names for the rest of his or her life.'' In another section, the author wrote, ''Little black children don't need any more bricks added to the societal load they were born with.''

Mrs. Burgin of Philadelphia said her mother voiced similar concerns about the name her grandson would be given.

''Don't give him a name we can't pronounce or he can't spell,'' she recalled her mother's saying before Zaire's birth. ''My feeling was that if we named him Zachary, he would have to learn how to pronounce it and spell it. Our culture is African-American, and we shouldn't feel embarrassed by embracing our culture.''

Dr. Ashley also sees the trend as positive: ''People say Afro-American names are getting weird. They're just weird to people who expect tradition. I think they're just becoming more original.''

But some blacks worry that as names become readily identifiable as being black, their children will be stigmatized.

''It depends,'' said Dr. Evans of Bellevue College. ''Part of it is whether you think it is positive or negative to have a name which is identified with one race or the other. When a person applies for a job, it could make it easier for those who are prejudiced to consciously or unconsciously discriminate.''

Dr. Ashley said that the 1980's were also a time when more American Jews either chose traditional Hebrew names like Ari, Moshe and Rebecca for their children or returned to their families' original surnames.

At the same time, many Asians turned their names around, so that the surname or family name no longer comes first, Dr. Ashley said. And many Hispanic parents are giving their children traditional English first names: Robert Rodrigo Lopez, for example.

Other parents have tried to avoid names that would pigeonhole children or seem dated later.

''You have to consider that the child will have to live with this name for the rest of their lives,'' said Eileen Taylor of Ellicott City, Md., who is the mother of five, including 2-year-old twin girls. She and her husband, Jack, settled on the names Katherine (who is called Katie), Brendan and Laura, and for the twins, Mary Clare and Meg.

''They're all classy names, yet not too trendy,'' Mrs. Taylor said. ''So years from now someone won't turn to them and say: 'Oh, that name was popular in the 80's.' ''

For years, experts have been divided on whether a name can be predict or affect future achievement. On one side of the argument are those like Drs. Slovenko and Ashley, who cite anecdotal evidence that people assume their identities through their names.

''Consider that John Minor Wisdom, Pleas Jones, William Justice and Learned Hand are judges,'' Dr. Slovenko wrote in the April 1980 issue of the American Journal of Psychotherapy. ''Russell Brain is a brain surgeon, William Dance is a dancing instructor, William Key is a jail warden, Cardinal Sin is an archbishop, Groaner Digger is an undertaker.'' But in a 1985 study of 25,000 children in the St. Paul-Minneapolis school system, Dr. Martin E. Ford, a developmental psychologist who teaches at Stanford University, found no correlation between names and academic achievement or social competence.

''What truly happens, once people know the person behind the name, the name becomes insignificant as a factor in their psychological development,'' Dr. Ford said.

Yet those on both sides of the argument agreed that parents obviously believe names will have an effect on their children's lives. This explains why upwardly mobile and ***working-class*** parents alike are choosing what Dr. Ashley describes as ''Waspy'' sounding names like MacGregor for girls and Maxwell and Winthrop for boys.

''The image they want for their kids is something wealthy and glamorous,'' Dr. Evans said. ''That's why you have so many names taken from television or famous stars. Whitney became popular overnight when Whitney Houston got big. The irony is that names that have that glitzy image are actually not what wealthy people name their kids.''

Deborah Cofer, the executive assistant to the president of North General Hospital in Manhattan, said she was thinking more about a ''rare, precious jewel'' than about the renowned Fifth Avenue jewelry store when she named her daughter Tiffany. That was 13 years ago, before Tiffany became one of the 80's most popular girls' names (No. 7 in New York).

''To say the least, I was a bit annoyed at all these Tiffanys,'' Ms. Cofer said. But her daughter has ''grown into'' the name, she added. ''My Tiffany only wants the finest, most expensive things. This name thing is costing me a bundle. Maybe I'll have it changed.''

**Graphic**

Drawing (pg. C1); Photo: Chiara Tillers, left, 1 year old, and the Taylors, Laura, 4; Meg, 2; Brendan, 6; Mary Clare, 2, and Katie, 12. (pg. C8)

**End of Document**



[***If you're thinking of living in: Yorkville***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KK00-0008-Y106-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LESLIE BROOKS BERGER

**Body**

FROM a neighborhood that in 1900 was second in the world only to Berlin in the number of German residents, the area of the Upper East Side known as Yorkville has been transformed into a mostly upscale community that is more silk stocking than lederhosen.

The dispersion of the Germans - and the Hungarians, Irish and Slavs who followed them - resulted from the demolition of the Third Avenue El in 1955 and the ensuing boom in high-rise apartment construction. High rents altered the neighborhood's character, bringing more of a cross section of people to live in housing that ranges from the million-dollar co-ops of East End Avenue to doorman rental buildings to low- and middle-income housing.

Today's Yorkville is a bustling area, with streets that provide the diversions that a moneyed, heterogeneous community desires. Gimbel's Department Store rises 11 stories at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue. There are squash clubs, first-run movie houses and restaurants that offer all variety of cuisine.

FROM a neighborhood that in 1900 was second in the world only to Berlin in the number of German residents, the area of the Upper East Side known as Yorkville has been transformed into a mostly upscale community that is more silk stocking than lederhosen.

But Yorkville is more than its ''action'' for those who settle there. The area possesses a certain cachet - it is an address that confers status. ''If you've arrived,' said Assemblyman Alexander B. Grannis, an East Side Democrat, ''you go to the Upper East Side.''

''It's a very solid community,'' he added. ''It's perceived as safe. It's got good transportation. It's been a traditionally strong neighborhood, with more of a sense of community and stability - even with the real-estate boom. A solid community, made up of people with a degree of social conscience. These are people that have traditionally civil-libertarian sentiments - the kind of people that elected Lindsay and Koch.''

Yorkville - bounded by 79th and 96th Streets between Lexington Avenue and the East River - is typically associated with the German community that lived and worked there and gave its streets (particularly those around 86th Street and Third Avenue) their ethnic character.

The German influence was established in the early 1800's by prosperous families like the Rupperts, Ringlings and Ehrets, who had their homes in Yorkville - and by other aristocrats like the Astors, Primes and Rhinelanders, who occupied river and country estates close by.

Brownstones and tenement houses began to go up by 1835 following the opening of the New York and Harlem Railroad and a stagecoach line. The new housing attracted both prosperous and ***working-class*** Germans, and many laborers found employment in Yorkville's plants and breweries.

The ethnic legacy can be seen amid the high-rise developments, the smart shops and antiques stores. Notices posted outside churches advise that services can be taken in German or Hungarian. In a few stores, Yorkville old-timers still buy delicacies that were once common staples.

Schaller & Weber, on Second Avenue between 85th and 86th Streets since 1937, sells wieners, knackwurst, bockwurst, bauernwurst and varieties of kielbasa and hams, as myriad ''pork stores'' in the neighborhood once did. From the front door of Lekvar-by-the-Barrel, at First Avenue and 82d Street since 1926, drift the scents of spices and herbs - including the Hungarian paprika that the store's catalogue boasts is ''perfect for soups, salads - and, of course, the most popular Hungarian dish of all - goulash!''

Bremen House, at 220 East 86th Street, does a brisk business not only in gourmet fare, but also in German-language magazines and records. And for those whose palates are enticed by Wiener schnitzel, sauerbraten or maybe chopped chicken livers, there are German restaurants like Cafe Geiger at 206 East 86th Street and, for a less formal atmosphere, the Ideal Cafe at 238 East 86th Street.

''Yorkville back when the Third Avenue El was up was delightful,'' recalled Helen Banyai, who grew up there and still attends services with her husband at the Hungarian Baptist Church. ''There were different ethnic groups and wonderful odors from the restaurants and bakeries, and you could stroll past doorways where continental music could be heard - performed by violinists and gypsy musicians.''

The economic pressures on the community's housing stock brought on by a growing population is one of Yorkville's biggest concerns. Sprinkled among the middle- and upper-middle-class buildings are many old rent-controlled tenement buildings and walk-ups with poor and elderly tenants, many of whom are being bought out or harassed into moving to make way for new high-rise buildings.

When three- to five-room walk-ups and railroad flats are vacated, they rent for $400 to $700 a month, according to Robert Henry of Method Realty.

Addy Fattal, director of rentals at J.I. Sopher, said rents on one- to three-bedroom apartments in elevator buildings with doormen ranged from $850 to more than $2,800. Edith Sachs, vice-president and director of co-op sales for Sopher, said it was possible to find one- and two-bedroom apartments for $110,000 to $160,000 on the ''very low end of the market.'' But most co-ops are more costly, especially in buildings offering river views along East End Avenue and Gracie Square.

BY comparison with other parts of the city, Yorkville is not particularly afflicted by violent street crime: Its most conspicuous problems - prostitution and drug sales - are visible on East 86th Street. Burglaries are numerous, particularly in old tenement and walk-up buildings, which offer an intruder easy access. But overall, said Detective Jack McGuire of the 19th Precinct, ''It is a neighborhood that is safe to go out and walk in.''

Yorkville still has the conveniences and comforts that attracted hordes of young people in the late 1960's before the rental market stiffened. Many of those residents say they intended to move to larger apartments but found themselves with Yorkville as their permanent address when the market tighted up at the same time that the city's fiscal crisis began.

''That's when people realized they had to take charge of their lives and not depend on government,'' said Paulette Geanacopolous, director of community services at the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association. ''The feeling was, 'Hey, we're here now, and we're going to be here in five years because we can't afford to be anywhere else. In five years, the problems are going to be worse, so let's start working on them now.' ''

That meant working with the neighborhood's block associations, which, by establishing programs to beautify streets, aid the elderly and curb crime, have at least partially restored the community feeling for which Yorkville was once famous. ''One way we fight crime is to put stickers on store windows,'' said Dawn Sullivan, president of the 400 East 80th Street Block Association. ''These stickers let people know this is a place they can go to if they are being followed, a place where they can use the telephone or just wait until the danger passes.''

Yorkville has more than two dozen public, parochial and private schools, including P.S. 158, which had the highest reading scores in Manhattan this past year. Many parents tend to send their children to private schools after the sixth grade -Brearley and Chapin are among the better-known. Speaking of the junior high school that serves the Yorkville area, however, Charles N. Wilson, superintendent of Community School District 2, said, ''The majority of students graduating from Wagner Junior High School go on to the specialized high schools such as Stuyvesant, Bronx Science, Brooklyn Tech and Music and Arts.''

Yorkville has recently responded to the growing problem of the homeless, with organizations like the Coalition for Shelter, Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, Jan Hus House, The Common Pantry and the Stanley Isaacs Neighborhood Center working to give street people places to stay. In Assemblyman Grannis's words, ''Yorkville is a very socially compassionate area.''

In that neighborly spirit, Manhattan Savings Bank, on Third Avenue and 86th Street, offers daily music for a mostly elderly audience that gathers midday to hear a pianist play on bank premises.

And for those who love the outdoors, there are other amenities. At Carl Schurz Park, a walkway overlooking the East River is trafficked by joggers, strollers and bench jockeys who watch the gulls and barges go by.

In the early 1970's, Dr. George Murphy, a Yorkville resident, organized community opposition to a plan by the city to demolish the old municipal asphalt plant, a landmark building on the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive at 90th Street, for high-rise housing and a school.

Today the community's counterproposal - conversion of the plant to an arts-and-recreation center surrounded by athletic fields - is close to a reality. Asphalt Green's five-and-a-half acres, bounded by 90th Street, York Avenue and the East River, is expected to be fully renovated in 1984, and will include a gymnasium with an overhanging running track. Already in use is an old fireboat house, now solarheated and used to teach classes on environment. The area is leased from the city and the Neighborhood Committee for the Asphalt Green, headed by Dr. Murphy, is responsible for raising the money for the upkeep of the area.

In addition, Millrock Island, nearby in the river, ''is in our care to be used for environmental studies,'' Dr. Murphy said. ''It is a wilderness complete with blackberry patches and pheasants running loose.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of one of Yorkville's ethnic-food outlets photo of view of 86th Street looking west map in detail of Yorkville

**End of Document**



[***Washington at Work;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0TJ0-002S-X095-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Kirkland Wins Acclaim for Success Abroad, but Faces Criticism at Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0TJ0-002S-X095-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ELAINE SCIOLINO, Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

Television viewers could hardly have expected to see Lech Walesa when they tuned in the sitcom ''Roseanne'' and the Miami-Notre Dame football game Thanksgiving week. But there was Poland's Solidarity leader, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. button in the lapel of his conservative brown suit, promoting the labor federation in a 30-second spot that appeared in tens of millions of American living rooms.

The Nobel Peace Prize winner said, his Polish words translated in a subtitle: ''Please continue your support for us in Poland and support unions in the United States. Say union, yes!''

The $600,000 advertising campaign illustrates American labor's happy marriage with Poland's trade union movement and a clever attempt to use the world's most visible worker-hero to lift the flagging ratings and wounded spirit of America's unions.

The effort is the brainchild of Lane Kirkland, president of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations. After a decade of quiet toiling for Solidarity, pushing early for sanctions against Poland and lobbying hard on Capitol Hill when the sanctions were eased, he is now seeing the fruits of his labor.

An Avowed Anti-Communist

Mr. Kirkland, a self-professed veteran of the cold war who says he has learned ''nothing new'' about foreign policy since Pearl Harbor, says the changes in Poland prove the wisdom of the federation's policy of never dealing with unions affiliated with Communist regimes.

His critics called him rigid and unrealistic. Now it is his time to crow.

''I certainly think that what's happening in Poland is a vindication of our central belief in free and democratic trade unionism and our shunning of any contacts with unions created by state power,'' said the 67-year-old labor leader, a former merchant seaman who unabashedly takes credit for helping to force concessions from the Communists. ''Solidarity was there and we kept it going.''

The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s support for Solidarity is a story of how union bureaucrats became secret agents: large sums of money smuggled in by visitors, coded messages published in the personals columns of Poland's community newspapers, printing presses and electronics equipment from Radio Shack illegally shipped by truck and minivan. The federation pumped $5 million into Solidarity in the 1980's, opened an office for the Polish union in Brussels, publicized its plight and stood fast even when pundits said the movement was dead.

Acclaim From Union Leaders

These deeds have won acclaim from union members, but have done little to ease organized labor's problems at home. After Mr. Kirkland, a well-connected Washington fixture, assumed the presidency of the federation in 1979, he was expected to breathe new life into the labor movement. He has solidified labor unity in the past decade and has even won a few victories in Congress.

Last month he unanimously won a sixth term as president of the federation, a post that pays $175,000 a year and makes him the preeminent spokesman for the 14.1 million union members in the United States.

But critics say Mr. Kirkland, a former speechwriter for Adlai E. Stevenson's Presidential campaigns, has failed to stir the passions of the nation's ***working class*** or to improve the image of big labor in America. And he has been unable to devise ways to compensate for the shrinkage in America's manufacturing base, the foundation of the labor movement, or to stem a 10-year slide in the percentage of the American work force that is unionized.

Union polls have shown that the majority of the nation's union members do not even know who Mr. Kirkland is, and he could easily star in popular culture's highest tribute to anonymity, the American Express commercial.

Labor's Unchanged Image

''He's shored up the federation but has not been as effective in reaching outside and changing the image of labor to the public,'' said Charles Heckscher, an expert in labor relations at Harvard Business School. ''Organized labor is the least-admired institution in America, and in such an environment you need someone who can break out of the boundaries of the job and the established ways of thinking.''

The contrast between the political standing of American workers and the image of their Polish brothers was illustrated at the federation's biennial convention last month, when President Bush was profuse in his praise for Solidarity's victories and insisted that he and Mr. Walesa appear on the podium together.

A few days later Mr. Bush vetoed legislation that would have created a Congressional commission to investigate and propose solutions to the eight-month-old Eastern Airlines strike. The veto was a personal defeat for Mr. Kirkland, who had taken a visible role in the strike - even appearing on a picket line at Washington's National Airport.

Mr. Kirkland, the son of a South Carolina cotton buyer and descendant of a Confederate senator, sees himself as the worker's emissary to the world. His federation's offices in important capitals function as mini-embassies. and he has served on the boards of elite foreign policy research centers. Since the mid-1970's he has fought for a greater voice for labor in the making of foreign policy, calling international issues ''far too important to be left in the hands of a tight, incestuous breed of economists and diplomats.''

Help From Foreign Unions

The federation is increasingly turning to foreign labor leaders to help their American counterparts. It routinely solicits foreign trade unions to put pressure on foreign-owned companies operating on American soil that curb free trade union practices, invites labor leaders from around the world to address federation meetings and recently escorted delegations of foreign workers on visits to the striking Pittston coal mine workers.

Mr. Kirkland's international activism has prompted some union officials to grumble that he prefers the brave new world of Eastern Europe's factories to the fallow fields of American unionism. But he bristles at such suggestions, pointing to the federation's long history abroad.

''We don't go out shopping for clients and customers,'' he said. ''Workers around the world - white-collar, blue-collar, artistic and otherwise - they come to us because of our history and because of the work this organization has done over the years and despite what our detractors and critics may say about us at home.''

Nevertheless, the unions' rank and file joke that should there ever be another Democrat in the White House, Mr. Kirkland would rather be Secretary of State than Secretary of Labor.

At Home in Capital's Salons

Indeed, Mr. Kirkland looks more like a Cabinet member or a corporate lawyer than a grass-roots organizer. He is a man who seems more comfortable in Washington's salons than on a picket line. his friends include the painter Robert Rauschenberg, former Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Alan Greenspan. Two weeks ago Mr. Kirkland made his first trip to Poland as part of the President's Cabinet-level delegation, accompanying Secretary of Labor Elizabeth Dole in visits to to a tractor plant, a housing project and a training center.

Cozying up to the powerful has exposed Mr. Kirkland to criticism that he is too close to the Establishment, but he could not run his foreign programs without Federal funds. Of the $27 million dispersed by the federation's little-known institutes abroad in more than 80 countries last year, only $600,000 comes from union dues.

Two Government sources, the Agency for International Development, which helps economies in the developing world, and the National Endowment for Democoracy, a congressionally financed foundation that seeks to sell the principles of democracy abroad, provide the rest.

The federation spends much of its foreign funds on anti-Communist causes that have tended to coincide with White House policies, and some of the its foreign policy positions have divided the union leadership.

In 1983, for example, the presidents of 22 of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions criticized the federation's support for what they called right-wing anti-Communist labor unions in El Salvador. Mr. Kirkland came under fire for appearing to support former President Jose Napoleon Duarte's regime and for participating in a Commission on Central America headed by Mr. Kissinger.

Unflinching Support for Israel

On Israel, Mr. Kirkland remains unflinching in his support, influenced in part by his wife, Irena, a Czech-born survivor of Auschwitz.

William W. Winpisinger, who recently retired as president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, recalls an acrimonious meeting in 1982 on a resolution on Israel's invasion of Lebanon. Mr. Kirkland refused to brook any criticism of Israel. ''In exasperation I said, 'Can't we at least condemn the killing?' and Lane jumped all over me and said, 'Israel is catching enough hell around the world, and one of their best friends isn't going to turn on them now.' ''

For now, the federation is working with fledgling labor groups in Hungary, Bulgaria and Lithuania, and it recently lobbied, unsuccessfully, to send a delegation to the Soviet Union to meet with striking Siberian coal miners about establishing the first free trade union on Soviet soil since the 1917 Revolution.

But Mr. Kirkland is being pushed to move even faster in opening alliances with workers in Eastern bloc countries, even if they are members of official unions.

''Lane - and I really mean this -is an outstanding leader, extremely intelligent with a good view of the future,'' says Douglas Fraser, former president of the United Automobile Workers who argued for a more lenient policy toward the Soviet bloc. ''But oftentimes he looks at foreign policy with blinders on.''

Indeed, Mr. Kirkland seems to find it hard to abandon the beliefs of his youth or his guardedness toward glasnost. ''Changes have come and I welcome them and I'm prepared to respond and test them further,'' he said. ''But my views were colored by the experiences of my generation, and my approach toward the Soviets hasn't changed. Glasnost is just beginning to reach the workplace.''

**Graphic**

photo of Lech Walesa with Lane Kirkland (NYT/Jose R. Lopez)

**End of Document**



[***Images of the Perfect Mother: Put Them All Together in a Multitude of Ways***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0PK0-008G-F1DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SUSAN CHIRA

By SUSAN CHIRA

**Body**

At the American Greetings card shop at 40th Street and Broadway a few days ago, throngs of shoppers stood paralyzed in the aisles, frozen in a pre-Mother's Day panic. So many cards, so many messages, and so many of them mixed. Who is Mother anyway?

A bedrock idea is quaking, and the seismic shocks are still rumbling.

Despite the collective sentimentality and familiar homilies of this annual celebration, there is now, as seldom before, intense confusion and anxiety about motherhood. Once, it was clear what a mother was supposed to be. But now a mother can be working outside the home, or not; married, divorced or single by choice; a biological parent, an adoptive one or a recipient of donated eggs. Women can look to Tipper Gore or Hillary Rodham Clinton, women of the same generation who chose different paths. Donna Reed has given way to Roseanne, and audiences cheer "Serial Mom" as a manic sendup of the 1950's icon perkily kills people who threaten her children.

Cultural Anxiety

One Mother's Day card reads, "What do you get when you combine Joan of Arc, Amelia Earhart, Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie and Mother Teresa all in one person? A Hell of a Mess! Who Needs Them When We've Got You!"

"There is great cultural anxiety about motherhood today," said Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, who wrote "Dan Quayle Was Right," a much-debated article speaking against the rise of single-parent families, published in The Atlantic Monthly last year. "One of the reasons is that women individually have to invent this for themselves. There is no clear normative pattern."

The soul-searching about motherhood extends from the personal to the political. Report after report in recent years has offered bleak portraits of the state of American children and documented the poor quality of much American child care. Yet, scientific research has proven that the first three years of life determine the structure of the brain and forge lasting emotional patterns.

Whose Care Counts?

Experts and commentators offer conflicting guidance. Penelope Leach, whose baby-care books have sold millions of copies, argues in her new book, "Children First" (Knopf) that young children need individual attention, and she criticizes every form of substitute care for failing to measure up to the devotion of a mother or a father. Other child-care experts cite dozens of studies showing that for most children it seemed to make no difference in their development whether they were cared for by their mothers or someone else.

Now, there are as many definitions of the good mother as there are kinds of mothers. But what has not changed is the passion that the ideal of motherhood evokes, and the zeal with which people advance their views.

For many, Mother remains synonymous with self-sacrifice. "I think that when your kids understand consistently that you put them first, that constitutes good mothering," said Ms. Whitehead, who said she used that principle with her own children.

Unrealistic Standards

But feminists in particular have tried to carve out a new definition, arguing that the traditional ideal held out an unrealistic standard of perfection and that a self-fulfilled mother has more to offer her children. They say women have unfairly borne sole responsibility for child-rearing, and call on fathers to do their part.

"The good-enough mother is one who takes care of herself so that she has something to give," said Marie Wilson, an author of "Mother Daughter Revolution" (Addison-Wesley, 1993) and a mother of five. "She doesn't take all the blame on herself. She invites men to take their share."

But for many mothers, the old images die hard, although more than half of the women with children under a year old are now in the work force. "The ghost of the perfect mother is still riding on her shoulder," said Betty Friedan, who gave voice to women's demands for change with "The Feminine Mystique" in 1963. "A lot of the guilt is unnecessary. It's vestigial, from the feminine mystique added to the inappropriate 'supercareer woman' model. I think we haven't caught up with the differences."

Image of Supermom

There are few new cultural icons of motherhood to take the place of the 1950's television mother. For a time in the late 1970's and early 1980's, mothers were bombarded with the image of Supermom, the woman who effortlessly combined career and motherhood. A United Airlines commercial showed a mother with briefcase in hand dropping off her child at school, hopping a plane to dazzle her clients in a business meeting, and zipping back in time to pick up her child at the end of the day.

That image proved unsustainable. And true to the increasing diversity of families and mothers, no single model has emerged to take its place. Advertisers who once enshrined mothers as happy vacuumers and floor waxers no longer speak with a single voice, offering images of working mothers, stay-at-home mothers and even fathers bathing children. "Advertisers are so afraid of offending their best customers," said Barbara Lippert, the advertising critic for Adweek magazine. "If they show mothers staying at home, the working mothers tune out. If they show them as frantic working mothers, the stay-at-home mothers tune out."

A Slight Spin

Perhaps the most traditional images now in advertising, she said, are the "Dr. Mom" advertisements for cough medicine, in which the mother soothes a sick child. Even some familiar images have a slight spin, like the commercial for Jif peanut butter that portrays a mother almost as the chief executive of the home, juggling important decisions like which peanut butter to choose.

But Ms. Lippert said that advertisers still tended to stumble when they portray working mothers. "There's an ad for a birth-control pill that shows a woman sitting at a computer with her 4-year-old on her lap," she said. "This seems to say this woman is so frantic she has no separate time for her child."

The closest modern analogue of Donna Reed, at least for some mothers, may be Roseanne, the writer Barbara Ehrenreich said. She continued: "It's a ***working-class*** family. She works. She's genuinely interested in those kids. She finds ways to get them to talk about the hard things without invading their space."

Defining the Good Parent

Whatever their ideal of motherhood, experts, including mothers themselves, agree on what makes a good parent: someone genuinely interested in children, responsible and responsive, who endows children with sound moral values and enables them to engage in productive work and loving relationships.

The question that haunts many parents today is this: Can a mother who returns to work while her child is an infant produce such a paragon?

In a social experiment still too young to yield decisive empirical results, most mothers cling to the evidence of their experience.

A Three-Hour Limit

"My kids got dropped off at day care, and one is now finishing up at Brown, and the other went through Harvard and Oxford," Ms. Ehrenreich said. "One thing I realized when my children were small was that I was a perfect mother for about three hours -- imaginative, empathetic, full of activities -- but longer than that, I was no good. I have no question that values were transmitted even though we were working most of the time. I'd be doing housework, and I'd give them a rag. That's when you teach them how to lead a good life, how to clean a sink."

But doubts continue to plague many mothers, particularly if their mothers did not work or if they must work to pay the bills. Heidi Brennan, a co-director of Mothers at Home, a support group in Vienna, Va., said: "It is not useful to define the conflict over what is a good mother by whether you work or are at home. But I think you cannot deny your children a certain amount of hours -- unless the child has a very permanent substitute, in which case the child will be more tied up with that substitute."

Mothers, no matter what their personal views, tend to agree on solutions: more flexible work hours, longer paid parental leaves after childbirth, more help from fathers, more money for higher-quality child care, part-time work with benefits, and changes in the career ladder to accommodate mothers who want to curtail their hours.

Asking the Impossible

But Ms. Wilson, who is president of the Ms. Foundation for Women, offered a broader critique, arguing that the traditional ideal of motherhood essentially asked the impossible: that mothers bring up children by themselves. "You can't do mothering alone," she said. Instead, she proposed that mothers actively seek out "other mothers" -- fathers, family, friends, neighbors -- to share the responsibility.

Black mothers have long relied on such help because so many had to work, said Janie Victoria Ward, a professor of education and human services at Simmons College in Boston.

Because children have so many different needs that are usually impossible for one person to fill, it may be advantageous for several people to help raise a child, said Lawrence Aber, a developmental psychologist at Columbia University. "If you have a couple of adults with different developmental histories, the chances of getting something right for the child at different stages go up."

A Separate Domestic Sphere

Indeed, the idea that a mother's primary job was to rear her children alone at home came into its own in the 19th century, when the workplace moved from home and field to factory and the idea of a separate domestic sphere emerged, said Natalie Davis, a Princeton University historian who specializes in family history. Before then, most women worked at home alongside their husbands, and many women, even those of modest means, relied on the help of servants and extended family.

Moreover, the image of a suburban mother at home with her brood never reflected the reality for many Americans. "Most black people don't even begin to think about mothering" as incompatible with working, said Bell Hooks, a feminist writer. "We just don't see any model for that."

The current generation of Americans is caught between the old, contested image of motherhood and a new, bewildering diversity. But there are signs that mothers, whether employed or at home, do not all buy the relentless standard of perfection that most Mother's Day cards celebrate but that some movies now mock.

John Waters, the director of "Serial Mom," said, "I was raised to believe that 'Father Knows Best' was exactly how reality was." So he created "Serial Mom," a devoted suburban housewife, perfectly coiffed, entirely perverse: she's a serial killer.

" 'Serial Mom' is certainly based on how I was brought up to believe in this ridiculously perfect family," Mr. Waters said. "People are still in mental institutions because of those images they tried to live up to."

**Load-Date:** May 8, 1994

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[***THEATER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48JH-B0X0-01KN-218P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy Broadway and Off Broadway shows this weekend. Approximate running times are in parentheses. \* denotes a highly recommended show.

+ means discounted tickets were at the Theater Development Fund's TKTS booth for performances last Friday and Saturday nights.

++ means discounted tickets were available at the TKTS booth for last Friday night only.

Broadway

\*++ "A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG." Portraying Bri and Sheila, the parents of a severely disabled child in Peter Nichols's comic drama from 1967, Eddie Izzard and Victoria Hamilton generate the kind of freshness that comes only when a performer's affinity with a role is like a blood tie. Using jokes to bandage wounds and to stop up the holes in a sinking marriage, they're a truly, spontaneously funny couple: so funny that they break your heart. Working their way through the sharp thrusts and parries of Mr. Nichols's script, they're like Astaire and Rogers skating through a perilously waxed ballroom. The big difference is that while Fred and Ginger were figures of romantic perfection, Bri and Sheila are dancing from desperation. The director, Laurence Boswell, brings out the genuine warmth in the artifice of Mr. Nichols's script (2:45). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $40 to $65 (Ben Brantley).

"ENCHANTED APRIL." In Matthew Barber's watery romantic comedy, adapted from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, it may be the Mediterranean sun that brings out the hedonists in a group of repressed Englishwomen vacationing in Italy. But it's Jayne Atkinson, as one of the vacationers, who produces the truly magical transformation. Whenever she's onstage, she turns a weak cup of theatrical treacle into a brimming beaker of ambrosia. Portraying a lawyer's downtrodden wife with the soul of a poet, Ms. Atkinson is so good that she herself seems to be the subject of some strange Ovidian enchantment: a creature of exuberant flesh and blood trapped in a forest of cardboard. Despite the presence of the famously vivid Molly Ringwald and Elizabeth Ashley, "Enchanted April," directed by Michael Wilson, mostly feels like a collection of sleepwalking stereotypes, forever awaiting liberation from the rusty formula that enchains them (2:25). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $46.25 to $81.25, with a limited number of $21.25 student rush tickets available at the box office on the day of the performance (Brantley).

\* "GYPSY." Playing a role that few people thought would ever fit her, and shadowed by vultures predicting disaster, Bernadette Peters has delivered the surprise coup of many a Broadway season. This beloved eternal daughter of the American musical has taken on that genre's most daunting maternal role: Momma Rose, a part cast in bronze by Ethel Merman more than four decades ago. Directed by Sam Mendes, Ms. Peters has created the most complex and compelling portrait of her long career. In bringing new sensuality and self-awareness to Rose, Ms. Peters breaks the Merman mold, but without distorting the nigh perfect shape of a show assembled by the magical team of Arthur Laurents, Jule Styne and Stephen Sondheim. As a whole, Mr. Mendes's production may seem disappointingly status quo. But the brassy glories of the score and much of Jerome Robbins's original choreography are here to be savored as the stunning Ms. Peters casts new and haunting shadows on a familiar landscape. The fine supporting cast includes John Dossett and, in the title role, the coltish Tammy Blanchard (2:45). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Tickets: $61.25 to $101.25, with a limited number of $25 student rush tickets available Monday through Thursday evenings (Brantley).

"NINE." David Leveaux's glamour-saturated revival of Maury Yeston's musical look into a movie director's mind isn't big on momentum or coherence. But it definitely has a point of view: a cool, gauzy vision of amod, mod world. To watch this hyperelegant production, which stars Antonio Banderas in his Broadway debut, is like flipping through a Diana Vreeland-era Vogue. You enjoy the hair styles, the clothes, the elaborately applied eye shadow and the occasional nonfashion feature, in the form of a gorgeous song or a witty cameo performance. This is a "Nine" for an MTV-bred generation, used to experiencing songs as image bites. More conventional-minded theatergoers can take comfort in Mr. Yeston's sumptuous score and scintillating abbreviated star turns from Jane Krakowski and Chita Rivera. As for Mr. Banderas, he turns out to be a disarming (if somewhat passive) pocket Adonis, a sweeter variation on the old-style Latin lover (2:15). O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 7; Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p.m. Wednesdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Tickets: $61 to $101 (Brantley).

\* "OSCAR WILDE'S 'SALOME': THE READING." This smashing Actors Studio production of Oscar Wilde's symbolist poem of a play, directed by Estelle Parsons, shows the careful collaboration and textual excavation associated with the venerable studio. But theatergoers expecting 110 minutes of teeth-gritting kitchen-sink naturalism are in for a shock. What Ms. Parsons and her company -- led by Al Pacino (as Herod), Marisa Tomei (as Salome), Dianne Weist and David Strathairn -- have devised is a strange, shrewdly stylized interpretation of a densely lyrical text that would seem more suitable to an experimental theater downtown than to Broadway. But while the cast members of "Salome" may not be strictly going for lifelike effects, they're not stinting on feeling. Transforming the play's biblical characters into gargoyles of contemporary archetypes, they find both a scary emotional intensity and a pitch-black sense of humor. In doing so, they make Wilde's most arcane theatrical work feel as luridly immediate as this morning's tabloids (1:40). Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Tickets: $55 to $85, with a limited number of $25 student rush tickets available at the box office on the day of the performance (Brantley).

\*+ "TAKE ME OUT." Playing a socially challenged money manager named Mason Marzac, Denis O'Hare shines with the gloom-dispelling wattage that comes when a first-rate actor meets a role he was born to play. When Mason talks about baseball (yes, baseball) in Richard Greenberg's comic drama, directed with verve by Joe Mantello, the show emanates the dewy, delirious passion of a "Boheme" for the ESPN set. This story of pride and prejudice in professional sports, seen at the Public Theater last fall, has been advantageously shaved and streamlined for its Broadway incarnation. But in tracing the impact of a godlike baseball player (the perfectly cast Daniel Sunjata) who declares his homosexuality, Mr. Greenberg winds up sacrificing fully developed characters and plotting to Ideas with a capital I. Those notorious shower scenes remain, just so you know. But it's Mr. Greenberg's infatuation with baseball, ecstatically channeled by Mr. O'Hare, that makes this a show to cheer about (2:45). Kerr, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66 to $81 (Brantley).

Off Broadway

\* "AVENUE Q." The inspired brainchild of the songwriters Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, this canny toy chest of a musical takes its stylistic cues from "Sesame Street," from its cheery urban set to its singing puppets of assorted colors and dispositions. And in doing so it becomes the first mainstream musical since "Rent" to coo with such seductive directness to theatergoers on the fair side of 40 in their own language, in which irony is less a mind-set than a loosely worn style. Directed by Jason Moore, with a book by Jeff Whitty, the show applies the coaxing, learning-is-fun attitude of children's educational television to the R-rated situations of post-collegiate life in the big city. Featuring a pitch-perfect ensemble of live performers and oversize hand puppets, "Avenue Q" is to "Sesame Street" what Mel Brooks's "Producers" is to vintage Broadway musicals, a connoisseur's tribute to what it only seems to send up (2:00). Vineyard, 108 East 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 3 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: $20 to $55 (Brantley).

+ "DREAM A LITTLE DREAM." As Christopher Guest has just demonstrated in his new film, "A Mighty Wind," the reverence and nostalgia of middle-aged baby boomers for the music of the 1960's have achieved lampoonable dimensions. And now onstage we have the very proof of the pudding, a reverential and nostalgic look back at the music of the 60's that is entirely oblivious to its own sanctimony. The show is billing itself as "the Mamas and the Papas musical," a paean to the group that was the epitome of the adult-tolerated, folk-rock branch of the efflorescent pop music scene of the psychedelic era. More accurately, however, the show is a baldly self-centered memoir by a former Papa, Denny Doherty. The other members of the quartet -- Cass Elliot and John and Michelle Phillips -- appear in projected photos and film snippets, and they are also incarnated by singers who, with Mr. Doherty, credibly recreate the group's signature hits (1:50). Village Theater, 158 Bleecker Street, (212) 307-4100. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $45 to $100 (Bruce Weber).

\* "STONE COLD DEAD SERIOUS." If you're interested in playwriting talent and want to see it muscling toward maturity, you'll find no more fascinating example than this sharply acted production of Adam Rapp's latest exploration of his overall subject, coming of age in the heartland. This is not unfamiliar territory, and in his previous work the young and prolific Mr. Rapp has, like many other writers, aimed to shock an audience with depictions of familial depravity and youthful nihilism. yet Mr. Rapp's attitude toward his characters is not the familiar mixture of pity and disgust. It is Mr. Rapp's shrewd conviction that a life with evanescent warmth, the promise of warmth or ineffectual warmth in it is far more heartbreaking and dramatic than one that is frozen through and through. The play focuses on 16-year-old Wynne Ledbetter, a computer wiz and video game champion in a suburb north of Chicago, who, with noble intentions but dubious means, is out to save his family, which is not so much dysfunctional as disfigured. And though the play is full of the author's excesses and experiments, it is notable for, among other things, its rendering of the shared language of loved ones that illustrates how families can remain intimate even when they are in shards. Its depiction of a ***working-class*** America that is unable to dream of anything beyond enduring is as sincerely sad a commentary on our culture as you'll find on stage. And its fear for young people is, unfortunately, deeply convincing (2:30). Chashama Theater, 135 West 42nd Street, (212) 206-1515. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8 p.m. Tickets: $40 (Weber).

+ "TALKING HEADS." Alan Bennett's monologues of quietly desperate lives, originally written for BBC television, are exquisitely modulated and veddy English exercises in dramatic irony. Raise the speakers' voices, literally or figuratively, and you risk turning them from sly character studies into comic gargoyles. The cast members of Michael Engler's stage adaptation of six of the "Talking Heads" playlets (performed as two separate evenings) are largely American, and it often seems as if the characters are being impersonated instead of incarnated. Still, as spoken by top-flight performers who include Kathleen Chalfant and Christine Ebersole, the monologues consistently hold your attention. And Lynn Redgrave's portrait of a woman with an obsessive interest in smart shoes (in "Miss Fozzard Finds Her Feet") is superb (each program 2:00). Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, (212) 307-4100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 3 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $35 to $65 (Brantley).

"VAREKAI." Cirque du Soleil's latest extravaganza follows its signature formula. It's a collage of choreography and circus arts, flamboyant costuming and set design, world music and New Age spirit. And though, as ever, the level of artistry is high, there is undoubtedly a staleness infecting the show as a whole. Dervishlike Russian dancers, an adolescent Asian trio of bola jugglers, a menagerie of posing trapeze artists -- there's something about it all that reminds you of a television variety show blown up to overwhelming proportions. As usual, Cirque du Soleil is at its best when its performers treat gravity with indifference, in this case an aerial bungee cord ballet performed with spectacular daredevilry by two brothers and a breathtaking finale in which acrobats launch themselves to absurd heights from mobile catapults (2:30). Randalls Island Park on Manhattan's East River, (800) 678-5440. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.; Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 1 and 5 p.m. Tickets: $52.50 to $95 (Weber).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Al Pacino and Marisa Tomei in "Oscar Wilde's 'Salome.' " (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times); Tammy Blanchard, left, and Bernadette Peters in "Gypsy." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

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[***Minority Growth Slips at Top Private Schools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y4Y-61N0-00RP-K2TG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RANDAL C. ARCHIBOLD

By RANDAL C. ARCHIBOLD

**Body**

With anticipation and some foreboding, Alberto Monegro rides a bus every morning from the ***working-class*** brown brick apartment hulks of the Bedford Park neighborhood in the Bronx to the expansive lawns and mansions of Riverdale.

There, on an 18-acre neo-Gothic campus that resembles a small college, he is a junior at the private Fieldston School, one of the city's elite. It is his third year, yet he still wonders at times if he belongs.

A native of the Dominican Republic, Alberto has found few other Spanish-speaking students at Fieldston. He is floored by the affluence: the sport utility vehicles that pull up to the long drive off Manhattan College Parkway, the jewelry worn by some students, the laptops toted by others.

"It is," he says, "disorienting."

Alberto's experience is not unique. His journey -- physical and emotional -- from his familiar neighborhood to an enclave of power and wealth is made daily by scores of minority students. And while it is a triumphant voyage, it is a confounding one, and the number of those making it is stalling. In fact, despite three decades of intensive recruitment, and with the city's nonwhite population continuing to expand, the growth in the minority share of the elite schools is flattening. Officials at many of the schools say they are worried.

"It's a funny time," said Randolph Carter, director of diversity for the National Association of Independent Schools, who fields calls constantly from schools across the country struggling with the issue. "Right now the economy is booming. The schools are raising more money. They have longer waiting lists. But on the other side I see a fluctuation in enrollment of children of color. There is certainly a paucity of teachers of color in the classrooms and in the administrative office. It is the best of times and really hard times."

Among schools in New York City, there is a fear they have hit a recruitment wall. Many schools, including Fieldston, Brearley, Spence and Friends Seminary, have entered into serious bouts of soul-searching over their attitudes toward race, ethnicity and class. Committees, task forces and less formal gatherings have emerged. Books like "Why Are All the Black Kids Sitting Together in the Cafeteria?" (Basic Books, 1997) by Beverly Daniel Tatum, a psychologist, have become required reading among staff members. Student forums on the topic abound, and several schools have hired multicultural affairs coordinators.

"Clearly, the American dream or ideal that we base diversity under has not been fulfilled, yet it still nags at our conscience enough to keep trying to make it workable," said Richard Eldridge, the director of Friends Seminary.

Minority parents and students say that while it is clear that the schools offer a top education, it is a painfully difficult decision whether or not to attend these schools.

Frances Sadler, a black parent who lives in Riverdale, said she was torn about sending her son to middle school at Fieldston, despite its reputation for progressivism and tolerance. She recalled her own discomfort as one of only a dozen or so black students at Barnard College in 1968.

"I did not want that experience for him," Ms. Sadler said. She added, nonetheless, that sending her son was the right decision, that he was happy and had done well at Fieldston. Yet she could not help worrying about a racial tinge when he was disciplined.

Indeed, many students say the price of admission is sometimes discomfort on campus. Many minority students say they find themselves in the spotlight, singled out for class discussions on race, sought out unnaturally for trophy friendships by white students, and constantly the subject of speculation over whether they are qualified or taking the spot of others more deserving.

So minority parents often choose other options, including parochial schools and a move to the suburbs.

This year, Priscilla M. Winn Barlow, the head of Brearley, said she was jolted when not one of the five black children accepted for kindergarten this fall enrolled. Transportation concerns, as well as the dearth of minority students in the lower grades were cited as main factors.

Some black parents of Brearley students were not shocked.

"You have to change what's in there before you can bring people in," said Donna Givens, an African-American parent there. "What is the community about now? What kind of bias awareness training do we have? We need to look at things like that, not just the numbers."

Mrs. Givens said that until Brearley took a number of steps, including hiring more minority faculty members and reassessing its curriculum, it would be difficult to attract minority families.

Dr. Winn Barlow did not disagree but expressed concern about going overboard or falling victim to political correctness.

Some minority parents and people who have worked in private schools view such responses with suspicion. They dismiss the soul-searching at the schools as largely artificial, saying the institutions are so bound by tradition, so wary of significant change -- and so focused on keeping their clientele happy -- that little should be expected.

In fact, as tuition at top schools soars to just under $20,000 a year, headmasters say that complaints have grown, primarily from white, affluent parents, regarding the amount of money devoted to minority-oriented scholarships, even though the percentage of tuition revenue spent on financial aid has remained steady, averaging about 13 percent. Many such parents labor under the mistaken impression that virtually all minority students are on full scholarship or were admitted under lower standards, the headmasters add.

Moreover, many white parents worry that places at selective colleges that might go to their children will go instead to minority competitors.

"The first thing you need to understand is the history of private education is one of exclusion, not inclusion," said Augustus Trowbridge, the retired founder of Manhattan Country School, a well-regarded private school that opened in 1966 on the Upper East Side with cultural diversity as its underpinning. "Private education is, for right or wrong, designed to bring people together who share common philosophies. Private education has had to catch up with a redefinition of its purpose."

Private education, of course, is not alone in this, but reflective of a broader national pattern, with many whites feeling their efforts have gone underappreciated and many blacks feeling patronized.

The road to self-reflection, never smooth at any institution, has included some awkward missteps at New York's private schools. Earlier this year, for example, Fieldston seriously considered a plan to cluster minority students in classes so that none would face isolation and alienation. The proposal, which was killed, ended up angering people across the board, some of whom sensed whiffs of segregation while others suspected an end run around more aggressive recruitment.

What cannot be denied is that the schools have made much progress in the last few decades and are, as a group, more integrated than most of the region's better suburban public schools and even many city public schools, which are now have a high concentration of minority students, a function of the demographics of the areas they serve.

Responding to the ferment of the civil rights movement, many schools in the 1960's and early 1970's began recruiting minority students, primarily those who were black and Hispanic, because they were considered the most economically and socially disadvantaged, Mr. Trowbridge said. Such recruitment was seen as an act of social responsibility.

In 1970, minority enrollment at the city's most coveted private schools was about 11 percent, according to the schools' reports to the state. Since then, thanks mainly to the rise of recruiting organizations like Prep for Prep, A Better Chance, the Albert G. Oliver Program and Early Steps, minority enrollment has increased to about 21 percent, though the percentage tends to be lower in the elementary grades and higher in high school.

But the pace of growth has slowed -- in 1990, minority enrollment was 19 percent -- and its racial makeup has shifted. Asian-Americans' share of the enrollment has risen steadily while that of black and Hispanic students has not.

Blacks still represent the largest percentage of minority students among the city's elite private schools -- 8.6 percent -- but that may not last. Asians are at 7.5 percent and Hispanic students at 4.8. At a number of major schools, Asian-Americans and Pacific Islanders account for the largest proportion of minority students. (The state does not include a biracial category, though administrators say its numbers are significant.)

A growing concern is that many black and Hispanic families are going elsewhere. Even when they can afford the steep tuition, many opt for specialized public schools or parochial schools, or simply move to the suburbs, where public schools have a better reputation, said Frederick C. Calder, executive director of the New York State Association of Independent Schools, an advocacy group.

Justine Stamen, a former private school administrator who began a program this year called the Teak Fellowship to prepare 22 gifted minority students for the top public and private high schools, said none of the families initially expressed interest in the private schools.

Jason Lewis, an African-American student at Brooklyn Technical High School, one of the four top public specialized high schools in the city that require passing a standardized test for admission, said he hardly gave a thought to private schools. He had flipped through several brochures for them but found Tech, where 38 percent of the students are black and 18 percent Hispanic, to be equal or superior. And it was free.

"Maybe a private school would be an option if I hadn't gotten into a specialized high school," he said.

Perhaps the overriding source of anxiety for minority students in private schools is just what role they play on campus. Are they there for white students to learn about differences, or vice versa, or both? Black parents have the dual fear that their children will not be accepted by the majority and that if they are, they will lose any grounding in their own culture and origins.

Corey Manning, an African-American who is now a freshman at Howard University, said he had often felt misunderstood at Fieldston.

"Because of my face and the way I talk and the way I dress, I am deemed as lazy," said Mr. Manning, dressed one evening in a Fubu T-shirt, baggy jeans and a black headband. "Because I am not jumping around here with a smile, I am an angry black male. Why is that?"

Kamau Romero, a black senior at Horace Mann School in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, said that over all, he felt happy at the school, though at times he felt singled out for his race.

During a class discussion of the book "Black Like Me," which deals with prejudice toward black men, a teacher paused to ask, "What are some black stereotypes, Kamau?"

"He put me on the spot in the middle of class," Mr. Romero said.

As Hugo Mahabir, the director of multicultural affairs at Fieldston, reflected on the difficulties at Fieldston and other schools, he spoke for many: "I think there is a degree of honesty and reflection that feels very authentic. But it's easy to make a rhetorical commitment to diversity. It's harder to put that in practice."

As for Alberto Monegro, he has made peace of a sort with Fieldston, which he believes has put him on the path to realizing his dream of becoming a doctor. While he once would have been reluctant to recommend the school to a friend, he would do so now, with a qualification.

"I would recommend it," he said, "if they can handle it."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Alberto Monegro, left, said he was floored at the affluence of other students at the Fieldston School, where he sees few other Hispanic students. Kamau Romero said that one teacher at Horace Mann School, during a class discussion of prejudice, asked him, "What are some black stereotypes?" (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times); (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

Chart: "KEEPING TRACK -- Diversity in the City's Elite Schools"

After two decades of steady growth, minority enrollment in Manhattan's private schools has flattened.

Graph highlights minority enrollment by race and the year they were enrolled in a private school. (Source: State Department of Education)(pg. B6)

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[***Two Archbishops, Old and New, Symbolize Conflict in the Brazilian Church***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1FK0-002S-X1S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** RECIFE, Brazil

**Body**

Several years ago, during a crowded meeting at the bishop's palace here, Helder Camara, then Recife's Roman Catholic Archbishop, persuaded a weary peasant to sit in the only empty seat - the bishop's throne.

Last August, when a group of peasants arrived uninvited at the palace, the new Archbishop, Jose Cardoso Sobrinho, sent word for them to get an appointment for another day. When the peasants refused to move, he summoned military policemen, who escorted them from the premises.

More than a contrast in styles, these two incidents speak of a larger conflict now being waged over the direction in the 1990's of the third world's most powerful Catholic Church.

In the 1970's and 1980's, Brazil's church was watched the world over as it decisively embraced social action in the name of the poor. Today, members of the church's long dominant social action wing charge that Pope John Paul II is quietly but steadily curbing their influence by appointing conservatives to key positions, censoring liberal theologians and trimming the territory of liberal prelates.

Protestantism Spreading

In reply, the conservatives, who are on the rise, say the liberals' preoccupation with temporal and social issues neglected Brazilians' deep-rooted spiritualism. Pilgrimages, processions and orthodoxy, they say, are the best way to counter the wildfire spread of Protestantism in Latin America. Adding urgency to the theological dispute, both sides cite the same statistic: Every hour 400 Latin American Catholics convert to Protestant sects.

In Brazil, the clash between competing visions of the church is most visible in Recife, the most populous city in the impoverished northeast.

Speaking from this pulpit, Archbishop Camara became known throughout the world for his advocacy of ''liberation theology,'' which called on Latin America's poor Catholics to abandon their traditional fatalism and to use the Gospel as a stimulus to social action.

''Latin America's leading proponent of a nonviolent struggle for liberation,'' was how Recife's combative Archbishop was described in the 1980 book ''Cry of the People'' by Penny Lernoux.

Now 80 Years Old and Retired

''Thirty-one honorary degrees,'' chuckled the wrinkled cleric when asked recently week about his enduring international prominence.

Universally known as ''Dom Helder,'' the 80-year-old retired Archbishop travels abroad often and lives here as he has for the last 25 years, in simple rooms behind a parish church.

In a change of style, his successor, ''Dom Jose,'' a veteran of 26 years at the Vatican, decided to move into the Episcopal Palace.

Moving slowly after arriving here in 1985, Archbishop Cardoso is now dismantling the work of his predecessor, his critics assert.

In the last 18 months, the human rights office of the archdiocese has been closed, the land rights office has been purged of militants, the church's Commission of Peace and Justice has been ordered not to speak in the name of the archdiocese, and two liberation theology seminaries founded here by Archbishop Camara have been ordered to close their doors.

Priests Are Restricted

Priests identified with liberation theology are no longer invited to celebrate Masses on television. This year, the Archbishop ordered two foreign priests to leave his archdiocese and six other priests to stop criticizing his actions.

''These acts aim at hitting everything that Dom Helder created,'' said Luis Tenderini, president of the Commission of Peace and Justice, who helped organized fasts and street demonstrations here to protest the measures. ''He is reconstituting the image of the bishop prince.''

In ''People of God,'' a book published shortly before her death in October, Ms. Lernoux wrote that ''a Euro-centric Vatican'' was conducting a ''counter-reformation'' to curb Latin America's independent churches.

In Brazil since 1985, the Vatican has imposed speaking and travel restrictions on two leaders of the liberation wing of the church - a theologian and a Bishop. Conservatives have replaced liberal archbishops here, in Brasilia and in Salvador.

This year, the Vatican cut in half the archdiocese of Sao Paulo, headed by Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, an energetic proponent of liberation theology. According to press reports from Sao Paulo, Cardinal Arns's influence may be further diluted by the creation of a new archdiocese in Mogi das Cruzes, an area adjacent to the Sao Paulo.

By one account, the conservative cardinals of Rio de Janeiro, Brasilia and Salvador now hold 22 offices in the Vatican, while Cardinal Arns no longer has any.

Discipline Is Stressed

In a cool, high-ceilinged reception room at the bishop's palace, Archbishop Cardoso offered a visitor a glass of coconut milk and a different view of changes in Recife's church.

''Di-sci-pli-na,'' the prelate said, savoring the syllables of the Portuguese word for discipline. ''No one outside of the church would have put up with 10 percent of the discipline problems I encountered after arriving here.''

''After these people were fired, they transformed everything into an ideological problem,'' continued the Archbishop, who was trained in canon law in Rome.

Seeking to restore orthodoxy to Catholic practices here, the Archbishop barred priests from celebrating Carnaval, barred outdoor weddings, and used the police to prevent practioners of Brazil's African-derived religions from performing rites around Catholic churches.

Peasants Are Expelled

His act that has raised the most enduring controversy here was to use the police on Aug. 14 to expel 25 peasants from the palace compound. It was the third time in six months that the same group of peasants had come to the palace to ask the Archbishop to reverse his decision to transfer their priest, a Scottish missionary, out of the archdiocese.

''I had a very clear choice,'' the Archbishop recalled. ''Allow a sit-in that could have dragged on for months, or call in the police. I don't regret it.''

In a display of force that troubled many Catholics here, a military police car remained parked outside the Archbishop's residence for two weeks after the incident.

''The police were always the symbol of repression - unfortunately Dom Jose did not live during those years in Brazil,'' said Mr. Tenderini, a human rights worker who was kidnapped and assaulted by a death squad here in March.

After the Peace and Justice Commission protested the use of military police on church grounds, the Archbishop ordered the commission to stop speaking in the name of the archdiocese.

Half Live in Slums

Behind the political maneuvering and mudslinging - ''lying'' and ''libelous'' are two adjectives generously used by both sides - there are two radically different visions of the church's mission in one of the poorest parts of the world. About half of Recife's 1.5 million people are believed to live in slums with inadequate drinking water, electricity and schools.

Archbishop Cardoso rejects ''the easy labeling of conservative and progressive,'' but he has found strong support among the traditional and Chrismatic members of the church. In turn, leftists have rallied to support his opponents.

''Applause for Dom Jose Cardoso'' said a headline on a article this month in Quadra, a conservative monthly.

Calling the retirement of Dom Helder ''a gift from heaven,'' the editor, Joaquim J. F. Lagreca, traced ''the emptying of the churches of Recife'' to clerics who project ''man around exclusively material interests, provoking conflicts between diverse social segments.''

''Let them go preach in Cuba, in Nicaragua,'' wrote Mr. Lagreca, who is pictured elsewhere in the magazine receiving a Brazilian military award. ''Dom Jose Cardoso deserves the applause of all wholesome Catholics.''

Saving Souls as the Goal

Orlando C. Neves, a conservative law professor at the Catholic University here, said in an interview: ''With the full approval of John Paul II, Dom Jose is trying to return the church to its primary goal: saving souls. Christ said: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' ''

Once the dust settles in Recife, Archbishop Cardosa said, he plans to promote oldtime ''popular religiosity'' -pilgrimages, pageantry and street processions on saint's days. On a recent weekend, he organized a pilgrimage of landless peasants.

''Today, when people go to church on Sunday, they get a political meeting; they turn away resentful,'' he said. ''The people have a thirst for religious ceremonies. There was an exaggeration, an almost exclusive dedication to social issues and a tremendous neglect of the religious side.''

During a two-hour interview, the Archbishop never mentioned Christian base communities, the Bible study groups that formed the keystones of Brazil's socially active church in the 1970's and 1980's. About four million Brazilians are believed to attend about 80,000 of these Bible study groups, which are largely based in slums.

'A More Critical Religiosity'

''Concerning hunger, unemployment, human rights - we want to impart a more critical and less fatalistic religiosity,'' said Ivonne Gebara, a nun and theology professor at the Theology Institute of Recife, one of the two seminaries here which is to close next month on the orders of the Vatican.

Seminarians at the institute live in group houses in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, an arrangement that has drawn the Vatican's censure. A new seminary here, opened under Archbishop Cardoso's direction, keeps students largely cloistered from the secular world.

At the old seminary, a critical, left-wing stamp was easily visible this week. Students in street clothes wore buttons and T-shirts supporting Luis Inacio da Silva, the candidate in the Nov. 15 presidential elections for the Workers' Party, a grouping of trade unionists, Marxists and Catholic leftists.

''The transformation of society only comes when the poor unite to defend just causes,'' argued Luis Weel, the Dutch-born assistant rector of Regional Seminary II, the other institution slated for closing. ''For 20 years, Dom Helder was a prophetic voice against social injustice. Today, the actions of Dom Jose come as a shock.''

**Graphic**

Helder Camara, a former Roman Catholic Archbishop of Recife, Brazil. Speaking from his pulpit he became known throughout the world for his advocacy of ''liberation theology'' (NYT/Tadeu Lubambo); Jose Cardoso Sobrinho, who replaced Archibishop Camara. ''Today, when people go to church on Sunday, they get a political meeting; they turn away resentful,'' he said. (NYT/Tadeu Lubambo)

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[***THEATER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48M1-2S50-01KN-2417-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 2003 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy Broadway and Off Broadway shows this weekend. Approximate running times are in parentheses. \* denotes a highly recommended show. + means discounted tickets were at the Theater Development Fund's TKTS booth for performances last Friday and Saturday nights. ++ means tickets were at the booth for last Friday night only.

+++ means tickets were at the booth for performances last Saturday night only.

Broadway

\*++ "A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG." Portraying Bri and Sheila, the parents of a severely disabled child in Peter Nichols's comic drama from 1967, Eddie Izzard and Victoria Hamilton generate the kind of freshness that comes only when a performer's affinity with a role is like a blood tie. Using jokes to bandage wounds and to stop up the holes in a sinking marriage, they're a truly, spontaneously funny couple: so funny that they break your heart. Working their way through the sharp thrusts and parries of Mr. Nichols's script, they're like Astaire and Rogers skating through a perilously waxed ballroom. The big difference is that while Fred and Ginger were figures of romantic perfection, Bri and Sheila are dancing from desperation. The director, Laurence Boswell, brings out the genuine warmth in the artifice of Mr. Nichols's script (2:45). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $40 to $65 (Ben Brantley).

\* "GYPSY." Playing a role that few people thought would ever fit her, and shadowed by vultures predicting disaster, Bernadette Peters has delivered the surprise coup of many a Broadway season. This beloved eternal daughter of the American musical has taken on that genre's most daunting maternal role: Momma Rose, a part cast in bronze by Ethel Merman more than four decades ago. Directed by Sam Mendes, Ms. Peters has created the most complex and compelling portrait of her long career. In bringing new sensuality and self-awareness to Rose, Ms. Peters breaks the Merman mold, but without distorting the nigh perfect shape of a show assembled by the magical team of Arthur Laurents, Jule Styne and Stephen Sondheim. As a whole, Mr. Mendes's production may seem disappointingly status quo. But the brassy glories of the score and much of Jerome Robbins's original choreography are here to be savored as the stunning Ms. Peters casts new and haunting shadows on a familiar landscape. The fine supporting cast includes John Dossett and, in the title role, the coltish Tammy Blanchard (2:45). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Tickets: $61.25 to $101.25, with a limited number of $25 student rush tickets available Monday through Thursday evenings (Brantley).

\* "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT." Good old pity and terror, the responses that Aristotle deemed appropriate to tragedy, are seldom stirred on Broadway these days. But Vanessa Redgrave, as the morphine-addicted mother of a family at war with itself, elicits them again and again in this fine, soul-piercing production of Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical masterpiece, directed by Robert Falls. Wandering restlessly through the long day of the play's title, dispensing blame and love, cold lies and scalding truth, Ms. Redgrave's Mary Tyrone seems to destined to inhabit the memories of anyone who sees her here. Mind you, the men whom Mary rules are embodied by an estimable crew in this physically intense interpretation: a vigorous Brian Dennehy is Mary's grandstanding husband, and Philip Seymour Hoffman and Robert Sean Leonard are their sons. But it is Ms. Redgrave who seems to inhabit the night's every pore, as if she were the fever in the bloodstream of this immortally anguished play (4:00). Plymouth Theater, 236 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7 p.m.; Saturdays at 1 and 7 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $61.25 to $101.25, with a limited number of $26.25 student rush tickets available at the box office on the day of the performance (Brantley).

+ "THE LOOK OF LOVE." The composer Burt Bacharach and the lyricist Hal David write confectionary songs with stick-in-the-mind melodic phrases and tidy if none-too-probing ruminations on human emotions. Their myriad hits (and there are more than you might at first recall) include such standards of easy listening as "I Say a Little Prayer," "Do You Know the Way to San Jose?" and "Close to You." Generally speaking, they're pleasant enough that they won't make you switch stations on the car radio. But the idea that this is quality enough to build a Broadway show around might well make you want to wring your hands and ask aloud: has it come to this? Alas, it has, in this uninspired revue that does far less for the work of Mr. Bacharach and Mr. David than some of the musicians -- Elvis Costello and Sheryl Crow, for instance -- who have covered it, and that just goes to prove you can have far too much of an O.K. thing (2:15). Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street, (212) 307-4100. Tonight at 7; tomorrow at 2 and 7; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tuesdays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Thursdays at 8 p.m. Tickets: $30 to $90 (Bruce Weber).

+ "NINE." David Leveaux's glamour-saturated revival of Maury Yeston's musical look into a movie director's mind isn't big on momentum or coherence. But it definitely has a point of view: a cool, gauzy vision of a mod, mod world. To watch this hyperelegant production, which stars Antonio Banderas in his Broadway debut, is like flipping through a Diana Vreeland-era Vogue. You enjoy the hair styles, the clothes, the elaborately applied eye shadow and the occasional nonfashion feature, in the form of a gorgeous song or a witty cameo performance. This is a "Nine" for an MTV-bred generation, used to experiencing songs as image bites. More conventional-minded theatergoers can take comfort in Mr. Yeston's sumptuous score and scintillating abbreviated star turns from Jane Krakowski and Chita Rivera. As for Mr. Banderas, he turns out to be a disarming (if somewhat passive) pocket Adonis, a sweeter variation on the old-style Latin lover (2:15). O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $61 to $101 (Brantley).

\*+ "TAKE ME OUT." Playing a socially challenged money manager named Mason Marzac, Denis O'Hare shines with the gloom-dispelling wattage that comes when a first-rate actor meets a role he was born to play. When Mason talks about baseball (yes, baseball) in Richard Greenberg's comic drama, directed with verve by Joe Mantello, the show emanates the dewy, delirious passion of a "Boheme" for the ESPN set. This story of pride and prejudice in professional sports, seen at the Public Theater last fall, has been advantageously shaved and streamlined for its Broadway incarnation. But in tracing the impact of a godlike baseball player (the perfectly cast Daniel Sunjata) who declares his homosexuality, Mr. Greenberg winds up sacrificing fully developed characters and plotting to Ideas with a capital I. Those notorious shower scenes remain, just so you know. But it's Mr. Greenberg's infatuation with baseball, ecstatically channeled by Mr. O'Hare, that makes this a show to cheer about (2:45). Kerr, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66 to $81 (Brantley).

Off Broadway

+ "DREAM A LITTLE DREAM." As Christopher Guest has just demonstrated in his new film, "A Mighty Wind," the reverence and nostalgia of middle-aged baby boomers for the music of the 1960's have achieved lampoonable dimensions. And now onstage we have the very proof of the pudding, a reverential and nostalgic look back at the music of the 60's that is entirely oblivious to its own sanctimony. The show is billing itself as "the Mamas and the Papas musical," a paean to the group that was the epitome of the adult-tolerated, folk-rock branch of the efflorescent pop music scene of the psychedelic era. More accurately, however, the show is a baldly self-centered memoir by a former Papa, Denny Doherty. The other members of the quartet -- Cass Elliot and John and Michelle Phillips -- appear in projected photos and film snippets, and they are also incarnated by singers who, with Mr. Doherty, credibly recreate the group's signature hits (1:50). Village Theater, 158 Bleecker Street, (212) 307-4100. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $45 to $100 (Weber).

"VAREKAI." Cirque du Soleil's latest extravaganza follows its signature formula. It's a collage of choreography and circus arts, flamboyant costuming and set design, world music and New Age spirit. And though, as ever, the level of artistry is high, there is undoubtedly a staleness infecting the show as a whole. Dervishlike Russian dancers, an adolescent Asian trio of bola jugglers, a menagerie of posing trapeze artists -- there's something about it all that reminds you of a television variety show blown up to overwhelming proportions. As usual, Cirque du Soleil is at its best when its performers treat gravity with indifference, in this case an aerial bungee cord ballet performed with spectacular daredevilry by two brothers and a breathtaking finale in which acrobats launch themselves to absurd heights from mobile catapults (2:30). Randalls Island Park, East River, (800) 678-5440. No performance this Tuesday. Wednesdays at 8 p.m.; Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 1 and 5 p.m. Tickets: $52.50 to $95 (Weber).

Last Chance

++ "LES MISERABLES." This long-lived adaptation of Victor Hugo's classic storms the barricades this weekend for the last time in Manhattan, where it has been running on Broadway since 1987. Probably the best of the muscle-flexing extravaganzas imported by Cameron Macintosh ("Cats," "Miss Saigon," "The Phantom of the Opera"), it is well worth bidding a final au revoir (3:00). Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 6 p.m. Tickets: $35 to $100 (Brantley).

+++ "BILL MAHER: VICTORY BEGINS AT HOME." In his Broadway show the comedian Bill Maher mocks the country's enemies as well as its leaders. Mr. Maher is not a liberal; he is a libertarian with a grudge against the administration that helped hound him off ABC. "I was the first to be Dixie-Chicked," he says. But libertarianism, like polka-dot silk, is best worn lightly. Mr. Maher is provocative, but he is no Oscar Wilde. Beneath his riffs is a tetchy, self-righteous tone that makes his show best suited to audiences who love to hate Washington and don't mind the messenger (1:30). Virginia Theater, 245 West 52nd Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8; Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Tickets: $41 to $71 (Alessandra Stanley).

\* "STONE COLD DEAD SERIOUS." If you're interested in playwriting talent and want to see it muscling toward maturity, you'll find no more fascinating example than this sharply acted production of Adam Rapp's latest exploration of his overall subject, coming of age in the heartland. This is not unfamiliar territory, yet his attitude toward his characters is not the familiar mixture of pity and disgust. It is Mr. Rapp's shrewd conviction that a life with evanescent warmth, the promise of warmth or ineffectual warmth in it is far more heartbreaking and dramatic than one that is frozen through and through. The play focuses on 16-year-old Wynne Ledbetter, a computer wiz and video game champion in a suburb north of Chicago, who, with noble intentions but dubious means, is out to save his family, which is not so much dysfunctional as disfigured. And though the play is full of the author's excesses and experiments, it is notable for, among other things, its rendering of the shared language of loved ones that illustrates how families can remain intimate even when they are in shards. Its depiction of a ***working-class*** America that is unable to dream of anything beyond enduring is as sincerely sad a commentary on our culture as you'll find on stage. And its fear for young people is, unfortunately, deeply convincing (2:30). Chashama Theater, 135 West 42nd Street, (212) 206-1515. Tonight and tomorrow night at 8 p.m. Tickets: $40 (Weber).

"URBAN COWBOY: THE MUSICAL." A conclusive demonstration that it's possible to be vulgar and bland at the same time. Based on the 1980 movie and set largely in an oversexed Texas honky-tonk, "Urban Cowboy" suggests "Cabaret" by way of Branson, Mo. Featuring a rote book by Aaron Latham and Phillip Oesterman and a patchwork of new and recycled country-and-western songs, the show exudes the mechanical air of something dutifully assembled according to a low and specific assessment of audience expectations. The lewd jokes are subsitcom. The songs are delivered in a shiny, anonymous twang. And as directed by Lonny Price, the young, bottom-twitching ensemble members, attractive in a "Baywatch" sort of way, have little in the way of personalities to call their own (2:25). Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66.25 to $96.25. (Brantley).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael McCarthy in "Les Miserables," which closes on Sunday. (Michael Le Poer Trench); Vanessa Redgrave in O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

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[***With the Old Hatreds, Ulster Faces New Marching Season***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6KY0-000P-N2VW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By WARREN HOGE

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**Body**

The sashes and tassels and epaulets and deep-throated bass drums are moving off the shelves of Victor Stewart Regalia and Band Uniform Manufacturers faster than the owner of the store in this County Armagh town can ever remember. In most places this brisk commerce would carry the tuneful promise of fun and festivity.

But Lurgan is the town where on June 16 two Royal Ulster Constabulary policemen on foot patrol were shot dead by gunmen of the Irish Republican Army. And Northern Ireland is the place where July brings on the marching season, the series of smart-stepping, full-dress pageants commemorating battles of the past 300 years between Catholics and Protestants who still haven't learned to cohabit without killing each other.

Five miles west of here, down hedged lanes and past cottages with red roses in flower boxes, is the parish church of Drumcree, an unadorned 18th-century stone nave with a tapered steeple. This pastoral spot has become the latest signpost in a centuries-old conflict that doesn't lack for addresses written in blood. It was there that the two groups staged a violent five-day standoff a year ago and there that the freshly uniformed members of the all-male, all-Protestant Loyal Orange Order of Portadown mean to go marching this Sunday, a tradition since 1807.

As in the past two years, people living in nearby Catholic areas are vowing to block the Protestants' passage through their neighborhood back to the marchers' clubhouse in Portadown. Brendan McKenna, the leader of the residents' association, said there was "no valid reason" for the march.

To George Patton, executive officer of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, the march has the most absolute validity. "This is not simply a walk down the road," he said. "This is about whether we as a people have the right to exist."

It is an argument over 10 blocks' worth of pavement that takes 15 minutes to traverse, but its real dimensions emerge in the words of the debate -- words like history, culture, heritage, faith, human rights, life, death and even genocide -- and in the people being called upon to try to settle the matter: the Prime Ministers of Britain and Ireland. The 2,500 Protestant parades in Northern Ireland mark epochal moments like the Battle of the Boyne in July 1690, when William of Orange, the Protestant King of England, overcame his Catholic rival, James II. Spokesmen for the Orange Order describe the events with a familiarity and intensity as if they had happened last Thursday.

In a statement accompanied by a code word, the Loyalist Volunteer Force warned: "If the Orange parade does not go down the Garvaghy Road on Sunday, the Irish Government may expect civilians to be killed in the Irish Republic. This threat will be carried out immediately if the parade is banned."

The two sides remain miles apart and dug in. The Orange leaders refuse to hold face-to-face talks with the Catholic residents because their leader, Mr. McKenna, is a convicted I.R.A. bomber. Mo Mowlam, the British Secretary for Northern Ireland, has been moving back and forth across the divide in recent weeks, holding Bosnia-style talks in her Belfast office but producing no signs of a formula to avoid the kind of clash that occurred at Drumcree last July.

The new Irish Prime Minister, Bertie Ahern, has urged the British Government to stop the marchers. The new British Prime Minister, Tony Blair, has made some key concessions to Sinn Fein, the political wing of the I.R.A., since taking office on May 1, but the I.R.A.'s only significant response so far was the killing of the two policemen here.

The gunmen's choice of a village in the midst of the major marching activity was seen as an effort to provoke a violent response from the Protestants, or loyalists as they are called in Northern Ireland, in the same way Catholics are referred to as nationalists.

In last year's confrontation the Orangemen remained corralled in the church cemetery and surrounding pasture for five days while armed British soldiers and military helicopters patrolled the floodlighted meadows. Police officers in bullet-proof vests, visored helmets and shields held off the Protestants' return to Portadown to keep them away from protesting Catholics. Then, citing the danger that the growing numbers of Orange supporters pouring in from all around Northern Ireland posed to his own men, the Chief Constable decided to allow the Protestants to go down Garvaghy Road and back to their hall, where they were hailed by residents of the town. Portadown is known as the Orange Citadel because it was there in 1795 that the order was founded.

The decision set off days of bombings and riots across Northern Ireland and further set back a peace effort already undermined by the I.R.A.'s abandonment of its 17-month cease-fire. Two Catholics were killed, and the conflict has continued to spiral out of control, threatening to plunge the province back into the sectarian violence that has already taken more than 3,200 lives since 1969. In May Robert Hamill, 25, died after being beaten by a gang of 30 Protestant youths in Portadown as he was returning from a dance in St. Patrick's Hall.

"Drumcree was Northern Ireland's Chernobyl with almost a meltdown in community relations," said the Rev. Samuel Hutchinson, an officer of the Presbyterian Assembly in Belfast.

Community relations is a quaint phrase for the state of play in the Northern Ireland of today. Despite some narrowing of the income and opportunity gap between Protestants and Catholics, socially and institutionally the groups are as far apart as they have ever been.

"We grow up so close together we can hear each others' voices through the walls, but we don't know each other," said David Ervine, spokesman for the Progressive Unionist Party and a former Protestant paramilitary who served five years in jail for possessing explosives. "We're divided from the beginning, sent off to separate schools and we stay separate for the rest of our lives."

David McKittrick, a Belfast-born Protestant writer and journalist, said, "Unless you make a big effort socially, it's possible to get through life without having any close friends of the other sort." He is co-author of "The Fight for Peace," a 1996 book that has just been reissued with what he described as "a new and depressing update."

Indoctrination starts early. Small children in Catholic neighborhoods will instinctively reach for rocks to throw when they see a police van come into view. One of the cheering welcomers in the Protestant crowd greeting the Portadown marchers last year carried a sign neatly inscribed, "Don't Let Them Take Away Our Culture." She was 4 years old.

Every neighborhood is identifiable as Catholic or Protestant, and residents of one seldom venture into the other. You don't need a local person to point out which is which. There are helpful hints like Catholic graffiti hailing the I.R.A., or Protestant slogans attacking "Fenian bastards." The Protestants like to cover the sides of buildings with heroic renderings of their military triumphs. The Catholics put up signs saying "No More Sectarian Marches." Irish Republic flags flutter from lampposts in Catholic areas, Union Jacks in Protestant ones.

The police patrol in leaden gray armored vans with gun ports, and their barracks are heavily fortified bunkers, with massive portcullis doors and towering walls crowned with nests of rotating cameras and lights in concertina wire. Chilling and lumpen architectural intrusions in picturesque market towns and village centers, they are part of the Northern Ireland landscape.

For centuries the Protestants made up nearly 70 percent of Northern Ireland's population and held all positions of authority. Until recent decades Orangemen could put on their black suits, bowler hats, white gloves and orange bib-like collars, brandish the swords and pikes and flags representing their dominance and march wherever they pleased.

"Some people still see the orange sash as the symbol of power, but the truth is the Orange Order doesn't have that power anymore," said Dominic Bryan, research officer at the University of Ulster's Center for the Study of Conflict.

Now, with their numbers reduced to 53 percent of Ulster's population and decision-making involving Dublin because of the Anglo-Irish Accord of 1985, they must negotiate their journeys and put up with organized opposition to their presence. They are anxious about their growing powerlessness in the place they dominated for so long and angry and defensive over common characterizations of their marches as strutting displays of bigotry and ruling-class self-importance.

But the feeling that power is ebbing has made them if anything more determined than ever to mark their territory. "The more threatened a community becomes, the more elaborate and regular the attempts to define it," reasoned Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Patton said: "People say we are suffering from a siege mentality, and I don't like that, but I accept it. There's an element of insult in the comment, but it's not inaccurate."

He said he knew Orange parades were perceived as "triumphalist," though he said their spirit was of a Calvinist humility and self-discipline. Orangemen use the words "brother" and "brethren" to refer to themselves, but the honorifics get decidedly less meek as they move up the ranks. District lodge commanders are "Worshipful Masters," and the most accomplished Orangemen are elevated to something called the Preceptory of the Royal Black Institution.

It is also no secret among Catholics that the official "Qualifications of an Orangeman" initiation rite includes a pledge to "strenously oppose the fatal errors and doctrines of the Church of Rome," to avoid "any act or ceremony of Popish worship" and to "resist the ascendancy of that church."

The conduct of the participants is supposed to follow a written code that warns against shows of arrogance, but with tensions high and younger and younger people taking part, control breaks down. "At certain times the Orange blood is up," Mr. Patton conceded. "We have a certain swagger when we walk, but it's not intended to intimidate."

Victor Stewart said the boom in his sales this year stemmed from the large number of first-time orders, meaning that the surge of young recruits is rising. "They're lads from ***working-class*** backgrounds, unemployed and certainly no chance to ever feel triumphal," Mr. Patton said. "Suddenly they're dressed up and their shoulders go back, and a certain pride comes into their step."

The most militaristic sounding of the bands are the ones referred to as "blood and thunder," which use oversized bass drums called Lambegs and stubby-barreled flutes that, according to a promotional brochure in Mr. Stewart's regalia store, "have the pitch of an old war flute which carries the full-bodied sound a great distance." There are so-called silver bands made up of horns and others with skirling bagpipes and snare drums.

It is the gentlest ensemble, an accordion band, that the Portadown Orangemen intend to take onto the streets on Sunday for the march to the church at Drumcree. The music will be hymns instead of the old combative Orange anthems like "The Sash My Father Wore" or "Derry's Walls," and the route is one that the Protestants feel already embodies a concession. In 1985 the parade ceased going down Obins Street, a narrow street called "The Tunnel" in a Catholic neighborhood, after residents objected.

As the authorities work to come up with some kind of compromise before Sunday, David Jones, secretary of the Rising Sons of Portadown, one of the town's 32 Orange lodges, argued that his side had done all it could. "We used to have 10 parades here, and now there is only this one," he said. "At the point when you go from one to none, it's no longer a compromise."

**Graphic**

Map of Ireland highlighting Lurgan: The killing of two policemen in Lurgan heightened Ulster tension. (pg. A8)

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[***JERSEY CITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M5H0-0008-Y0YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

JERSEY CITY has been around for a long time - long enough to acquirea reputation as a gritty manufacturing center that reached its peak i n another century. But visitors these days sometimes talk about it a s if a team of urban archeologists had just crossed the Hudson R iver and uncovered the lost city of Atlantis.

There is something distinctly historic, even anachronistic, about New Jersey's second-largest city, with its robust collection of 19thcentury housing still in fine shape and its tangle of unused railroad tracks and decaying piers acting as a reminder that it once served as a major transportation center.

But it is not really the historic flavor of its many neighborhoods, ranging from the elegant Greek-revival architecture of Hamilton Park to the classic row houses of Bergen Hill, that has suddenly turned this 15-square-mile city into a boom town where development and restoration are ubiquitous. It is housing that people can afford, only minutes from Manhattan.

JERSEY CITY has been around for a long time - long enough to acquire a reputation as a gritty manufacturing center that reached its peak in another century.

''We could just never afford this space across the river,'' said Elizabeth Saffir, who with her husband, Ralph, purchased a five-story brownstone in the Van Vorst section last year. ''We looked pretty hard, but you have to sacrifice too much to remain in Manhattan.''

The Saffirs paid $110,000 for their house, and plan to spend almost that much to restore it. While bargains are not as plentiful now as they were five years ago, space in Jersey City is far less costly than in Manhattan, or even in the brownstone communities of Brooklyn that offer similar types of housing. When Hoboken - the first close-in New Jersey town to be overrun by New Yorkers looking for cheap urban housing - got too expensive, people looked to neighboring Jersey City for the next good deal.

''In the downtown area, where we concentrate, you can still buy a two-family home in one of the historic districts for less than $100,000, although it would probably need substantial renovation,'' said Toni Boyne of Boyne Realty, adding that a refurbished brownstone would cost at least $150,000. Property taxes are $119.18 for each $1,000 of assessed value.

Rental apartments vary greatly in cost, but local real-estate agents say the average two-bedroom in one of the city's better neighborhoods rents for $600 to $900 a month.

''We've always been in the right location,'' said Mayor Gerald McCann, ''but until recently there was a huge psychological barrier called the Hudson River.'' Although the river is still there, opposition to crossing it each day has eroded at about the same pace as the cost of housing in New York City has escalated.

Jersey City bills itself as a city of neighborhoods, and there is wide diversity, both of type and quality. For the most part, however, it is in the historic communities downtown where the signs of a renaissance are truly evident.

The city was first settled by the Dutch in the 1600's and some of its sections reflect that heritage, among them Paulus Hook, the city's oldest neighborhood and the site of a Revolutionary War battle, and Van Vorst, where hints of past opulence are imprinted upon the facades of many elegant townhouses. In those sections, and in Bergen Hill and Hamilton Park, homes are being restored at a rapid pace.

Apart from their grace and grandeur, these neighborhoods share several enticing qualities. The first is easy access to PATH trains, which for 30 cents take commuters to the end of the line at 33d Street and the Avenue of the Americas in about 15 minutes. The second is proximity to the waterfront, where Harbour City, a futuristic $2 billion urban-development project that will combine residential and commercial structures, is scheduled to rise over the next 15 years.

The waterfront is also the home of Libery State Park, New Jersey's most heavily used urban recreational facility. It is a wonderful place to take in the arresting vista of Manhattan or to gaze up at the nearby Statue of Liberty. Park visitors can take ferries to Liberty Island or to nearby Ellis Island.

Jersey City has the reputation of being a dangerous place to live, but the image may be worse than the reality. Last year, it ranked 17th in crimes per capita among New Jersey cities.

The incidence of crime varies widely within the city. Crime is not as serious a problem downtown, where several large corporations - most notably Colgate-Palmolive, the largest private employer in Jersey City - have many employees. Some of the less densely populated areas of the city, however, are not nearly as safe.

''Things are happening so quickly in many parts of the city that even the recent census figures don't begin to tell the whole story,'' said Arthur Hatzopolous, deputy director of the city's Department of Housing and Economic Development.

Despite the large influx of young professionals from Manhattan over the last several years, Jersey City is still basically a ***working-class*** town. Of its 223,532 residents, 57.1 percent are white, 27.7 percent are black, 6 percent Asian (mostly Filipino) and the remainder - most of them Hispanics - identified themselves in the census only as ''other.''

Among ethnic groups, there are many Hispanics, Russians and Greeks. There is also a large Polish population, and residents point with pride to the house in Hamilton Park where Lech Walesa's late father lived.

Night life in the city runs to gatherings at the local taverns, which are in abundance almost everywhere. There are some good restaurants, most notably Casa Dante, a noisy Italian place on Newark Avenue with solid food at moderate prices, and the Summit House in Journal Square, a pleasant converted Colonial farmhouse. There are also many fine ethnic specialty shops for food.

But essentially Jersey City remains a quiet place that shuts down rather early each night, and many residents seek their pleasures across the river in New York.

''Our night life is still not as active as it might be,'' Mayor McCann said, ''but the development of the waterfront will change all that.''

CITY officials are betting heavily on the waterfront project to u pgrade the quality of life. Some people even dare to hope that d owntown's 4,700-seat Stanley Theater, the second-largest theater in t he country after Radio City Music Hall, will one day be able to r eopen. The 55-year-old movie palace has been dark for several years b ecause it did not draw enough people to make it profitable.

While Jersey City may have a promising future to offer newcomers, it is not without serious problems that will be difficult to resolve. Foremost among them may be its public-school system. The strongly Roman Catholic city has traditionally relied on parochial schools to educate its children. Even today it still has almost as many Catholic as public grade schools, although the 30 public grade schools have 23,418 students and the 29 Catholic grade schools have 9,039.

The five public high schools in the city have been plagued by violence and severe budget restrictions. There are nine Catholic high schools and several other private educational institutions.

Another problem is that much of the city is still overgrown lots, rotting piers and empty rail yards, giving it an air of seediness and decay.

The city still suffers, as well, from an image problem associated largely with an aging Democratic political machine that kept working long after most of the other machinery the city depended upon for its livelihood became obsolete. The machine was finally defeated in the most recent municipal elections by Mayor McCann, a Republican who ran on a good-government platform.

People say all these problems will lessen now. The spate of new construction, the growth of some specialized trades like the film industry, and a surge in corporate investment in the city seem to suggest that they will.

For the moment, despite the strong promise of coming vitality, moving to Jersey City remains largely a gesture of hope for the future: Hope that Harbour City will work, that residential renovation will expand to communities outside the downtown core, that the city's infrastructure problems will be eliminated, that crime will decrease and that public education will improve significantly.

If all these problems continue to turn around, then Jersey City is probably an idea whose time has finally come -again.

uture Hollywood-on-the-Hudson?

While Jersey City is not quite ready to challenge Hollywood as the nation's film capital, many movies and commercials are being shot there.

Last year in the city, Woody Allen filmed portions of two forthcoming movies; Sidney Lumet, the director, shot a large part of ''Daniel,'' his cinematic version of E.L. Doctorow's ''Book of Daniel''; John Sayles, who lives in Hoboken, made ''Baby It's You,'' and several other film makers did location shooting.

Why Jersey City? ''The reason they shoot here is that it's close to Manhattan talent, so it's economical and convenient,'' said Dennis Souder, Jersey City's motion-picture development coordinator. ''The labs are nearby, and they're back home at night after a full day of location shooting.''

There were 30 full-crew shooting days in Jersey City last year, which Mr. Souder said was the first year that it seriously attempted to lure film makers.

More than $1 million in direct production costs was spent in the city, which is now trying to develop the largest private film studio in New Jersey. ''We think films have a future here,'' Mr. Souder said.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Jersey City map

**End of Document**



[***The Post-Adolescent, Pre-Adult, Not-Quite-Decided Life Stage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:50V6-SR31-DXY4-X2JY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Why are so many people in their 20s taking so long to grow up?

This question pops up everywhere, underlying concerns about ''failure to launch'' and ''boomerang kids.'' Two new sitcoms feature grown children moving back in with their parents -- ''$#\*! My Dad Says,'' starring William Shatner as a divorced curmudgeon whose 20-something son can't make it on his own as a blogger, and ''Big Lake,'' in which a financial whiz kid loses his Wall Street job and moves back home to rural Pennsylvania. A cover of The New Yorker last spring picked up on the zeitgeist: a young man hangs up his new Ph.D. in his boyhood bedroom, the cardboard box at his feet signaling his plans to move back home now that he's officially overqualified for a job. In the doorway stand his parents, their expressions a mix of resignation, worry, annoyance and perplexity: how exactly did this happen?

It's happening all over, in all sorts of families, not just young people moving back home but also young people taking longer to reach adulthood overall. It's a development that predates the current economic doldrums, and no one knows yet what the impact will be -- on the prospects of the young men and women; on the parents on whom so many of them depend; on society, built on the expectation of an orderly progression in which kids finish school, grow up, start careers, make a family and eventually retire to live on pensions supported by the next crop of kids who finish school, grow up, start careers, make a family and on and on. The traditional cycle seems to have gone off course, as young people remain untethered to romantic partners or to permanent homes, going back to school for lack of better options, traveling, avoiding commitments, competing ferociously for unpaid internships or temporary (and often grueling) Teach for America jobs, forestalling the beginning of adult life.

The 20s are a black box, and there is a lot of churning in there. One-third of people in their 20s move to a new residence every year. Forty percent move back home with their parents at least once. They go through an average of seven jobs in their 20s, more job changes than in any other stretch. Two-thirds spend at least some time living with a romantic partner without being married. And marriage occurs later than ever. The median age at first marriage in the early 1970s, when the baby boomers were young, was 21 for women and 23 for men; by 2009 it had climbed to 26 for women and 28 for men, five years in a little more than a generation.

We're in the thick of what one sociologist calls ''the changing timetable for adulthood.'' Sociologists traditionally define the ''transition to adulthood'' as marked by five milestones: completing school, leaving home, becoming financially independent, marrying and having a child. In 1960, 77 percent of women and 65 percent of men had, by the time they reached 30, passed all five milestones. Among 30-year-olds in 2000, according to data from the United States Census Bureau, fewer than half of the women and one-third of the men had done so. A Canadian study reported that a typical 30-year-old in 2001 had completed the same number of milestones as a 25-year-old in the early '70s.

The whole idea of milestones, of course, is something of an anachronism; it implies a lockstep march toward adulthood that is rare these days. Kids don't shuffle along in unison on the road to maturity. They slouch toward adulthood at an uneven, highly individual pace. Some never achieve all five milestones, including those who are single or childless by choice, or unable to marry even if they wanted to because they're gay. Others reach the milestones completely out of order, advancing professionally before committing to a monogamous relationship, having children young and marrying later, leaving school to go to work and returning to school long after becoming financially secure.

Even if some traditional milestones are never reached, one thing is clear: Getting to what we would generally call adulthood is happening later than ever. But why? That's the subject of lively debate among policy makers and academics. To some, what we're seeing is a transient epiphenomenon, the byproduct of cultural and economic forces. To others, the longer road to adulthood signifies something deep, durable and maybe better-suited to our neurological hard-wiring. What we're seeing, they insist, is the dawning of a new life stage -- a stage that all of us need to adjust to.

JEFFREY JENSEN ARNETT, a psychology professor at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., is leading the movement to view the 20s as a distinct life stage, which he calls ''emerging adulthood.'' He says what is happening now is analogous to what happened a century ago, when social and economic changes helped create adolescence -- a stage we take for granted but one that had to be recognized by psychologists, accepted by society and accommodated by institutions that served the young. Similar changes at the turn of the 21st century have laid the groundwork for another new stage, Arnett says, between the age of 18 and the late 20s. Among the cultural changes he points to that have led to ''emerging adulthood'' are the need for more education to survive in an information-based economy; fewer entry-level jobs even after all that schooling; young people feeling less rush to marry because of the general acceptance of premarital sex, cohabitation and birth control; and young women feeling less rush to have babies given their wide range of career options and their access to assisted reproductive technology if they delay pregnancy beyond their most fertile years.

Just as adolescence has its particular psychological profile, Arnett says, so does emerging adulthood: identity exploration, instability, self-focus, feeling in-between and a rather poetic characteristic he calls ''a sense of possibilities.'' A few of these, especially identity exploration, are part of adolescence too, but they take on new depth and urgency in the 20s. The stakes are higher when people are approaching the age when options tend to close off and lifelong commitments must be made. Arnett calls it ''the age 30 deadline.''

The issue of whether emerging adulthood is a new stage is being debated most forcefully among scholars, in particular psychologists and sociologists. But its resolution has broader implications. Just look at what happened for teenagers. It took some effort, a century ago, for psychologists to make the case that adolescence was a new developmental stage. Once that happened, social institutions were forced to adapt: education, health care, social services and the law all changed to address the particular needs of 12- to 18-year-olds. An understanding of the developmental profile of adolescence led, for instance, to the creation of junior high schools in the early 1900s, separating seventh and eighth graders from the younger children in what used to be called primary school. And it led to the recognition that teenagers between 14 and 18, even though they were legally minors, were mature enough to make their own choice of legal guardian in the event of their parents' deaths. If emerging adulthood is an analogous stage, analogous changes are in the wings.

But what would it look like to extend some of the special status of adolescents to young people in their 20s? Our uncertainty about this question is reflected in our scattershot approach to markers of adulthood. People can vote at 18, but in some states they don't age out of foster care until 21. They can join the military at 18, but they can't drink until 21. They can drive at 16, but they can't rent a car until 25 without some hefty surcharges. If they are full-time students, the Internal Revenue Service considers them dependents until 24; those without health insurance will soon be able to stay on their parents' plans even if they're not in school until age 26, or up to 30 in some states. Parents have no access to their child's college records if the child is over 18, but parents' income is taken into account when the child applies for financial aid up to age 24. We seem unable to agree when someone is old enough to take on adult responsibilities. But we're pretty sure it's not simply a matter of age.

If society decides to protect these young people or treat them differently from fully grown adults, how can we do this without becoming all the things that grown children resist -- controlling, moralizing, paternalistic? Young people spend their lives lumped into age-related clusters -- that's the basis of K-12 schooling -- but as they move through their 20s, they diverge. Some 25-year-olds are married homeowners with good jobs and a couple of kids; others are still living with their parents and working at transient jobs, or not working at all. Does that mean we extend some of the protections and special status of adolescence to all people in their 20s? To some of them? Which ones? Decisions like this matter, because failing to protect and support vulnerable young people can lead them down the wrong path at a critical moment, the one that can determine all subsequent paths. But overprotecting and oversupporting them can sometimes make matters worse, turning the ''changing timetable of adulthood'' into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The more profound question behind the scholarly intrigue is the one that really captivates parents: whether the prolongation of this unsettled time of life is a good thing or a bad thing. With life spans stretching into the ninth decade, is it better for young people to experiment in their 20s before making choices they'll have to live with for more than half a century? Or is adulthood now so malleable, with marriage and employment options constantly being reassessed, that young people would be better off just getting started on something, or else they'll never catch up, consigned to remain always a few steps behind the early bloomers? Is emerging adulthood a rich and varied period for self-discovery, as Arnett says it is? Or is it just another term for self-indulgence?

THE DISCOVERY OF adolescence is generally dated to 1904, with the publication of the massive study ''Adolescence,'' by G. Stanley Hall, a prominent psychologist and first president of the American Psychological Association. Hall attributed the new stage to social changes at the turn of the 20th century. Child-labor laws kept children under 16 out of the work force, and universal education laws kept them in secondary school, thus prolonging the period of dependence -- a dependence that allowed them to address psychological tasks they might have ignored when they took on adult roles straight out of childhood. Hall, the first president of Clark University -- the same place, interestingly enough, where Arnett now teaches -- described adolescence as a time of ''storm and stress,'' filled with emotional upheaval, sorrow and rebelliousness. He cited the ''curve of despondency'' that ''starts at 11, rises steadily and rapidly till 15 . . . then falls steadily till 23,'' and described other characteristics of adolescence, including an increase in sensation seeking, greater susceptibility to media influences (which in 1904 mostly meant ''flash literature'' and ''penny dreadfuls'') and overreliance on peer relationships. Hall's book was flawed, but it marked the beginning of the scientific study of adolescence and helped lead to its eventual acceptance as a distinct stage with its own challenges, behaviors and biological profile.

In the 1990s, Arnett began to suspect that something similar was taking place with young people in their late teens and early 20s. He was teaching human development and family studies at the University of Missouri, studying college-age students, both at the university and in the community around Columbia, Mo. He asked them questions about their lives and their expectations like, ''Do you feel you have reached adulthood?''

''I was in my early- to mid-30s myself, and I remember thinking, They're not a thing like me,'' Arnett told me when we met last spring in Worcester. ''I realized that there was something special going on.'' The young people he spoke to weren't experiencing the upending physical changes that accompany adolescence, but as an age cohort they did seem to have a psychological makeup different from that of people just a little bit younger or a little bit older. This was not how most psychologists were thinking about development at the time, when the eight-stage model of the psychologist Erik Erikson was in vogue. Erikson, one of the first to focus on psychological development past childhood, divided adulthood into three stages -- young (roughly ages 20 to 45), middle (about ages 45 to 65) and late (all the rest) -- and defined them by the challenges that individuals in a particular stage encounter and must resolve before moving on to the next stage. In young adulthood, according to his model, the primary psychological challenge is ''intimacy versus isolation,'' by which Erikson meant deciding whether to commit to a lifelong intimate relationship and choosing the person to commit to.

But Arnett said ''young adulthood'' was too broad a term to apply to a 25-year span that included both him and his college students. The 20s are something different from the 30s and 40s, he remembered thinking. And while he agreed that the struggle for intimacy was one task of this period, he said there were other critical tasks as well.

Arnett and I were discussing the evolution of his thinking over lunch at BABA Sushi, a quiet restaurant near his office where he goes so often he knows the sushi chefs by name. He is 53, very tall and wiry, with clipped steel-gray hair and ice-blue eyes, an intense, serious man. He describes himself as a late bloomer, a onetime emerging adult before anyone had given it a name. After graduating from Michigan State University in 1980, he spent two years playing guitar in bars and restaurants and experimented with girlfriends, drugs and general recklessness before going for his doctorate in developmental psychology at the University of Virginia. By 1986 he had his first academic job at Oglethorpe University, a small college in Atlanta. There he met his wife, Lene Jensen, the school's smartest psych major, who stunned Arnett when she came to his office one day in 1989, shortly after she graduated, and asked him out on a date. Jensen earned a doctorate in psychology, too, and she also teaches at Clark. She and Arnett have 10-year-old twins, a boy and a girl.

Arnett spent time at Northwestern University and the University of Chicago before moving to the University of Missouri in 1992, beginning his study of young men and women in the college town of Columbia, gradually broadening his sample to include New Orleans, Los Angeles and San Francisco. He deliberately included ***working-class*** young people as well as those who were well off, those who had never gone to college as well as those who were still in school, those who were supporting themselves as well as those whose bills were being paid by their parents. A little more than half of his sample was white, 18 percent African-American, 16 percent Asian-American and 14 percent Latino.

More than 300 interviews and 250 survey responses persuaded Arnett that he was onto something new. This was the era of the Gen X slacker, but Arnett felt that his findings applied beyond one generation. He wrote them up in 2000 in American Psychologist, the first time he laid out his theory of ''emerging adulthood.'' According to Google Scholar, which keeps track of such things, the article has been cited in professional books and journals roughly 1,700 times. This makes it, in the world of academia, practically viral. At the very least, the citations indicate that Arnett had come up with a useful term for describing a particular cohort; at best, that he offered a whole new way of thinking about them.

DURING THE PERIOD he calls emerging adulthood, Arnett says that young men and women are more self-focused than at any other time of life, less certain about the future and yet also more optimistic, no matter what their economic background. This is where the ''sense of possibilities'' comes in, he says; they have not yet tempered their idealistic visions of what awaits. ''The dreary, dead-end jobs, the bitter divorces, the disappointing and disrespectful children . . . none of them imagine that this is what the future holds for them,'' he wrote. Ask them if they agree with the statement ''I am very sure that someday I will get to where I want to be in life,'' and 96 percent of them will say yes. But despite elements that are exciting, even exhilarating, about being this age, there is a downside, too: dread, frustration, uncertainty, a sense of not quite understanding the rules of the game. More than positive or negative feelings, what Arnett heard most often was ambivalence -- beginning with his finding that 60 percent of his subjects told him they felt like both grown-ups and not-quite-grown-ups.

Some scientists would argue that this ambivalence reflects what is going on in the brain, which is also both grown-up and not-quite-grown-up. Neuroscientists once thought the brain stops growing shortly after puberty, but now they know it keeps maturing well into the 20s. This new understanding comes largely from a longitudinal study of brain development sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health, which started following nearly 5,000 children at ages 3 to 16 (the average age at enrollment was about 10). The scientists found the children's brains were not fully mature until at least 25. ''In retrospect I wouldn't call it shocking, but it was at the time,'' Jay Giedd, the director of the study, told me. ''The only people who got this right were the car-rental companies.''

When the N.I.M.H. study began in 1991, Giedd said he and his colleagues expected to stop when the subjects turned 16. ''We figured that by 16 their bodies were pretty big physically,'' he said. But every time the children returned, their brains were found still to be changing. The scientists extended the end date of the study to age 18, then 20, then 22. The subjects' brains were still changing even then. Tellingly, the most significant changes took place in the prefrontal cortex and cerebellum, the regions involved in emotional control and higher-order cognitive function.

As the brain matures, one thing that happens is the pruning of the synapses. Synaptic pruning does not occur willy-nilly; it depends largely on how any one brain pathway is used. By cutting off unused pathways, the brain eventually settles into a structure that's most efficient for the owner of that brain, creating well-worn grooves for the pathways that person uses most. Synaptic pruning intensifies after rapid brain-cell proliferation during childhood and again in the period that encompasses adolescence and the 20s. It is the mechanism of ''use it or lose it'': the brains we have are shaped largely in response to the demands made of them.

We have come to accept the idea that environmental influences in the first three years of life have long-term consequences for cognition, emotional control, attention and the like. Is it time to place a similar emphasis, with hopes for a similar outcome, on enriching the cognitive environment of people in their 20s?

N.I.M.H. scientists also found a time lag between the growth of the limbic system, where emotions originate, and of the prefrontal cortex, which manages those emotions. The limbic system explodes during puberty, but the prefrontal cortex keeps maturing for another 10 years. Giedd said it is logical to suppose -- and for now, neuroscientists have to make a lot of logical suppositions -- that when the limbic system is fully active but the cortex is still being built, emotions might outweigh rationality. ''The prefrontal part is the part that allows you to control your impulses, come up with a long-range strategy, answer the question 'What am I going to do with my life?' '' he told me. ''That weighing of the future keeps changing into the 20s and 30s.''

Among study subjects who enrolled as children, M.R.I. scans have been done so far only to age 25, so scientists have to make another logical supposition about what happens to the brain in the late 20s, the 30s and beyond. Is it possible that the brain just keeps changing and pruning, for years and years? ''Guessing from the shape of the growth curves we have,'' Giedd's colleague Philip Shaw wrote in an e-mail message, ''it does seem that much of the gray matter,'' where synaptic pruning takes place, ''seems to have completed its most dramatic structural change'' by age 25. For white matter, where insulation that helps impulses travel faster continues to form, ''it does look as if the curves are still going up, suggesting continued growth'' after age 25, he wrote, though at a slower rate than before.

None of this is new, of course; the brains of young people have always been works in progress, even when we didn't have sophisticated scanning machinery to chart it precisely. Why, then, is the youthful brain only now arising as an explanation for why people in their 20s are seeming a bit unfinished? Maybe there's an analogy to be found in the hierarchy of needs, a theory put forth in the 1940s by the psychologist Abraham Maslow. According to Maslow, people can pursue more elevated goals only after their basic needs of food, shelter and sex have been met. What if the brain has its own hierarchy of needs? When people are forced to adopt adult responsibilities early, maybe they just do what they have to do, whether or not their brains are ready. Maybe it's only now, when young people are allowed to forestall adult obligations without fear of public censure, that the rate of societal maturation can finally fall into better sync with the maturation of the brain.

Cultural expectations might also reinforce the delay. The ''changing timetable for adulthood'' has, in many ways, become internalized by 20-somethings and their parents alike. Today young people don't expect to marry until their late 20s, don't expect to start a family until their 30s, don't expect to be on track for a rewarding career until much later than their parents were. So they make decisions about their futures that reflect this wider time horizon. Many of them would not be ready to take on the trappings of adulthood any earlier even if the opportunity arose; they haven't braced themselves for it.

Nor do parents expect their children to grow up right away -- and they might not even want them to. Parents might regret having themselves jumped into marriage or a career and hope for more considered choices for their children. Or they might want to hold on to a reassuring connection with their children as the kids leave home. If they were ''helicopter parents'' -- a term that describes heavily invested parents who hover over their children, swooping down to take charge and solve problems at a moment's notice -- they might keep hovering and problem-solving long past the time when their children should be solving problems on their own. This might, in a strange way, be part of what keeps their grown children in the limbo between adolescence and adulthood. It can be hard sometimes to tease out to what extent a child doesn't quite want to grow up and to what extent a parent doesn't quite want to let go.

IT IS A BIG DEAL IN developmental psychology to declare the existence of a new stage of life, and Arnett has devoted the past 10 years to making his case. Shortly after his American Psychologist article appeared in 2000, he and Jennifer Lynn Tanner, a developmental psychologist at Rutgers University, convened the first conference of what they later called the Society for the Study of Emerging Adulthood. It was held in 2003 at Harvard with an attendance of 75; there have been three more since then, and last year's conference, in Atlanta, had more than 270 attendees. In 2004 Arnett published a book, ''Emerging Adulthood: The Winding Road From the Late Teens Through the Twenties,'' which is still in print and selling well. In 2006 he and Tanner published an edited volume, ''Emerging Adults in America: Coming of Age in the 21st Century,'' aimed at professionals and academics. Arnett's college textbook, ''Adolescence and Emerging Adulthood: A Cultural Approach,'' has been in print since 2000 and is now in its fourth edition. Next year he says he hopes to publish another book, this one for the parents of 20-somethings.

If all Arnett's talk about emerging adulthood sounds vaguely familiar . . . well, it should. Forty years ago, an article appeared in The American Scholar that declared ''a new stage of life'' for the period between adolescence and young adulthood. This was 1970, when the oldest members of the baby boom generation -- the parents of today's 20-somethings -- were 24. Young people of the day ''can't seem to 'settle down,' '' wrote the Yale psychologist Kenneth Keniston. He called the new stage of life ''youth.''

Keniston's description of ''youth'' presages Arnett's description of ''emerging adulthood'' a generation later. In the late '60s, Keniston wrote that there was ''a growing minority of post-adolescents [who] have not settled the questions whose answers once defined adulthood: questions of relationship to the existing society, questions of vocation, questions of social role and lifestyle.'' Whereas once, such aimlessness was seen only in the ''unusually creative or unusually disturbed,'' he wrote, it was becoming more common and more ordinary in the baby boomers of 1970. Among the salient characteristics of ''youth,'' Keniston wrote, were ''pervasive ambivalence toward self and society,'' ''the feeling of absolute freedom, of living in a world of pure possibilities'' and ''the enormous value placed upon change, transformation and movement'' -- all characteristics that Arnett now ascribes to ''emerging adults.''

Arnett readily acknowledges his debt to Keniston; he mentions him in almost everything he has written about emerging adulthood. But he considers the '60s a unique moment, when young people were rebellious and alienated in a way they've never been before or since. And Keniston's views never quite took off, Arnett says, because ''youth'' wasn't a very good name for it. He has called the label ''ambiguous and confusing,'' not nearly as catchy as his own ''emerging adulthood.''

For whatever reason Keniston's terminology faded away, it's revealing to read his old article and hear echoes of what's going on with kids today. He was describing the parents of today's young people when they themselves were young -- and amazingly, they weren't all that different from their own children now. Keniston's article seems a lovely demonstration of the eternal cycle of life, the perennial conflict between the generations, the gradual resolution of those conflicts. It's reassuring, actually, to think of it as recursive, to imagine that there must always be a cohort of 20-somethings who take their time settling down, just as there must always be a cohort of 50-somethings who worry about it.

KENISTON CALLED IT youth, Arnett calls it emerging adulthood; whatever it's called, the delayed transition has been observed for years. But it can be in fullest flower only when the young person has some other, nontraditional means of support -- which would seem to make the delay something of a luxury item. That's the impression you get reading Arnett's case histories in his books and articles, or the essays in ''20 Something Manifesto,'' an anthology edited by a Los Angeles writer named Christine Hassler. ''It's somewhat terrifying,'' writes a 25-year-old named Jennifer, ''to think about all the things I'm supposed to be doing in order to 'get somewhere' successful: 'Follow your passions, live your dreams, take risks, network with the right people, find mentors, be financially responsible, volunteer, work, think about or go to grad school, fall in love and maintain personal well-being, mental health and nutrition.' When is there time to just be and enjoy?'' Adds a 24-year-old from Virginia: ''There is pressure to make decisions that will form the foundation for the rest of your life in your 20s. It's almost as if having a range of limited options would be easier.''

While the complaints of these young people are heartfelt, they are also the complaints of the privileged. Julie, a 23-year-old New Yorker and contributor to ''20 Something Manifesto,'' is apparently aware of this. She was coddled her whole life, treated to French horn lessons and summer camp, told she could do anything. ''It is a double-edged sword,'' she writes, ''because on the one hand I am so blessed with my experiences and endless options, but on the other hand, I still feel like a child. I feel like my job isn't real because I am not where my parents were at my age. Walking home, in the shoes my father bought me, I still feel I have yet to grow up.''

Despite these impressions, Arnett insists that emerging adulthood is not limited to young persons of privilege and that it is not simply a period of self-indulgence. He takes pains in ''Emerging Adulthood'' to describe some case histories of young men and women from hard-luck backgrounds who use the self-focus and identity exploration of their 20s to transform their lives.

One of these is the case history of Nicole, a 25-year-old African-American who grew up in a housing project in Oakland, Calif. At age 6, Nicole, the eldest, was forced to take control of the household after her mother's mental collapse. By 8, she was sweeping stores and baby-sitting for money to help keep her three siblings fed and housed. ''I made a couple bucks and helped my mother out, helped my family out,'' she told Arnett. She managed to graduate from high school, but with low grades, and got a job as a receptionist at a dermatology clinic. She moved into her own apartment, took night classes at community college and started to excel. ''I needed to experience living out of my mother's home in order to study,'' she said.

In his book, Arnett presents Nicole as a symbol of all the young people from impoverished backgrounds for whom ''emerging adulthood represents an opportunity -- maybe a last opportunity -- to turn one's life around.'' This is the stage where someone like Nicole can escape an abusive or dysfunctional family and finally pursue her own dreams. Nicole's dreams are powerful -- one course away from an associate degree, she plans to go on for a bachelor's and then a Ph.D. in psychology -- but she has not really left her family behind; few people do. She is still supporting her mother and siblings, which is why she works full time even though her progress through school would be quicker if she found a part-time job. Is it only a grim pessimist like me who sees how many roadblocks there will be on the way to achieving those dreams and who wonders what kind of freewheeling emerging adulthood she is supposed to be having?

Of course, Nicole's case is not representative of society as a whole. And many parents -- including those who can't really afford it -- continue to help their kids financially long past the time they expected to. Two years ago Karen Fingerman, a developmental psychologist at Purdue University, asked parents of grown children whether they provided significant assistance to their sons or daughters. Assistance included giving their children money or help with everyday tasks (practical assistance) as well as advice, companionship and an attentive ear. Eighty-six percent said they had provided advice in the previous month; less than half had done so in 1988. Two out of three parents had given a son or daughter practical assistance in the previous month; in 1988, only one in three had.

Fingerman took solace in her findings; she said it showed that parents stay connected to their grown children, and she suspects that both parties get something out of it. The survey questions, after all, referred not only to dispensing money but also to offering advice, comfort and friendship. And another of Fingerman's studies suggests that parents' sense of well-being depends largely on how close they are to their grown children and how their children are faring -- objective support for the adage that you're only as happy as your unhappiest child. But the expectation that young men and women won't quite be able to make ends meet on their own, and that parents should be the ones to help bridge the gap, places a terrible burden on parents who might be worrying about their own job security, trying to care for their aging parents or grieving as their retirement plans become more and more of a pipe dream.

This dependence on Mom and Dad also means that during the 20s the rift between rich and poor becomes entrenched. According to data gathered by the Network on Transitions to Adulthood, a research consortium supported by the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, American parents give an average of 10 percent of their income to their 18- to 21-year-old children. This percentage is basically the same no matter the family's total income, meaning that upper-class kids tend to get more than ***working-class*** ones. And wealthier kids have other, less obvious, advantages. When they go to four-year colleges or universities, they get supervised dormitory housing, health care and alumni networks not available at community colleges. And they often get a leg up on their careers by using parents' contacts to help land an entry-level job -- or by using parents as a financial backup when they want to take an interesting internship that doesn't pay.

''You get on a pathway, and pathways have momentum,'' Jennifer Lynn Tanner of Rutgers told me. ''In emerging adulthood, if you spend this time exploring and you get yourself on a pathway that really fits you, then there's going to be this snowball effect of finding the right fit, the right partner, the right job, the right place to live. The less you have at first, the less you're going to get this positive effect compounded over time. You're not going to have the same acceleration.''

EVEN ARNETT ADMITS that not every young person goes through a period of ''emerging adulthood.'' It's rare in the developing world, he says, where people have to grow up fast, and it's often skipped in the industrialized world by the people who marry early, by teenage mothers forced to grow up, by young men or women who go straight from high school to whatever job is available without a chance to dabble until they find the perfect fit. Indeed, the majority of humankind would seem to not go through it at all. The fact that emerging adulthood is not universal is one of the strongest arguments against Arnett's claim that it is a new developmental stage. If emerging adulthood is so important, why is it even possible to skip it?

''The core idea of classical stage theory is that all people -- underscore 'all' -- pass through a series of qualitatively different periods in an invariant and universal sequence in stages that can't be skipped or reordered,'' Richard Lerner, Bergstrom chairman in applied developmental science at Tufts University, told me. Lerner is a close personal friend of Arnett's; he and his wife, Jacqueline, who is also a psychologist, live 20 miles from Worcester, and they have dinner with Arnett and his wife on a regular basis.

''I think the world of Jeff Arnett,'' Lerner said. ''I think he is a smart, passionate person who is doing great work -- not only a smart and productive scholar, but one of the nicest people I ever met in my life.''

No matter how much he likes and admires Arnett, however, Lerner says his friend has ignored some of the basic tenets of developmental psychology. According to classical stage theory, he told me, ''you must develop what you're supposed to develop when you're supposed to develop it or you'll never adequately develop it.''

When I asked Arnett what happens to people who don't have an emerging adulthood, he said it wasn't necessarily a big deal. They might face its developmental tasks -- identity exploration, self-focus, experimentation in love, work and worldview -- at a later time, maybe as a midlife crisis, or they might never face them at all, he said. It depends partly on why they missed emerging adulthood in the first place, whether it was by circumstance or by choice.

No, said Lerner, that's not the way it works. To qualify as a developmental stage, emerging adulthood must be both universal and essential. ''If you don't develop a skill at the right stage, you'll be working the rest of your life to develop it when you should be moving on,'' he said. ''The rest of your development will be unfavorably altered.'' The fact that Arnett can be so casual about the heterogeneity of emerging adulthood and its existence in some cultures but not in others -- indeed, even in some people but not in their neighbors or friends -- is what undermines, for many scholars, his insistence that it's a new life stage.

Why does it matter? Because if the delay in achieving adulthood is just a temporary aberration caused by passing social mores and economic gloom, it's something to struggle through for now, maybe feeling a little sorry for the young people who had the misfortune to come of age in a recession. But if it's a true life stage, we need to start rethinking our definition of normal development and to create systems of education, health care and social supports that take the new stage into account.

The Network on Transitions to Adulthood has been issuing reports about young people since it was formed in 1999 and often ends up recommending more support for 20-somethings. But more of what, exactly? There aren't institutions set up to serve people in this specific age range; social services from a developmental perspective tend to disappear after adolescence. But it's possible to envision some that might address the restlessness and mobility that Arnett says are typical at this stage and that might make the experimentation of ''emerging adulthood'' available to more young people. How about expanding programs like City Year, in which 17- to 24-year-olds from diverse backgrounds spend a year mentoring inner-city children in exchange for a stipend, health insurance, child care, cellphone service and a $5,350 education award? Or a federal program in which a government-sponsored savings account is created for every newborn, to be cashed in at age 21 to support a year's worth of travel, education or volunteer work -- a version of the ''baby bonds'' program that Hillary Clinton mentioned during her 2008 primary campaign? Maybe we can encourage a kind of socially sanctioned ''rumspringa,'' the temporary moratorium from social responsibilities some Amish offer their young people to allow them to experiment before settling down. It requires only a bit of ingenuity -- as well as some societal forbearance and financial commitment -- to think of ways to expand some of the programs that now work so well for the elite, like the Fulbright fellowship or the Peace Corps, to make the chance for temporary service and self-examination available to a wider range of young people.

A century ago, it was helpful to start thinking of adolescents as engaged in the work of growing up rather than as merely lazy or rebellious. Only then could society recognize that the educational, medical, mental-health and social-service needs of this group were unique and that investing in them would have a payoff in the future. Twenty-somethings are engaged in work, too, even if it looks as if they are aimless or failing to pull their weight, Arnett says. But it's a reflection of our collective attitude toward this period that we devote so few resources to keeping them solvent and granting them some measure of security.

THE KIND OF SERVICES that might be created if emerging adulthood is accepted as a life stage can be seen during a visit to Yellowbrick, a residential program in Evanston, Ill., that calls itself the only psychiatric treatment facility for emerging adults. ''Emerging adults really do have unique developmental tasks to focus on,'' said Jesse Viner, Yellowbrick's executive medical director. Viner started Yellowbrick in 2005, when he was working in a group psychiatric practice in Chicago and saw the need for a different way to treat this cohort. He is a soft-spoken man who looks like an accountant and sounds like a New Age prophet, peppering his conversation with phrases like ''helping to empower their agency.''

''Agency'' is a tricky concept when parents are paying the full cost of Yellowbrick's comprehensive residential program, which comes to $21,000 a month and is not always covered by insurance. Staff members are aware of the paradox of encouraging a child to separate from Mommy and Daddy when it's on their dime. They address it with a concept they call connected autonomy, which they define as knowing when to stand alone and when to accept help.

Patients come to Yellowbrick with a variety of problems: substance abuse, eating disorders, depression, anxiety or one of the more severe mental illnesses, like schizophrenia or bipolar disorder, that tend to appear in the late teens or early 20s. The demands of imminent independence can worsen mental-health problems or can create new ones for people who have managed up to that point to perform all the expected roles -- son or daughter, boyfriend or girlfriend, student, teammate, friend -- but get lost when schooling ends and expected roles disappear. That's what happened to one patient who had done well at a top Ivy League college until the last class of the last semester of his last year, when he finished his final paper and could not bring himself to turn it in.

The Yellowbrick philosophy is that young people must meet these challenges without coddling or rescue. Up to 16 patients at a time are housed in the Yellowbrick residence, a four-story apartment building Viner owns. They live in the apartments -- which are large, sunny and lavishly furnished -- in groups of three or four, with staff members always on hand to teach the basics of shopping, cooking, cleaning, scheduling, making commitments and showing up.

Viner let me sit in on daily clinical rounds, scheduled that day for C., a young woman who had been at Yellowbrick for three months. Rounds are like the world's most grueling job interview: the patient sits in front alongside her clinician ''advocate,'' and a dozen or so staff members are arrayed on couches and armchairs around the room, firing questions. C. seemed nervous but pleased with herself, frequently flashing a huge white smile. She is 22, tall and skinny, and she wore tiny denim shorts and a big T-shirt and vest. She started to fall apart during her junior year at college, plagued by binge drinking and anorexia, and in her first weeks at Yellowbrick her alcohol abuse continued. Most psychiatric facilities would have kicked her out after the first relapse, said Dale Monroe-Cook, Yellowbrick's vice president of clinical operations. ''We're doing the opposite: we want the behavior to unfold, and we want to be there in that critical moment, to work with that behavior and help the emerging adult transition to greater independence.''

The Yellowbrick staff let C. face her demons and decide how to deal with them. After five relapses, C. asked the staff to take away her ID so she couldn't buy alcohol. Eventually she decided to start going to meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous.

At her rounds in June, C. was able to report that she had been alcohol-free for 30 days. Jesse Viner's wife, Laura Viner, who is a psychologist on staff, started to clap for her, but no one else joined in. ''We're on eggshells here,'' Gary Zurawski, a clinical social worker specializing in substance abuse, confessed to C. ''We don't know if we should congratulate you too much.'' The staff was sensitive about taking away the young woman's motivation to improve her life for her own sake, not for the sake of getting praise from someone else.

C. took the discussion about the applause in stride and told the staff she had more good news: in two days she was going to graduate. On time.

THE 20S ARE LIKE the stem cell of human development, the pluripotent moment when any of several outcomes is possible. Decisions and actions during this time have lasting ramifications. The 20s are when most people accumulate almost all of their formal education; when most people meet their future spouses and the friends they will keep; when most people start on the careers that they will stay with for many years. This is when adventures, experiments, travels, relationships are embarked on with an abandon that probably will not happen again.

Does that mean it's a good thing to let 20-somethings meander -- or even to encourage them to meander -- before they settle down? That's the question that plagues so many of their parents. It's easy to see the advantages to the delay. There is time enough for adulthood and its attendant obligations; maybe if kids take longer to choose their mates and their careers, they'll make fewer mistakes and live happier lives. But it's just as easy to see the drawbacks. As the settling-down sputters along for the ''emerging adults,'' things can get precarious for the rest of us. Parents are helping pay bills they never counted on paying, and social institutions are missing out on young people contributing to productivity and growth. Of course, the recession complicates things, and even if every 20-something were ready to skip the ''emerging'' moratorium and act like a grown-up, there wouldn't necessarily be jobs for them all. So we're caught in a weird moment, unsure whether to allow young people to keep exploring and questioning or to cut them off and tell them just to find something, anything, to put food on the table and get on with their lives.

Arnett would like to see us choose a middle course. ''To be a young American today is to experience both excitement and uncertainty, wide-open possibility and confusion, new freedoms and new fears,'' he writes in ''Emerging Adulthood.'' During the timeout they are granted from nonstop, often tedious and dispiriting responsibilities, ''emerging adults develop skills for daily living, gain a better understanding of who they are and what they want from life and begin to build a foundation for their adult lives.'' If it really works that way, if this longer road to adulthood really leads to more insight and better choices, then Arnett's vision of an insightful, sensitive, thoughtful, content, well-honed, self-actualizing crop of grown-ups would indeed be something worth waiting for.

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**Graphic**

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By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

TO paraphrase Jean-Luc Godard, who once suggested that the most effective way to criticize a film is to make another, I propose that the best way to criticize "Marie Christine" is to see it back to back with another ambitious but very different theater piece, "In the Blood." Which is what I did recently, by accident and with no malice aforethought.

This isn't fair. Nobody ever intended that the two productions should be seen in tandem and then compared. Yet when they are, each has a way of illuminating the other, sometimes happily, other times for merciless effect.

"Marie Christine" is Michael John LaChiusa's new operalike musical in the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center. It is a variation on the "Medea" of Euripides, updated by almost 2,500 years and transferred, bag and baggage, from the Corinth of prehistory to the New Orleans and Chicago of the 1890's.

"In the Blood," which was inspired in part by Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," is Suzan-Lori Parks's nonmusical play, a spare, utterly contemporary contemplation of an unwed welfare mother of five and the urban society that successfully ignores her. Unfortunately for many of you, "In the Blood" gives its final performance today in the Shiva Theater at the Joseph Papp Public Theater.

Each production is headed by a stunning young actress (Audra McDonald in "Marie Christine" and Charlayne Woodard in "In the Blood") and shares an unusual seriousness in its aspirations. Yet "Marie Christine" is so intimidating with its artistic earnestness that you might want to cry uncle before the end of the first act. "In the Blood" has the jazzy beat and cheeky humor of life as it's captured in tabloid prose. Yet "In the Blood" prompts exultation, which is what opera is supposed to do, while "Marie Christine" leaves you simply exhausted and a little confused.

Seeing "Marie Christine" and "In the Blood" in such juxtaposition confirms suspicions that if and when a new musical form is ever identified, it may be too narrowly elitist for Broadway, which seems to be prospering anyway with a succession of revivals. At the same time, there is hope for an Off Broadway and a regional theater that, like the plays of Ms. Parks, speaks to the needs of the people without condescension.

Mr. LaChiusa, who wrote the words and music for "Marie Christine," continues his tireless pursuit of a new American musical idiom, having already won attention for his satirical "First Lady Suite" and "Hello Again," an adaptation of Schnitzler's "Ronde." This season Mr. LaChiusa is being represented not only by "Marie Christine," for which Lincoln Center Theater has provided a sumptuous production, but also by "The Wild Party," the musical he is doing with George C. Wolfe, the producer of the Public Theater. It is scheduled to open in the spring.

Mr. LaChiusa is the fellow everyone wants to quote when doing a "whither" piece on the state of musical theater. There were high hopes for "Marie Christine," which opened at Lincoln Center not long after "Contact." This innovative, elegantly funny dance play, conceived by the choreographer Susan Stroman and the writer John Weidman, which is now at the Mitzi Newhouse Theater, moves to the Beaumont in March.

The idea behind "Marie Christine" is an interesting one. The New Orleans of 100 years ago is a place where whites and blacks recognize a singular, completely artificial racial hierarchy of a complexity that is both primitive and highly sophisticated. There are apartheidlike laws on the books, but also ways in which the races mix freely, intimately, if not publicly. The system, which ignores have-nots without regard for race or color, perfectly serves the power structures of the white, the black and the mixed-race communities.

Mr. LaChiusa's Medea is Marie Christine, the daughter of a black mother who has a penchant for voodoo, and a rich white plantation owner. She, too, dabbles in magic, which she explains initially as little more than mind games. Later, though, she demonstrates that her magic is as powerful and terrifying as Medea's.

Marie Christine has been brought up in a genteel, strictly bourgeois mulatto world as far removed from the ruling white society as it is from the black ***working class***. Like Medea, she is initially regarded as something exotic and richly desirable by the man who destroys her. In this case, he is Dante Keyes, a handsome buccaneer who seduces her and carries her away, first to New York and then to Chicago.

WHEN Dante eventually dumps her to further his career in Chicago politics, she does what every Medea has been doing since time began; that is, she wreaks a terrible revenge on Dante's new wife and protects her sons in the fashion dictated by the ferocity of her nature.

The problem with "Marie Christine" as an opera or as a musical -- it is not easily classified as either -- is that Mr. LaChiusa's music and words never successfully embrace the primal narrative. They never reveal and embody the all-consuming passions that rule this Medea. Instead, the music and words rather dutifully announce and describe feelings and events that are beyond the artist's ability to evoke directly.

"In the Blood" deals with a world no less exotic in its way than that of "Marie Christine," but never for a minute does it seem to be unreal or removed. Ms. Parks's reimagined Hester Prynne is a woman we choose not to see every day as we move around the city. This Hester is a timeless figure. She is a bewildered Everywoman living under a Manhattan bridge, coping with her five kids: Jabber, Bully, Trouble, Beauty and Baby. She uses and is used by welfare people, do-gooders, fellow drifters and the deadbeat fathers of her children. She is rude, deceitful, filthy, in short: impossible.

Ms. Woodard's performance is blunt, beautiful and riveting, so full of uncanny force that it can make you feel guilty for watching, guiltier for laughing. I can't say that if I met her on the street, I wouldn't walk by her feeling a bit of righteous indignation that we were sharing -- even briefly -- the same territory. Such are the mixed feelings Ms. Parks can bring out.

This is her achievement as a writer. Hester is someone of our time, a character who erupted within the mind of the playwright because her time had come. That's how right she feels.

My difficulty with "Marie Christine," as it was with last year's most "serious" musical, "Parade," for which Jason Robert Brown did the music and lyrics, is that there is no sense of spontaneity about it. It has the manner of a musical more or less worried into being by people who, having desperately searched for a worthy subject, have accepted one before the subject had its own life.

"Marie Christine" is certainly better than "Parade," which was about the lynching of a Jewish businessman in Georgia in 1915, but it, too, has the manner of a project of more theoretical than actual interest.

Mr. LaChiusa's music has wit rather than passion. When he becomes solemn, his lyrics, like the music, begin to sound banal, inadequate, as in "I will love you/ Too much and more," which isn't quite enough when it issues from a mother who is about to murder her two small sons.

There is nothing wrong with the production of "Marie Christine," directed by Graciela Daniele. It is exceedingly handsome, and Audra McDonald is in splendid voice in the title role. This is a big leap for the new star who, until now, has given glowing performances in supporting, largely reactive roles in "Carousel," "Master Class" and "Ragtime."

Her performance as Marie Christine is a good deal smaller than her great, lovely soprano. But there isn't a lot to act. Ms. McDonald looks like a young, naive Medea, and because of that she seems less like an awe-inspiring pagan witch than an angry baby sitter. As she seems to stand apart from the character, so the production and Mr. LaChiusa's text seem to stand apart from the enormity of the tale being told.

The only supporting players who have a chance to register are Anthony Crivello, who sings well as Dante, the rather thinly written Jason character, and Mary Testa, who plays a Chicago madam, a character that exists only to serve the narrative by passing on information as needed.

As staged by David Esbjornson, "In the Blood" has a swiftness of line and an immediacy of feeling that suggest a series of epic, Daumieresque caricatures. Except for Ms. Woodard, each of the actors in the cast has two roles, meaning that all of the children, ranging in age from 2 to 13, are played by the same adults who also turn up minutes later as, among others, the woman from welfare, a nutty street doctor, a hustling preacher, and Hester's first love, a gentle fellow with a serious hang-up with clocks and being able to judge the passage of time.

Though the unwed mother in "In the Blood" is named Hester, and though there are other associations to "The Scarlet Letter," Ms. Parks's interest in the novel and in Hawthorne has more to do with social and psychological responsibility than with anything as commonplace as plot. The "A" that haunts this Hester has nothing to do with adultery. It's the first and only letter of the alphabet that she recognizes after all of the attempts of Jabber, her oldest child, to teach her how to read.

In addition to Ms. Woodard, the members of the superb cast: Rob Campbell, Reggie Montgomery, Gail Grate, Bruce MacVittie and Deirdre O'Connell. Each and every one admirable, in all their guises.

'Minnelli on Minnelli'

"Minnelli on Minnelli" is the self-explanatory title of the show now at -- where else? -- the Palace: Liza Minnelli's irresistible tribute to her father, Vincente, who, beginning with "Cabin in the Sky" in 1943, directed some of MGM's greatest musicals. Not since my stereo went to sleep and my old LP's were stored too long on a radiator have I so enjoyed two hours of looking backward. Among the films whose scores are recalled: "Ziegfeld Follies," "An American in Paris," "The Band Wagon," "Gigi" and "Kismet," which provides the star with one of her big hits of the night: "Baubles, Bangles and Beads."

Ms. Minnelli may be somewhat rounder than when she won her Oscar for the 1972 "Cabaret," but the need to please is real and the talent unstoppable. Bob Mackie's spangly jackets, worn over black slacks, give her whatever show-biz chic she needs. Most important, the voice can still make bold men weep. Some of the patter is awkward, but she is great about both her mum and dad. Fred Ebb's direction keeps everything on track, and the five dancer-singers who back her up are inexhaustible.

The night's climax is telegraphed early on, and it works anyway: Liza, live at the Palace in December 1999, singing a duet of "The Trolley Song" with her mother's voice from the soundtrack of "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944, directed by her father). When you have roots like that, you don't stay at home, hiding them under a wig. You go to the Palace and sing your heart out.

'Shyster'

Bryan Goluboff, author of "Shyster," can write vivid, compelling characters. They are being played for all they are worth by the five wizardly actors now in the Naked Angels production -- which closes today -- at the tiny Blue Heron Theater on East 24th Street. The comedy-drama, about a Jewish family whose father has just died, doesn't seem at all sure about where it is going or how. What are intended to be plot revelations often play as if the author had just changed his mind.

No matter. Set on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, this is a play fueled by the actors, who appear to be having a most productive time of it. Note Phyllis Newman as the exhausted mother of the family; Annabella Sciorra as her daughter, badly wounded during service with the Israeli Army; Fisher Stevens as her drifter son; Charles Malik Whitfield as the young black man who became the son that Mr. Stevens never was to his recently deceased dad, and Saundra McClain, who plays Mr. Whitfield's mother.

More about the story you need not know. The joy in this production, directed by Dante Albertie, is watching these nifty actors give performances you don't often find on Broadway. All the actors are equally good, but among the equals, Ms. Newman is just a little bit more equal than anybody else. She is wonderful.

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**Graphic**

Photos: Charlayne Woodard, standing at center, with, from left, Reggie Montgomery, Bruce MacVittie, Rob Campbell, Deirdre O'Connell, standing, and Gail Grate. (Michal Daniel/"In the Blood") (pg. 7); Liza Minnelli in "Minnelli on Minnelli" at the Palace Theater, and Annabella Sciorra and Fisher Stevens in "Shyster" at the Blue Heron. (Joan Marcus/"Shyster") (pg. 8)

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[***Despite Size, Conservative Party Is a Force to Reckon With***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y3F-B4V0-00RP-K02N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Body**

Michael L. Long, a man of obvious intelligence and energy, did not finish the 12th grade at Richmond Hill High School in Queens. Instead, a few months from graduation in 1959, he joined the Marines.

"I just was that kind of a kid," Mr. Long recalled with a throaty laugh, shaking his head. "There were times when they were talking about throwing me out of school. And then I wound up on the honor roll. And then after I did that, I decided to leave and go to the Marine Corps. I was just contrary. So I guess I've been contrary all my life."

The same must be said of the Conservative Party, headed by Mr. Long. It was conceived in reaction to New York's liberal brand of Republicanism, nurtured by the unfashionably resolute and erudite conservatism of William F. Buckley Jr., raised on a series of long-shot campaigns, and toughened, in those early years, by a political atmosphere that was downright hostile to it.

The Conservative Party, which exists only in New York, has acted as the defiant, doctrinaire little brother to its more malleable sibling, the Republican Party. The two have grown cozier in the last generation as the Conservatives have succeeded in their original aim of drawing the Republicans rightward, yet Mr. Long and company still tend to view the Republican Party as insufficiently pure on issues like smaller government and opposition to abortion. And, remarkably, they remain willing to tell the Republicans to take a hike, even when the stakes are enormous.

That tension is more evident than ever now, as the Conservative Party weighs whether to back Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, a Republican, in his expected race next year against Hillary Rodham Clinton for the United States Senate. Mr. Long insists that in return for his party's support, the mayor must forgo the backing of the Liberal Party, a source of succor throughout his political career, and switch positions to oppose a form of late-term abortion.

Mr. Long has something Mr. Giuliani needs, control of the Conservative ballot line -- no Republican has won a statewide race without it since 1974 -- and that puts Mr. Long in a powerful position. If the mayor accepts his terms, the Conservatives will have forced an important Republican to mold himself to their liking. If not, Mr. Long says, his party will run its own candidate, taking votes on the right away from the mayor, even if that might mean handing the contest to Mrs. Clinton. It is a potent threat, one that reminds every Republican moderate of the cost of crossing the Conservatives.

There are just 172,000 registered Conservatives, 1.6 percent of the state's voters, but the party's appeal to conservative Republicans and independents, and its ability to play the spoiler, make it a far greater force than those numbers suggest. In recent years, it has drawn 200,000 to 800,000 votes on its own line in statewide elections. That could be enough to sway a Senate race in which about six million votes will be cast.

"I don't think it was ever the vision that the Conservative Party would overtake the Republican party," Mr. Long said. "We've always understood that the Conservative Party is a philosophical movement more than a political party." And unlike an ordinary political party, it can stomach moves that might aid its traditional opponents, the Democrats.

That willingness to undermine to Republicans is what gives the Conservatives their power, forcing the Republicans to court them. It is a threat that has been the core of the party's strategy since its creation.

In the early 1960's, Republicans dominated politics in the state, but an ideological conservative had no political home here. The state's top Republicans -- Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Senator Jacob K. Javits, Senator Kenneth B. Keating, Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz -- were moderate to liberal. Republicans sometimes competed with Democrats for the Liberal Party line.

So in early 1962, J. Daniel Mahoney and Kieran E. O'Doherty -- Wall Street lawyers, brothers-in-law, and alienated conservatives -- invented the Conservative Party as a counterweight to the Liberals.

"The intellectual wellspring from which it came was Bill Buckley and National Review," his magazine, said Kieran V. Mahoney, a Republican political consultant who is the son of Daniel Mahoney. "The agenda was anti-communism, tough on drugs and welfare, limited government."

The early leaders of the party were an unusually intellectual bunch for pols, starting with Mr. Buckley. Three of them -- Henry and Anne A. Paolucci, and Charles Rice -- were college professors, as was Paul L. Adams, the party's two-time nominee for governor. Daniel Mahoney later became a federal appeals court judge.

They were unusual in another way, as well. Across the country, "movement conservatives" have tended to be Protestant. But nearly all the early Conservative Party leaders were Roman Catholic, particularly downstate, where the party was strongest. Mr. Long said many of the founders admired Senator Joseph McCarthy, another Catholic conservative who felt abandoned by the Republican Party.

"These were guys who were aghast at Vatican II," Kieran Mahoney said. "The Republicans in New York City had a kind of wealthy-class, Protestant-elite stigma attached to them. Between that and the liberalism of the Rockefeller Republicans, these conservative Catholics just weren't comfortable as Republicans. I would guess the Conservative Party is still more heavily Catholic than either of the major parties."

In 1965, the Conservative Party nominated Mr. Buckley for mayor of New York City, and he drew more than 300,000 votes, 13 percent of the total, in a three-way race won by Representative John V. Lindsay, a liberal Republican. It was a watershed campaign for the Conservatives, who gained heavy publicity and proved their strength in the overwhelmingly Democratic city.

The Conservatives suddenly seemed a real force, and they were vilified by the other parties and the news media. The party's opposition to welfare programs and forced school busing was frequently portrayed as racist. "People spit on us when we went around with petitions," said Serphin R. Maltese, a party founder, later party chairman, who now is a Republican state senator from Queens. "We had things thrown at us; we were called racist, reactionary, sexist."

Though Mr. Rockefeller tried hard to kill the new party -- he pressured Republicans not to accept Conservative support -- its following grew, presaging the national shift rightward over the next generation. The party's support came mainly from those who would later be called Reagan Democrats -- ***working-class***, urban and suburban, often Catholic.

It reached its high-water mark in 1970, when James L. Buckley, brother of William, won election to the Senate in a tight three-way race. He remains the only Conservative candidate ever to win a statewide race without the Republican line.

The Conservatives began working more closely with the Republicans in the 1970's, making a gradual transition from antagonists to mercurial allies. The Conservatives found they could sway Republican nominations by taking sides in primaries, as they did in 1980, helping Alfonse M. D'Amato unseat Mr. Javits. With that victory, the last of the major liberal Republicans were gone, and Mr. D'Amato, Conservative ally and opponent of abortion rights, was New York's most powerful Republican.

Since then, most Republican candidates for state and local offices have had Conservative Party support. In last year's legislative races, 131 Republican candidates had the Conservative line, too; only 11 Democrats did.

Since Mr. Long, 59, a former community school board and City Council member, became chairman in 1988, the party has been very much his show. From the cramped state headquarters in a walk-up above a storefront in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, chosen for its proximity to his liquor store, he rules the party with the gruff, gabby charm of the Irish and Italian immigrants he grew up around. He is direct about his aims and his threats, and has the equanimity needed by a father of nine children.

In short, he is liked by Republicans and Conservatives alike. But he is also feared. Mr. Long pressures Republican candidates to oppose abortion, gay rights and casino gambling, threatening to run Conservative opponents or, in some cases, give his party's line to Democrats. "People in my party are afraid to cross him," said a Republican legislator.

Like his predecessors, Mr. Long has been willing to play havoc with his Republican partners. And he has shown a particular reluctance to embrace Mr. Giuliani, a vocal supporter of abortion rights, who had the city formally recognize same-sex domestic partnerships, who endorsed Gov. Mario M. Cuomo, a Democrat, in 1994, and who proposed a casino on Governors Island.

The Conservatives ran their own candidates for mayor of New York City in 1989 and 1993, rather than support Mr. Giuliani, though he was locked in tight races both times against David N. Dinkins. When Mr. Giuliani ran for re-election in 1997, the nearest Mr. Long would go toward supporting him was to leave the Conservative line blank, and he notes, pointedly, "I didn't vote."

In 1990, the Conservative Party rejected the Republicans' choice for governor, Pierre A. Rinfret, and instead nominated Herbert London, who attacked Mr. Rinfret as aggressively as he did Mr. Cuomo. Mr. London collected more than 800,000 votes, 20 percent of the total, nearly outpolling Mr. Rinfret.

"That was a little scary," Mr. Long said. If Mr. London had finished second, "There would have been an infusion of people changing their registration, and you would have seen other players trying to take over the party. It would have become totally a political party and lost its vision."

In other words, David does not really want to kill Goliath, he just wants to tell Goliath how to behave.

The 1994 race for governor changed life for the Conservatives. They backed Gov. George E. Pataki, a Republican, but had to bend farther than ever to make the endorsement. The party embraced his proposals for lower taxes and tougher criminal penalties, and overlooked his support for gay rights and abortion rights -- though Mr. Pataki sides with Mr. Long in supporting a ban on a method of late-term abortion that opponents call partial-birth abortion.

Mr. Pataki drew more than 300,000 votes on the Conservative line, double his slender winning margin over Mr. Cuomo. It was the first time the Conservatives had nominated a winner for governor, giving it a greater voice than ever in Albany, and access to a vast patronage pool.

Mr. Pataki appointed George J. Marlin, a Conservative, executive director of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, and named Mrs. Paolucci chairwoman of the City University of New York. Eileen Long, Mr. Long's daughter, is chief of staff to Lt. Gov. Mary O. Donohue. At Mr. Long's urging, the governor named Paul Atanasio, an old protege of his, to the School Construction Authority Board. (The latter proved embarrassing; Mr. Atanasio put another person with ties to the Conservative Party in charge of a project, where inadequate safety measures later caused the death of a girl.)

So it appears Mr. Long has more than ever to lose by bucking the Republican Party. But maybe not. The consensus among Republicans is that Mr. Pataki would be unwilling to break with the Conservatives over their refusal to support Mr. Giuliani -- a trade that, for the governor, would mean losing a powerful ally for the sake of a mayor with whom he has brittle relations.

Mr. Long insists that no amount of pressure from any quarter will force his party to support a candidate. In recent years, he has made late-term abortion such a defining issue for the party that if he compromised on it, he says, he would not be able "to go to sleep at night or look myself in the mirror."

Judith Hope, chairwoman of the state Democratic Party, said: "There's something almost refreshing about it, though I profoundly disagree with him. It's rare to see what appears to be a principled stand from a party."

Mr. Long agrees with Republican leaders that Mr. Giuliani would be the strongest opponent for Mrs. Clinton. "I don't contest that, and I don't contest the fact that he's done a wonderful job as mayor," he said.

But, Mr. Long added: "I think the mayor has lately become a convenient conservative. If I'm going to support a convenient conservative, who has been quite liberal on a lot of issues, I want to announce to the world if we do endorse him, that we know what we're endorsing, but we have the following commitments from him. We're not about just winning elections."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael L. Long, chairman of the Conservative Party in New York. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

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[***THEATER; Her Stage Mother, Herself***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48FY-FNP0-01KN-21RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2178 words

**Byline:**  By JESSE GREEN; Jesse Green is the author most recently of "The Velveteen Father: An Unexpected Journey to Parenthood."

**Body**

BERNADETTE LAZZARA didn't want to go on the road. She was finishing the eighth grade at P.S. 58 in Queens and preferred to stay home with her Ozone Park friends. To them, at least, she was a normal kid. She told them as little as possible about her other life, the life across the river in Manhattan: the dancing lessons, the singing lessons, the go-sees and auditions.

They must have known anyway; she had been performing in public since she was a panelist on "Juvenile Jury" at age 3. Now, at 13, she was a pro. She'd had her Equity card for several years already -- got it doing a play called "This Is Goggle," which was directed by Otto Preminger and mercifully closed out of town. The reviews were scalding (one was headlined "I'm Gagging on 'Goggle' ") but did include a mention of the petite blonde making her legit debut: "The audience seemed to be captivated by a tiny tot who had a rear end shaped like a Bartlett pear." Apparently, in 1958, you could write that way about a 9-year-old girl. It could even be considered a rave! Or at least it seemed like one to her mother, Marguerite, who repeated it so often that, 46 years later, Bernadette remembers it word for word. If indeed that's how the quotation ran. Perhaps Marguerite (her daughter sometimes wonders) altered it, "improved" it, just a bit.

Marguerite had certainly "improved" her daughter. For one thing, the girl was not in fact a blonde. "She would tint my hair a little," she remembers now. "When I would say, 'What are you doing?' she'd say, 'Oh, I'm just putting a little conditioner on it.' But slowly my hair got blonder and blonder!"

Bernadette Lazzara throws back her head and laughs. Her trademark mane of rotini curls -- now an elegant shade of copper -- shudders. "Well, I knew the truth," she adds, just as she knew the truth about one of her mother's other improvements. For along with the Equity card had come the opportunity to create a new persona. Explaining lamely that "Bernadette Lazzara" was too long to fit nicely on a marquee, Marguerite replaced it with a name that was just one letter shorter. The reason wasn't hard to discern: "Lazzara" was too Italian for a would-be all-American star. Marguerite killed two birds with one stone; her husband, who didn't like having his name erased (or, for that matter, having a child in show business) was named Peter.

And so, it was as Bernadette Peters that the girl auditioned, at the Variety Arts Studios on 46th Street, for the second national company of "Gypsy," in 1961. And it was as Bernadette Peters that she went on the road, along with her sister, Donna (who was also in the show), and their mother (who wasn't). For nine months she'd be a gypsy in "Gypsy," playing one of the Hollywood Blondes (among other small parts) while understudying the role of Dainty June, a child star during the last gasp of vaudeville. And though she went on as Dainty June only once, her mother improved that, too. When she typed up her daughter's resumes -- clickety-clack in the night, on a typewriter Bernadette had won doing "Juvenile Jury" -- somehow the word "understudy" vanished. "No one will know," said Marguerite.

Well, someone knew; Ms. Peters confesses the "resume padding incident" whenever she sings songs from "Gypsy" in concert. And though she tells the story in a loving way (it's obvious she adored her mother), you can't help feeling she's building a moat between Marguerite's boundless ambition and her own highly regulated professionalism. But it's more complicated than that, since without Marguerite's ambition, Bernadette's professionalism would probably never have emerged -- a paradox that is a core insight of "Gypsy" itself. All children are patched together from the tattered remnants of their parents' ambitions, conflicts, failures. Stage children more than most. But the challenge for everyone trying to grow up is the same: Will you have the nerve to create your own fabulous garment out of what your parents gave you? To tear it off, if necessary?

Bernadette Peters, the grown-up stage child, has a spectacular vantage point from which to consider the subject as she takes on the role of Rose, the stage mother of us all, in Sam Mendes's revival of "Gypsy," opening on Thursday at the Shubert Theater. The parallels to her own life, and her mother's, are eerie. In the musical's libretto, by Arthur Laurents, Rose attempts to escape a stifling ***working-class*** life in Seattle by pushing her daughters into show business; Ms. Peters says that Marguerite put her daughters onstage in hopes of escaping a housewife's dreary fate in Ozone Park. Rose is multiply divorced; Marguerite barely saw her husband, whose job delivering Italian bread started at 1 in the morning. More fundamentally, the source of Rose's driveturns out to be her own thwarted dream of stardom -- she says she was born too early and started too late. Marguerite's dream was quashed by a strict Sicilian mother who saw the stage as a suburb of Sodom.

As for the daughters, both Rose's and Marguerite's were ambivalent about the life laid out for them. At first, as a toddler, Bernadette enjoyed performing; it came naturally, a form of play that people inexplicably liked to watch. But the world in which such play is co-opted for commercial purposes did not appeal to her.

"Oh, it was my mother's idea," she says, relaxing in her dressing room before an afternoon rehearsal. "It wasn't like I asked to be in the business!" She didn't care for the bizarre children, accompanied by desperate mothers, she began to see at auditions: "They spent their whole time smiling for no reason, you know?" She forces a hard grin over her famously soft features, much like the one Dainty June, Rose's younger daughter, flashes maniacally in the current production. "I hated it. I would say to myself: 'What am I feeling? Well, nobody's making me laugh, so I'm just gonna sit here and not smile.' I was the gloomy kid."

"Smile, Baby!" is one of Rose's famous leitmotifs; her girls tend to perform with grim determination. And no wonder. Rose is exhausting, unrelenting, "a pioneer woman without a frontier," as her awed boyfriend, Herbie, describes her. If the show is basically Rose's, one of the mysteries it addresses is how a child can come to embrace what her mother forces on her. Or off her; when, at the climax of the story, Rose bullies her "untalented" older daughter, Louise, into performing a strip act, it's a horror, but it's also a revelation. It's the beginning of Louise's independence and self-love -- and the beginning of Gypsy Rose Lee. Undoing her dress, she undoes her mother.

Ms. Peters says her mother was ambitious but not brutal: happier than Rose, more sophisticated than the stage mothers she set herself above. Marguerite was in it not for glory but fun. Admittedly, it was her own fun, but she didn't exactly force Bernadette to go on the road. She had made a deal with her. In what was possibly her most cunning stratagem, she told her daughter something Rose wouldn't dream of: if she ever wanted to leave show business, she had only to say the word. Bernadette never did.

FOR the three Lazzaras (Ms. Peters has never legally changed her last name), life on the road in 1961 was not without its pleasures, especially early on, in Las Vegas, where the "Gypsy" company settled in for three months. Though she remembers playing two shows a day, seven days a week, Bernadette doesn't seem to have found it tiring. With no tutors or schooling of any sort, she had plenty of time to shop, to sunbathe, to show off her newly developing figure for the chorus boys by the pool at the Bali Ha'i hotel. If most of them were gay, so much the better.

But it was Marguerite who had a ball. She went out gambling after putting the girls to bed at night; Bernadette remembers the sound of silver dollars clanging in her mother's metal purse. She hobnobbed with the leads (Mitzi Green and, later, Mary McCarty) and, like Rose, made a fetish of feeding the kids in the company, though in her case it was home-made lasagna, not reheated restaurant chow mein. Like Rose, too, she'd take silverware from restaurants and hotels; when she died some 20 years later, she left her surprised husband a complete service of stolen silver.

Ms. Peters laughs at her mother's chutzpah, and then at how she copied it. "I remember I took a teapot oncefrom room service, took it home to my father. He was horrified. And then he said, 'Did you have to take one that was chipped?' Well, we didn't think there was anything wrong with it," she adds, "because it was in the script!"

What else was in the script, she didn't study closely. She'd never seen "Gypsy" before appearing in it; the family had money enough for classes, not shows. What she knew of the production was that it was the one to be in if you were a child. Its famous darkness was lost on her; if there were striking parallels between her life and the life of the character she understudied (while Donna was understudying Louise!) she didn't see them. "Maybe I didn't want to see," she says. "Didn't want to see a mother doing that to her daughter."

When I ask her if it was, over all, a good experience for a youngster, she doesn't answer at first but seems to scan an image bank just behind her eyes for something to lock onto. Eventually she comes out with a seeming non sequitur. "I didn't know how to swim. I remember, in Las Vegas, I fell in, once, and they thought I was flailing, but I felt like: 'It's pretty down here!' I might have been dying and I was thinking: 'Look at the pretty color!' And suddenly my fear of water was gone, and I could have stayed in forever." After a while, I realize she's answered my question. Then she dismisses the image: "But I had to get my hair dry for the show that day, so up I came."

People who remember Ms. Peters as a sunny Betty Boop have been whispering since this production of "Gypsy" was announced that she was wrong for Rose. They felt that she was too pretty, too likable to play such an angry part. Perhaps they forgot her ferocious portrayal of Dot in "Sunday in the Park With George" -- another musical about a woman trying to escape from her dress. In fact, a more complicated persona had long since begun to emerge, one that acknowledged the unsmiling, gloomy girl she'd been at auditions. Her singing became more complicated, too. It was always ethereal and husky; she'd copied this unconsciously from her mother, who had polyps on her vocal cords. But, with work, the different colors in her voice fused into one flexible instrument, quite capable of selling Rose's seven monumental Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim songs.

That it's the best part available to one of our best singing actresses would seem to be enough of a reason to cast Ms. Peters as Mama Rose. But there turns out to be something deeper than a commercial imperative at work. It's not really a question of whether the part fits her (though a 55-year-old musical-theater diva in the Broadway wastelands of 2003 is nothing if not "a pioneer woman without a frontier"). It "fits" only one person, Ethel Merman, for whom it was created in 1959. Rose was sewn directly onto Merman like a stripper's gown, highlighting her theatrical and vocal endowments while finessing the rest.

But a great part isn't really a finished costume that a star puts on; it's raw material through which some aspect of her soul is revealed. In that sense Rose is a role that Ms. Peters was born to play: a role to which she can bring something new and emotionally devastating. Merman's most famous successors, all more or less successful in the part, have been more or less Mermanesque in stature and delivery: Rosalind Russell in the movie, Angela Lansbury and Tyne Daly on Broadway, Bette Midler on television. But because Ms. Peters is softer, smaller, more girlish -- the real Rose Hovick was not yet 30 when she went on the road with her daughters -- you may be forced into a more complicated and uncomfortable confrontation with her fate. Usually the show's focus is on how Rose almost ruins her daughters in creating them. Her famous 11 o'clock number, "Rose's Turn," is in most renditions a picture of an indomitable star breaking down in fury; it's a paradox that's thrilling and weirdly uplifting. Under Sam Mendes's direction, the song -- and the show -- are more about how Rose, deluded but still sympathetic, ruins herself.

Marguerite was luckier. She enjoyed and to some extent participated in her daughter's success, sewing the polka dots on her costumes for "Dames at Sea" and maintaining, as Mr. Sondheim's pithy lyric has it, "scrapbooks full of me in the background." She did not have to be pried, like Rose, from her daughter; she let go a little at a time, and her death in 1982 gently did the rest. Still, when I ask if Ms. Peters would encourage a child of hers to go into show business (she married Michael Wittenberg, an investment adviser, in 1996, but has no children), she gives me a look whose charming ferocity tells me she's got Rose down.

"Oh, no," she purrs. "Oh, no."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bernadette Peters as Rose in "Gypsy" at the Shubert Theater. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 1); Bernadette Lazzara, left, performing at an Easter show at Carnegie Hall in 1952 when she was 4; in 1961, now Bernadette Peters, with her mother, Marguerite, foreground above, during the tour of "Gypsy"; and as Dot in Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's musical "Sunday in the Park With George" on Broadway in 1984. (Courtesy Bernadette Peters); (Martha Swope)(pg. 5)

**Load-Date:** April 27, 2003

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[***THE RENT BATTLE: THE MOOD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6XM0-000P-N42D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tenants, Watchful and Worried, Await Deadline***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6XM0-000P-N42D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1048 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

Ella Spivey is precisely the kind of hard-working, salt-of-the-earth New Yorker whom proponents of rent control have in mind when they defend the system that has restricted rents in New York for a half century.

She has worked for 26 years as a teacher's aide in an elementary school. She raised four children in her apartment in Lefrak City in Rego Park, Queens. A widow, she is now raising three teen-age grandchildren by herself. Mrs. Spivey pays $642 a month for her three-bedroom rent-controlled apartment, which would probably go for at least $1,000 on the open market.

If her rent were to increase sharply, Mrs. Spivey said, she would have no idea what to do or where to go. "There's a lot of people working two jobs just to pay the rent," she said. "Rent here can be $750 to $1,000. It's hard. You won't be able to eat."

With the state law that limits rents on nearly 1.2 million apartments set to expire at midnight tonight, Mrs. Spivey and hundreds of thousands of other New York tenants are apprehensively watching the debate in Albany, hoping desperately that regulations will be renewed. So are countless other New Yorkers, who do not personally benefit from the rent system but who defend it as a way to keep poor and vulnerable people in affordable apartments.

And as both Republicans and Democrats in Albany signaled in the last few days a readiness to move away from the brinkmanship of recent months toward a possible compromise, many New Yorkers said they were cautiously optimistic. Interviews with three dozen people selected at random on the streets of Manhattan and Queens late last week showed that there was still strong support in the city for maintaining the core of rent regulations.

Many people contended that without rent control and rent stabilization, New York would be inaccessible to artists, teachers and other middle-class and ***working-class*** residents. The city would become a place exclusively for the very rich and the very poor, many New Yorkers said, and would lose the diversity that is its hallmark.

But there is also much ambivalence about the rent system. Many people said they thought it unfair, in principle, that landlords' revenues were restricted, and they said they would support removing rent restrictions for affluent tenants.

Some people also said they would accept changes proposed by Gov. George E. Pataki that would allow market rents after current tenants left, but they were also concerned about unscrupulous landlords who might harass tenants to leave.

"There should be some compromise between the two sides," said Bob Romanoff, a doctor who lives in a cooperative apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. "They can't throw people out of their apartments, but they can't allow wealthy people to have inexpensive apartments, either."

Monica Vincent, a 29-year-old rock musician, said that the city's diversity depended on the availability of affordable housing.

"For artists and musicians, New York is very expensive already," said Mrs. Vincent, who fled Manhattan's high rents a year ago for an unregulated $650-a-month, one-bedroom apartment with a roof deck in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. "I think rent control should be maintained."

But Mrs. Vincent's support for rent restrictions does not extend to well-to-do tenants. "Nobody who is making $100,000 a year should have a $550-a-month, rent-stabilized apartment."

Many people interviewed in Rego Park and Forest Hills in Queens, and in Greenwich Village and the Upper West Side in Manhattan, shared Mrs. Vincent's conviction that rent control and rent stabilization were essential for maintaining New York's broad demographic mix.

"I think the life of the city depends on keeping rent controls," said Dr. Maxine Orris, an internist who lives in a rent-stabilized apartment on the Upper West Side. "You wouldn't have people walking down the street of all faiths, nationalities and colors -- and that's what makes New York unique."

For some people, the issues are intensely personal. Penelope Roach, who is 62 years old and teaches sociology at Marymount College in Tarrytown, N.Y., has lived for 30 years in a rent-controlled apartment on the Upper West Side. She pays $550 a month for the two-bedroom unit.

"So many people like myself, who are teachers and professionals and who don't make Wall Street salaries," she said, "we won't be able to stay in the city without rent control."

While the overwhelming majority of those interviewed wanted the rent law retained, a few people had a different view.

Jacqueline Carrero, who is 29 and trains bilingual teachers, favors scrapping most of the rent system. Ms. Carrero said there were too many inequities: affluent people with low-rent apartments, younger people or new arrivals to New York who cannot find a rent-controlled or rent-stabilized apartment, older people who don't need a subsidy but have one merely because they have stayed for a long time in one place.

Yet even Ms. Carrero, who lives in an unregulated apartment in Ridgewood, Queens, would retain rent protections for some New Yorkers. "If you're elderly or disabled, that's a different story," she said.

Whether the uncertainty over the future of rent regulations has affected the private market for apartment rentals or sales is unclear.

Christopher Thomas, vice president and sales director for the Brooklyn offices of the William B. May real estate company, said that in the last week, one of his agents in Brooklyn Heights had worked with five clients who were tenants in rent-stabilized apartments. Each had begun looking to buy a cooperative apartment "because of their concern over the outcome of this thing," he said.

But several real estate brokers in Park Slope, Brooklyn, said that no one had rented or bought an apartment because they feared losing rent restrictions.

Among New Yorkers committed to retaining rent controls, the last few days have meant a substantial amount of hand-wringing.

"To do away with rent control and rent stabilization would put people in jeopardy of becoming homeless," said Kathryn Schutte, who received a master's degree last month from the New School and who will have to leave her apartment in university housing in two months.

"We have to protect the people who need it: the elderly, the poor and people like me, who just graduated," Ms. Schutte said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Ella Spivey, Teacher's aide -- If her rent were to increase sharply, she would not know what to do. "There's a lot of people working two jobs just to pay the rent. Rent here can be $750 to $1,000. It's hard. You won't be able to eat." (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); Monica Vincent, Rock musician -- She says the city's diversity depends on affordable housing, but she adds that "Nobody who is making $100,000 a year should have a $550-a-month, rent-stabilized apartment." (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times); Protesters, many from New York City, rallied in front of the Capitol in Albany on May 20. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times); The State Senate's Republican majority leader, Joseph L. Bruno. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

Chart: "CHRONOLOGY: Six Months of Confrontation"

DEC. 5, 1996 -- The State Senate's Republican majority leader, Joseph L. Bruno, calls for an end to nearly all state rent regulations by 1999 and vows to let the rent laws lapse when they expire on June 15, 1997.

DEC. 11, 1996 -- Gov. George E. Pataki, a Republican, says that he favors gradual elimination of rent regulations and considers Mr. Bruno's proposal too rash.

DEC. 30, 1996 -- Mr. Bruno says that he will support keeping rent protections for poor tenants.

MARCH 17, 1997 -- The Democratic-controlled Assembly passes a bill to extend the rent laws indefinitely.

MARCH 25, 1997 -- Mr. Pataki, who has repeatedly refused to take a position in the rent struggle, says he will not offer his own plan on rent, but instead will play the mediator between Republican and Democratic legislators. Democrats dismiss the notion that he could be impartial.

MARCH 26, 1997 -- Mr. Pataki acknowledges that he favors deregulating apartments as they become vacant, a policy known as vacancy decontrol.

APRIL 7, 1997 -- The State Senate, by a 33-27 vote, defeats an attempt to force a vote on whether to renew the rent laws. Two Republicans defy Mr. Bruno and join Democrats in trying to bring the matter to a vote.

APRIL 10, 1997 -- Two small fires break out in the office building that houses Mr. Bruno's district office in Saratoga Springs, a day after that office reported receiving a bomb threat. Investigators say there is no evidence that the fires were intentionally set. But the next day, the Senator, who says he has received death threats for his stance on rent regulations, blames tenant organizers for creating a charged atmosphere that has put him in danger.

APRIL 29, 1997 -- The state Democratic Party, seizing on the rent laws as a 1998 campaign issue, begins broadcasting television and radio advertisements blaming Mr. Pataki and his Republican ally, United States Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato, for the drive to end or weaken controls.

MAY 8, 1997 -- Joining the public relations battle, the Rent Stabilization Association, which represents landlords, begins mailing brochures to elderly renters, assuring them that they will be protected no matter what happens in Albany.

MAY 11, 1997 -- John Cardinal O'Connor calls on state lawmakers to extend rent laws, and to appoint a commission to study housing and ensure that any changes would not hurt the poor.

MAY 11-12, 1997 -- Mr. Pataki releases his own plan, calling for elimination of rent rules as units become vacant, or vacancy decontrol. He also proposes removal of rent protections for wealthy tenants and criminal penalties for landlords who harass tenants.

MAY 14, 1997 -- Mr. Bruno says for the first time that he would support letting immediate family members inherit apartments with rent regulations, but he would not include homosexual partners or other unmarried companions.

MAY 16, 1997 -- Tenants' groups begin broadcasting television commercials attacking the Pataki plan.

MAY 20, 1997 -- In the largest demonstration at the State Capitol in two years, thousands of tenants hold a rally calling for renewal of the rent laws.

JUNE 2, 1997 -- Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, in his sharpest comments yet about the Governor's role in the rent battle, says that Mr. Pataki needs to do more to resolve the impasse, adding that the Governor ought to simply renew the laws.

JUNE 4, 1997 -- After six months of insisting on near-total deregulation in a few years, Mr. Bruno retreats to a position similar to the Governor's, saying that he would agree to vacancy decontrol and luxury decontrol. A few days later, he agreed to allow domestic partners to inherit apartment leases.

JUNE 11, 1997 -- The New York Times publishes the results of a poll showing that more than 70 percent of New York City residents support rent regulations, and that 60 percent disapprove of Mr. Pataki's handling of the issue. But the specifics of Mr. Pataki's plan -- vacancy decontrol and luxury decontrol -- receive moderate support.

JUNE 14, 1997 -- Mr. Pataki instructs the Attorney General's office and the state courts to prepare for prosecution of landlords who harass tenants. Democrats say the Governor's actions are meaningless and that he has no authority to make them. A city hot line draws a flood of calls from frightened tenants who are unsure of their rights.

**Load-Date:** June 15, 1997

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[***Landmark Settlement Ends Hispanic Housing Bias Suit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5YB0-000P-N1D8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PAM BELLUCK

By PAM BELLUCK

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Aug. 7

**Body**

When a job in the press room of a printing company lured Francisco Hernandez to Addison, Ill., a dozen years ago, he was one of only a few Mexican-Americans in town.

The Chicago suburb, where boxy factories as flat as the land churn out gaskets and garage doors, conveyor belts and plastic bubble wrap, had long been a destination of the city's middle-class whites, many from an earlier kind of American immigrant stock: Greek, Italian, Polish or German.

But Mr. Hernandez was soon joined by other ***working-class*** Mexican-Americans, who abandoned Chicago's grit and strain for Addison's safe streets, humming economy and solid schools. By 1990, they made up more than an eighth of Addison's 32,000 residents.

Then, three years ago, the local government bulldozed the small apartment building where Mr. Hernandez lived. It also razed seven other buildings and condemned three more in Mr. Hernandez's neighborhood, saying those and dozens of other buildings containing several hundred apartments were blighted.

The Hispanic residents said Addison was trying to force them out of town, or at least discourage more from coming. The Justice Department agreed and sued, accusing Addison of intentional discrimination.

Today, Addison officials settled the Federal case and a private class-action lawsuit with an ambitious plan that Justice Department officials and housing experts said was a watershed resolution to a housing discrimination claim: While denying that it intentionally discriminated, the village will agree to build affordable housing to replace what it tears down, pay moving costs or compensation to dozens of families, deposit $30,000 in a fair housing fund and put up a community center and parks in the two Hispanic neighborhoods.

The plan is expected to cost $20 million to $25 million, most of it in development costs, Addison officials said. The cost of damages to families and fair-housing groups alone, up to $1.4 million, makes the settlement one of the largest by a municipality in a fair-housing suit, said Paul Hancock, acting deputy United States Attorney General for civil rights.

The case, Justice and housing officials say, is also the latest example of a recent and troubling trend in which Hispanic residents have become the target of a kind of bias that blacks once faced, with several municipalities in New Mexico, New Jersey and elsewhere in the country using government programs or zoning laws as discriminatory tools.

Hispanic Americans, now 10 percent of the United States population and expected to become the country's largest minority by 2010, are beginning to leave overcrowded urban neighborhoods for better jobs in the suburbs, many of which have long been dominated by whites.

"A lot of these jurisdictions for the first time are experiencing an increase in Hispanic population," Mr. Hancock said. "In previous decades we dealt with opposition to racial minorities moving to the suburbs. This seems to be similar."

In Addison, Mr. Hancock said, "our concern was not just that they were tearing down housing, but that their intent seemed to be to rid the village of Hispanics. Now with this plan they are improving the sections of the village where Hispanics live and everyone will be able to stay in the village. That's what makes this such an important settlement."

Municipal officials said they were not biased, but were trying to address concerns about overcrowded housing and dilapidated apartments. Some said that if the Hispanic residents were affected by the ordinances, it was because their families tended to be larger, sometimes including several relatives beyond the immediate family, or because they lived in neighborhoods where the houses were more run-down.

Addison officials denied any discriminatory intent in their decision to use a state tax incentive program to demolish some buildings and make way for new development. John Berley, the assistant village manager, said officials settled the case to avoid the cost of continuing legal proceedings and the risk of losing at trial.

Mr. Berley suggested that the village, a Republican stronghold, might have been the focus of a political agenda by a Democratic Administration in Washington. And he said that much of the settlement, including the new parks and community center, was "a plan we probably would have done anyway."

Hispanic residents and advocates say there is more to it. They say that Hispanic Americans encounter friction after their neighborhoods swell and their culture and language begin to be noticed.

"People hear Spanish being spoken in the street and at school," said Jonathan Rothstein, a lawyer who represented the plaintiffs in the class-action suit against Addison. "They see Latinos using their front yards instead of their back yards. It reaches what some people consider an unacceptable critical mass."

Charles Kamasaki, a vice president of the National Council of La Raza, said that Hispanic residents long unwilling or insufficiently savvy to file civil rights complaints were becoming better organized and more aggressive.

Mr. Hancock said the Addison settlement, which still must be approved by the Federal district judge handling the case, went far beyond what could have been achieved at trial and "the city deserves credit for sitting down and working out a solution."

In the last three years, three other towns have reached settlements with the Justice Department in housing discrimination cases against Hispanic residents.

In New Jersey, the beach town of Wildwood, near Atlantic City, agreed to pay $75,000 in damages after the Justice Department accused the city of discrimination against Hispanic families by selectively enforcing an ordinance that allowed only one person to a bedroom.

The City of Hatch, N.M., settled a lawsuit brought by the Justice Department in December by agreeing to pay $260,000. The suit said town officials used a ban on mobile homes to force Mexican farm workers to move out of Hatch and live in "colonias," squalid shacks without sewage systems or potable water.

Another Chicago suburb, Waukegan, agreed in May to pay up to $200,000 in damages, hire a bilingual fair-housing counselor and stop enforcing a housing ordinance that limited the number of people who could live under one roof to the immediate family and two additional relatives.

And Cicero, Ill., a historically white town west of Chicago, is also being sued for what the Justice Department said was a similar restriction on occupancy that not only seemed to target the town's rapidly growing Hispanic population but also angered real estate agents who said the ordinance kept them from selling houses to the many Hispanic families moving in.

A spokesman for Cicero, David Donahue, denied the allegations and said the town had no intention of settling the lawsuit. "If you have two families living in a single-family home," Mr. Donahue said, "they are only paying one set of property taxes. It's a safety reason and a school overcrowding issue."

Fair-housing advocates and Hispanic organizations said that the Justice Department was selective about the cases it chose and that they had seen similar examples of housing discrimination in Minnesota, Texas and other states.

In the Chicago area, where housing advocates have a long tradition and Hispanic immigration has risen sharply, several suburbs have been confronted about their housing plans or zoning laws and subsequently agreed to change them.

In Addison, a middle-class suburb on the loops of Interstate highways that rope Chicago to the rest of the Midwest and beyond, many of the residents work on assembly lines or in packing plants, and live in modest ranch houses or split-level homes. In the 1950's and 60's, Addison was a prime destination for white ethnic Chicago families. The village has seen its economy energized in recent years as a convenient place for companies to base their Midwest operations.

Addison officials said they did not intend to drive Hispanic residents out of town. "If it looks that way, we're sorry," Mr. Berley said. "We were doing our duty as public officials. Sometimes you have to do things in the public interest and sometimes a small number of people are going to get hurt in the course of it."

Mr. Berley said the buildings in Addison, 30-year-old yellow or tan brick low-rise apartments, had been built too close together and lacked adequate parking and playgrounds. He said the buildings had fallen victim to maintenance problems ranging from broken steps to cockroaches. Mr. Berley said newer residents were renters without the same stake as earlier owners in keeping up the property. "Hispanic families generally do live several families together in the same unit," he said. "That wears property down."

Mr. Berley also said the neighborhoods had been attracting gangs.

"O.K., they're not Cabrini-Green or Robert Taylor Homes," Mr. Berley said, referring to two of the most notorious Chicago housing projects. "Well, are we supposed to wait till it gets to be a Cabrini-Green?"

Hispanic residents say that Addison officials exaggerate the crime and maintenance problems, and that residents have been working to solve them. In a recent visit, the neighborhoods seemed generally neat, if weathered, with iron or concrete balconies, cut grass and children riding bikes or playing soccer outside.

Rita Gonzalez, 32, left one of Chicago's Mexican neighborhoods 10 years ago for a job in a plastic bag factory in Addison and the goal of better schools for her three sons, one of whom began using Chicago gang signals at age 5. A soft-spoken woman, Ms. Gonzalez said she found herself the reluctant leader of the mushrooming Hispanic community.

Ms. Gonzalez, who lives in one of the two Addison neighborhoods designated for redevelopment and was a plaintiff in the class-action suit, said there had been few serious clashes with the "Anglos" in Addison, but she believed that officials were "surprised at how rapidly the community grew."

Mr. Hernandez who used a disability payment to buy a house in Addison after his apartment building was demolished, said the Hispanic community contributed to the village economy, shopping in local stores and starting their own businesses, like the Tejano and Salsa music store, Mi Pueblo, that his family opened recently. "I feel betrayed by the village," he said. "But this is what I call my home."

The Mayor of Addison, Larry Hartwig, who is principal of a local junior high school, said officials were happy to have Hispanic people living in Addison. "I don't think it's a racial thing," Mr. Hartwig said. "I think it's a cultural thing. I see two types of Hispanics in Addison. There are those that have been here for a long time and are very acculturated. If you didn't know their last name, you wouldn't know they were Hispanic. Like Joe Fernandez, who owns the Pink Pony. He's like everybody else here in town. The newer ones, I don't blame them. We need to educate them. As they come and migrate to our country, they need to adapt and adopt our ways."

**Graphic**

Photos: Francisco Hernandez, whose apartment building was among those razed by the village of Addison, runs a Hispanic record shop in town. Louis Saucedo, 8, and Emilio Saucedo, 10, play in a neighborhood where eight apartment buildings were razed by the village of Addison, Ill., giving rise to two discrimination suits. The suits were settled yesterday in favor of Hispanic residents who said the village tried to force them out of town. Rita Gonzalez has become a leader of Addison's Hispanic residents. (Photographs by Todd Buchanan for The New York Times)

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[***THEATER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48H1-D7J0-01KN-23SG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy Broadway and Off Broadway shows this weekend. Approximate running times are in parentheses. \* denotes a highly recommended show.

+ means discounted tickets were at the Theater Development Fund's TKTS booth for performances last Friday and Saturday nights.

++ means discounted tickets were at the booth for last Friday night only.

+++ means discounted tickets were at the booth for performances last Saturday night only.

Broadway

\* "A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG." Portraying Bri and Sheila, the parents of a severely disabled child in Peter Nichols's comic drama from 1967, Eddie Izzard and Victoria Hamilton generate the kind of freshness that comes only when a performer's affinity with a role is like a blood tie. Using jokes to bandage wounds and to stop up the holes in a sinking marriage, they're a truly, spontaneously funny couple: so funny that they break your heart. Working their way through the sharp thrusts and parries of Mr. Nichols's script, they're like Astaire and Rogers skating through a perilously waxed ballroom. The big difference is that while Fred and Ginger were figures of romantic perfection, Bri and Sheila are dancing from desperation. The director, Laurence Boswell, brings out the genuine warmth in the artifice of Mr. Nichols's script (2:45). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $40 to $65 (Ben Brantley).

"NINE." David Leveaux's glamour-saturated revival of Maury Yeston's musical look into a movie director's mind isn't big on momentum or coherence. But it definitely has a point of view: a cool, gauzy vision of a mod, mod world. To watch this hyperelegant production, which stars Antonio Banderas in his Broadway debut, is like flipping through a Diana Vreeland-era Vogue. You enjoy the hair styles, the clothes, the elaborately applied eye shadow and the occasional nonfashion feature, in the form of a gorgeous song or a witty cameo performance. This is a "Nine" for an MTV-bred generation, used to experiencing songs as image bites. More conventional-minded theatergoers can take comfort in Mr. Yeston's sumptuous score and scintillating abbreviated star turns from Jane Krakowski and Chita Rivera. As for Mr. Banderas, he turns out to be a disarming (if somewhat passive) pocket Adonis, a sweeter variation on the old-style Latin lover (2:15). O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: $61 to $101 (Brantley).

\*+++ "TAKE ME OUT." Playing a socially challenged money manager named Mason Marzac, Denis O'Hare shines with the gloom-dispelling wattage that comes when a first-rate actor meets a role he was born to play. When Mason talks about baseball (yes, baseball) in Richard Greenberg's comic drama, directed with verve by Joe Mantello, the show emanates the dewy, delirious passion of a "Boheme" for the ESPN set. This story of pride and prejudice in professional sports, seen at the Public Theater last fall, has been advantageously shaved and streamlined for its Broadway incarnation. But in tracing the impact of a godlike baseball player (the perfectly cast Daniel Sunjata) who declares his homosexuality, Mr. Greenberg winds up sacrificing fully developed characters and plotting to Ideas with a capital I. Those notorious shower scenes remain, just so you know. But it's Mr. Greenberg's infatuation with baseball, ecstatically channeled by Mr. O'Hare, that makes this a show to cheer about (2:45). Kerr, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $66 to $81 (Brantley).

++ "A YEAR WITH FROG AND TOAD." No acrid airs of irony, condescension or frantic salesmanship hover over this gentle, agreeable musical for children, which presents episodes in the friendship of two slime-free amphibians. In its intentions and execution, "Frog and Toad," which stars Jay Goede and Mark Linn-Baker, is as clear as a rural stream in the pre-industrial age. Based on Arnold Lobel's beloved series of books, the show speaks specifically to boys and girls who have yet to reach the age of personal cellphones and Avril Lavigne CD's. Directed by David Petrarca, the show features eminently hummable songs by Robert and Willie Reale and enchanting sets by Adrianne Lobel (daughter of Arnold). Would I recommend it to adults unaccompanied by children? Honestly, no. But in these days of artistically uncertain productions created by corporate committee, it's gratifying to find a musical that knows exactly what it's doing (1:30). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7 p.m.; Fridays at 7 p.m.; Saturdays at 12:00, 3:30 and 7 p.m.; Sundays at 1 and 5 p.m. Tickets: $26.25 to 91.25 (Brantley).

Off Broadway

\* "AVENUE Q." The inspired brainchild of the songwriters Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, this canny toy chest of a musical takes its stylistic cues from "Sesame Street," from its cheery urban set to its singing puppets of assorted colors and dispositions. And in doing so it becomes the first mainstream musical since "Rent" to coo with such seductive directness to theatergoers on the fair side of 40 in their own language, in which irony is less a mind-set than a loosely worn style. Directed by Jason Moore, with a book by Jeff Whitty, the show applies the coaxing, learning-is-fun attitude of children's educational television to the R-rated situations of post-collegiate life in the big city. Featuring a pitch-perfect ensemble of live performers and oversize hand puppets, "Avenue Q"is to "Sesame Street" what Mel Brooks's "Producers" is to vintage Broadway musicals, a connoisseur's tribute to what it only seems to send up (2:00). Vineyard, 108 East 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $20 to $55 (Brantley).

\*+ "DE LA GUARDA" ("VILLA VILLA"). Gravity takes a holiday in this show, which is something like an airborne "Stomp" staged in a mosh pit. Over the heads of a standing audience, performers swoop on long tethers, yelling as they whiz by. They run up the walls, dance in midair or swing down, acting out images of pursuit, teamwork and domination. The music works up to rock-concert volume, joining sound to the hyperkinetic fury (1:10). Roth, 20 Union Square East, at 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8 p.m.; Fridays at 8 and 10:30 p.m.; Saturdays at 7 and 10 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m.; Tickets: $50 (Jon Pareles).

+++ "DREAM A LITTLE DREAM." As Christopher Guest has just demonstrated in his new film, "A Mighty Wind," the reverence and nostalgia of middle-aged baby boomers for the music of the 1960's have achieved lampoonable dimensions. And now onstage we have the very proof of the pudding, a reverential and nostalgic look back at the music of the 60's that is entirely oblivious to its own sanctimony. The show is billing itself as "the Mamas and the Papas musical," a paean to the group that was the epitome of the adult-tolerated, folk-rock branch of the efflorescent pop music scene of the psychedelic era. More accurately, however, the show is a baldly self-centered memoir by a former Papa, Denny Doherty. The other members of the quartet -- Cass Elliot and John and Michelle Phillips -- appear in projected photos and film snippets, and they are also incarnated by singers who, with Mr. Doherty, credibly recreate the group's signature hits (1:50). Village Theater, 158 Bleecker Street, (212) 307-4100. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: $45 to $100 (Bruce Weber).

\* "STONE COLD DEAD SERIOUS." If you're interested in playwriting talent and want to see it muscling toward maturity, you'll find no more fascinating example than this sharply acted production of Adam Rapp's latest exploration of his overall subject, coming of age in the heartland. This is not unfamiliar territory, yet Mr. Rapp's attitude toward his characters is not the familiar mixture of pity and disgust. It is Mr. Rapp's shrewd conviction that a life with evanescent warmth, the promise of warmth or ineffectual warmth in it is far more heartbreaking and dramatic than one that is frozen through and through. The play focuses on 16-year-old Wynne Ledbetter, a computer wiz and video game champion in a suburb north of Chicago, who, with noble intentions but dubious means, is out to save his family, which is not so much dysfunctional as disfigured. And though the play is full of the author's excesses and experiments, it is notable for, among other things, its rendering of the shared language of loved ones that illustrates how families can remain intimate even when they are in shards. Its depiction of a ***working-class*** America that is unable to dream of anything beyond enduring is as sincerely sad a commentary on our culture as you'll find on stage. And its fear for young people is, unfortunately, deeply convincing (2:30). Chashama Theater, 135 West 42nd Street, (212) 206-1515. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8 p.m. Tickets: $40 (Weber).

+ "TALKING HEADS." Alan Bennett's monologues of quietly desperate lives, originally written for BBC television, are exquisitely modulated and veddy English exercises in dramatic irony. Raise the speakers' voices, literally or figuratively, and you risk turning them from sly character studies into comic gargoyles. The cast members of Michael Engler's stage adaptation of six of the "Talking Heads" playlets (performed as two separate evenings) are largely American, and it often seems as if the characters are being impersonated instead of incarnated. Still, as spoken by top-flight performers who include Kathleen Chalfant and Christine Ebersole, the monologues consistently hold your attention. And Lynn Redgrave's portrait of a woman with an obsessive interest in smart shoes (in "Miss Fozzard Finds Her Feet") is superb (each program 2:00). Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, (212) 307-4100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 3 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $35 to $65 (Brantley).

Last Chance

"AS YOU LIKE IT." This six-actor rendering of Shakespeare's comedy of coupling is directed by Erica Schmidt, whose previous show was "Debbie Does Dallas." Happily, she renders the play with its hormones-on-a-rampage sensibility muted. Well, somewhat. Rosalind, as portrayed by Bryce Dallas Howard, has her moments of hysteria and heavy breathing as she contemplates Orlando (Lorenzo Pisoni). But mostly, this is a production that the director has well under control, and that's especially impressive because it is staged with some derring-do. The six actors, playing 14 roles, are constantly running on and off the mostly bare stage floor and re-emerging as other characters; morphing in an instant from actors into stagehands and back again. And Mr. Pisoni was evidently trained as a gymnast, a talent he shows off to considerable effect (1:45). Public, 425 Lafayette Street, (212)239-6200. (1:40) Tonight at 8 p.m.; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m. Sunday at 2 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $45 (Weber).

\*+ "RUSSELL SIMMONS DEF POETRY JAM ON BROADWAY." The hardworking choruses of musicals like "42nd Street" can dance until their shoes lose their taps, but they still won't generate the energy found in this gathering of angry young poets. Directed by Stan Lathan, the show is basically nothing more than nine people standing onstage reciting poems they have written. But this description, which summons clammy images of the classroom, fails to factor in the incandescent mix of exuberance, arrogance and exhibitionism in each performer. The Def poets flaunt their words the way Fosse dancers flaunt their bodies, in muscle-flexing struts, slides and sashays. This is poetry for the stage, not the page. People can complain that much of what is said is aggressively preachy or whiny. But don't let anyone tell you it's not theater (2:00). Longacre, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 5 and 9 p.m.; Sunday at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: $26.25 to $76.25, with a limited number of $16.25 student rush tickets available on the day of show (Brantley).

+ "VINCENT IN BRIXTON." Making her Broadway debut, the English actress Clare Higgins brings a bracing, gimlet-eyed sobriety to the kind of misty, autumnal role usually associated with four-handkerchief movies. In Nicholas Wright's earnestly sentimental drama, Ms. Higgins plays Ursula Loyer, a middle-aged widow in South London in the 1870's, who takes in a young lodger from the Netherlands named (gasp) Vincent van Gogh (Jochum ten Haaf). When Ursula and Vincent finally acknowledge their attraction to each other, it's not so much a case of sparks flying as embers glowing uncertainly. And the scene of mutual seduction that follows is so awkward, funny and affecting that you can only be thankful to Mr. Wright for having given these performers the opportunity to create it. Most of "Vincent," directed by Richard Eyre, does not inspire similar feelings of gratitude, unless you're especially susceptible to carefully outlined, paint-by-number portraits of young artists finding themselves. But Ms. Higgins is first-rate (2:30). Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: $56.25 to $71.25 (Brantley).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Members of the "De la Guarda" troupe in performance. (Richard Mitchell); Denny Doherty and Doris Mason in "Dream a Little Dream." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

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[***Poland's Hard Times Deepen, Dampening Hope for Change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1XJ0-002S-X00X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOHN TAGLIABUE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Oct. 20

**Body**

Among the Poles who gathered today in Mokotowska street for a plate of soup and some bread was an 83-year old retired schoolteacher named Maria, visibly uncomfortable with the rough-and-tumble atmosphere.

Unlike two drunkards who shared her table, she had dressed carefully. The soup was different each day, she explained, and after paying her rent and utilities from a small pension, tea, bread and milk and an occasional egg was mostly what she could otherwise afford.

''The only thing is, I cannot look at these drunks,'' she said, then added cheerily: ''But the soup is really good, and in case things get really bad, I have a daughter.''

Study in Abject Poverty

The soup came from the Red Cross soup kitchen here, a sign of the difficult times that are undermining the hopes stirred by the momentous political change only weeks ago. Basking in the optimism that came with the first non-Communist Government in more than four decades, Poland is also become a study in abject poverty, with only more misery on its immediate horizon.

''We are most afraid of winter,'' said Ludmila Stachowicz, the Red Cross's director of information. ''That always sharpens conditions terribly.''

Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the Solidarity leader who was elected Prime Minister in September, inherits a once-proud nation now demoralized by what many Poles believe is the country's deepest economic crisis since martial law was declared in December 1981.

Economy in Shambles

The departing Communist regime left Poland's economy in a shambles. The economic problems led to widespread labor unrest in 1988, forcing the Communists to the negotiating table for talks with Solidarity that led to this year's national elections, the freest Poles had seen in more than four decades, and the election of a Solidarity-led Government.

Salaries have lost much of their purchasing power in recent months. In the third quarter, prices jumped 107.3 percent, a Polish record.

The budget deficit has swollen to equal nearly 30 percent of Government spending.

Factory managers, unable to calculate costs in zlotys for products like cars, clothes, flour or pharmaceuticals, have simply stopped paying their suppliers. Production in the crucial food-processing industry dropped in August by 23 percent from a year ago.

The zloty slid from about 2,500 to the dollar a year ago to more than 12,000 in August, then climbed back to 7,000. Unable to meet interest payments on the $39-billion foreign debt, representatives of the Central Bank agreed this month with Western commercial banks, who are owed about one-third that sum, to pay only 15 percent of the $500 million interest due in October to December.

Requests for Foreign Aid

Poland's Finance Minister, Leszek Balcerowicz, has asked the seven leading industrialized nations for $500 million in aid to cover an unexpected payments deficit in the fourth quarter that could keep Poland from importing essential industrial products, food and medicine.

Poland is also asking the International Monetary Fund for $1 billion to help defend the exchange rate of the zloty and to make the currency convertible to Western currencies.

Western governments, principally the United States and those in Western Europe, have offered a number of measures, including food, and have opened credit lines to Polish industry, some backed by government guarantees worth several hundred million dollars.

President Bush has proposed a program of aid totaling $455.5 million, most of it for Poland but some for Hungary. But Congress is likely to approve a much larger aid package; the House last week approved $837.5 million to the two countries, and the Senate is considering a $1.2-billion package.

Tears Over Bread and Cheese

The symptoms of the economic malaise are everywhere. Since the outgoing Communist Government jettisoned price supports for food on Aug. 1, prices for meat, sugar, flour and bread, all staples of the Polish kitchen, rise almost daily.

For a nation that has learned through the centuries to accept the harsh lot of brave dreams and harsh realities, the scenes are poignant. Ernest Bryll, a writer who lost his job when the Communists imposed martial law in 1981 and now spends a lot of time watching other Poles standing in lines, observed an elderly woman, a small Solidarity badge pinned to the lapel of her cloth coat, discover that the pittance in her pocketbook was not enough to pay for the bread and cheese she wanted, after that day's price increases. ''She simply burst into tears in the store,'' he said.

''People might bear the higher prices if there were more or better goods on the shop shelves,'' he said. ''But it is still the same poor, gray bread we must eat.''

What hurts many Poles most is the widening gap in an unbalanced economy between the haves and have-nots.

How Entrepreneurs Will Profit

As the economy opens up, great profits are to be made by entrepreneurs and speculators who avail themselves of relaxing regulations to supply the market, at enormous margins, with what it lacks.

In the Victoria Inter-Continental Hotel, near the center of town, a casino opened last month, with roulette and blackjack, and though its tables, aimed at Western tourists, take only hard or convertible currencies like dollars and West German marks, most of the customers are Poles.

Across town, a Marriott hotel opened its doors this month, and though the prices at its restaurants and snack bars are in zlotys, they are, by average standards, astronomical.

Last Sunday, a Pole and his wife, who like numerous curiousity seekers, poked around the coffee bar, left without tasting the wares.

''Coffee and two croissants would have come to about 20,000 zlotys,'' said the man, not one of the city's lowest paid.

At about that time across the Vistula, in the suburb of Praga South, health workers were staging a wildcat strike like those that have lately pricked the economy.

Dr. Zofia Kuratowska, a prominent physician and member of the senate who helped negotiate an end to the stoppage, told of a nurse who put in an eight-hour day at a children's clinic. The rest of her day was spent trying to raise two children on 50,000 zlotys a month. At the premium rate that Poles must pay to purchase dollars these days, that's about $7.15, and falling.

Dealing With the Mess

There is no easy solution, Poles are repeatedly told. But there is a sense, rarely expressed in words though hinted at repeatedly, that a majority of Poles believe there is no other alternative to the Government led by Solidarity, the latest great Polish symbol, to cope with the mess that is Poland's economy.

Among the most pressing problems facing Prime Minister Mazowiecki is the budget deficit that forces the Government to print huge amounts of zlotys that gnaw further at the currency's value. Mr. Mazowiecki and his supporters favor market-oriented policies that remain objectionable to orthodox Communists: privatization of state-owned industries, fixed exchange rates and acceptance of unemployment while workers are retrained and relocated in profitable businesses.

The Government's first target is to reduce the ballooning deficit, which is caused principally by the huge payments made to unprofitable and inefficient state industries that produce large amounts of coal, steel and other goods at a loss.

Cycle of Austerity and Fear

This week, seeking to reduce the deficit, the Government announced the first round of subsidy cuts to unprofitable coal mines in the south of the country. The cuts immediately prompted fears of higher energy prices and labor opposition to possible job losses.

On Thursday, the Communist Party, bruised but not out after losing the reins of government for the first time in more than four decades, responded by denouncing what it said were the Government's goals of ''a free market in the economy, the privatization of national assets, unemployment, and replacing the state's social policy with the charity of the rich.''

In a statement, the party's Central Committee called for round-table discussions, ''seating the Government and representatives of the ***working class***.''

Earlier, the Communist trade union leadership mounted a pin-prick demonstration. About 150 union members, led by Alfred Miodowicz, marched before Parliament in a chill drizzle that appeared to reflect much of the public mood, bearing banners denouncing Government austerity plans.

Peace, for Now, in Industries

But in the big enterprises, the classic starting points for labor unrest, grudging peace prevailed.

At Nowa Huta, the big steel foundry outside Cracow in southern Poland, where strikes in April 1988 sparked the developments that led to the restoration of the banned Solidarity union to legal status and the formation of the present Government, the workers voted recently not to strike. ''They don't like much what's happening,'' said Mieczyslaw Gil, the Solidarity leader who organized the 1988 strike and is now a member of Parliament, ''but they are willing to wait and give the Prime Minister a chance.''

Outside Warsaw, at the big tractor Ursus plant that played a pivotal role in the 1980 strikes that gave birth to Solidarity, worker representatives met in the wood-paneled cafeteria last week. Despite great disquiet over deteriorating conditions, they did likewise.

The big smokestack enterprises, built in the fever of Communist industrialization in the early postwar period, are a case in point illustrating the malaise of the Polish economy.

Like other Polish companies, Nowa Huta, with about 10,000 steel workers, is a paternalistic operation, offering not only a monthly wage, but distributing housing, providing medical care, running theaters and movie houses and arranging summer holidays for workers and their families, regardless of the enterprise's profits. In the absence of a system of unemployment payments, workers are not laid off, even if their jobs are totally unproductive.

Target of Government Policy

But at the heart of Government policy is an attack on the notion of jobs as a means of social welfare, and it is this that brings the menace of social dislocation.

''Wages are a social welfare benefit in Poland, and so in fact is the entire social security system,'' the labor minister, Mr. Kuron, said. ''This must change.''

''Anything that stands for the state's welfare function,'' he told an interviewer from the Government newspaper, Rzeczpospolita, ''should be carefully and precisely divorced from wages, which are the price for work.''

**Graphic**

Photo of people in a soup kitchen in Warsaw (NYT/Witold Jaroslaw Szulecki)

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[***HOW ETHNIC CHILDHOODS SHAPED 'BRIDGE' ACTORS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MHP0-0008-Y4JP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section C; Page 17, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1413 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN KINZER

**Body**

Tony Lo Bianco's desire for authentic detail led him to insist on selecting the pattern of linoleum used in the set; he modeled it after the pattern in his boyhood home. Rose Gregorio chose her wardrobe and even her shoes based on her recollections of relatives she knew when she was growing up.

In these and other ways, childhood memories of the Italian-American ***working class*** guided Mr. Lo Bianco and Miss Gregorio as they prepared for their starring roles in Broadway's critically acclaimed revival of Arthur Miller's drama, ''A View From the Bridge.''

Mr. Lo Bianco grew up on the Brooklyn waterfront, where the play is set. Miss Gregorio, whose parents emigrated from Italy, was born in a similar area in Chicago.

Tony Lo Bianco's desire for authentic detail led him to insist on selecting the pattern of linoleum used in the set; he modeled it after the pattern in his boyhood home.

''Growing up in that neighborhood, it gets to be in your blood,'' said Mr. Lo Bianco the other day. ''You know a lot of the things people do and how they think and act.''

Tormented Longshoreman

Mr. Lo Bianco plays Eddie Carbone, a longshoreman with an unrecognized passion for his 17-year-old niece, whom he and his wife, Beatrice, played by Miss Gregorio, have raised like a daughter. Eddie Carbone is an uneducated, inarticulate man, but in Mr. Lo Bianco's performance the torment he feels is vividly projected by mannerisms and gestures.

''These are very dramatic, expressive people in terms of emotion,'' he explained. ''They are not thinkers or planners. The hands tell you more about what Eddie's going through than the words he has to speak. He might be saying one thing, but the body may be saying something else.''

''I've seen it and I've studied it,'' Mr. Lo Bianco said with evident pride. ''Every little twitch is planned. I've chosen every thing to do.''

Miss Gregorio also said she recognizes the way the characters behave. ''Being Italian and knowing Italian women gives me a foundation for my role,'' she said while relaxing backstage after a recent performance. ''This story makes perfect sense to me. I understand the codes. It was instilled in me that your name is the most important thing in the world. My parents had endless stories about terrible things that would happen to destroy an entire family.''

Visits Italy Regularly

Miss Gregorio has not only remained in touch with her Italian-American relatives and childhood friends, but she also visits Italy regularly to see her aunts and uncles who remained there.

''In the environment where the play takes place, and among the lower classes in Italy, the mother and wife are the kingpins in the family,'' she said. ''The man is head of the household, but the home is a woman's world. If she is very quiet or appears to give way, that's only outside the home.''

As a result of these observations, Miss Gregorio has concentrated on making Beatrice into a stronger figure than she has been in some previous productions.

''I've seen her played as a very frail woman who took a back seat to Eddie,'' Miss Gregorio said. ''But she is a very complete character. She is the only one in the play who sees everything that is going on.''

A Possessive Love

Beatrice tolerates Eddie's possessive love for his niece, Miss Gregorio believes, only because there was no alternative for a middle-aged Italian-American housewife in the 1950's. ''In that environment I don't think there would be any thought of leaving home; there would be nothing for her,'' she said.

Mr. Lo Bianco agrees: ''Leaving, walking out, divorce - those are easy things for us to talk about in 1983. But this play is about people who live by certain institutions, certain rules, behavior patterns that define what you can and cannot do.''

Some theatergoers may view Eddie Carbone as a contemptible figure drifting from reality toward destructive madness and the violation of the codes of his community. But Mr. Lo Bianco considers him a decent, loving man driven to desperate deeds by those around him.

''Circumstances make him behave that way,'' Mr. Lo Bianco said. ''He has no choice. His hands are tied. He does something despicable, but he was driven to it. Nothing else that he tries can resolve the problem.''

'Dishonored in His House'

Eddie is not vicious or evil, Mr. Lo Bianco believes. In fact, he said, Eddie acts just the way any man would on finding himself in a similar situation. ''Half the time, he doesn't even know what he's doing,'' he said. ''He's caught up, as anyone would be. Desperate people do desperate things. This guy has been dishonored in his own house, he's been spit on. He's facing what amounts to death and you never know what you're going to do when you're about to die.''

''Bea is the cause of all the trouble in the family,'' he continued. ''She brings the people into the house who cause the situation. She encourages the romance that causes the confrontation. All she's interested in is getting her man back, and she doesn't give a damn how.''

Miss Gregorio has formed a different perception of Beatrice. ''She is totally humiliated by the situation,'' she said. ''She can't raise her head in the neighborhood. But she is also a very realistic character.''

That realism, Miss Gregorio said, leads Beatrice to stand by her husband despite his transgressions. ''Bea understands it's all unconscious with Eddie,'' she said. ''As the play progresses, he becomes more and more obsessed, to the point where he isn't even thinking about Bea. But the love is still there because it's part of the code they live by.''

Had Played Eddie Before

Although both Mr. Lo Bianco and Miss Gregorio can claim personal insights into the kind of life portrayed in ''A View From the Bridge,'' Mr. Lo Bianco had an advantage when it came to more conventional preparation: He played Eddie Carbone 20 years ago in a New Hampshire summer stock production and has been waiting since then to repeat the role in New York. He worked for a year with Arthur Miller and the director Arvin Brown to bring this production to Broadway from its original staging at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven.

''I knew 20 years ago this would happen,'' he said of the starring role that has brought him standing ovations and glowing reviews. ''It doesn't surprise me at all. I knew the power of this play.''

Mr. Lo Bianco is involved in a series of projects besides ''A View From the Bridge,'' and he appears exhilarated by them. He had a leading role in a two-hour television movie, ''Another Woman's Child,'' that was aired on CBS last month and he is in the final stages of editing ''a bizarre, sensual murder story'' that will mark his debut as a feature film director. At the same time, he is completing a screenplay, which he hopes to direct and perhaps to produce, set in Brooklyn in the 1950's.

''I couldn't be happier,'' Mr. Lo Bianco said with a buoyant smile and an expansive sweep of his arms. ''The chance to do this role here, after having it in mind all these years, is just great. I'm at the height of my life.''

Last-Minute Preparation

If Mr. Lo Bianco can be said to have worked for 20 years on his role as Eddie Carbone, Miss Gregorio had less than that number of days. She is the only member of the cast, other than Robert Prosky as Alfieri, the lawyer, who was not a member of the company that presented the play at the Long Wharf a year ago. She began rehearsals only two weeks before the play opened its five-week pre-Broadway run in Florida.

Mr. Brown was looking for someone with the professional as well as personal background to complement Mr. Lo Bianco. Miss Gregorio, who is married to the stage and film director Ulu Grosbard, won acclaim in ''The Shadow Box'' in 1977 and since then has appeared in a number of other productions in New York. She was widely praised for her portrayal of an aging madam in her husband's film ''True Confessions,'' which starred Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

''It was very hard for me,'' she said of her late entry into the cast of ''A View From the Bridge.'' ''I felt that I had to fit into an existing situation. It was extremely frustrating; it drove me crazy! There wasn't the possibility for exploring the character that I like to have. I feel I'm still getting to know my character.

''I'm not that fast a worker,'' she added. ''Where I really discover things is in rehearsal, going over and over a scene. That's when your unconscious comes up with much more interesting things than if you practice a scene in your room.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Tony Lo Bianco

**End of Document**



[***The Affable Ax Wielder at Sony***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48HF-9J80-01KN-24PR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By LAURA M. HOLSON

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

NO one believes that Sir Howard Stringer likes laying people off. But he certainly gets a lot of practice. And he does it so gracefully.

At CBS in the late 1980's, Sir Howard (he was just Mr. Stringer back then) presided over a drastic downsizing of the broadcast industry's proudest news division, one that he had grown up in as a clerk, documentary maker and news producer. Many of the more than 200 people who lost their jobs were his friends, and Mr. Stringer -- who was carrying out the orders of his tight-fisted boss, Laurence A. Tisch, then chairman of CBS -- let them down easy, sometimes over a drink.

"He recognizes it is traumatic for people," said Dan Rather, the CBS anchor and a friend of Sir Howard. "They long remember not only what is done, but how it's done."

Now, as chairman and chief executive of the American arm of the Sony Corporation, Sir Howard is handing out pink slips again. Sony is struggling -- its shares have fallen 23 percent since the company warned on April 24 that profit next year would be weak. And though the problems are worst in Sony's electronics operations in Japan, the media businesses that Sir Howard oversees in the United States may feel a disproportionate share of the pain.

Already, he has engineered the ouster of Thomas D. Mottola, the charismatic head of Sony Music, and replaced him with a loyal deputy from his CBS days, Andrew Lack, a highly regarded television executive with no experience in the music business. Mr. Lack has announced plans to eliminate 1,000 jobs and, according to a Sony executive, has devised a plan to save $100 million a year in the unit, which even in the moribund music industry is regarded as struggling.

At Sony Pictures Entertainment, Sir Howard intends to rein in fat deals for film actors and producers, film industry executives said. Managers in Hollywood are reviewing marketing budgets and have reached out for partners to finance films they might have produced on their own last year.

He has the advantage at Sony of working for bosses more mild-mannered than Mr. Tisch, who, CBS executives recalled, once suggested that female employees pay for tampons stocked in corporate washrooms. Sir Howard also has fewer personal ties to the people whose jobs he will be excising.

But what he has most in his favor are political skills that he exercises up and down the organization with equal adeptness.

"When you look at all the very strong people that Howard has worked with, he adjusts his style so that he can get all the things he's got to get done," said Jeff Sagansky, who ran CBS Entertainment under him and is now vice chairman of Paxson Communications, which owns television stations and operates a family-oriented network.

Another executive who worked closely with Sir Howard but who spoke on condition of anonymity, said: "Howard in and of himself is not a cost cutter. He responds to the whims of people to whom he reports."

No one knows how deep the cuts will be and, in the case of the music group, whether Sir Howard can reinvigorate the business. But the parent company's chairman and chief executive, Nobuyuki Idei, is unlikely to impose draconian measures unless financially necessary, say people who know him.

"It's a cliche to say, but Japan has a consensual society," said Peter Peterson, a former Sony director. "They are nonconfrontational," he added, referring to Sir Howard's bosses at Sony.

Mr. Idei and Mr. Tisch did not respond to requests for interviews. Sir Howard, for his part, declined to be interviewed. "We're all feeling a little sensitive right now," said a Sony spokeswoman.

AT Sony Pictures Entertainment this year, said two executives briefed on the division's plans, executives hope to curb spending in an effort to deliver an operating profit of more than $300 million. That is sizable, given that the studio is not expected to have another profit machine like "Spider-Man" anytime soon.

According to a person who knows him, Mr. Idei does not want to reverse what has become a profitable trend in the film division, which had been a money-loser for a decade. Amy Pascal, the chairwoman of Sony's Columbia Pictures studio, promised a large chunk of last year's box-office revenue to stars and producers to make "Men in Black II," film executives said. (The movie still made a profit and Sony Pictures had its best year ever.) She also promised generous revenue-sharing terms to the stars and producers of this summer's sequels to "Charlie's Angels" and "Bad Boys." Ms. Pascal declined to comment.

Columbia, an industry executive said, "is going to spend less time on big deals and wants to make more family films."

At Sony, Sir Howard has a luxury he didn't have at CBS: subordinates to assist in making the cuts for him. When the television business was restructured in 2001, the chief financial officer, Robert S. Wiesenthal, helped execute the plan. More recently, at the Sony Music Group in January, the cutting was done by Mr. Lack. According to a music industry executive, Mr. Lack presented a two-year plan to Mr. Idei that is expected to save $100 million a year. The company's labels, Epic and Columbia, will no longer be run as separate fiefs. The plan simplifies music distribution and cuts advertising and promotion expenses.

The music group, which lost $72 million last year, not including a $190 million restructuring charge, faces a situation both pressing and tenuous. For one, the industry is struggling to raise profits in the face of weak sales of compact discs and growing music sharing over the Internet.

But Mr. Lack, critics say, has never run a music company. And running the Sony Music Group after Mr. Mottola's departure is particularly sensitive, given that many executives there, whom Mr. Mottola recruited and made rich, remain his loyal friends, say people who have worked there.

To understand why Sony executives entrusted Sir Howard with restructuring the company's American business (he was recently named a vice chairman of the Japanese parent), consider Sony's first foray with Hollywood executives: In 1989, Sony hired Jon Peters and Peter Guber, the Hollywood producing team known for profligate spending, to be co-chairmen of the studio. Their tenure was disastrous for Sony -- they made flops like Arnold Schwarzenegger's "Last Action Hero" and used the corporate jet as a personal taxi. Sony was forced to take a $3.2 billion write-down in 1994 -- one of the largest in Japan's corporate history -- because of Hollywood losses.

Since he took over in 1997, Sir Howard, by contrast, has been polite, self-effacing and ever the diplomat, with a sharp eye on how his corporate overseers perceive his actions. (This, the Sony spokeswoman said, is why Sir Howard declined to be interviewed.) Last year, he practically commuted to Tokyo, making at least 10 trips. He is a fixture at every Sony Hollywood premiere. And he is collaborative, seeking advice not only from Japanese executives but also from colleagues in the United States. In fact, some executives in Hollywood have joked that he has more in common with the Japanese than his native Welsh.

"Howard has successfully bridged the cultural language between an international owner and entertainment company more successfully than anyone before," said Jeffrey Katzenberg, one of the founders of DreamWorks SKG, who has known him for nearly two decades.

But most important, say people who know him, he is mindful that the corporate wallet is not his. In 2001, he promised to cut $150 million by restructuring the television business; that helped Sony finance Columbia Pictures' films more easily that year. "That was very unusual for them," Mr. Peterson said.

Even now at CBS, Sir Howard is remembered fondly, despite the cuts he made at Mr. Tisch's insistence. He was popular with entertainers, too, most famously recruiting David Letterman in 1993 to move his late-night show to CBS from NBC.

But Sir Howard is not without critics. "There were people who thought Howard could have done more to save News," said Ed Bradley, the "60 Minutes" correspondent, referring to CBS News. According to one CBS employee, some colleagues thought Mr. Tisch had been testing Sir Howard to see if he had the mettle to make tough decisions.

Sir Howard joined the Sony Corporation of America as president in 1997 after two years as chief executive and chairman at Tele-TV, a venture that promised home video delivery via telephone lines but failed instead. When he arrived at Sony, none of the major American divisions, which also include a sizable electronics business, reported to him; they were run as separate businesses. As Sir Howard gained Mr. Idei's confidence, his authority increased.

SIR HOWARD is not above poking fun at himself, particularly his ***working-class*** Welsh roots. But he, too, has come far. He has dined with Prince Charles and was knighted in 2000 for service to his country. "I think he's a little amused he is where he is and has to deal with all these personalities who are larger than life," said Mr. Sagansky of Paxson Communications.

One of those personalities is Mr. Rather, who recalled a dinner at the Plaza Hotel in the late 1980's when Sir Howard, a regular on the New York social circuit and a frequent recipient of awards, was honored as "an outstanding American of Welsh descent." The dinner, Mr. Rather recalled, was hardly a gathering for the Upper East Side set; some guests wore traditional Welsh hats. As Mr. Rather recalled it, Sir Howard expressed surprise that Mr. Rather had come, then greeted him with a hug and said that it "demonstrated true friendship."

Another time, Mr. Rather organized an intimate lunch at a window table at Cafe des Artistes near Central Park. But outside, marching bands paraded on the street and drowned out the conversation. Mr. Rather recalled that Sir Howard, suggesting the parade was for them, said over the noise, "When you give a luncheon, you give a luncheon."

Sir Howard's sociability applies both in business and with friends. "He is a pleasant man to drink with," said Mike Wallace, the correspondent and co-editor of "60 Minutes."

Mr. Sagansky recalled that during Sir Howard's CBS years, he had testy negotiations with Burt Reynolds, then the star of "Evening Shade," who was demanding more autonomy. After several dinners with Sir Howard, a persuasive storyteller versed in literature and fine wine, Mr. Reynolds acquiesced. "On the one hand he was the disciplinarian," said Mr. Sagansky of Sir Howard, "and on the other hand Burt liked him and was sending him presents."

Unlike other media moguls, who have palatial ranches in Sun Valley or front-row tickets to Knicks games, Sir Howard is not given to extravagant affectations. Nicholas Pileggi, the screenwriter and a close friend of Sir Howard's, said the two often slip into their sneakers and walk around the reservoir in Central Park. And Sir Howard's tickets to New York Giants games, Mr. Pileggi contended, "were not necessarily the best in the house."

Just how long Sir Howard will stay at Sony is unclear. Sir Howard and his wife, Jennifer A. K. Patterson, a dermatologist, recently sold their home in the Hamptons to move back to England, where they want to raise their two young children. For many in the media industry it was a signal that maybe he was ready to retire.

But instead Sir Howard, who is based in New York, recently agreed to stay at Sony until 2005, with an option to stay two additional years.

Now he often visits England on weekends, friends say. "Sony is accommodating," Mr. Peterson said, "but it's got to be tough."

Another friend of Sir Howard's said he was nowhere close to retiring: "He loves the game more than people know. The reality is he doesn't want to go to the farm just yet."

Howard Stringer

BORN -- Feb. 19, 1942

Cardiff, Wales

HOMETOWN -- New York

EDUCATION -- B.A., 1964, and M.A., 1967, modern history, Oxford University, Britain.

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS -- CBS: executive producer, "CBS Reports," 1976-81; excutive producer, "CBS Evening News with Dan Rather," 1981-84; executive vice president, CBS News, 1984-86; president, CBS News, 1986-88; president, CBS Broadcast Group, 1988-95.

Tele-TV: chairman and chief executive, 1995-97.

Sony Corporation of America: president, May 1997-Dec. 1998; chairman and chief executive, Dec. 1998-present.

Sony Pictures Entertainment: chairman, May-Dec. 1998.

Sony Corp. (Japan): director, June 1999-present; vice chairman, April 2003-present.

OTHER -- U.S. Army, Vietnam, 1965-67; American citizenship, 1985; knighted, 2000.

BOARDS -- InterContinental Hotels Group; American Film Institute; Museum of Radio and Television; New York Presbyterian Hospital.

FAMILY -- Wife, Dr. Jennifer A.K. Patterson; two children.

HOBBIES -- Collecting rare books and first editions.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sir Howard Stringer, who cut spending at CBS in the 1980's, is now overseeing cost-cutting at Sony. (Getty Images)(pg. 1); Dan Rather, left, at a 1982 meeting with his executive producer at CBS News, Howard Stringer, right. (pg. 12); Sir Howard Stringer, center, works for Nobuyuki Idei, left, the chief of Sony, and worked for Laurence A. Tisch, right, at CBS in the 1980's. (Bill Cunningham/The New York Times, 1998)(pg. 13) Chart: "Money Trouble"Losses at the Sony Corporation of Japan have depressed its stock and put pressure on the company's American subsidiary, led by Sir Howard Stringer, to cut costs. Graph tracks Sony's share price weekly from 1999-2003. (converted at 118.94 yen to the dollar) Graphs track Sony's earnings and sales from 1999-2003. (Sources: Sony; Bloomberg Financial Markets stock price )(pg. 13)

**Load-Date:** May 4, 2003

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XTB-9J10-00RP-K4WS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2202 words

**Body**

Here is a selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on page 16.

Now Playing

\* "AMERICAN BEAUTY," starring Kevin Spacey, Annette Bening, Chris Cooper, Wes Bentley and Thora Birch. Written by Alan Ball. Directed by Sam Mendes (R, 116 minutes). With heavenly finesse, Mr. Spacey plays a buttoned-down 42-year-old suburbanite who flips his lid for a teenage cheerleader. And he never gets it back on. The midlife crisis motif is familiar, but the stage director Sam Mendes brings terrific visual flair and dry humor to this barbecuing of the bourgeoisie. All the actors display coolly expert timing, especially Ms. Bening as the antihero's grasping wife. Although the story spreads itself thin among many characters, the film coalesces for a devastating finale (Janet Maslin).

\* "BEING JOHN MALKOVICH," starring John Cusack, Catherine Keener, Cameron Diaz and (of course) John Malkovich. Written by Charlie Kaufman and directed by Spike Jonze (R, 112 minutes). Welcome to the fun house: in this exhilaratingly quirky first feature by a stellar video director, the reigning fears and obsessions of a technology-crazed, voyeuristic culture are given an even wilder workout than they got from "The Truman Show." Mr. Cusack plays a discouraged puppeteer who accidentally finds a way into Mr. Malkovich's mind. While the ordinary science-fiction plot might go downhill after revealing its gimmick, this one's inspired craziness goes on and on. Originality and cleverness abound (Maslin).

"THE BEST MAN," starring Taye Diggs, Morris Chestnut, Nia Long and Harold Perrineau. Directed by Malcolm D. Lee (R, 118 minutes). This feel-good ensemble film turns Mr. Diggs into a spectacled but hunky novelist en route to a friend's wedding. There he finds temptation in the form of an old flame and a lot of genial guy talk about the meaning of marriage. No problem here is too complicated to be settled by a good-humored dance scene. Another demonstration that current movies about upscale black characters have much more solid traditional values than ones about catty white teenagers (Maslin).

\* "BOYS DON'T CRY," starring Hillary Swank and Chloe Sevigny. Directed by Kimberley Pierce (R, 114 minutes). This stunning debut feature tells the strange and resonant story of Brandon Teena, who despite being born Teena Brandon went on to create a charismatic identity as a young man. Brandon's ultimately wrenching tale may sound tabloid-ready, but on screen it turns into Theodore Dreiser's idea of American tragedy. The film makes it hauntingly real and even tenderly romantic, with the astonishing acting needed to make it work. One of the year's best (Maslin).

"BRINGING OUT THE DEAD," starring Nicolas Cage and Patricia Arquette. Written by Paul Schrader from a novel by Joe Connelly. Directed by Martin Scorsese (R, 115 minutes). An intense, volatile film full of sorrow and wild, mordant humor. This time it took prop garbage on the streets of Hell's Kitchen to create a sufficiently hellish ambience for another nighttime tour of Manhattan. But Mr. Scorsese has mellowed significantly since his "Taxi Driver" days, and his uneven but impassioned, visually inventive new film is more contemplative than it looks. Mr. Cage gives a fine, soulful performance as a New York ambulance driver haunted by ghosts. Ving Rhames is a major scene-stealer as one of his partners (Maslin).

"DOUBLE JEOPARDY," starring Ashley Judd, Tommy Lee Jones and Bruce Greenwood. Directed by Bruce Beresford (R, 106 minutes). In a touristy thriller that roams from the coastline of Washington State to the French Quarter of North Orleans, Ms. Judd plays a woman who is free to kill her husband because she has already gone to prison for the crime (see title). Not even she is beautiful enough to get away with rote acting and a far-fetched plot, but she perks up as her character becomes less of a victim. In this coed homage to "The Fugitive," Mr. Jones is on hand as another weathered sourpuss with a knack for barking orders. Mr. Beresford directs so unremarkably that it takes a line like "I feel like I've grown in the last six years" to signal the passage of time (Maslin).

\* "EARTH," starring Aamir Khan, Nandita Das, Rahul Khanna and Maia Sethna. Directed by Deepa Mehta (not rated, 99 minutes). It is 1947 and India is about to explode into ethnic violence as British colonial rule ends and the country is partitioned into two nations, mostly Hindu India and mostly Muslim Pakistan. These momentous changes are observed by Lenny (Ms. Sethna), the 8-year-old daughter of a well-to-do Parsi family in Lahore. As Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs slaughter one another in the streets, old friends become deadly enemies. Caught in the middle is Shanta (Ms. Das), Lenny's beautiful Hindu nanny, who has two Muslim suitors. The movie's child's-eye view somewhat mutes its dramatic sweep (Stephen Holden).

\* "FIGHT CLUB," starring Brad Pitt, Edward Norton and Helena Bonham Carter. Directed by David Fincher (R, 135 minutes). The sardonic, testosterone-fueled science fiction of this grunge parable means to hit raw nerves. Making a tougher but less stomach-turning film than his earlier "Seven," Mr. Fincher taps into the nexus of computer-age malevolent fantasy and attempts to psychoanalyze an entire culture in ways that aren't entirely clear until the film's whammy of a denouement. A reckless but fascinating attempt, expertly acted, to make sense of contemporary frustrations (Maslin).

"HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL," starring Geoffrey Rush, Taye Diggs and Peter Gallagher. Directed by William Malone (R, 115 minutes). If the ever vigilant Federal Reserve chairman, Alan Greenspan, is truly determined to snuff out inflation aborning, then he can do no better than to take sharpened pencil in hand, make his way to the nearest theater showing this film and strike fearlessly until its feeble pulse beats no more. This is a sorry reincarnation of the 1950's William Castle horror film in which an eccentric millionaire played by Vincent Price offered five strangers $10,000 each to spend the night in a spooky old mansion. In the new version, the ante for survival has been raised to $1 million apiece. Even allowing for inflation in the 40 years since the original opened, the reward in 1999 should come to only $57,113.47, according to the Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis. But some things have not become devalued over the years -- words like junk, for example. "Hill" was pronounced junk in these pages in 1959. And it is still junk (Lawrence Van Gelder).

\* "THE LIMEY," starring Terence Stamp and Peter Fonda. Directed by Steven Soderbergh (R, 89 minutes). From a director for whom the quirky stylistic exercise is standard style, this is a handsome throwback to the salad days of its two iconic stars. Mr. Stamp, in a stony, magnetic performance punctuated by flashbacks to his early career, plays an ex-con seeking revenge for the death of his daughter. He becomes the nemesis of Mr. Fonda's slick Hollywood hipster, in another role that's piquantly tailor-made. Mr. Soderbergh resurrects the lean, hard-boiled look of John Boorman's "Point Blank" as he dissects and considers these two tough customers from every conceivable perspective (Maslin).

\* "LUCIE AUBRAC," starring Carole Bouquet and Daniel Auteuil. Produced, written and directed by Claude Berri (R, 116 minutes). What lifts this taut World War II thriller based on a true story above the ordinary are the impassioned performances of Ms. Bouquet and Mr. Auteuil as Lucie and Raymond, a married couple who are fighters in the French Resistance. When Raymond is arrested by the Nazis and convicted of war crimes, Lucie conceives an outrageously audacious plan for his escape. Ms. Bouquet and Mr. Auteuil are as romantically intense as Bogey and Bergman in "Casablanca," but here the woman is the one who ends up doing the thinking for both of them (Holden).

"MUSIC OF THE HEART," starring Meryl Streep, Aidan Quinn, Angela Bassett and Gloria Estefan. Directed by Wes Craven (PG, 110 minutes). Not many of us enjoy being lectured by dressed-down Hollywood stars in gritty classroom situations. But the true story of Roberta Guaspari, a music teacher in East Harlem and a single mother surviving a nasty divorce, has been given a blunt, no-nonsense tone that works. Ms. Streep gives a down-to-earth performance that is sheer award bait. The story is inspirational enough to take Ms. Guaspari from no job prospects to watching her proud students play alongside Itzhak Perlman, Isaac Stern and other violin stars. Not a bad reason for Mr. Craven to have sidelined the claws and hatchets for a while (Maslin).

\* "PRINCESS MONONOKE," with the voices of Billy Crudup, Claire Danes, Billy Bob Thornton and Minnie Driver. Directed by Hayao Miyazaki (PG-13, 133 minutes). A landmark feat of Japanese animation from the acknowledged master of the genre. This complicated, exotically beautiful epic features gods and demons locked in battle for the future of the forest, and its visions are breathtakingly rendered. But it is the film's stirring use of nature, myth and Japanese history that makes it so special. Worth seeing just for its Forest Spirit, which takes animal form by day and roams the night as a diaphanous, Godzilla-like divinity. The image of plants and flowers springing to life beneath his hooves is ravishingly presented. Despite a superb blend of hand-drawn cels and fluid, computer-generated animation, the film's look is gratifyingly understated (Maslin).

"THE STORY OF US," starring Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer. Directed by Rob Reiner (R, 90 minutes). The first unofficial Jack Lemmon comedy for the baby boom generation. As an ode to the ups and downs of middle-aged marriage, this arthritic suburban story is enough to make single people want to file for divorce. Mr. Willis makes iffy casting in the role of a sensitive father and husband, while Ms. Pfeiffer is not well served by a role that makes her scream so hard that her neck turns red. Together, with the help of noisy friends and acquaintances, these two run through the long history of a marriage with the help of a criminal set of wigs and hairpieces. Small talk turns to matters like home repair jobs and prostate trouble (Maslin).

\* "THE STRAIGHT STORY," starring Richard Farnsworth and Sissy Spacek. Directed by David Lynch (G, 110 minutes). As the least likely filmmaker on the planet to pull off a G-rated miracle, Mr. Lynch rises to the challenge with exhilarating vigor. It may not sound like much, but this account of an old man making a long trip on a riding lawn mower turns out to be a slow-moving, folksy-looking, deeply spiritual film with the power to hold audiences in thrall. And as Oscar may well note next spring, it would not have been possible without Mr. Farnsworth's terse, no-nonsense honesty at its heart. Mr. Lynch's famously unwholesome imagination crosses a new frontier to explore simple virtues and natural beauty. The result: a supremely improbable triumph (Maslin).

"THREE KINGS," starring George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg and Ice Cube. Written and directed by David O. Russell (R, 105 minutes). The prodigiously talented writer-director of "Spanking the Monkey" and "Flirting With Disaster" has made a much more ambitious film, with mixed results. His gimlet-eyed Persian Gulf war film has a "Catch-22" absurdist edge, but it also has an oversupply of visual affectations. Vertiginous music-video camera tricks jazz up the otherwise straightforward story of American soldiers who have larcenous designs on Saddam Hussein's captured gold and then develop conscience pangs about their own roles in Iraq. There are many clever peripheral touches, but there's something tamely conventional at the film's core (Maslin).

Film Series

"KATHARINE HEPBURN." She was called box-office poison, and even at the height of her career never made her way onto the annual lists of the Top 10 draws. But she won four Academy Awards, more than any other actor, and the American Film Institute recently anointed her the greatest female "movie legend." Her name is Katharine Hepburn, and beginning tomorrow at the American Museum of the Moving Image this durable star will be the subject of a 13-film retrospective ranging across her career. The proceedings begin at 1 p.m. with her screen debut opposite John Barrymore in George Cukor's "Bill of Divorcement" (1932). At 2:30 p.m. comes George Stevens's "Alice Adams," with the actress cast as a social climber from a ***working-class*** family. The day's finale, at 4:30 p.m., is Cukor's "Sylvia Scarlett" (1935), with Cary Grant as co-star and Ms. Hepburn cast as a young woman masquerading as a boy. Sunday's attractions are "Stage Door" (1937) at 2 p.m. and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938) at 4 p.m. Admission to the retrospective, through Nov. 21, is $8.50 for adults, $5.50 for people over 65 and students with ID, $4.50 for ages 5 to 18 and free for members and children 4 and younger. Information: (718) 784-0077 (Van Gelder).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: John Malkovich, really: In "Being John Malkovich," Mr. Malkovich, the actor, makes an appearance. (Associated Press); Practice, practice: Meryl Streep in "Music of the Heart," by Wes Craven, known for horror films. (Kerry Hayes/Miramax Films)

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**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION: SEASON PREVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2SF0-002S-X0CN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Teen-age Fantasies, Literary Classics, War and Revolution***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2SF0-002S-X0CN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 10, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Part 2, Page 49, Column 1; The New Season Magazine; Schedule

**Length:** 1757 words

**Byline:** By Jeremy Gerard

**Body**

EVER IN SEARCH OF young viewers to deliver to their advertisers, the networks have always offered a few series that exploit the fantasies of teen-agers. This season brings us three new ones.

In ''Doogie Howser, M.D.'' (ABC), a 16-year-old doctor doing his residency at a big-city hospital copes with his father (also a doctor), his hormones and his patients. In ''The Famous Teddy Z'' (CBS), a young man working in the mail room of a Hollywood talent firm suddenly finds himself representing a very cranky, very famous actor. In ''Living Dolls'' (ABC), four young models, all girls, live with their boss and - you guessed it - her 16-year-old son.

This season Fox Television will begin programming on Monday night, in addition to its Saturday and Sunday lineups, and those shows, too, are aimed at the younger audience. They include ''Alien Nation,'' based on the film of the same name, about aliens from outer space trying to assimilate into California society, and ''Booker,'' about a renegade cop who takes a job as a corporate private investigator.

Relief from teen fare and family sitcoms may be found on public television, as well as on its cable competitor, the Arts & Entertainment Network.

In October, PBS's Masterpiece Theater will offer ''And a Nightingale Sang,'' a touching play by C. P. Taylor about a struggling family and hard-won love in Britain during World War II. But the big event will undoubtedly be ''A Tale of Two Cities,'' based on the Dickens novel, beginning in November, a mini-series in four parts jointly produced by American, British and French companies.

The Great Performances series will present two acclaimed theatrical productions: in October, the Paper Mill Playhouse will revive ''Show Boat,'' the seminal Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein 2d musical, and in November there will be the Lincoln Center Theater production of Thornton Wilder's ''Our Town.''

Beginning in October, Arts & Entertainment will offer the BBC production of ''Blackadder IV,'' written by and starring the comedian Rowan Atkinson, who plays an imaginary British ruler.

Also beginning in October is ''The Road to War,'' a joint A&E-BBC production about the events that led to World War II.

TELEVISION: A SELECTIVE GUIDE

New Network Series

''Alien Nation.'' The young Fox Television expands its programming with this series about settlers from outer space trying to assimilate into California society. Fox.

''Chicken Soup.'' In ABC's most promising new comedy, Jackie Mason, working in gag lines familiar to those who have seen his stage performances and commercials, plays a successful salesman who quits his job and goes to work helping young people at a community center. He has a romance with co-star Lynn Redgrave and a conflict with his mother, who has a traditional view of Jewish men dating Roman Catholic women.

''Doogie Howser, M.D.'' A series about a doctor - a 16-year-old prodigy - in a big-city hospital, from Steven Bochco (''Hill Street Blues,'' ''L. A. Law''), who brings his talent for mixing offbeat humor and human drama to the story of a teen-ager facing life and death crises on the job and the more mundane crises of growing up at home. ABC.

''The Famous Teddy Z.'' In CBS's new comedy, writer-producer Hugh Wilson aims to skewer the office world of show business. Teen-film star Jon Cryer (''Pretty in Pink'') plays a temporary worker in the mail room of a Hollywood talent agency who inadvertently becomes the agent for a famous actor.

''Hardball.'' John Ashton stars as a cop pushing 45 who can out-hustle any new kid on the beat until he is assigned a young, cocky partner (Richard Tyson). NBC's programmers believe Tyson will emerge as the hot male star of the season and hope the series will be a beer-and-blue-jeans version of ''Miami Vice.'' NBC.

''Island Son.'' Dr. Kildare lives. After years of ruling the mini-series, Richard Chamberlain returns to weekly television as an idealistic doctor at a hospital in Hawaii. CBS.

''Life Goes On.'' Patti LuPone and Bill Smitrovich play a ***working-class*** couple with an 18-year-old son who has Down's syndrome. The stories deal with the boy's efforts to survive in a mainstream school and the family's loving efforts to survive that challenge. ABC.

''Major Dad.'' Comedy about a peacetime Marine (Gerald McRaney) who is adjusting to life on a stateside base with his fiancee and her three young daughters. Mr. McRaney's performance will be one of the keys to the success of the series. CBS.

''Mancuso, F.B.I.'' Robert Loggia, who excelled in the role of hard-bitten FBI agent Nick Mancuso in last season's political mini-series ''Favorite Son,'' reprises the character in a series that will celebrate his old-time American values. NBC.

''Nutt House.'' Cloris Leachman plays the head-of-housekeeping at a New York hotel; Harvey Korman is the hotel's manager. Mel Brooks is the co-executive producer and co-writer. NBC.

''A Peaceable Kingdom.'' A family drama starring Lindsay Wagner as a single mother and the managing director of a city zoo. Tom Wopat plays her brother, a curator. Figure one cute animal shot every six minutes. CBS.

''Sister Kate.'' The makers of ''Barney Miller'' return with a series about a tough but compassionate nun (Stephanie Beacham, of ''Dynasty'') who takes over an orphanage full of street kids. NBC.

''Snoops.'' Tim Reid plays a famous criminology professor married to the head of protocol at the State Department, played by his real-life wife, Daphne Maxwell Reid. They become embroiled in international intrigue, in the manner of Nick and Nora Charles. CBS.

''Wolf.'' A dramatic series, set on the San Francisco waterfront, about an ex-policeman, framed and driven off the force, and his relationship with his old-world Italian father. Jack Scalia is the star. CBS.

Television Movies

''A.T. & T. Presents the Final Days.'' A three-hour docudrama based on the Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein book, featuring a lead performance by Lane Smith that manages to induce more sympathy for the ex-President than Mr. Nixon ever did for himself. Directed by Richard Pearce (''Country''), written by Hugh Whitemore (''Pack of Lies''). ABC.

''Challenger.'' The story of the space shuttle disaster. ABC.

''Hiroshima: Out of the Ashes.'' About the survivors of the 1945 atomic explosion. NBC.

''Homeless.'' Christine Lahti, Jeff Daniels and Kathy Bates star in a story about an urban middle- class family who lose their home and income. CBS.

''Jekyll and Hyde.'' Michael Caine in the title role, with a new love twist on the Robert Louis Stevenson story. ABC.

''LBJ: The Presidential Years.'' Randy Quaid and Patti LuPone reprise their roles as Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson. NBC.

''Murder in Mississippi.'' The final days of civil rights workers James Chaney, Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman. NBC.

''Pied Piper.'' Peter O'Toole stars as an elderly Englishman who cares for several children during World War II. CBS.

''Selma, Lord, Selma.'' Drama from the producers of ''The Cosby Show'' about the civil rights movement. Michael and Alice Arlen are the writers. NBC.

''Sweet Bird of Youth.'' Elizabeth Taylor stars in this television adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. NBC.

''Wheels of Power: The Legend of Jimmy Hoffa.'' The life, times and disappearance of the labor leader. ABC.

Mini-Series

''And the Band Played On.'' Drama about AIDS, based on the book by Randy Shilts. NBC.

''Common Ground.'' Three disparate Boston families struggle through the era of desegregation in a story based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning book by J. Anthony Lukas. CBS.

''Desperados: The 'Kiki' Camarena Story.'' Steven Bauer and Elizabeth Pena star in a six-hour mini-series about the U.S. drug enforcement agent whose life and death helped expose an international web of drug corruption. Michael Mann (''Miami Vice'') is the executive producer. NBC.

''Family of Spies: The Walker Spy Ring.'' Powers Boothe and Lesley Ann Warren, both mini- series royalty, star as John Walker Jr. and his wife, Barbara, who betrayed him. CBS.

''Phantom of the Opera.'' Playwright Arthur Kopit wrote the teleplay for this four-hour, nonmusical mini-series based on the Gaston Leroux novel. NBC.

''Stephen King's 'IT.' '' Something lurks under the streets of a small town. Directed by George Romero (''Night of the Living Dead''); teleplay by Laurence D. Cohen (''Carrie''). ABC.

Public Television

''And a Nightingale Sang.'' Masterpiece Theater's season opens with this adaptation of a play by C.P. Taylor, about a British family struggling to survive during World War II. With Joan Plowright.

''Campion.'' Peter Davison plays Margery Allingham's charming, enigmatic 1930's detective. Brian Glover plays Albert Campion's loyal but disrespectful manservant, Magersfontein Lugg. This will kick off the new ''Mystery!'' series.

''Our Town.'' The Tony Award- winning Lincoln Center Theater production of the Thornton Wilder play, directed by Gregory Mosher and starring Eric Stoltz, Penelope Ann Miller and Spalding Gray. Great Performances.

''Richard Burton: In From the Cold.'' A two-part documentary on the life of the actor, directed by Tony Palmer. Great Performances.

''Show Boat.'' A production of New Jersey's Paper Mill Playhouse, this one is the first and only theater production to be authorized by the Kern and Hammerstein estates for broadcast. Great Performances.

''A Tale of Two Cities.'' A four-part presentation of the Dickens novel, adapted by Arthur Hopcraft and starring Jean-Pierre Aumont, John Mills and James Wilby. Masterpiece Theater.

Cable

''Blackadder IV.'' All-new episodes from Rowan Atkinson, who plays the lead in his own script about Britain's imaginary ruler, Edmund the Blackadder. Produced by the BBC; six 30-minute episodes. Arts & Entertainment Network.

''Forty Years of the Dragon.'' A three-part documentary about the People's Republic of China, co-produced by A & E and the BBC. Arts & Entertainment Network.

''The Road to War.'' The North American premiere of a BBC-A&E co-production, which will be a country-by-country approach to the causes of World War II. Eight episodes. Arts & Entertainment Network.

''American Playwrights Theater.'' New productions of plays by Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Marsha Norman and Paul Zindel. Arts & Entertainment Network.

''This is David Lander.'' A new weekly comedy series starring Steven Frye (''A Fish Called Wanda'') that spoofs tabloid-style television shows. Bravo.

''The Hollywood Chronicles.'' Jackie Cooper is the host of this new weekly series featuring the behind-the-scenes stories of movie-making. The Discovery Channel.

**End of Document**



[***HOLIDAY FILMS: CITYSCAPES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P60-00RP-K3G2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When the Charisma of the City Steals the Limelight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P60-00RP-K3G2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Graham Fuller is the executive editor of Interview magazine and editor of "Loach on Loach," about the director Ken Loach.

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**Body**

IT'S home sweet home this movie season for some, but not all, directors who have their eyes fixed on city life. In "Bringing Out the Dead," Martin Scorsese depicts Manhattan as an update on Pandaemonium -- the capital of hell in Milton's "Paradise Lost" -- as he did in "Taxi Driver." In one bravura nighttime shot, filmed from the perspective of an ambulance driver (Nicolas Cage) losing his grip on reality, Mr. Scorsese turned the camera over to give the impression of what it's like to career sideways down Ninth Avenue, "unbalanced" being the requisite point of view.

In "Liberty Heights," Barry Levinson peers back with bittersweet nostalgia at the Baltimore of the 1950's, as he did in his first feature, "Diner." Even as it says good riddance to racial segregation, the new film laments the passing of a world in which burlesque shows were havens for lonely men and a Jewish paterfamilias might slip out of the synagogue on Rosh Hashana for a private showing of the latest Cadillac.

These directors are on safe territory, even if Mr. Scorsese's Manhattan is more luridly dystopic than ever. Woody Allen, until recently that least movable of Manhattanites, has meanwhile taken a road trip. Having allowed himself to be filmed touring Europe with his jazz combo in the 1998 documentary "Wild Man Blues," Mr. Allen has now made the shaggy-dog story "Sweet and Lowdown," which gads about America in the company of a self-deluding jazz guitarist (Sean Penn). The movie visits New York briefly, but the city is not the centripetal force it has been in a majority of Mr. Allen's pictures since "Annie Hall" (1977).

The directorial profession is wide enough to encompass wanderers and regionalists, pastoralists and city rats. "We're all gypsies," the nomadic David Lean said in a 1985 interview, but some directors repeatedly gravitate toward their old metropolitan haunts, even if most eventually range beyond them. Spike Lee, Hal Hartley and Abel Ferrara are other directors proffering radically opposed visions of New York. John Waters presents a camp alternative to Mr. Levinson's Baltimore and Gus Van Sant a poetic Portland, Ore., Further afield, there is Pedro Almodovar's melodramatic Madrid, Terence Davies's ***working-class*** Liverpool and Wong-kar Wai's kinetic Hong Kong. In the past, there was Rene Clair's studio-rendered Paris; Marcel Pagnol's Marseilles of boule, pastis and the waterfront; Federico Fellini's circuslike Rome and Yasujiro Ozu's middle-class Tokyo.

Some film cities are best represented by one or two indelible visions: Carol Reed's labyrinthine postwar Vienna in "The Third Man"; Alfred Hitchcock's dreamy, deceptively manicured San Francisco in "Vertigo"; Francis Ford Coppola's illusory Las Vegas in "One From the Heart" and Mike Figgis's Stygian equivalent in "Leaving Las Vegas"; Volker Schlondorff's Beirut of political and sexual treachery in "Circle of Deceit" and Ziad Doueri's version of the same wartorn city in the recent "West Beirut"; Goran Paskaljevic's necropolitan Belgrade in "The Powder Keg," and Wim Wenders's celestially perceived Berlin in "Wings of Desire."

Mr. Wenders is modern cinema's ultimate global citizen, as promiscuously cosmopolitan as Woody Allen is supposedly a one-city guy. Defying the conventional wisdom that a film should be set in a single arena, Mr. Wenders originally planned to shoot his 1991 science-fiction road movie "Until the End of the World" in 28 cities in 17 countries. (He eventually settled for seven cities and the Australian outback.) His films consistently grapple with how the here-and-now of cities like Berlin, Tokyo, Lisbon and Los Angeles interact with their pasts, and how that confluence affects their denizens. "In many respects, cities have their own character," he said in 1989, "so for me they become like having another star actor in a film."

"Wings of Desire" (1988), which represented a spiritual homecoming for Mr. Wenders after seven years of voluntary exile in America, is his quest for the soul of Berlin and, by extension, what remained of the German soul four decades after the war. It follows the fortunes of two unemployed guardian angels as they glide down to Berlin's autobahns and subways, its apartments and the wastelands by the wall, where they tune in to the innermost anxieties of the city's fretting populace.

As bound up as we are in the angels' desire to become mortal, they are primarily conduits for a metaphysical meditation on the film's mutating central character: Berlin itself. There is the sense that the city is itself telling the story and, as Mr. Wenders has suggested, that the citizens observed by the angels do not live in Berlin as much as Berlin lives in them. By the end of this remarkable film and its weaker 1993 sequel, "Faraway, So Close," even the angels have been absorbed into the city.

Mr. Wenders has spoken tenderly of the several stretches of wasteland he showed in "Wings of Desire," some of which the film memorialized before they were turned into formal gardens. He was acknowledging that a city's history is told as much by the gaps between buildings as by its architecture.

Mike Leigh has also made significant use of forgotten tracts of land, as well as the gaps between buildings, to staggering effect. Although Mr. Leigh is celebrated for his anthropologically based satires with their acid and compassionate observations of British manners, the visual fabric of his films is frequently neglected. Yet no one else has done as much to put contemporary London and its class divisions on the screen in the last 20 years, and certainly not with his deep understanding of how its physical and emotional topography are one and the same.

A grandchild of Jules Dassin's "Night and the City" (1950), Mr. Leigh's "Naked" follows the rake's progress of Johnny (David Thewlis), an overly articulate 30-ish Northerner burdened with existential angst, who rambles nocturnally through London's labyrinths in a doomed attempt to penetrate his own addled psyche. Like film noir heroes, he is guided by women, the usual crop of deadly Circes and benevolent Beatrices. He treats them cruelly or kindly, according to his whim. He buys one of them, a homeless Scottish lass separated from her boyfriend, a consoling cup of tea. But then the boyfriend turns up and begins kicking her. Instead of protecting her, Johnny wheels away in a single forlorn movement on the piece of empty ground on which he is standing. Where is he? Surely there are no bomb sites left in London. The empty space Johnny is occupying is, of course, the void between people, their failure to connect.

In Mr. Leigh's latest film, "Topsy- Turvy," set in London in 1884 and shot mostly in interiors, the librettist W. S. Gilbert (Jim Broadbent) leaves the theater where his and Arthur Sullivan's "Mikado" is about to open. Lurching down an alley, he is clawed at and propositioned by several wretched women. Whatever this nightmarish interlude tells us about Gilbert's inner turmoil, this dab of Dickens puts into a social context the rarefied world of theatrical artifice in which the film is unfolding; it is Mr. Leigh's reminder to the audience that there is a grim reality beyond the world of make-believe.

The sequence mirrors the opening of "Naked," in which Johnny angrily copulates with a woman in a Manchester alleyway. But the film remains there only for the time it takes him to abandon her and set off for London. Mr. Leigh, who has not made an entire film outside London since he went to Belfast, Northern Ireland, for "Four Days in July" (1984), exults in London's places -- dark and light -- and its people, and he relishes probing (and sometimes filling) the gaps between them. It is hard to imagine London, dour and sluggish though it is beyond its center, getting to him in the same way Manhattan's supercaffeinated energy appears to have done recently -- superficially, at least -- to its cinematic champion.

Woody Allen has been escaping New York a lot lately. "Mighty Aphrodite" took flights of fancy to ancient Greece and "Everyone Says I Love You" to Venice and Paris. "Deconstructing Harry" culminated in a desperate flight upstate, making a quick detour to hell en route. Mr. Allen's "Celebrity" sent its main character on a humiliating side trip to Atlantic City, and the Manhattan it showed was a treacherous black-and-white film noir city, its slick, shimmering streets redolent of those in Alexander Mackendrick's "Sweet Smell of Success," the most baleful image of Manhattan on film.

Eighteen years before "Celebrity," Mr. Allen filmed "Manhattan," in black and white. Its evocative opening sequence is a montage of lambently photographed vistas, galvanizingly scored to "Rhapsody in Blue" with Mr. Allen contributing a voice-over paean to the city. Although that film, like "Celebrity," was the story of a self-deceiving writer led astray by the wrong woman , it revealed Mr. Allen's inviolable love of New York at that time.

Now, we're not sure what the artist in him thinks of the city. But New York is a habit he can't break. Not one scene of "Sweet and Lowdown" was shot more than an hour outside Manhattan. And when he learned I was writing this article, he passed on the message that he one day hopes to shoot an out-and-out Western without leaving Manhattan at all.

It's almost a relief to find Mr. Allen exploring what passes for Chicago, Los Angeles and the American hinterland in "Sweet and Lowdown," which has delightful scenes in provincial speak-easies, at a rural gas station, on a Hollywood set, and on a New Jersey boardwalk where you can feel the breeze. The film is more relaxed than anything else Mr. Allen has made in the 90's. He should get out of New York more often -- maybe go on a safari to Pennsylvania.

Mr. Scorsese exhibits a less ambiguous relationship with New York. Ever since he recreated Lower East Side street life in "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1968), he has reveled in depicting the most depraved, squalid and dehumanizing aspects of the city. Mr. Scorsese's city of earthly degradations embraces the infested 42nd Street of "Taxi Driver," the fetid animal pen that is the Bronx of "Raging Bull," the claustrophobic SoHo loft world of "After Hours," the nouveau riche Mafia enclaves of East Brooklyn in "Goodfellas," the mansions of malice in the 19th-century Upper East Side of "The Age of Innocence" and now Hell's Kitchen in "Bringing Out the Dead."

This is a New York that throbs with physical and emotional violence yet is never less than beautiful -- in the same way that nightmares can be beautiful, and Goya's paintings and Edgar Allan Poe's short stories. In the most startling image in "Bringing Out the Dead," a drug dealer impaled on a railing hangs off a balcony hundreds of feet above the city. It's an atrocity, but we cannot help admiring the view, a field of black velvet studded with jewels. The shot grows intrinsically out of the story being told, just one image in a phantasmagoria that provokes Mr. Cage's character to rescue a comatose patient's daughter as he travels through the bloody, garbage-heaped canyons.

The Manhattan of "Eyes Wide Shut," that other recent fable of a medical man seeking women to save or seduce on the island of lost souls, was, by contrast, passive. Stanley Kubrick's direction never transcended the distinct Old Europeanness of the source novella, as was evident in the film's sets of a Greenwich Village that resembles the real place but lacks its Eurotrashy bohemianism. Irrespective of its flora and fauna, the dramatic milieu Kubrick created was tangential to the film's forward action.

In all these movies, the city is more than mere backdrop; it is the hero's adversary, of which the siren, the damsel in distress, the opponent (pimp, crime lord, drug dealer, socialite), even the mother who appears as a hectoring giantess on the Manhattan skyline in Woody Allen's segment of "New York Stories," are mere operatives. They -- the people, whether flesh or fantasy -- embody the cities that issue them like genies. And perhaps the most authentic film city of all is the most genielike: the mirage of Las Vegas in "One From the Heart," which in its sublime studio artifice replicates the real Vegas better than any documentary could.

In the end, though, all film cities, made not of concrete and steel and blood and bone but of moments of time that have already passed, are phantoms -- projections of those fears and desires that each of us carries onto the real mean streets every day.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Location, location: An angel in "Wings of Desire," Wim Wenders's lyrical look at Berlin, and Diane Keaton and Woody Allen in "Manhattan," his love letter to the city. (Photographs by Photofest (above); United Press International (inset))

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**End of Document**



[***Everybody Wants a Piece of Nerlens Noel***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5554-66G1-DXY4-X1R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETE THAMEL

**Body**

CORRECTION APPENDED

EVERETT, Mass. -- Nerlens Noel is a 6-foot-10 basketball star considered the best prospect from the Boston area since Patrick Ewing. He is the top-ranked high school senior in the country, and hailed as the best shot blocker of his generation. The 17-year-old son of ***working-class*** Haitian immigrants, he could be worth $10 million in about 16 months when he is eligible for the 2013 N.B.A draft.

His college choices have narrowed to some of the elite programs in the country: Kentucky, Syracuse, North Carolina, Georgetown and Connecticut.

All make the future seem blindingly bright for Noel. But in the shadowy world of recruiting, it is rarely that simple. The pursuit of Noel includes not just college coaches hoping for a star on the court. There are also fringe figures hoping to latch on to a player seemingly viewed more as a commodity than as a teenager.

''I feel like the kid is a piece of meat right now, and he's going to be used,'' said George Wright-Easy, one of the numerous adults who have mentored Noel over the years. ''Grown men are fighting over a kid.''

Those tied on some level with Noel's recruitment include a former Providence assistant who has been barred from visiting Noel's prep school, an unemployed high school football coach, a prominent coach of a summer basketball team in Boston, Noel's high school coach, a former star recruit who believes his career was derailed by bad advice and a low-level N.B.A. agent who works for the group that represents LeBron James, Creative Artists Agency.

The scramble to get close to Noel underscores how important it is to be associated with an elite high school recruit. For a coach, it may mean a lucrative job. For an agent, the hope is big money once the player reaches the N.B.A. For a player like Noel, however, it can mean a cacophony of voices, people with motives of their own. Choosing whom to listen to could mean the difference between a future filled with N.B.A. riches or a tale discussed in muted tones along the recruiting trail.

If Nerlens Noel is the first player selected in the 2013 N.B.A. draft, as the Web site Draft Express currently projects, he should receive a contract of about $20 million. If he is among the top 10 picks, he can expect a deal worth at least $10 million.

And that does not include endorsements, which could be lucrative for a player who has nearly 14,000 followers on Twitter and an account -- @NerlensHighTop -- dedicated to his box-top Afro hairstyle. All that attention is a long way from Noel's humble beginnings in the tight-knit community of Everett, Mass., on the outskirts of Boston. Dorcina and Yonel Noel immigrated to the area from Haiti in 1990, and friends of the family say they initially worked at cleaning jobs at a local hospital. The four Noel children, perhaps not knowing any better, would tell friends their father was a doctor.

Noel and his older brothers, Jim and Rodman, spent their afternoons in the Everett High School gym, playing basketball with the son of the school's longtime football and basketball coach, John DiBiaso. After their games, DiBiaso would sometimes buy them Gatorade or maybe a Chicken McNugget value meal at McDonald's.

With Noel's parents working long hours and rarely attending school activities or sporting events, the community helped raise the Noel children. Parents of friends chipped in to provide cleats, baseball gloves and registration fees for youth sports. Someone always found them a ride to practice or a game.

Lenny Parsons, a youth coach whose son played with the Noel boys, gave one of his winter coats to Nerlens, who was wearing adult sizes when he was in junior high. Parsons learned Creole phrases -- ''ak pase?'' means ''what's up?'' -- and knew Noel so well that he kept Cheez-Its, Noel's favorite snack, at his home and jokingly demanded that Noel keep his sneakers on during visits because his feet smelled. When Noel had academic problems in seventh grade, administrators asked Parsons to help.

Parsons coached Noel on youth travel basketball teams. Even then, he noticed rival coaches sizing up his star player and attempting to poach him.

''There have been people trying to use him since the fourth or fifth grade,'' said Parsons, who works at a Budweiser distribution plant and has a son who plays football at Princeton.

Noel's older brothers were multisport stars at Everett High and earned football scholarships; Jim will be a senior at Boston College next season and Rodman a sophomore at North Carolina State. But early on, Nerlens focused on basketball.

''Nerlens is his own man, and he's been that way for years,'' said Errol Randolph, who worked as an unassigned teacher at Everett High and has advised all three Noel brothers. ''Since he was in eighth grade, he pretty much went by the beat of his own drum. He don't answer to no one.''

When Noel decided to leave Everett at the end of his sophomore year and attend the private Tilton School in New Hampshire, the move surprised the community and created hurt feelings. Some in Everett say that decision came after a meeting of the sort that can involve star players, even well before they approach college. At the meeting were Noel; his mother; Randolph, the teacher; and two former volunteers for the prominent local amateur team Noel played for, Chris Driscoll and Reggie Saladin.

Driscoll had known the Noel family since Nerlens was 10, first coaching Jim Noel. Driscoll had steered other players from lower-income backgrounds to Tilton and other prep schools. At the meeting with Noel, Saladin, the other former volunteer, was given an essential task: he translated for Dorcina Noel, the Haitian immigrant trying to decide what was best for her son.

Randolph said some in Everett blamed him for Noel's leaving, but he insisted Noel made the best decision for his future.

''They felt like I made him to go Tilton, but if it was my kid and he could get a $60,000 education for free, I'd let my kid go there,'' Randolph said of the school, which has an annual tuition of $47,600.

Noel did not discuss his decision with coaches or administrators at Everett. Suddenly, the kid who had grown up in the Everett gym and been embraced by the community was gone. He would not be graduating from the high school that his brothers Jim and Rodman starred for before heading off to college.

It is not clear how much say Noel's parents, who are now separated, have in their son's college decision. His father, Yonel, drives a cab in the Boston area, and Nerlens Noel recently told ESPN.com that his mother, Dorcina, can no longer work two jobs at the hospital because of back problems.

DiBiaso said he had placed a call to Georgetown during Noel's sophomore year, believing the Hoyas were a possible destination for Noel because of the team's successful history of developing big men like Patrick Ewing, Alonzo Mourning and Dikembe Mutombo and the university's strong academics. Yet, DiBiaso said that a rift developed between him and the Noel family after he made the call, perhaps an early sign of others attempting to influence the young star.

''The big thing I echoed to the parents when I did speak with them was that I've been here 33 years; I'm not looking for anything,'' DiBiaso said. ''I'm going to be here when I retire or hopefully until I die. I don't need anything. I'm not looking for anything but what's best for Nerlens.''

He let out a long sigh and said, ''They chose a different tack and we lost touch.''

Noel declined to speak to a reporter from The New York Times when he was approached for comment.

The Everett High principal, Louis Baldi, said he was ''extremely concerned'' about Noel, and said that his recruitment reminded him of a boxer with a teeming entourage in his heyday who might find himself penniless upon retirement.

''I pray it works out for him and that the light turns on in his head,'' Baldi said of Noel. ''I pray it's not too late.''

A Questionable Climb,

And Dubious Credentials

When Providence named Chris Driscoll an assistant in the summer of 2010, the move stunned many in college basketball. Driscoll had little playing experience beyond high school, his highest basketball position to that point had been as an assistant with a prominent amateur team, and he had not graduated from a conventional college.

What Driscoll did have was access to the top players like Nerlens Noel in the Boston area, a precious commodity for Providence, which was trying to keep pace in the Big East.

Recruiting is the lifeblood of college basketball. To win, coaches need a steady stream of good players. And if a person can deliver players like that, he can often parlay that talent, rather than extensive coaching credentials, into a job as an assistant.

Driscoll, 41, is separated from his wife and has three children. Associates say his main job over the years has been running the Massachusetts-based charity Mentoring At-Risk Athletes, called MARA. Driscoll's ascension through the coaching ranks can be traced to his connection to Will Blalock, a talented young Boston-area guard in the early 2000s. Driscoll was a presence at Blalock's games before becoming a volunteer assistant for the Boston Amateur Basketball Club in 2005, said Leo Papile, the club's coach since 1977.

The Boston club is a prominent amateur team of the sort that now dominate the world of summer high school basketball and often play an outsize role in the development and recruitment of elite players. (For its part, B.A.B.C. says it does not get involved in its players' recruitment.)

Blalock was the first prominent player Driscoll became close to, and after Blalock accepted a scholarship to Iowa State in 2003, Driscoll used him as a poster child for MARA.

A photograph of Blalock, identifying him as an at-risk athlete, appeared on the cover of a MARA pamphlet, along with the photographs of several other talented players from the Boston Amateur club. Blalock said he received numerous major scholarship offers before meeting Driscoll.

''At risk of what?'' said Nate Thompson, a former assistant with club. ''The only thing they were at risk of was becoming great basketball players. That made me suspicious. In my opinion, he was abusing the connections.''

Papile -- who has coached players like Ewing, Chris Herren and Scoonie Penn and also worked as a scout and in the front office for the Boston Celtics for almost 15 years -- said he regretted allowing Driscoll to have access to the Boston summer team and its top players. He has since barred all B.A.B.C. volunteers from becoming involved in a player's recruitment. He calls it the Chris Driscoll Rule.

''He's a great disappointment to me,'' Papile said of Driscoll. ''I thought he had wanted to be a coach, but it appears that his primary object was to be a handler. He's not a teacher, he's not a coach.''

He added, ''Bluntly, you're dealing with the worst guy I've ever known in this game.''

But Driscoll also had supporters from his time with the Boston summer team. Pernell McDaniel, whose son, Jamal Coombs-McDaniel, went to Tilton with the help of Driscoll and is now a junior forward for Hofstra, called Driscoll ''the best thing that happened to us.'' Alex Oriakhi Sr., whose son, Alex, also went to Tilton and is a Connecticut junior, said his son called Driscoll their ''white family member.''

Driscoll found himself in the middle of controversy during his season at Providence. Laurel Cannon, the mother of guard Gerard Coleman, called Providence administrators and claimed that her son was asked by Driscoll to fake an injury in order to lose games. The reason he asked, Cannon told Providence administrators, was so Coach Keno Davis would be fired and Driscoll could take over.

Coleman refused Driscoll's request, his mother said, sending him a text message that said ''the man in me'' would not allow him do that.

''No one wants someone to see their child used as a product; no one does,'' Cannon said. ''He had us fooled. He really had us fooled.''

She informed Providence's athletic director, Bob Driscoll, of Chris Driscoll's request, but Bob Driscoll, who is not related, said he investigated and did not find reason to take any action.

''I took what his mother said very, very seriously,'' Bob Driscoll said. ''If that happened, it's a fireable offense. Chris denied it and said it was a misunderstanding, and we moved on from there. I can't tell you whether it happened or not.''

After multiple phone conversations, Driscoll said his lawyer advised him to say, ''I vehemently deny all of the allegations.'' He declined further comment.

Bob Driscoll was primarily responsible for hiring Chris Driscoll at Providence. He identified him as a candidate and suggested him as a possible assistant to Davis. Chris Driscoll received a multiyear contract, which is not standard for assistants.

One of the lines on Chris Driscoll's resume appeared to be dubious but apparently did not raise suspicion at Providence. He claimed to be a 1996 graduate of Amhurst University. Two of the country's leading experts on fraudulent schools, the Illinois professor George Gollin and the former F.B.I. agent Allen Ezell, said that the apparently now-defunct Amhurst University, which billed itself as a distance learning center, was a diploma mill, essentially a school that awards a degree for money rather than the actual completion of coursework.

Gollin said that if Providence had investigated, it would have taken it little time to determine Amhurst's illegitimacy. (A phone call placed to the number listed on Amhurst University's Web site went directly to voice mail, and a message left received no response.)

Bob Driscoll said that Chris Driscoll passed a background check and that he was subject to the typical human resources review. Chris Driscoll also contended in his biography that he had an interim coaching record of 97-2 and won eight national championships with the Boston summer team, numbers that Papile said were exaggerated. Officials from a Massachusetts-based charity that Driscoll was involved with, Community Teamwork Inc., laughed when told that he claimed he raised $10 million; they said the actual figure was less than $100,000.

''If I had thought or learned that he didn't have a degree or had surreptitious things on his resume, we never would have hired him,'' Bob Driscoll said. ''I was under the impression he had a degree and it was legitimate.''

Chris Driscoll had a strong relationship with Noel before he was hired by Providence, helping to steer him from Everett to Tilton. Just days before he took the Providence job, Driscoll drove to the house of Tilton Coach Marcus O'Neil in Eliot, Me. According to O'Neil, Driscoll told him that he thought Davis would be fired at the end of the season and that Driscoll felt he had a chance to replace him.

''He told me that he thought he was going to be the next coach at Providence College and that I could be his assistant,'' O'Neil said. ''All I had to do was help him to get Nerlens Noel to commit to Providence College.''

O'Neil rebuffed Driscoll, but it was not the last time he was approached. After Driscoll had been fired by Providence along with the rest of Davis's staff in the spring of 2011, he met O'Neil at a pizza restaurant in Tilton.

''Nerlens is my last chance,'' O'Neil recalled Driscoll saying. ''I need to score, and I need to score big.''

O'Neil said Driscoll added, ''You're either with me or against me on this.''

A Young Player

Who Had Seen It Before

Will Blalock met Chris Driscoll at a street-ball tournament after Blalock's sophomore year of high school. Driscoll introduced himself as someone who ran a charity for at-risk athletes. Blalock did not think much of the encounter until a secretary at his high school called him soon after to say Driscoll wanted his phone number. Blalock told her to pass it along.

Thus began a relationship that would define and perhaps undo Blalock's basketball career. Long before Nerlens Noel, Blalock embodied some of the same qualities -- an elite player for B.A.B.C. who was considered one of the country's top 100 prospects. Blalock struggled academically but drew interest from a number of major college teams. Blalock grew close to Driscoll, who steered him to Notre Dame Prep, 60 miles outside Boston, to help with his grades and eventually took over his recruiting process.

Blalock said programs like Memphis, U.C.L.A and Pittsburgh were interested in him. He said he liked Connecticut best, however, as it was close to home and he wanted to play for a coach like Jim Calhoun.

But when it came time to choose a college team in 2003, Blalock listened to Driscoll and went to Iowa State, then enjoying success under Coach Larry Eustachy. Nearly a decade later, Blalock regrets the decision.

''When I was 16 or 17, I might have said he's helping me out,'' Blalock said. ''But at 28, he may have hurt me more than he helped me. I know what kind of guy he is now. He burns a lot of bridges.''

Blalock said he believed that Driscoll sold him to Iowa State, although he stressed he had no proof. When Iowa State fired Eustachy in the spring of 2003, Blalock said, Driscoll instructed him to call the athletic director, Bruce Van De Velde, and say he would attend another university unless Iowa State hired the assistant Wayne Morgan as Eustachy's replacement. Morgan was hired, Blalock kept his commitment and Blalock said Driscoll visited Ames about four times a season. (A spokesman at Hofstra, where Morgan now works as an assistant, said Morgan could not be reached for comment.)

''I don't like to live with regret, but every now and then, I do regret going there,'' Blalock said. ''When it was time to make my decision with the N.B.A., even though my numbers were better than the guys in my class at point guard, all of them went to bigger-name schools and got picked ahead of me.''

Blalock, who left Iowa State after his junior season, also said Driscoll guided him to an agent he did not want to sign with, the Boston-based Frank Catapano.

Blalock was the final pick of the second round of the 2006 draft. He has played just 14 N.B.A. games and may never play another after having a stroke a few years ago. He is currently attempting a comeback with the Reno Bighorns of the N.B.A.'s Development League.

During Blalock's time in the N.B.A., he said, Driscoll helped to pay his bills after Blalock gave him restricted access to his bank account. Blalock said he was not angry at the thought that Driscoll had made money off him as much as was angry that the money he believed Driscoll made from steering him to Iowa State had not been shared with him and his family.

''We never got nothing from him,'' Blalock said. ''There were times I'd have to ask drug dealers in my neighborhood to get a plane ticket home from college.''

Blalock said he stopped talking with Driscoll after he pushed him to sign with Catapano. Catapano denied paying to get Blalock as a client and said that he had never received a fee from Blalock for getting him a guaranteed rookie contract, the only one of his career. Catapano said he donated money to MARA years later when Driscoll asked, but only a small amount.

''I can tell you unequivocally that Chris Driscoll did not get anything from me because I signed Will Blalock,'' Catapano said. ''I'm not one of the whores that chases after the kids in college. I don't take care of kids in high school.''

The Unmistakable

Influence of Agents

Agents have become an indelible part of college sports in the last two decades, with so-called runners, who do not have formal ties to agencies, given the awkward job of growing close to top teenage players like Noel or the people around them. Although the N.C.A.A. has tried to create rules to inhibit agents' access to high school players, the presence of agents and financial planners aiming to align themselves with top prospects has become commonplace.

The involvement of agents at the high school level has become so sophisticated, the notion that schools and boosters pay for players to join their teams has become somewhat antiquated. It is more common now for agents to cut a deal with people associated with a player and find a school that will protect him from other agents. In some cases, an agent will offer a high school player to a college in exchange for signing one of the talented players who is ready to leave and enter the draft.

Agents also carefully and discreetly try to influence people who have the ear of top prospects. Papile, the coach of the Boston summer team, said he had received calls from about eight agents regarding Noel, with many of their questions related to when he would decide to become a professional. Noel, who was originally expected to graduate from high school next year, announced last month that he would attempt to graduate this spring.

If he does not qualify academically for college, he could spend a year playing professionally in Europe.

For George Wright-Easy, an unassigned teacher at Everett High School, he saw the interest of agents in Noel up close more than a year ago while at a trendy Boston nightclub called Rumor. A mutual friend introduced Wright-Easy to Ty Sullivan, a low-level agent for Creative Artists Agency, which represents star athletes and actors like Will Smith.

Wright-Easy is the half-brother of a former Penn State tailback, Omar Easy, and Sullivan immediately began dropping the names of former Nittany Lions standouts into conversation, along with basketball stars like James.

Sullivan eventually said, ''Your guy is going to be the truth.''

A confused Wright-Easy asked, ''Who?'' When Sullivan said, ''Nerlens,'' Wright-Easy responded indignantly, ''Man, he's like 15 years old.''

Wright-Easy said that he did not consider Sullivan a threat to Noel. A low-level agent like Sullivan, who handles mostly players in the European and development leagues, is unlikely to land a potential big name like Noel. And he is probably one of many agents and their associates who are trying to become involved with Noel's recruitment.

When reached on his cellphone, Sullivan acknowledged following Noel but denied any relationship with him. (Papile, who spoke with Sullivan at one of Noel's games, said that Sullivan also denied any affiliation with Driscoll).

Whether Sullivan or C.A.A., which also represents Kentucky Coach John Calipari, will become a significant factor in Noel's agent recruitment is not known. But Sullivan's presence and attempt to ingratiate himself with someone close to Noel is illustrative of the increasing presence of agents at the high school level.

''Going to a local high school game is, you know, I don't think is a problem,'' Sullivan said. He declined further comment.

A Venerable School

Turned Powerhouse

With its looming oak trees, elegant brick buildings and a history dating to 1845, the campus of Tilton School exudes the serenity of Norman Rockwell's New England. But the last few months have been anything but tranquil for Tilton, which has a reputation for sending students to well-regarded universities in the Northeast and elsewhere.

Tilton has also become a national power in basketball, and Chris Driscoll is one of the people most responsible. Seven players on Tilton's roster this season are from B.A.B.C. and he had steered several prominent players there in previous years.

For a time, the relationship between Tilton and Driscoll was mutually beneficial. The players that Driscoll steered to Tilton used their time at the school to qualify academically so they could play for the colleges of their choice. They also helped Tilton become an increasingly powerful basketball school nationally. Before, Tilton had been a middling performer on the prep school level. Now, while still mainly playing other schools in New England, Tilton has become a recognized team around the country.

It was not until Noel arrived that O'Neil, Tilton's coach, and others at the school began to feel uncomfortable with the association.

Noel originally entered Tilton to repeat his sophomore year. (He had cracked a growth plate in his knee while warming up for a game with Everett.) After his knee healed and he became a coveted prospect, Noel decided to try to graduate from Tilton this year instead of in 2013. Tilton was annoyed by the decision, but Noel stuck to it and remained at the school for what will be his final high school season.

For his part, Driscoll is no longer welcome at the school.

Tilton's headmaster, Jim Clements, declined to comment directly on Driscoll, whose son, Jeremy, attended Tilton as a postgraduate. But he did say it was his first time in his 14 years on campus that he had barred anyone from the school because of a relationship to an athlete. Still, Driscoll has maintained contact with Noel and acted as a liaison to college recruiters and some members of the news media about his recruitment.

O'Neil -- who arrived at Tilton in 2004, works as a college counselor at the school and has a master's degree in social work -- stressed that school policy prevented him from speaking directly about Noel.

''I don't think his primary focus is a student's well-being,'' O'Neil said of Driscoll.

From a basketball standpoint, Noel is considered raw offensively. He is not comfortable playing with his back to the basket and, at 215 pounds, the lanky Noel still seems a long way from being able to handle the physicality of the N.B.A. Still, it is believed he can make an immediate and significant defensive impact on the college level. Noel's unusual skill set makes it difficult to compare him to another player, though some mention the former N.B.A. All-Star Shawn Kemp when discussing Noel.

Until this weekend, when Noel is scheduled to go on an official visit to Georgetown, he has had to pay for his visits to college campuses. He flew to Kentucky and Louisville on separate unofficial trips that Randolph and Wright-Easy said Noel's father paid for. Clements said the school had had extensive discussions with Noel and his mother about the difference between official and unofficial visits and how to ''not engage in behavior that would create a violation'' of N.C.A.A. rules.

Papile said he considered this a lost year for Noel in terms of his basketball development.

''In my opinion, he's given up this year because of bad advice,'' Papile said.

In a recent game, Noel wore pink shoes, played out of position at point guard for long stretches and seemed to complain to the referees more than talk to his teammates. He rarely attempted to score inside.

For some who have watched him for a long time, Noel's game seems to have stagnated, perhaps an outward sign of how the atmosphere surrounding his recruitment has affected him.

''The risk to him is that through poor choices on his part or his family's part,'' Clements said, ''he would jeopardize the potential to participate in a college program with integrity and that would be of concern were that to be the case.''

Online Correction: March 10, 2012, Saturday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: An earlier version of a Web summary on this article said incorrectly that Nerlens Noel was from Boston, rather than Everett, Mass.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY KELLY KLINE/GETTY IMAGES) (SP1)

Nerlens Noel warming up for a game last month at Tilton Academy, where he is a senior. At least one Web site projects the 6-foot-10 Noel as the top pick in the 2013 N.B.A. draft.

Chris Driscoll, far left, a basketball operator, steered Noel to Tilton

Ty Sullivan, an agent for Creative Artists Agency, predicted big things for Noel

and Jim Clements, the headmaster of Tilton Academy, said he tried to counsel Noel and his family. Below, Noel with Tilton teammates. (SP6)

Nerlens Noel with a young fan last month after a recent Tilton game. Noel has a well-followed Twitter account dedicated to his box-top Afro. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHERYL SENTER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Nerlens Noel defending the basket against Brewster Academy. Noel is recognized as a gifted shot blocker, but over all, his skills are considered to be raw. Some compare him to the former All-Star Shawn Kemp. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHETTLE/CAL SPORT MEDIA, VIA A.P. IMAGES) (SP7)

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[***The Emperor of Caesars***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2XC0-000P-N2NP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BILL KENT

By BILL KENT

**Dateline:** ATLANTIC CITY

**Body**

ABOUT once every two months, Mark Juliano, president of Caesars Atlantic City, pays social calls on some of the casino's high-rolling gamblers in Hong Kong, Korea and Taiwan. These trips, business disguised as pleasure, always involve visits to karaoke clubs, and Mr. Juliano is expected to perform, whether he wants to or not.

One of seven children in a family from a ***working-class*** Italian neighborhood in Northeast Philadelphia, Mr. Juliano takes singing seriously. He will not sing any song in the repertory of Frank Sinatra, Mario Lanza or Luciano Pavarotti. Over the years he has settled for the Righteous Brothers' "Unchained Melody" and a somewhat less passionate rendition of Tom Jones's "Delilah."

"They happen to be easy," Mr. Juliano observed in the rolling baritone of a Hollywood heavy. When his wife, Jackie, accompanies him, they do "Endless Love."

The Julianos, who live in Haddonfield with their five children, are also invited to attend gamblers' weddings, bar mitzvahs, birthday and anniversary parties, and funerals. As Mr. Juliano sees it, he has two families: his own, with whom he attends Christ the King Roman Catholic Church in Haddonfield every Sunday, and several hundred gamblers, some of whom he met when he entered the casino industry as a showroom captain at Resorts International in 1978.

Many entry-level workers have risen to executive positions in Atlantic City's casinos, but few as rapidly as Mr. Juliano, 41, president and chief operating officer of Caesars Atlantic City since 1995. Opened in 1979, Atlantic City's second casino, after Resorts International, Caesars has traditionally been the city's high-roller house -- the equivalent of a Ferrari among Fords and Chryslers, racing after the world's wealthiest gamblers.

He is "one of the new wave of executives who have spent most of their career in Atlantic City, moving from position to position with increasing authority," said Brian Ford, a Philadelphia-based gambling industry analyst with the accounting firm Ernst & Young. "He has a different perspective from most of the people who have run casinos down there."

In addition to serving as Caesars' equivalent of emperor, Mr. Juliano, as chairman of the city's Convention and Visitors Authority, has overseen the marketing of the $270 million convention center, which opened on May 1, as well as its adjoining $87 million, 502-room Sheraton hotel. Within the next three years, if Caesar's parent company, ITT Corporation, thwarts the $10 billion hostile takeover attempt Hilton Hotels began in February, Mr. Juliano expects to preside over a $490 million, 1,000-room Planet Hollywood casino hotel on the Boardwalk at Kentucky Avenue.

All this has given Mr. Juliano, a former Catholic school teacher who has tirelessly campaigned for a return of family values to Atlantic City, the potential to shape Atlantic City's immediate, if not distant, future -- a task he says is crucial if the city is to stay competitive as a resort destination.

"Up to three or four years ago, the prevailing sentiment was to have a casino with 1,100 rooms, and in every room have a customer with a $10,000 bank roll, but that's just not going to happen," Mr. Juliano said. "What's happening now in Las Vegas is that non-gaming revenue -- what comes out of your hotel rooms, restaurants, retail and entertainment -- is growing faster than the gaming revenue that comes out of your casino. To keep people coming to Atlantic City, we have to make an environment with some things to do besides gambling."

Highly publicized attempts to bring Atlantic City resort-style shopping, unusual recreation and theme-park amusements planned by Mirage Resorts, Circus Circus, MGM Grand and Sun City Resorts, have yet to break ground. But Mr. Juliano said ITT had the cash and the willingness to create a microcosm of the future Atlantic City right now with its $250 million plan to renovate the Ocean One Mall, a Boardwalk pier opposite Caesars at Arkansas Avenue, which ITT bought in 1995 for nearly $19 million.

In addition to hotel rooms, a casino and retail space, this latest addition is to have a virtual-reality chariot ride at the ocean end and an 80-foot-tall animated statue of King Neptune facing the Boardwalk. "I can't wait to bring my kids," Mr. Juliano said.

DESPITE a 10 percent decline in gross gambling revenues reported in April and May 1997, compared to 1996 (Mr. Juliano said a few of his highest rollers won lavishly in April and May), Mr. Ford of Ernst & Young categorized Caesars under Mr. Juliano as "a very well-run property, a home-run hit in terms of cash flow."

Still, his reign at Caesars Atlantic City has not exactly been a Roman holiday. Although other casino executives have served on the Convention Authority's board, Mr. Juliano's chairmanship was interpreted by two rivals, Donald Trump and Arthur Goldberg of Hilton (owner of the Bally's Park Place casino hotel, adjacent to Caesars), as a power play to give Caesars an edge. They predicted that Mr. Juliano's eagerness to have Caesars partly finance what was intended to be a Doubletree Hotel would allow Caesars to control how the rooms were parceled out, especially on weekends, when casino hotel rooms are customarily offered free to gamblers.

In March, Caesars bought out Doubletree's stake in the hotel, renamed the Sheraton Atlantic City Convention Center Hotel. (ITT, which bought Caesars in 1993, also owns the Sheraton chain.) The state Casino Reinvestment and Development Authority, which put together the financing of the hotel, investigated the buyout. It determined that Mr. Juliano and Caesars had acted within the law and that the company's planned operation of the hotel, scheduled to open in November, would not give Caesars an unfair competitive advantage.

Mr. Juliano said his interest in the convention authority and the hotel was motivated by an overall desire to improve the convention business, which, he believes, benefits the entire city. He pointed out that Caesars was the only casino company that offered to fianance the hotel in its planning stages and that Caesars did not intend to house gamblers at the Sheraton.

Blair Learn, a former executive with the Convention Authority, said Mr. Juliano's influence on the authority and its convention business had been remarkably selfless since Governor Whitman appointed him chairman in 1996.

"You would expect someone in his position to exploit it in some fashion, but he hasn't done that at all.," Mr. Learn said. "If anything, he's gone out of the way to put the interests of the city first. He is devoting a great deal of time working collaboratively and cooperatively to help Atlantic City develop, not just in the convention industry, but in the city as a whole."

Barry Durman, director of the city's Rescue Mission, also characterized Mr. Juliano as "caring and sensitive," words not ordinarily used to describe casino executives. Although all the city's casinos have given money, goods and services to the Rescue Mission, Mr. Durman said his relationship with Mr. Juliano "is more like that of a friend." Caesars has provided jobs for homeless residents of Mr. Durman's shelter, as well as those operated by the Salvation Army and Covenant House.

"He does this because he can," Mr. Durman added, "and because he knows it's needed and because he really believes in the importance of families."

IN 1978, while still living in Philadelphia and looking to rent a vacation house on the Jersey Shore, Mr. Juliano heard a real estate agent mention how much money the showroom workers at Resorts International made in tips. He applied for the job of showroom captain. He soon gave up his teaching job. (Mr. Juliano declined to discuss his earnings then or now.)

Although his contact with ticketholders lasted no more than a few seconds, Mr. Juliano established good relations with enough of them that gamblers would ask for him when they returned.

Eighteen years later, he said he owed his success to what he learned as a child: "You listen when people talk to you. You make yourself available. And you never, ever lie, to anyone, even if it's something they don't want to hear."

He was hired by Caesars in 1987 and has remained with the company ever since, personally dealing with high rollers in Atlantic City and Las Vegas until, in 1995, he was made president by his predecessor, Peter Boynton.

Mr. Boynton, now president and chief executive of Caesars World, said Mr. Juliano's success was almost pre-ordained. "Mark understood that this is a relationship-based business," he said. "He developed the skill to have those relationships with customers, to understand what makes the customers tick, to structure marketing programs that would appeal to a broad base, as well as deal with these people individually. He makes you feel that he cares because he really does."

Such caring has not impressed everyone. Last week, City Council members angrily tabled an ordinance that would have permitted Mr. Juliano, along with other casino owners, to put slot machines on the city's amusement piers. Some council members swore they would never vote for such a measure, which is crucial to Caesar's planned renovation of Ocean One. Mr. Juliano dismissed the council's reaction as "a classic case of miscommunication."

"Council members were being asked to vote on something they were not informed about," he said. "We've since taken our plan to every member of the City Council." He said he felt confident that gambling on the piers would eventually pass.

Of greater concern is Hilton's hostile takeover attempt of ITT. Mr. Juliano refused to comment, saying he considered himself not an emperor but primarily a manager. "The best contribution I can make is to operate a successful property and reinvest that success back into the community," he aid. "I consider it a good way to teach my children the right way to do things."

What He Surveys

CAESAR'S ATLANTIC CITY Arkansas Avenue and the Boardwalk, on the site of the former Howard Johnson's Regency. Opened in 1979 and employing 3,400, Caesars is undergoing a partial renovation and expansion, to be completed next spring at a cost of $280 million. These are its components:

\* A 60,000-square-foot casino with 114 table games (blackjack, craps, etc.); keno, poker and simulcast room, and 2,780 slot machines. Average daily gross gambling revenues: $1.1 million.

\* Facilities including 510 rooms, 12 restaurants, 2 lounges, a spa, the 1,100-seat Circus Maximus Showroom and 7 shops.

\* A Roman-themed parking garage for 1,130 cars and bus transportation center.

\* By 1998, an additional 40,000 square feet of casino space, 620 rooms, a 18,500-square-foot ballroom and more meeting rooms.

OCEAN ONE MALL Purchased by I.T.T. in August 1996 for $19.5 million, it has 129 retail outlets, four restaurants and a food court. A $250 million renovation, pending government approvals, would add 270 hotel rooms, up 45,000 square feet of casino space, retail space, a movie theater, a virtual-reality chariot ride and an animated statue of Neptune.

CONVENTION CENTER HOTEL 2000 Kirkman Boulevard. The $87 million, 502-room Sheraton, opening in November, is to house the new offices of the Miss America Scholarship Pageant. Mark Juliano is chairman of the Convention Center Authority.

TRAYMORE HOTEL SITE Kentucky Avenue and the Boardwalk. The proposed site of a $490 million, 1,000-room, 100,000-square-foot Planet Hollywood Casino Hotel. No ground-breaking date has been set.

NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS Caesars and Mr. Juliano support, among others, the Atlantic City Rescue Mission, Salvation Army, Covenant House, Atlantic County United Way, Atlantic City Special Improvement District, Seagulls Basketball, the March of Dimes, Atlantic City Medical Center and the Somers Point Ladies Professional Golf Association Classic.   BILL KENT

**Graphic**

Photo: Mark Juliano, who started his career as a showroom captain and worked his way up to president of Caesars Atlantic City. (Dith Pran/The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***HOLIDAY FILMS: STAGECRAFT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P70-00RP-K3GV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
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**Byline:** By WENDY WASSERSTEIN;

Wendy Wasserstein is one of the librettists of the opera "Central Park," which opened Friday at the New York City Opera. Her new play, "Old Money," will be produced next year at Lincoln Center Theater.

By WENDY WASSERSTEIN;   Wendy Wasserstein is one of the librettists of the opera "Central Park," which opened Friday at the New York City Opera. Her new play, "Old Money," will be produced next year at Lincoln Center Theater.

**Body**

SINCE my childhood days watching "The Million Dollar Movie" on afternoon television, I can think of nothing more satisfying on a rainy day than randomly coming across a backstage biopic reinventing the life story of a musical genius like Cole Porter or George Gershwin. The best part, inevitably, is when the composer sits down at the piano and stares into space with a furrowed brow for a second. Then pow! Out pours "Night and Day" or "Rhapsody in Blue."

My all-time favorite involves Johann Strauss, riding through the Vienna woods when he suddenly hears a bird chirping a few catchy notes -- and subsequently races home to almost channel "The Blue Danube." This is the sort of film in which theaters always have red-velvet curtains and all the women in the audience wear their hair in French twists with diamond tiaras. Unlike backstage classics like "All About Eve" or "The Bandwagon" or the more recent "Shakespeare in Love," they bear no resemblance to the reality of creating a show and are, therefore, sinfully satisfying.

The Gilbert and Sullivan in Mike Leigh's new film, "Topsy-Turvy," on the other hand, are astonishingly realistic; and their theater is one that contemporary playwrights, composers and directors will find instantly familiar. Indeed, contemporary playwrights, composers and directors could assure you they would have a company mutiny on their hands if they didn't freeze a show at least a week before opening. Just try cutting the "11 o'clock" number or the penultimate monologue two nights before the critics arrive, and much more than hell would break loose: tears, recriminations, threats of quitting the business, lectures on artistic journeys and even murmurings of murder -- theatrical business as usual. In fact, there is probably no one who has toiled in the live theater who wouldn't immediately recognize -- by the rising hairs on the back of the neck followed by sentimental tears -- the final notes session for "The Mikado" in "Topsy-Turvy."

William S. Gilbert, played with full Victorian propriety by Jim Broadbent, stands before his entire cast to comment on the rehearsal and delivers a slight rebuke: their fan-handling was "flabby and erratic." It's precisely the sort of "note" that actors find unspecific at first and then look back on with longing six months later, when they're feeling artistically neglected. Gilbert continues, however, to encourage them: "The performance is promising, unlike the sliding doors." A slight chuckle ripples down the aisles -- it's reassuring for the company that a "tech" problem is the real cause of any artistic difficulties.

But Mr. Leigh, who trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, knows exactly the point when the director goes in for the kill. Just when everything seems congenial, Gilbert informs the actor playing the Mikado that he plans to cut his song.

"Is it my singing?" the longstanding member of the company asks defensively.

"No," the noted author and director assures him, "it was my decision to write the thing in the first place."

Nice try, Mr. Gilbert. Been there. Done that. But as Mike Leigh pans the faces of the actors in the D'Oyly Carte Company, we know they all in many ways rightly believe that "The Mikado" is now theirs and that this "Topsy-Turvy" librettist has become a sadist. The camera clearly explains why in no notes session I've ever encountered, from a Broadway theater to a kitchen space, do the performers and creators sit completely together. The lines are always subtly drawn.

Of course, no final notes session of a musical would be complete without the collaborators' good cop/bad cop tactics. As soon as Gilbert somberly finishes delivering his bad news, Mr. Sullivan, played by Allan Corduner with an impish glint in his eye, approaches the company.

"Thank you for your hard work and application," he says, beaming at them as if to confide that the cut was definitely not his doing. "I feel that the contribution of the chorus was immensely fine and we will have a great success."

Sullivan puts himself before the company as a man of the people, the lover of the chorus. But according to "Topsy-Turvy," which opens Dec. 17, his artistic ambitions and pretensions put the famous collaboration in jeopardy. The show he's now so confident about stood a very good chance of never being written.

Mr. Leigh, whose work has previously focused on contemporary ***working-class*** England, uses his acute eye for detail to unravel that most peculiar form of marriage, musical collaboration. Set in 1884, during a London heat wave, "Topsy-Turvy" documents -- almost from the outside in -- the near demise of the legendary partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan. The milieu of Victorian England is presented as specifically as the character and intentions of both artists. The achievement here is to come so close to documenting not only the divine narcissism and selflessness of creation, but also the mysterious synergy between two master craftsmen.

Their Victorian England is a stifling one in which even during a hideous heat wave, lunch is a mutton-and-potatoes formal ritual. While Gilbert practices restraint in his marriage, Sullivan escapes to the Continent and the frivolity of a Parisian house of ill repute. The fast approach of the coming century is heralded by a newfangled fountain pen, a feeble telephone and lump sugar. When Sullivan first offers his collaborator the hard sugar, Gilbert makes pleasant exclamations.

All the while, propriety keeps him from asking why Sullivan refuses to work on the libretto he has just written. Best to sit still and suck on the sugar.

Even the inspiration for "The Mikado" is presented as a direct product of Gilbert's Victorian assumptions. Gilbert's wife insists he go with her to a Japanese exhibition in Knightsbridge just to get some air. He at first views this foreign display with distant curiosity; but finally, he develops an almost imperialist instinct to own it. At a Kabuki theater demonstration, Gilbert's imagination is engaged; he's like a contemporary director who sees a deconstructed Brecht production in a tiny Berlin theater and completely rethinks the new Broadway musical he or she has been working on.

As a souvenir of the afternoon's outing, Gilbert purchases a Japanese sword, which he has his manservant hang in his study. When the sword falls off the wall, Gilbert picks it up and privately performs his own Samurai Savoyard. Pow! It's the chirping Blue Danube bird humming for the first time a Japanese comic opera.

Even in an age of numberless interviewers inquiring about the genesis of this or that work of art, the moment of inspiration is too intimate to be truly revealed by any artist. Perhaps it's mostly as ridiculous as Gilbert dancing around with that sword, and best left unnoticed. But in "Topsy-Turvy," the beloved Gilbert and Sullivan emerge as deeply recognizable working artists of both their time and of the present. They are classic theater personalities. Sullivan, the acclaimed composer, has a self-loathing disdain for the comic burlesques he has created with Gilbert. It's the kind of disdain that is affordable only for the creators of smash hits like "H.M.S. Pinafore." Just like the revered Off Broadway playwright finding commercial success in series television or the Juilliard-trained classical composer raking in millions writing movie scores, Sullivan is obsessed with returning to his "serious work."

After the middling reception of "Princess Ida," Sullivan declares to his producer, D'Oyly Carte: "I have to write grand opera! I can't write any more of these souffles. This work is killing me!"

Sullivan, like any genius, believes, "There is much I have to do for music!" And like any genius, contemporary or Victorian, he doesn't exactly know when he is actually doing it.

Following the tradition of most first-rate comic writers, Gilbert lacks the hubris to believe he's a genius. He is, rather, a dutiful writer who sees himself as a top-of-the-line craftsman. He strives not to create works that will reshape the theater, but merely to continue creating.

When Arthur Sullivan ends the collaboration because he is frankly bored with recycling the same successes, Gilbert defensively retorts, "If you want to write about someone dying of consumption in a garret, contact Mr. Ibsen in Oslo!"

Their differences and personalities seem irreconcilable. Yet, it is testament to the strength of their collaboration that Sullivan, pretensions aside, is able to tell Gilbert the truth. And it is unclear whether Gilbert would have pushed himself to draw on that Japanese exhibit if his longtime partner hadn't threatened a divorce.

When Gilbert reads Sullivan the "Mikado" libretto, we know that the marriage is back on track. Gilbert drones on in a confident monotone, the most unassuming form of arrogance, and Sullivan immediately gets that familiar glint. The moment is so obviously full of theatrical potential that any theater lover is not only in a room in Victorian London, but also in a hotel suite or studio in Boston or New York with Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, John Kander and Fred Ebb, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, any of those legendary pairings.

As "The Mikado" goes into production, again Mr. Leigh's eye for detail is completely on the money. The leading actor is, of course, insulted by the brevity of his costume, and the designer is doubly insulted by the lack of respect for his art and research.

The director brings to rehearsal three Japanese women from the Knightsbridge exhibit to demonstrate walking for the benefit of the female company. While this exercise in verisimilitude is a total insult to the choreographer, the actors, though giggling, pick up the foreign behavior immediately. Finally, the aging male stage manager is forced in rehearsal to read the parts of both the absent ingenue and her equally absent lover. Though the entire enterprise seems beyond ridiculous, the other actors and the director proceed with sobriety.

But the thing about working in the theater is, it can always be seen as ridiculous -- except by those of us who have absolutely no distance about it. Mike Leigh obviously intimately knows both Gilbert and Sullivan's and, in fact, all of our obsessiveness about perfection in our work.

Of course, Mr. Gilbert gives a note to the company that the fan use is flabby. Of course, Mr. Sullivan complains when the orchestra is a second early in the overture. Haven't Stephen Sondheim and Hal Prince given similarly exacting notes? Didn't James Lapine and William Finn endlessly rehearse the opening number of "March of the Falsettos"? The theater is both glorious and happily antiquated, because the creators -- especially the authors -- are still the ultimate authority. Therefore, we have remained, from the first production of "The Mikado" to a new musical rehearsing tonight, the home of the individual voice.

On the opening night of "The Mikado," Sullivan knocks on each of the actors' dressing room doors to wish them good luck. Gilbert, on the other hand, ambles through the back alley of the theater unable to bear watching his work. Personally, I've always chosen the Gilbert solution: We've delivered, and now it's up to the gods.

After the entire "Mikado" company takes a rousing curtain call, Gilbert and Sullivan appear on stage and shake hands. It's not a sentimental hug, or the jubilant embrace of "it's going to run longer than 'Cats'!" but a simple and proper acknowledgment that with all the dedication, craft, ego, pettiness, insanity and endurance in the world -- pow! -- they have created together a perfect confection. For anyone who has worked in the theater or simply loved going to it, tears will be streaming down your face.

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

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 14 about the film "Topsy-Turvy" misidentified a composition that Johann Strauss was inspired to write, according to the 1938 film "The Great Waltz," after hearing chirping birds in the forest. It was "Tales From the Vienna Woods," not "The Blue Danube."

**Correction-Date:** December 12, 1999, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: Three little maids: flanked by a chorus, Dorothy Atkinson (left), Shirley Henderson (center) and Cathy Sara work on their fan-handling in "Topsy-Turvy," Mike Leigh's film about Gilbert and Sullivan. (Simon Mein/October Films)

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**End of Document**



[***FURNITURE '97 -- HIGH POINT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-82S0-000P-N3K8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Retro And the Restless: Two Milans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-82S0-000P-N3K8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JULIE V. IOVINE

By JULIE V. IOVINE

**Dateline:** MILAN, Italy, April 13

**Body**

With the same upstart exuberance displayed at this year's Academy Awards, independent furniture designers won the day at the 36th Milan International Furniture Fair, the world's premier annual furniture showcase. And even though the macrame chairs, inflatable room dividers and snowboard divans may never see the light of a mass market furniture store, these conceptually daring, intentionally raw furnishings -- the brainchildren of Dutch, English and Finnish designers mostly in their early and mid-20's -- came to stand for the way this nomadic generation will be living and designing into the next century.

Last week, the sheer energy powering through the side streets of Milan, where some galleries were so makeshift that their most permanent feature was a cellular-phone number, contrasted vividly with the monumental calm, cool minimalism and retro-style sophistication that reigned at the contemporary manufacturers' booths at the fairground.

A theme that many of these talented upstarts had in common was the use of sophisticated engineering to make unusual marriages of materials and function -- flower vases made of beach-ball plastic, cushions shaped like Smartie candies but made of wet-suit neoprene.

It's true that many of the pieces were prototypes (and some defied the physics of large-scale production), but so what? If the whole world was ready to look, design collaboratives with names like Droog, Snowcrash, Loungecore and Inflate were ready to show.

The mavericks of just a couple of fairs ago, designers like Antonio Citterio, Philippe Starck and Ron Arad have already become the Old Guard and have settled into comfortable production schedules with big manufacturing firms, where they are doing some of their finest work. Acknowledged masters that they are, the show was not about them. They are the upstarts who made good.

From the opening-night party of the manufacturer Driade, where 100 gigantic incense coils burned over the heads of elegantly dressed Milanese (all keeping one watchful eye out for dropping ash), to a final disco party called "Death by Plastic" on Saturday, it was six nonstop days of primary and secondary chain-smoking, ubiquitous cellular phones and the growing realization that the gulf between the design establishment and its young renegades was widening.

The Old Turks, many of whom are mostly adding pieces to existing collections, offered plenty of elegant well-considered furniture. Call it the Four Seasons style (after the 1958 High Modern shrine and restaurant designed by Philip Johnson in the Seagram Building in New York). Adam Tihany, the designer who has just completed the new interiors for Le Cirque, said it best when he called this look of high polish, unremarkable forms and overscaled proportions "sophisticated American corporate retro."

At the booth of the Italian manufacturer Edra, the look took the form of a gigantic extra-deep red vinyl daybed large enough for a family of four to crash onto. Mr. Starck did the same shape for Driade with a practical white linen slipcover and lots of poufy pillows.

The Italian designer Antonio Citterio gave the look a natural spin at B & B Italia. His oversize armchairs (recalling classic English club chairs) were covered in a woven recycled raffia.

One high-profile designer, Ross Lovegrove, made his fair debut with a polypropylene chair for Driade.

The oxymoron "techno-craft" might best describe the alternative look merging high technology and synthetic materials with a glancing hint of the past and a ready ability to get up and go.

At its best, it took the scare out of the avant-garde: Marcel Wanders, one of the Droog designers, carried it off in his dip-strengthened resinated macrame chair. ("I liked macrame even when it was so out of fashion I had to hide my macrame books between the sex manuals," he said.) This year, Cappellini is putting it into production, and it will be sold at Limn in San Francisco for $1,990, and at Adesso in Boston.

Droog Design, a loose confederation of more than 20 Dutch industrial designers and architects, led the way with fresh ideas (some formulated during a car ride weeks before the fair).

With pieces like a table made of lace dipped in epoxy, a polyurethane sink that bends for people squeezing out of small bathrooms, and floor tiles covered with glass droplets that prevent slipping while also massaging the feet, Droog (it means "dry" in Dutch) melded an appreciation for simple acts and humble craftsmanship with a determination to surprise.

Murray Moss, the owner of Moss, the design store in SoHo, said: "Droog is all about material, not form. They take something simple like a plain white tile and make a big deal out it. That it's just a prototype isn't the point. The point is that everyone who looks at it goes, 'Ah!' "

Rosenthal, the German porcelain manufacturer and wedding-registry favorite with a history of design patronage, garnered its share of "Ahs!" with an exhibition featuring nine experimental porcelain designs from Droog, including a vase by Mr. Wanders made from fired clay molded around a sponge (an endangered species, unfortunately) and a teapot by Gijs Bakker with an alumina-boria-silica fiber handle.

While Droog is a foundation supported in its explorations by universities and government grants (the macrame chair was developed with help from the Aviation and Space Laboratory at the Delft University of Technology in the Netherlands), young British designers are doing it for and by themselves.

One standout was Tom Dixon of London, with his chair fashioned from highway-cone plastic into the shape of the notched barrel stools found in ***working-class*** English pubs. Mr. Dixon founded his own production company, Loungecore, to make his plastic chairs and tables, whose clustered shapes are modeled after biological cell division.

He showed together with another London company, Inflate, whose four designers -- Nick Crosbie, Nitzan Yaniv and the brothers Michael and Marc Sodeau -- make blowup furniture and furnishings (including even egg cups). The company's most successful designs are small, cheap and clever; its latest inflatables, which the designers brought in themselves by truck, are room dividers made of giant tubes that can be arranged in groups or singly, and a slipper chair made of individual tubes.

Snowcrash from Finland was another collaborative that spoke directly to a young audience and impressed others in the process. Its collection was aimed at those adept at net surfing and snowboarding. One seat, called Swinging Divan, looked like a warped snowboard meant for rocking and sat directly on the floor (for the limber only).

The Flying Carpet chair was made of a single piece of thick felt stuck on stiff metal pikes. It is meant for relaxation, a term that its young designer, Ilkka Suppanen, defined as "downtime off the Internet."

The Flying Carpet also collapses and rolls up for easy moving, to make it appealing to urbanites on the move. "I wanted something that I could take up and down narrow staircases really easily," said Mr. Suppanen, who moved seven times one year. "This is nomadic furniture for people who are not ready to invest in the furniture that's on the market."

A few designers and manufacturers transcended the schism with designs that achieved a rare balance between the fantastic and the mundane. Ingo Mauer, the German lighting designer, who makes and sells his own fixtures, never fails to impress.

One of his halogen lights had an old-fashioned light bulb as a hologram; the ghostly green image hovered below the light source. It awed crowds who managed to press past the fray to see it at a party that Mr. Mauer sponsored with Ron Arad.

Mr. Arad's F.P.E. chair (as in fantastic, plastic, elastic) for Kartell, made of an extruded aluminum frame fitted with a pliant thermoplastic seat and then bent into a stacking-chair shape, also straddled both worlds.

Romeo Gigli exhibited the work of Jacopo Foggini, an industrial artist, who had learned from his father, a designer of car parts, the art of spinning the most unpoetic of materials: taillight plastic. His magical spiral forms -- flying saucers, sand castles and snails chasing their tails -- were in the gemlike colors of Murano glass and lighted from within.

His art was all the more impressive for being installed in a dark old garage, where the floor was piled high with sand, suggesting either Moroccan nights or a gigantic ashtray.

As the fair began to wind down, and exhilaration and exhaustion became one, a singular moment stood out. It was the first night of the fair, when more than 100 people were gathering outside the locked doors of the Mauer-Arad party near the Piazza Cavour.

It was an only-in-Milan scene. Just as the mass of mavens started to get restless, a truck arrived delivering the stars of the event: new molded metal stacking chairs by Mr. Arad, which were swaddled in bubble wrap against the crush of design-hungry humanity. As the camouflaged chairs passed through the gates, cameras started whizzing and the crowd went politely wild.

Adding Sensuality To Everyday Objects

WHEN the Welsh designer Ross Lovegrove wraps his fingers around a glass of Champagne, you can almost see his appreciation of the way the stem meets the slim liquid-filled cup.

Mr. Lovegrove, 39, who is based in London and was in Milan to introduce his first chair for the Italian manufacturer Driade, has built a career on taking the sensuality of sculpture and putting it into people's hands, literally -- whether in a hairbrush, a razor or a computer mouse. He has designed for a wide range of manufacturers, including Sony, Apple, Olympus (in the works for them is a latex-skin, squeezable camera that looks like a pocket-size Henry Moore sculpture), Knoll International and Samsonite.

His Bluebelle chair for Driade pays homage to the classic molded chairs by postwar American industrial designers, but Mr. Lovegrove adds his own sense of biomorphic myth-making. With a squint, the swooping lines of the translucent polypropylene back and arms look part mask, part primodial fish. "My designs are 100 percent personal," said Mr. Lovegrove, who wore a pistachio green suede jacket. "I hope if someone digs one of my designs up 100 years from now in some garden, it will be instantly recognized as coming from right now."   JULIE V. IOVINE

**Graphic**

Photos: YOUNG TURKS -- Clockwise, from top: Droog designers; Glassdrop tiles from Droog; blowup vases and part of chair by Inflate; Tom Dixon at his party, with plastic chairs; Snowcrash's Flying Carpet chair. Center: detail of macrame chair. OLD TURKS -- Furniture, clockwise from top left, by Philippe Starck for Driade; Piero Lissoni for Cappellini; Massimo Morozzi for Edra, and Carlo Colombo for Ycami. (Photographs by Christine Tiberghien for The New York Times) (pg. C1); Moire mesh -- The tensile, transparent Tramp chair by Timo Salli of Finland's Snowcrash. In celebration mode -- The manufacturer Driade gave a Tibetan-theme party, with giant burning incense coils overhead. Retro-sleek -- Antonio Citterio tables and raffia-covered chairs at B&B Italia. Hot seat -- Ron Arad's chair for Kartell, of aluminum and thermoplastic. A knack for surprise -- Ingo Mauer showed his latest fantastical apparition, a halogen lamp with the hologram of a light bulb, at his annual Milan party. A Droog design -- Cappellini is producing the macrame chair by Marcel Wanders. Ross Lovegrove (right) and his sensuous Bluebelle chair for Driade (below). (Photographs by Christine Tiberghien for The New York Times) (pg. C6)

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**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Greenpoint; An Inviting Area, Once You Get There***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48C0-7WP0-01KN-215N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

AS the G train approaches Nassau Avenue, Greenpoint's arrival is signaled by teenage girls switching from English to Polish as they talk. At the top of the subway stairs at Nassau and Manhattan Avenues, Manhattan gleams in the distance like Oz, though no one seems to notice. A florist, coffee shop, deli and cleaners are lined up around the corner, along with a meat market and the words "Mowimy po Polsku" -- "We Speak Polish" -- in many storefront windows.

On Manhattan Avenue, the main thoroughfare, and its vicinity, the concentration of Polish businesses and residences is high. But farther north, past Greenpoint Avenue (another stop on the G train), Spanish can be heard, and on the south side of the area the language may be Italian.

Still, said Shana Fried, who works at the United Nations and lives in Greenpoint, "It is by far a Polish neighborhood." She was chatting with friends in the Java and Wood Cafe on Manhattan Avenue one February afternoon. "It's also a Latino neighborhood," she said, "with lots of Puerto Ricans and Dominicans. And a Muslim community." Ms. Fried hails fromIowa. "It's definitely become more gentrified" in the four years she has lived here, she added.

Alex Sevakian, a clothing designer, moved to the neighborhood in July from the East Village. "It's quaint here and comfortable," she said. "There's a nice commercial feeling and it's cheap."

Another coffee drinker, Charlie Campbell, an audio engineer, complained there were no good restaurants. "What about Acapulco, Thai Cafe, Christina's?" asked George Diaz, the cafe's owner.

The neighborhood is at the northwest corner of Brooklyn, where the borough meets Queens. Its boundaries are generally Newtown Creek, the border with Queens; the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and North 11th Street on the south; and the East River on the west.

One frequent complaint involves Greenpoint's relative inconvenience to Manhattan. The G train, which runs through the core of town, travels only from Brooklyn to Queens; the L can mean a 15-minute walk to the Bedford Avenue station in Williamsburg, but then a speedy link to 14th Street in Manhattan.

Some commuters walk over the Pulaski Bridge to the Vernon-Jackson station in Queens to catch the No. 7 train to Grand Central Station, a 10-minute trip. A ferry from Hunters Point in Queens runs to Midtown. And New York Water Taxi has begun to discuss the possibility of providing service from Greenpoint to Manhattan.

"The main drawback is coming home late," Ms. Fried said "The G takes forever. But taking cabs home is a quick shot over the Williamsburg Bridge."

Some residents do not need to rush off to Manhattan. A study published in January by the Citizens Housing and Planning Council of New York, a nonprofit group, estimated that 13 percent of Greenpoint's residents walked to work, as opposed to 6 percent citywide. Shopping, churches and schools are within strolling distance.

The minimal public transportation is only part of the explanation for a sense of isolation in Greenpoint; the industrial waterfront is another contributing factor. Nevertheless, the area took in an overflow of artists who flocked to Williamsburg 15 or so years ago, and it continues to make room for bohemians and young professionals, thanks to its cleanliness and reasonable rents.

Ms. Fried is certainly content with her rent. She and her husband live in a two-bedroom railroad flat on Eagle Street that costs $936 a month; the Chrysler Building is visible from their bedroom window. The couple found their place through a notice posted on a streetlight.

Larry Anderson, a graphic designer who has lived near St. Stanislaus Kostka Church for five years, likes the feeling that he's in a "European seaside town," where he can get "sauerkraut and sausage for takeout." His rent-stabilized apartment, which he located through The Greenpoint Gazette, a weekly newspaper, is $750 a month.

Now is a good time to hunt. Danuta Blejwas, who owns Blue Jay Realty on Manhattan Avenue, said rental prices have dropped 20 to 30 percent since the attacks of Sept. 11, when some single people lost their jobs and left. Bozena Pietrucha of Bo Realty concurred, saying that many apartments are remaining empty for two to three months before a tenant is signed up.

MOST people rent in Greenpoint, and many buildings are owner-occupied. According to Ms. Blejwas, one-bedroom apartments range from $950 to $1,200 in a typical two- or three-family house, and a two-bedroom apartment can rent for $1,200 to $2,000. Ms. Pietrucha's figures for similar apartments are slightly lower.

Although few co-ops or condominiums exist, a new loftlike condo at 102 Clay Street is selling spaces. A two-family house in good condition (usually wood-frame and vinyl-shingled or brick) costs $300,000 to $500,000, Ms. Pietrucha said, with the higher priced buildings in the historic district. (Single-family homes are rare.)

Not many houses come on the market in the historic district, an area of about six blocks designated in 1982 by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. It is roughly bounded by Manhattan Avenue on the east, Franklin Street on the west, Java Street on the north and Calyer Street to the south. Interspersed among elegant 19th-century churches, houses in Italianate, neo-Grecian and Victorian styles abound.

Milton Street, one of the loveliest, is an assemblage of renovated brick, limestone and terra cotta houses and old churches, including St. John's Lutheran, the Greenpoint Reformed Church and at the head of the street, St. Anthony-St. Alphonsus Roman Catholic Church. On Kent Street, pristine town houses, some dating from the 1800's, claim the Manhattan skyline as a backdrop.

Parking is primarily on the street in Greenpoint, and lots are small, often landscaped with fenced yards and rose bushes and shaded by low trees. The overall housing stock is ***working class***, with small frame houses and brick row houses split into walk-up apartments.

Architectural purists may sniff at the proliferation of vinyl siding and metal awnings, but Greenpoint grew as a bastion for immigrants, largely from Russia, Italy, Ireland, England and Poland, and remains proud of its tastes.

Unlike other immigrant enclaves in New York, residents do not necessarily move on when they have reached a certain financial comfort, and a relatively solid base of middle-class homeowners and renters remains.

Long before there were apartments, Greenpoint was farmland for the Dutch and then the English. Shipbuilding days of the 1800's culminated about 1862, when the Navy built the Monitor on the waterfront. (A museum to honor the ship is being proposed.) About then, the area was becoming a center for kerosene refining, an industry developed by Charles Pratt, who founded Pratt Institute and whose business eventually merged with Standard Oil.

After World War II, waste-treatment plants and garbage-transfer operations, which are still active, were set up on the shoreline.

For some, the warehouses, factories and other low-lying industrial buildings that commandeer the waterfront, some just blocks from the historic district, are eyesores. But the buildings are home to a stable class of employers who are tapping the supply of newest immigrants to Greenpoint, mostly Hispanic people. Set along the East River and Newtown Creek, these once-abandoned buildings house companies producing canoes, furniture, billiard tables, surfboards and lamps. Artists also occupy the spaces.

Near Newtown Creek, Commercial Street holds converted loft buildings, one of the largest one being the Greenpoint Manufacturing and Design Center, where woodworkers, artists, metalworkers and glassmakers rent studios. The Brooklyn office of the Department of City Planning has proposed rezoning vacant and unproductive manufacturing land along the Greenpoint-Williamsburg waterfront (and adjacent areas) for mixed-use and residential projects. The final proposal should be unveiled in a few months, but the public review process takes almost a year. The proposal includes public access to the waterfront, said Robyn Stein, the department's press secretary.

The waterfront is currently virtually inaccessible, without trespassing. Proposals to expand the numerous garbage-transfer stationshave been stalled, said Michael Rochford, a former organizer with Outrage, an advocate of community organizations. But a major issue on the waterfront is a plan by TransGas Energy Systems to build a power plant on the East River in neighboring Williamsburg, which grass-roots groups are fighting. And the city may turn part of the Greenpoint waterfront into sand-volleyball courts, if New York is host to the 2012 Olympics.

There are three public elementary schools in the neighborhood. Two, P.S. 31 and 34, are exempt from the city's new standard curriculums. P.S. 31 on Meserole Street emphasizes rote learning and test prepping; 67 percent of the students met the standards on the English language tests in 2002, compared with 39 percent citywide. For math, 80 percent met standards that year, while 37 percent met them citywide. In 2001, 896 students were enrolled at P.S. 31, according to the school district's Web site.

P.S. 34 at 131 Norman Avenue is smaller with 563 students; 73 percent were eligible for free lunch in 2001. Last year, 72 percent met the English language test standards, and 80 percent met the math standards. The school is in a former hospital built during the Civil War, and there are no hallways, so students pass through one another's classroom. There is no gym or auditorium.

P.S. 110 at 124 Monitor Street had 707 students in prekindergarten through Grade 6 in 2001, with 64 percent eligible for free lunches. Last year, 50 percent of its students met the English language test standards and 49 percent met the math standards.

For middle school, many Greenpoint children attend Intermediate School 126 for Grades 7 through 9 on Leonard Street. Local residents make up about 45 percent of the student body.

On the other side of McCarren Park is the Automotive High School, offering a technical curriculum. Although security is an important priority and the school graduated only 46 percent of its students, Mercedes-Benz USA recently donated cars and money to start an engineering curriculum and create an auto shop specializing in Mercedeses, among other programs.

Other local choices are Grover Cleveland High School in Ridgewood, Queens, and the El Puente Academy for Peace and Justice and the Harry Van Arsdale High School, both in Williamsburg. At El Puente, graduation rate was 80 percent in 2001. Van Arsdale graduated 44 percent of its students. About a half-dozen parochial schools serve Greenpoint as well.

McCarren Park is Greenpoint's crown jewel. Although an unused swimming pool is fenced off, 36 open acres feature a jogging track, tennis, boccie and handball courts and baseball and soccer fields -- good enough to be renovated as a training center for the 2012 Olympics, said Laz Benitez, the NYC2012 manager of communications. That includes the pool, he said.

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

**Graphic**

AREA: 1.5 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $33,613.MEDIAN PRICE FOR TWO-FAMILY HOME: $515,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $480,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $325,000.MEDIAN RENT FOR A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,400.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 2 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: 25 minutes on G train, with transfers to E or V trains; or 20 minutes on L train, with transfers to 4 or 5 train.GOVERNMENT: Councilman David Yassky (Democrat); Community Board 1.CODES: Area, 718; ZIP, 11222.G TRAIN SPRINT: For Greenpoint commuters who often literally race to catch a subway train that disregards Manhattan, the service cuts that have reduced the trains to four cars rather than the standard six have been less than welcome. One such commuter, John V. Hummer, a transportation planner who commutes to Newark from Greenpoint, has broken his foot dashing down the staircase to the shortened train every weekday morning. "Plus there are whole gaps where the train doesn't come for 20 minutes," Mr. Hummer said. Like many Greenpointers, he continues on to Court Square in Queens, where a people mover, which he says is often malfunctioning, carries him and the hordes to Manhattan to the E or the V. Mr. Hummer then gets off at Pennsylvania Station to leap onto New Jersey Transit, all told one hour and five minutes sprinting time. Map of Brooklyn, N.Y.Photos: Two-family brick house at 28 Apollo Street, $469,900.; Three-family house at 154 Freeman Street, $579,000.; Two-family house at 57 Hausman Street, $595,000.; Clockwise, St. Anthony-St. Alphonsus Roman Catholic Church on Manhattan Avenue at Milton Street; Pyza Restaurant on Nassau Avenue, one of many places in Greenpoint with signs in Polish; and Guernsey Street. (Photographs by Jonathan Fickies for The New York Times) Chart: "On the Market -- Gazetteer" POPULATION: 39,057 (2000 census).AREA: 1.5 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $33,613.MEDIAN PRICE FOR TWO-FAMILY HOME: $515,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $480,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $325,000.MEDIAN RENT FOR A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,400.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 2 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: 25 minutes on G train, with transfers to E or V trains; or 20 minutes on L train, with transfers to 4 or 5 train.GOVERNMENT: Councilman David Yassky (Democrat); Community Board 1.CODES: Area, 718; ZIP, 11222.G TRAIN SPRINT: For Greenpoint commuters who often literally race to catch a subway train that disregards Manhattan, the service cuts that have reduced the trains to four cars rather than the standard six have been less than welcome. One such commuter, John V. Hummer, a transportation planner who commutes to Newark from Greenpoint, has broken his foot dashing down the staircase to the shortened train every weekday morning. "Plus there are whole gaps where the train doesn't come for 20 minutes," Mr. Hummer said. Like many Greenpointers, he continues on to Court Square in Queens, where a people mover, which he says is often malfunctioning, carries him and the hordes to Manhattan to the E or the V. Mr. Hummer then gets off at Pennsylvania Station to leap onto New Jersey Transit, all told one hour and five minutes sprinting time. Map of Brooklyn, N.Y.

**Load-Date:** April 13, 2003

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[***Up With Their Rents! Albany Aims at the Rich - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7TN0-000P-N3VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Body**

Raoul Felder, divorce lawyer to the rich and famous, fought like a bull to hold on to his rent-regulated apartment overlooking Central Park. In a white-glove building on Fifth Avenue, it was his three-bedroom home of 18 years. He could stand at his windows and gaze upon New Jersey here, Queens there, all for $4,000 a month.

But, under the luxury decontrol laws that many believe will be expanded in a compromise settlement of New York's rent regulations battle, Mr. Felder lost. His apartment, resplendent with a remodeled kitchen, was deregulated, and his rent nearly quintupled. So, rather than pay $18,000 to $20,000 a month in rent, he bought a triplex penthouse on Sutton Place. He now concedes he probably should have done that long ago.

"I was hardly a victim," Mr. Felder said. "Yes, I was very angry, because I had the advantage of rent stabilization for so many years and it was a fabulous deal. But the truth was, there was no reason for me to have it. I was absolutely using the system because it was so easy to do. And, in truth, the Fifth Avenue apartment was too small."

For the last few years, New York City landlords have sought with frequent success to dethrone those who could be seen as the welfare queens of the rent control debate: the Raoul Felders, Mia Farrows and Dick Cavetts who have enjoyed a benefit meant for that majority of regulated tenants who are poor or ***working class***.

In Albany, behind closed doors, these wealthy tenants are the real targets of many politicians who are negotiating to preserve the rent control system by weeding out the abuse. Publicly, the politicians speak of all or nothing, of killing rent protections entirely or preserving them for all. Privately, they talk most about two options: expanding vacancy decontrol -- the deregulation of an apartment when the tenant leaves, which now exists only for rents above $2,000 -- and expanding the luxury decontrol system to include the affluent and not merely the very rich.

If luxury decontrol is to be expanded, real estate experts say, there are problems with the language of the law and kinks in the system that need to be fixed. But at its base, in their estimation, the luxury decontrol system has been working as intended. Although most cases, like Mr. Felder's, have been contentious, few have ended up in court. Instead, the thrusts by landlords and parries by tenants have typically culminated in heated, typically Manhattan-style real estate negotiations. In almost all cases, tenants have had more than acceptable options once they lost their rent controls. Many if not most tenants have remained in their apartments, paying the much higher rents they could have afforded all along.

Tenant and landlord advocates say that if Albany does expand the three-year-old luxury decontrol system, it should change the system's kinks, because they have created inequities and absurdities and, unaddressed, are likely to create more.

For instance, tenants who, confused by the paperwork, do not complete their forms properly or on time, find their apartments deregulated by default, whatever their income. One tenant lost his regulated rent because he failed to sign the form.

On the other hand, those with very high incomes can retain their lower rents if they pay less than $2,000 a month, be it for a pied-a-terre or an $800-a-month penthouse apartment on Central Park West. (They do exist.) The law covers only regulated tenants who earn over $250,000 a year for two consecutive years and who pay more than $2,000 in rent.

That universe is quite small. While New York State housing officials say they have no idea how many very wealthy tenants there are in rent-protected apartments, the Census Bureau, at the request of The New York Times, tabulated the information for the first time yesterday. According to those statistics, 3,840 tenants with incomes over $250,000 enjoy rent protections in New York City, or 0.35 percent of the 1.1 million regulated tenants. How many of those pay rents of $2,000 or more is not known.

That number presumably includes what landlords say are the scores, if not hundreds, of diplomatic residences that are rent-regulated. New York State, however, has decided it cannot deregulate these residences. The apartments are usually leased by the countries the diplomats represent; neither countries nor diplomatic personnel file local tax returns, so the state considers their income unknowable.

"It's ridiculous," said Robert D. Goldstein, a lawyer whose firm, Borah Goldstein Altschuler & Schwartz, has represented landlords in deregulation actions against Spain and Libya. "I can't imagine that there's a country that wouldn't have an adjusted gross income of more than $250,000 a year."

By the end of last year, building owners had deregulated 1,404 apartments of wealthy tenants. But they had tried and failed to win state approval for deregulating almost twice that many, often because of a bureaucratic problem when the authorities cannot find a tenant's New York State tax returns -- the document they have decided to use for income proof -- because a name or an address is recorded differently on different forms. (State officials say they cannot use Social Security numbers because it would violate Federal privacy laws.) So the tenants get to keep their lower rents.

"Ultimately, about 15 percent of my cases are dismissed because the state can't match the tenants' names, as given to them by the tenants, to any New York State tax returns," said Jeffrey Turkel, a real estate lawyer who represents landlords in deregulation cases for Rosenberg & Estis in Manhattan.

While some affluent tenants have succumbed to their landlords' attempt to decontrol their rents without a fight, most have bought themselves an average of one year or more at low-rent levels by contesting the deregulation.

"Some will just give up the ghost and say you've got me," said Arnold Goldstein, the president of Samson Management and acting chairman of the Rent Stabilization Association, a landlords group. "But with most people, we've all been doing what I call a minuet over money."

When the state orders an apartment deregulated, some tenants in cooperative buildings buy their apartments. Others, like Mr. Cavett, agree to pay higher rents, often by negotiating a graduated increase to market rent levels. Most wealthy renters have invested heavily in their apartments, treating them as if they owned them, and do not want to lose their homes.

"If you've already poured $150,000 into a place, the idea of paying an extra $3,000 a month is still a good deal," said Robert Goldstein, whose firm has handled more than 1,000 deregulations.

Unlike tenants whose lower rents sometimes subsidize the laying down of marble over bare wood floors, most tenants in rent-regulated apartments scrape by on less than $30,000 a year.

Many tenant advocates do not think that there should be any means test tied to rent protections, saying that the system was not designed to give subsidies to individuals but to keep housing affordable.

"Granted, at the $250,000 level, these are not people who are going to be homeless," said Michael McKee, a leader of the New York State Tenant and Neighbors Coalition. "But once you establish a means test, there will always be an attempt to lower the threshold."

Indeed, proposals for expanding luxury decontrol call for lowering the income threshold and lowering or eliminating the rent cutoff. Under the most ambitious proposal, tenants with household incomes of $100,000 annually -- which Mr. McKee calls "nothing in this city" -- would lose rent protection regardless of how much rent they pay. If there is a compromise settlement, however, it is more likely that the income threshold will be $150,000 or $200,000 and that the rent cutoff will be lower than $2,000, but not eliminated.

The other option under consideration is expanding vacancy decontrol. Now, landlords can deregulate apartments with rents at $2,000 or over when they are vacated. By the end of 1996, 1,350 apartments had been deregulated that way.

Most building owners have taken a blitzkrieg approach to deregulating their luxury buildings on the Upper East Side and Upper West Side of Manhattan, where rents are highest. They have tried to lift the rent controls on every apartment renting at $2,000 or more, essentially asking tenants to prove that their income is not high enough.

Even some tenants who do not make enough money to be deregulated find the process unsettling, especially older, long-term tenants.

"Tenants are annoyed with the paperwork," said Gary Jacob, executive vice president of Jacob Management. "They'll say to me, 'I've already told you I don't make that kind of money. Are you calling me a liar?' "

Building owners and their lawyers do have many tales of tenant lies, the lengths to which wealthy tenants have gone to hide their income and keep their rent protections. Because the law specifies incomes of $250,000 or more for two years, they say, some simply arrange for their income to be divided so that $245,000 is reported one year and $255,000 the next. Some owners say that some husbands and wives are claiming to live separate lives, one in the city, one in the country home, to split their income.

Mr. Jacobs told of one Upper East Side tenant who amended his tax return to include a capital gain loss on stock that had become worthless, bringing his income $10,000 below the threshold. He kept his lower rent.

Mr. Turkel, the lawyer, told what he termed a cautionary tale of another wealthy man, who fought the lifting of protections on his grand apartment on Fifth Avenue through every level of appeal. In 1994, when he lost his first bid, the man could have bought his apartment for $800,000. Instead, he did so this year, for $1.3 million.

When the state ruled that Spain and Libya could keep the rent controls on their official residences because they did not file New York State income taxes, the landlords tried another tactic. They went to Federal court to try to prove that the apartments were not the primary residences of Spain or Libya. (Rent protections exist only on primary residences).

Both nations' representatives ended up in real estate negotiations with their landlords. Spain bought its apartment. What happened with Libya could not be determined.

**Correction**

An article yesterday about luxury decontrol rules for rent-regulated apartments referred incorrectly in some editions to the percentage of tenants with rent protections in New York City who have incomes over $250,000. According to an analysis by the Census Bureau, there are 3,840 such tenants, or 0.35 percent of the roughly 1.1 million regulated apartments -- not 0.003 percent.

A front-page chart on May 2 about rent regulation referred incorrectly to the apartments described. There are 1.1 million rent-regulated apartments in New York City; that is not the total number of rental apartments. In addition, the chart gave an incorrect percentage for the units occupied by families earning $100,000 or more. About 5 percent of the rent-regulated apartments not 8 percent, are in that category.

**Correction-Date:** May 3, 1997, SaturdayMay 10, 1997, Saturday

**Graphic**

Graph: "Targets for Decontrol"

Of 1.9 million apartments in New York City in 1996, about 84,230, or 4.3%, are occupied by families earning $100,000 or more. Graph shows the breakdown by income category. (Source: Census Bureau, Housing and Household Economic Statistics Division)

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**End of Document**



[***Delay by City Over Firetraps Is Questioned - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7XR0-000P-N0DB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

After a fire raced through an illegal boardinghouse in Queens and took four lives last week, the Giuliani administration began promoting an ambitious plan to crack down on landlords who carve houses into cheap, dangerous warrens.

But throughout Queens -- where illegal apartments have become the most pressing problem for dozens of neighborhoods -- civic leaders, City Council members and even the inspectors charged with uncovering those dangerous conditions have angrily asked why the city has waited so long to act.

With an arsenal of laws already on the books and available to fight illegal conversions, the city has stood by for more than a decade, the critics charge, allowing tens of thousands of one- and two-family houses to become de facto apartment buildings for struggling immigrants.

The Giuliani administration's new plan would increase fines and step up enforcement of the building codes, as well as create a task force of city agencies and community officials to respond to the problems.

The proposal was formulated in the last six months but was given new impetus by last week's deadly blaze.

Still, the plan is disappointing to some community and city officials, who say it provides almost no additional financing to bolster the shrinking system of inspecting houses, issuing violations and punishing offenders.

For their part, city officials contend the problem has grown worse only recently, and they say they have moved quickly to address it. Despite budget cuts, they also say they have committed enough resources and employees to the inspection system.

"I think we would certainly request more if we thought they were needed," Gaston Silva, the Buildings Commissioner, said, pointing out that eight new inspectors were hired last month -- the first significant addition to the staff in a decade -- to focus solely on Queens. "This happened, by city standards, actually very quickly."

But critics say that adding 8 new inspectors to a staff of 47 is a token effort in a city with more than two million one- and two-family homes and fewer than half the inspectors it had a decade ago. They also note that New York City inspectors have succeeded in inspecting only about half of the illegally converted private houses they have visited. And the Buildings Department itself admits that it does not even keep track of how many of its fines go unpaid.

"For as long as I can remember, every Commissioner has come forward and said, 'We have enough to do the job,' " said the City Council Speaker, Peter F. Vallone of Queens. "So why the hell don't they do it?"

As the debate intensifies, the problem becomes more entrenched. Last week, as bulldozers cleared the last of the charred rubble from the site of the fire in Maspeth, Gary Giordano, the district manager for the area's community board, walked around the corner with a visitor.

There, he pointed to a neatly kept, two-story tan brick house, its three mailboxes mounted near the front door -- with 13 names pasted on them. It appeared that the cellar was occupied, even though the only visible exit, a metal door, was padlocked.

The owner of the house, Alex Dabrowski, 64, said that only six people lived in the house, "four adults and two babies, no more."

"The other names, no, no, no," he said. "They only pick up the mail here." When pressed, he then said that the extra names were actually those of residents who lived in a pale blue wood-frame house he owned, tucked in the tiny yard behind the brick house. "It's all legal," he said.

Mr. Giordano filed complaints against the brick house with three mailboxes and another house down the street early last week, but by Friday no inspectors had come.

Complaints Started Two Decades Ago

From Maspeth to Richmond Hills to Bayside, community leaders and politicians in Queens have complained to the officials in at least three administrations about illegally converted buildings. At meetings, they sometimes compare the size of the manila folders they keep stuffed with unanswered complaints.

Patricia Dolan, president of the Queens Valley Homeowners' Civic Association in Kew Gardens Hills, recalled a meeting with Mayor Edward I. Koch in the early 1980's that was dominated by the issue. "And he stood up and said that the city was not going to force all these landlords to stop doing this because it would just add to the homeless problem," Ms. Dolan said.

Mr. Koch said last week that he meant only two-family homes with extra space that could be used safely for small third apartments.

Nonetheless, in 1983, Anthony B. Gliedman, the Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development, the agency charged with inspecting larger residential buildings, admitted that illegal conversions were so generally condoned that "the situation is like Prohibition."

From 1990 to early this year, the number of Buildings Department inspectors, those who generally deal with complaints of illegal conversions in one- and two-family homes, dropped to 47 from 83 citywide, according to the inspectors' union.

Meanwhile, the problem grew apace: complaints to the department about illegal conversions in Queens rose to 523 last year from 181 in 1995.

A series of articles in The New York Times last October reported that, in the absence of city enforcement, the epidemic of illegal conversions had completely transformed even many middle-class Queens neighborhoods and created thousands of fire hazards.

Though it has received more attention from the city than usual, the fire in Maspeth was by no means the first to decimate illegal apartments and take lives. In February 1995, a 3-year-old girl and two adults were killed when a faulty electrical space heater ignited a fire in their illegal attic apartment in South Jamaica.

The series of articles also reported that while the overcrowding was dangerous in itself, it had created damaging ripple effects, straining schools, subways and hospitals.

Solutions Offered, But None Employed

Ideas on how to stop conversions have been around almost as long as the problem, and most have been ignored. Mr. Vallone, for example, sponsored a bill in 1978 that Mayor Koch signed into law making illegal conversions a criminal offense.

But the so-called obnoxious use law, which can impose fines of as much as $1,000 a day on landlords and put them in jail for 90 days for each violation, required a significant commitment of legal resources from the city.

"The city did use it in the late 1970's and early 80's to make examples of people," Mr. Vallone said. But with resources dwindling, the city later all but abandoned the law.

Joseph M. Corso, a longtime inspector and the president of Local 211 of the Allied Building Inspectors, said that although most building violations became civil instead of criminal offenses beginning in 1989 -- essentially because of the crowded criminal system -- the city was still able to hand out criminal misdemeanor summonses.

But such summonses require that an inspector return to a location to reinspect if there is no response to the initial violation within 10 days. "And there aren't enough people to do that," Mr. Corso said. Mr. Silva said the city now rarely gives criminal summonses. Part of the Mayor's plan is to seek criminal penalties against the worst offenders.

Sheldon S. Leffler, a City Councilman from eastern Queens, complained loudly last week that many of Mr. Giuliani's proposals mirrored ones he and other Council members had advocated for years -- with no support, and often with opposition, from mayoral administrations.

One proposal made five years ago sought to eliminate the requirement that inspectors investigating illegal two- and three-family dwellings must have a signed affidavit from a neighbor or other concerned citizen attesting to conditions inside before a search warrant can be obtained.

The rule has long been one of the biggest obstacles to proving violations against even the most flagrant offenders, because neighbors are reluctant to complain publicly about nearby residents.

Furthermore, Ms. Dolan said, the affidavits "essentially force people to perjure themselves, because you have to swear that you were inside and actually saw the conditions."

"In most cases, the people have good evidence of what's going on, but they haven't actually been inside," she said.

The result: in the city's last fiscal year, building inspectors were refused access to thousands of houses where they suspected dangerous conditions but obtained only 12 search warrants.

As part of the new crackdown, Mr. Silva said inspectors will now be able to sign affidavits themselves. In the end, the change did not even require City Council legislation. "We're just doing it," he said. "It's a revised legal interpretation."

Asked why the improvement could not have been made years ago, he said: "Different people have different ways of looking at laws. These things are evolutionary."

Mr. Leffler contends there is a different reason. "I believe the administration has just responded to pressure," he said. "I don't single them out in this regard. They're not the only ones. But when there has not been resistance and popular agitation, there's been no movement."

Cost of Enforcement: More Homelessness

Critics of the Buildings Department say the inspection system for illegal conversions has been allowed to crumble because if the city aggressively enforced the laws, thousands of poor and ***working-class*** people would have nowhere to live.

Mr. Leffler says he fears that even the new efforts may be only "the illusion of a reaction." Mr. Corso says the city's reluctance has allowed buildings officials to ignore complaints, to give up easily when they are refused access and to rarely pursue unpaid violations.

The complacency has created a system in which all but the most serious reports of structural flaws or imminent building collapse are now classified as low-priority complaints, known as C and D complaints, Mr. Corso said. "Everything is just a math problem," he said. "If the number of hazardous complaints goes up, and you don't have the people to see them, just change the category of what are considered hazardous complaints."

Mr. Silva vigorously denied that the possibility of turning thousands of people onto the streets had affected the way the Buildings Department enforced the laws. "It may be a problem, but it has no bearing on us," he said.

Ironically, the case of the house that burned in Maspeth was handled better than many others. Even so, it is emblematic of the system's shortcomings. Buildings officials received the initial report that 18 people were jammed into three floors and classified the case as a C complaint. Inspectors did respond, two months ago, and unlike thousands of other cases, they were able to get inside the house. But despite the fact that two violations were issued, the owner, Frank Glowacki, did nothing to correct the problems, including the frayed wiring that caused the fire, and no follow-up was done.

Mr. Corso, who spoke last week with the inspectors who had examined the house, said that if there had been no fire, the city probably would have never gone to the address again. "There's no mechanism for it," he said. "Unless more complaints came, the violations would have just sat on the file."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with the continuation of a front-page article about the illegal subdivision of New York houses into multiple apartments misstated the number of names on the pictured mailboxes in some copies. There were 13 names on the three mailboxes, not nine.

**Correction-Date:** April 28, 1997, Monday

**Graphic**

Photos: Nine names are listed on mailboxes at 60-07 56th Road in West Maspeth, Queens, near last week's deadly fire. Critics say the city has stood by while one- and two-family houses have become de facto apartment buildings. (Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** April 27, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE LISTINGS THEATER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SP3-K9D0-TW8F-G008-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 19

**Length:** 3151 words

**Body**

THEATER

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current shows, additional listings, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/theater.

Previews and Openings

'THE COCKTAIL HOUR' In previews; opens on Friday. A revival of A. R. Gurney's play about a writer returning home to ask his parents for money to produce a play he has written about them (2:00). Kirk Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

'A DANGEROUS PERSONALITY' In previews; opens on Wednesday. Sallie Bingham's play explores the life of the spiritualist and philosopher Helena Blavatsky. Julia Miles Theater, 424 West 55th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200.

'HAMLET' In previews; opens on June 17. To wait in line or not to wait in line: that will be the question for those who want to see free Shakespeare this summer, which features Michael Stuhlbarg (''Pillowman'') as the Dane. The Public's head honcho, Oskar Eustis, directs (3:20). Delacorte Theater in Central Park, midpark at 80th Street, (212) 539-8750.

'THE MARRIAGE OF BETTE AND BOO' Previews start on Thursday. Opens on July 13. The Roundabout Theater revives Christopher Durang's comic portrait of one marriage in 33 short scenes. Walter Bobbie directs. Laura Pels Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300.

'SINGLE BLACK FEMALE' Previews start on Tuesday. Opens on Thursday. Lisa B. Thompson's play looks at the challenges of the middle-class black woman on the dating scene. Duke on 42nd Street, 229 West 42nd Street, (646) 223-3010.

Broadway

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE 39 STEPS' An absurdly enjoyable, gleefully theatrical riff on the 1935 Hitchcock movie, directed by Maria Aitken and featuring a cast of four that feels like a cast of thousands. This fast, frothy exercise in legerdemain is throwaway theater at its finest (1:45). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Ben Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY' Tracy Letts's turbocharged tragicomedy about an Oklahoma clan in a state of near-apocalyptic meltdown is the most exciting new American play Broadway has seen in years. Fiercely funny and bitingly sad, it somehow finds fresh sources of insight in that classic staple of the stage, the disintegrating American family. And the cast, from the Steppenwolf Theater Company, is beyond sublime (3:20). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Charles Isherwood)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'BOEING-BOEING' Marco Camoletti's smirky French farce from the 1960s about a triple-timing roue has been given the makeover of the season by the director Matthew Marchus. This high-spirited production soars into an unpolluted stratosphere of classical physical comedy. With Christine Baranski, Bradley Whitford and, in a priceless deadpan performance, Mark Rylance (2:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'A CATERED AFFAIR' John Buccino and Harvey Fierstein's short, slow and somber depiction of a blue-collar family planning an expensive wedding, inspired by the 1956 movie, is so low-key that it often seems to sink below stage level. John Doyle directs a scrupulously subdued cast led by Faith Prince, Tom Wopat and Mr. Fierstein (1:30). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF' Anika Noni Rose and Terrence Howard deliciously embody those eternal adversaries, irresistible force and immovable object, as the battling husband and wife in the first act of this otherwise flabby revival of Tennessee Williams's melodrama. Debbie Allen directs, none too certainly, a cast that also includes James Earl Jones and Phylicia Rashad (2:45). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'THE COUNTRY GIRL' The sole source of suspense in this inert revival -- directed by Mike Nichols and starring Morgan Freeman, Frances McDormand and Peter Gallagher -- is whether three of the finest actors around can ever make you care about what their characters are going through (2:10). Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CRY-BABY' Tasteless, though not in the way you would expect from a show adapted from a movie by John Waters, the king of cinematic vulgarity. This bad-boy-meets-good-girl 1950s spoof has all the flavor of week-old prechewed gum. Mark Brokaw directs a forgettable cast. (2:20). Marquis Theater, 1535 Broadway, at 45th Street, (212) 307-4100.

(Brantley)

'DISNEY'S THE LITTLE MERMAID' The motto for this charm-free musical blunderbuss, based on the charming 1989 Disney movie, might be ''You can't go broke overestimating the taste of preschoolers.'' Francesca Zambello directs an overwhelmed cast (2:20). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4747. (Brantley)

'GREASE' A limp revival of a musical set in a high school that feels like a musical put on by a high school. Kathleen Marshall directs and choreographs a charisma-free ensemble, whose leads (Max Crumm and Laura Osnes) were cast via reality television (2:15). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'GYPSY' As the dangerously obsessed Momma Rose, Patti LuPone has found her focus. And when Ms. LuPone is truly focused, she's a laser, she incinerates. Directed by Arthur Laurents, this wallop-packing incarnation of the great musical showbiz fable, also starring the superb Boyd Gaines and Laura Benanti, shines with a magnified, soul-revealing transparency (2:30). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'IN THE HEIGHTS' Lin-Manuel Miranda, who wrote the bubbly Latin pop score for this musical about barrio life, also gives a captivating performance as the owner of a bodega who dispenses good cheer along with cafe con leche. Zesty choreography and a host of lively performers are among its other assets; its fundamental flaw is a vivid streak of sentimentality (2:20). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES' The British actor Ben Daniels makes a sensational Broadway debut as the 18th-century libertine Valmont in Rufus Norris's eye-filling, imbalanced revival of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the Pierre Choderlos de Laclos novel. Also starring Laura Linney, a wonderful actress cast out of her range as Valmont's former lover (2:40). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THE NEW MEL BROOKS MUSICAL YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN' This tiring adaptation of Mr. Brooks's 1974 movie, directed by Susan Stroman and starring an amiable but overwhelmed Roger Bart, never seems to stop screeching at you. This means that: a) it soon wears out its voice, and b) it leaves you with a monster-size headache (2:45). Hilton Theater, 213 West 42nd Street, (212) 307-4100. (Brantley)

'NOVEMBER'David Mamet's glib, jaunty comedy about a corrupt, unpopular president seeking re-election suggests a ''Saturday Night Live'' sketch retro-styled as a Sid Caesar comedy sketch. Joe Mantello, in his Neil Simon mode, directs a cast led by Nathan Lane (as the quipping president) and Laurie Metcalf (as his doormat speechwriter) (1:35). Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'PASSING STRANGE' The rock 'n' roll autobiography of Stew, a singer-songwriter who grew up in bourgeois black Los Angeles and trekked to Europe to find himself as an artist. The portrait of an artist in search of himself is an old story; Stew's unique perspective, exuberant music and witty lyrics -- and the show's uniformly delightful cast -- give it a vivid new sheen (2:10). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'SOUTH PACIFIC' Bartlett Sher's rapturous revival of this Rodgers and Hammerstein classic recreates the unabashed, unquestioning romance American theatergoers once had with the American book musical. Kelli O'Hara and Paulo Szot are the revelatory stars of a pitch-perfect cast (2:50). Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE' A glorious revival of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1984 musical about art according to Seurat. Making enchanting use of 21st-century technology to convey a 19th-century Pointillist's point of view, this production also shimmers with a new humanity and clarity. Daniel Buntrock directs a revelatory cast, led by Daniel Evans and Jenna Russell (2:15). Studio 54, 254 West 54th Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THURGOOD'Laurence Fishburne plays Thurgood Marshall, the first black American to sit on the Supreme Court, in this no-frills solo show written by George Stevens Jr. and directed by Leonard Foglia. Basically a history lesson given by a movie star, but the life story is undeniably stirring (1:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Isherwood)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'TOP GIRLS' James Macdonald's smart and sensitive revival of Caryl Churchill's imperfect but important play from 1982, about the roads taken and not taken by women throughout history. Nothing matches the exhilarating, time-scrambling first act, but the cast throughout is extraordinary. The starry ensemble includes Elizabeth Marvel, Marisa Tomei and Martha Plimpton (2:30). Biltmore Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'XANADU' An improbably entertaining spoof of the majestically awful movie from 1980 about a Greek muse (Olivia Newton-John, roller-skating into oblivion) who inspires a young artist in Venice Beach, Calif., to chase his disco dream. Kerry Butler mimics Ms. Newton-John's Aussie accent and sports her signature skates-and-leg-warmers look, but also puts her own affectionate stamp on a seriously silly role. Blissfully idiotic, practically sublime (1:30). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'ADDING MACHINE' A bleak but brilliant musical adaptation of Elmer Rice's 1923 play about an all-American loser who kills the boss when he finds he's being replaced by the contraption of the title. Expertly designed and directed, with unforgettably vivid performances in the three lead roles and an inspired score by Joshua Schmidt and Jason Loewith (1:30).Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'ALMOST AN EVENING' It's no disgrace that Ethan Coen's comic anthology, directed by Neil Pepe, lives up to its modest title. Slight, mind-teasing divertissements, acted by a deluxe cast, these tasty, bite-size comedies are almost an evening in the sense that tapas are almost a meal (1:30). Bleecker Street Theater, 45 Bleecker Street, between Lafayette and Mott Streets, East Village, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'BETRAYED'George Packer's play, adapted from his piece for The New Yorker, is a chilling study of the plight of three Iraqis working for the American government in Iraq. Forceful, unsettling and beautifully acted (1:45). Culture Project, 55 Mercer Street, SoHo, (212) 352-3101.

(Isherwood)

'THE BULLY PULPIT' As a conservationist and union supporter, Theodore Roosevelt was a Republican of a different color, something Michael O. Smith makes abundantly clear in this informative one-man show, which he also wrote. Mr. Smith's vigorous, gregarious portrait winningly reminds us of Roosevelt's insatiable intellectual hunger and unrelenting optimism. To say nothing of T. R.'s resistance to pigeonholing -- so rare for a politician in his era, and, sadly, so rare in ours (1:55). Beckett Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Andy Webster)

'THE CASTLE' Four ex-convicts tell how they returned to society in this simple and fascinating, if at times overearnest, production. In this nation of overcrowded prisons, its message that we reconsider our treatment of ex-felons is well worth considering (1:00). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200. (Webster)

'DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS' Repertorio Espanol's Spanish-language adaptation of Jorge Amado's novel set in Bahia, Brazil, is bawdy and raucous, a sex farce with the clarity and logic of a folk tale. It frequently oversells the sex, but the two leading men, Francisco Gattorno and Pedro Serka, are excellent, and the party spirit onstage is contagious (1:40). Repertorio Espanol, 138 East 27th Street, (212) 225-9920.

(Rachel Saltz)

'ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATER MARATHON: SERIES B' Sharp relationship plays by Neil LaBute and Anne Washburn highlight this mostly impressive collection (1:45). Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (212) 352-3101.

(Jason Zinoman)

'THE EUTHANASIST' Liza Lentini's one-woman play featuring Monika Schneider flattens out its hot-button topic, hitting too many wrong notes to provoke much thought or jerk many tears (1:30). Performance Space 122, 150 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village, (212) 477-5829. (Saltz)

'FUERZABRUTA' A sensory bath aimed at clubgoing college kids in search of cultural diversion. Thumping techno music, smoke and a standing throng surround you as you watch a curious collection of semispectacular technical feats (1:05). Daryl Roth Theater, 101 East 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

'THE GREAT AMERICAN ALL-STAR TRAVELING WAR MACHINE' The Irondale Ensemble Project in a frisky trot through a few millenniums of human conflict. Inspired by the first issue of Lewis Lapham's Lapham Quarterly, the show is an intermittently engaging miscellany that unfortunately fails to establish a strong point of view (1:30). Theater for the New City, 155 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101.

(Isherwood)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'HOW THEATER FAILED AMERICA' Mike Daisey is a remarkable performer. His new monologue, supposedly about the failure of regional theater, is actually the touching and at times hilarious story of how he fell in love with theater, and of his professional misadventures (1:00). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, (212) 239-6200. (Caryn James)

'JACKIE MASON: THE ULTIMATE JEW'Barack Obama, Eliot Spitzer and (of course) the difference between Jews and gentiles are topics covered in Mr. Mason's farewell show (2:15). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200.

(Zinoman)

'JUMP' Video-game theater from Korea that mixes martial arts and broad comedy with lowbrow results (1:30). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, (212) 307-4100.

(Zinoman)

'THE NEW CENTURY' The one-liners fly like rockets in this rollicking bill of short plays by Paul Rudnick about gay men and the women who love them. And more often than not, they hit their targets smoking. Nicholas Martin directs the unmatchable team of monologuists: Linda Lavin, Peter Bartlett and Jayne Houdyshell (1:45). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'PORT AUTHORITY' Conor McPherson's haunting fugue of monologues about passive lives and loves that might have been, performed by three actors who know how to snare an audience with a story: Brian d'Arcy James, John Gallagher Jr. and Jim Norton. Henry Wishcamper directs (1:30). Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'PRISONER OF THE CROWN' This frenetic courtroom drama about Sir Roger Casement, an Irish patriot convicted of treason in 1916, treats history as a cartoon. (2:05). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737.

(Zinoman)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'RAFTA, RAFTA ...' Ayub Khan-Din's play, adapted from a Bill Naughton comedy, gently considers the problems of a newly married couple unable to consummate their marriage. What might have been a sniggery sitcom is transformed, by seamless and compassionate ensemble work under Scott Elliot's direction, into a gentle and compassionate look at an Indian family adjusting to ***working-class*** England (2:20). Acorn Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'REASONS TO BE PRETTY' A true shocker from Neil LaBute, but not the kind you'd expect. The master of nastiness is making nice, in a superbly acted drama about a young man learning to listen. Terry Kinney astutely directs the top-flight cast: Piper Perabo, Alison Pill, Thomas Sadowski and Pablo Schreiber (2:15). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

Last Chance

'ARTEFACTS' Balancing the political and the personal, this compelling if sometimes heavy-handed play is told from the perspective of a young British girl who discovers she has an Iraqi father (1:20). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200; closes on Sunday. (Zinoman)

This restaurant is rated 1 star. 'ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED' This satirical, nightmarish rock musical articulates the views of Dennis Woychuk (who wrote its book and lyrics), a former lawyer for mental patients, toward the New York criminal justice system. It spares no one, and its songs -- bleak, profane and often witty -- carry the conviction of experience. The exuberant cast members, well, rock it (1:30). Kraine Theater, 85 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 868-4444; closes on Wednesday. (Webster)

'BLINK' This drama from Wales about a grown man who is just confronting the sexual abuse inflicted on him by a teacher is partly inspired by a real-life case from the 1980s, and when it sticks to that plot element it has power, thanks to a top-notch three-member cast. But Ian Rowlands, the playwright, also makes it a tirade against the abuse victim's father, who (like the teacher) is never seen, and just why everyone is so angry at him is less clear (1:40). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200; closes on Sunday. (Neil Genzlinger)

'FROM UP HERE' Liz Flahive's quirky-family comedy about a troubled high school student approaches a provocative subject from a fresh perspective. The delightful Julie White (''The Little Dog Laughed'') extends her range with her affecting performance as the mother of a boy just pulled back from the brink of violence (1:40). Manhattan Theater Club at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST' A faithful, thoroughly entertaining version of Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, performed with great joy in the depth of his silliness. (2:35). Pearl Theater Company, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 598-9802; closes on Sunday. (James)

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

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[***Economic Watch;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4840-002S-X40F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Long Road to Argentina's Financial Disaster***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4840-002S-X40F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1721 words

**Byline:** By PETER PASSELL, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BUENOS AIRES, June 15

**Body**

The current inflation rate exceeds 400,000 percent annually. Factories are laying off their employees, and industrial production has virtually stopped.

Once the self-proclaimed outpost of European civilization, a nation blessed with most of the fertile farmland in Latin America and more than its share of oil wealth, Argentina is now applying for admission to the third world.

In 1900 Argentines had roughly the same living standard as Americans. But three-quarters of a century of stuttering growth followed by a decade of unbroken decline has left Carlos Saul Menem, the President-elect now scheduled to take office on July 8, to cope with what amounts to a Potemkin economy.

Art Deco banking edifices, bustling, fashionably dressed shoppers and streets choked with Peugeots and Fiats give downtown Buenos Aires the look of a northern European capital. Yet a few miles away, shantytowns are engulfing once-stable blue collar districts. And tentacles of squatters shacks are spreading into the handsome residential neighborhoods to the north, where the game they play at the polo grounds is still polo. $50 Billion Sent Abroad Unskilled workers who could once count on steak twice a day must now scramble to feed their families on the equivalent of $40 or $50 a month. And the wealthy, who have always had one foot out the door, are not taking any chances: They have stashed an estimated $50 billion in banks from Montevideo to Milan.

What explains Argentina's fall from economic grace? The explosive inflation that has ravaged purchasing power and shut down hundreds of businesses was apparently triggered by a rush to convert assets to dollars before the presidential elections in May. But inflation running at 100 percent a month is only the latest manifestation of a disease that has sapped productivity and retarded economic and political maturation in Argentina for a century.

Those who would blame everyone -and thus no one - for Argentina's chronic economic woes believe the source lies deep in Argentine culture. What else could one expect, argues Moises Ikonikoff, a senior adviser to President-elect Menem, from a nation of displaced Europeans who never earned their initial success and thus had no reason to equate productive work with economic reward?

But not every explanation lacks tangible villains. President Raul Alfonsin, swept into office in the restoration of democracy in 1983, never risked his personal popularity in an all-out effort to convince Argentines to sacrifice for the commonweal. And some economic analysts, including Jeffrey Sachs of Harvard, believe that international lenders let down the struggling democracy in the last three years by asking far too much in return for debt relief.

Wealth Without Work

V. S. Naipaul, the novelist and essayist with an acute eye for decadence, saw Argentina's problems in its 19th-century origins as a nation of ''plunderers'' exploiting the vast, rich pampas for cattle and then grain. Mr. Ikonikoff, and many other Argentines, dress the same idea in less pejorative clothes.

He likens Argentina's initial successes to Spain's looting of Incan gold in the 15th century and OPEC's oil windfall in the 1970's. In each case, he says, great wealth was created without much work or investment, leaving little of the social and physical infrastructure needed for development.

There was so much to go around that entrepeneurs put their efforts into grabbing larger slices of the pie rather than adding to its size. Big government evolved as the referee between increasingly organized interests, doling out jobs, subsidies and guaranteed markets.

Juan D. Peron, the charismatic strongman who intermittantly dominated Argentine politics from 1946 until his death in 1975, fits into this ''corporatist'' interpretation as the defender of the previously unrepresented urban ***working class***.

To cement a power base, he increased the bargaining leverage of his union supporters, forcing employers to pay higher wages and provide generous fringe benefits. Some of the cost was absorbed by the great landowning ''oligarchs'' who were taxed on exports of meat and grain. But most was absorbed in the cost of products sold by state-owned monopolies and by private companies protected from foreign competition.

Export Prices Once High

This realignment of power was stable in the first years after World War II because export prices were very high and the income pie was growing rapidly enough to feed the greediest. But it stuck Argentina with an inefficient industrial sector, whose success or failure turned on its bargaining power with government, rather than the quality or cost of its products. And Peron's Mussolini-like appeal offered shrill nationalism as the only bond for a nation locked in a perpetual civil war of distribution.

Good luck with export prices did not hold. Argentina did manage to achieve a slow but relatively steady growth, increasing per capita output at about one-third the rate of Japan in the first three postwar decades. But that proved not nearly enough to meet the collective expectations of big landowners, industrialists, blue-collar workers and the growing middle class. Coalitions rapidly formed and reformed as interest groups tried to gain at the expense of others.

Military governments in Brazil and Chile have had temporary successes in breaking interest group stalemates, albeit at the expense of the poor. But in Argentina, military intervention in 1976 simply shuffled the power brokers.

Economic management grew worse under the military dictatorship, as the deficits of state-owned enterprises ballooned and the Government allowed the rich to recycle tens of billions of publicly borrowed dollars into their own foreign bank accounts. Along with a mandate for democracy in 1984, President Alfonsin inherited a $45 billion foreign debt (roughly 70 percent of national income), a negative rate of capital investment and a crazy-quilt of interest group bargains that kept bloated government bureaucracies and inefficient industries afloat at the Treasury's expense.

Unions the Squeakiest Wheel

By the reckoning of Juan Carlos Torres, an economic adviser to the President-elect, Mr. Alfonsin's initial response to the economic challenge was ''not very different from his predecessors'.'' He greased the squeakiest wheel, which in this case was the unions.

In early 1985 inflation accelerated toward an annualized rate of 2,000 percent. The Government's fiscal deficit accelerated with it, as Argentines settled tax liabilities incurred months before in badly depreciated currency. Something had to be done, and something was: the Austral Plan.

Named for the new currency that replaced the peso, the plan consisted of a temporary freeze on wages, prices and exchange rates and an agreement from international creditors to stretch out payments, plus a promise to raise taxes, curtail subsidies and resist the temptation to finance budget deficits with the printing press.

The shock treatment on prices worked, bringing inflation back to 2 percent a month and inducing a spurt of economic growth. But President Alfonsin could not deliver on plans to curb wage increases for public employees, or to sell money-hemorraging state enterprises. Inflation kicked up again. And the traditional bidding war for support in the 1987 Congressional elections, all semblance of fiscal discipline disappeared.

Another Plan Unravels

Juan Sourrouille, the Minister of Economics, made one last try in mid-1988 to put the economy back on track with negotiated wage and price restraints, higher interest rates and fiscal changes. But once again, after an initial success in tamping down prices, the plan unravelled.

According to Marcelo Zlotogwiazda, a Buenos Aries economist, last-ditch manipulations by the central bank in February 1989 to hold the system together until the May elections backfired. Run-of-the-mill Latin American inflation turned into a true hyperinflation, setting the stage for the governing Radical Party's loss at the polls and subsequent food riots across the nation.

Like many other early supporters of Mr. Alfonsin, N. Charles Rowe, an Argentine banker, puts the responsibility for the current economic mess on the President's shoulders. In his view, Mr. Alfonsin ended up playing the old corporatist game of slicing and reslicing ever thinner pieces of the pie. But Mr. Sachs of Harvard believes that foreign creditors bear some blame for the extinction of Mr. Alfonsin's bright star, and his indictment is echoed by some officials of the international lending agencies.

To Mr. Sachs the critical moment came in 1986, when the Austral Plan had temporarily tamed inflation and the fiscal deficit had fallen from its 1982 peak of 19 percent of national income to just 5 percent. Foreign banks could have responded by making a deal on the gigantic foreign debt amassed by the earlier military regimes to fight the Falklands War and buy political support. $3 Billion Goes to Interest But the opportunity to increase Mr. Alfonsin's leverage for fundamental economic change was foregone. Nearly $3 billion in interest was collected - $3 billion that might have gone, for example, to compensate excess workers dismissed by inefficient state enterprises.

A second chance to give Mr. Alfonsin some room for manuever came in late 1988, after wage and price restraints had again brought a respite from inflation. The World Bank was convinced that the President meant business this time about cutting fiscal deficit, and agreed to reward him with a $1.25 billion loan. There was even talk about cash from the United States.

But private bankers, who had not received interest payments since April 1988 and did not believe that Argentina was making a good-faith effort to settle its foreign debts, were loath to see official lenders smile on the Argentines. And in the power vacuum created by the departure of James A. Baker 3d from the United States Treasury, there was no friendly American hand to push through a similar deal past hard-liners at the International Monetary Fund.

The Alfonsin Government was forced to limp on alone toward hyperinflation and an almost inevitable electoral loss. The question yet to be answered is whether the new Peronist President can find a way to repair the long-abused Argentine economy, and this time make the patches stick.

**Graphic**

Photos of President Raul Alfonsin (AP); Carlos Saul Menem, the President-elect (Reuters)

**End of Document**



[***A Long Day of Talking and a Big Night of Singing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XM1-3JC0-00RP-K51K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BRUCE WEBER

**Series:** BIRTH OF AN OPERA -- At Last, the curtain rises

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Oct. 10

**Body**

After it was over, the stage at last cleared and the audience buzzing on its way out after 10 full minutes of standing applause, Arthur Miller stood in the wings backstage at the Civic Opera House here, with an expression of stunned quietude. He was in the company of just a few friends -- a noisy celebration was already under way elsewhere -- and no one was speaking much. Mr. Miller, 83, who for the first time had just seen and heard the adaptation by Lyric Opera of Chicago of his 1955 play, "A View From the Bridge," had a hard time expressing himself.

"I had no idea it would be so . . . " he began, and then he faltered, searching for the right word.

"Big," he said.

Such, of course, is opera.

It was, indeed, a big night. The critics had yet to weigh in, and O.K., there was a trickle of grumblers who hurried from the theater as soon as the curtain fell. But in the aftermath of the world premiere of "A View From the Bridge," more than four years after it was commissioned from the composer William Bolcom and the librettist Arnold Weinstein, the creators and performers were ebullient, thrilled by the enthusiasm of an overall audience reaction that seemed to confirm their highest hopes.

"We're pretty happy," said Wendall K. Harrington, the projection artist whose mammoth slides recreated scenes of Red Hook, Brooklyn, circa 1950, for the show's set. "It's a little scary."

Dennis Russell Davies, the conductor, was less ambivalent. "We bet on the right horse," he said.

That was the relief-filled end. For many of the creators, however, as well as several hundred members of the audience and dozens of critics and reporters, opening night began in the morning, at a public symposium at a theater not far from the opera house, and just across the street from the Hilton, where President Clinton had spent the night.

His departure delayed the start of the symposium, which was on the subject of the creation of the opera and where the panelists included Mr. Miller, Mr. Davies, Mr. Bolcom, Mr. Weinstein, the director Frank Galati and the general director of Lyric Opera, William Mason. The discussion was lively, as these things go, with a minimum of mutual praise and generally meaty answers to questions posed by the moderator, Norman Pellegrino, a local radio broadcaster.

For the benefit of those who had never seen the original play, Mr. Galati, sitting next to Mr. Miller and looking a little awestruck, gave a rather nuanced and dramatic synopsis of the plot, which is about a Brooklyn dockworker named Eddie Carbone, who has agreed to harbor his wife's cousins, Marco and Rodolpho, illegal immigrants from Italy, in his home. Rodolpho falls in love with Eddie's niece, Catherine, who returns his affections, and Eddie, provoked by his own discomforting desire for her, reveals the presence of Rodolpho and Marco to the immigration bureau. In a final, violent confrontation with Marco, Eddie is killed.

"Was that O.K.?" Mr. Galati asked Mr. Miller, who patted him on the shoulder.

Mr. Miller, who has done few interviews with regard to the opera, spoke infrequently during the symposium, but what he revealed was deliciously intimate. He was never an opera buff, he said, but he was once musical. As a teen-ager, he said, he sang on the radio, with a blind pianist as an accompanist who Mr. Miller said described him as "the new Al Jolson."

"That's when I quit," he said, although he added, "I had a very good voice, in my opinion."

The lyrics Mr. Miller wrote for one aria in the opera, "A Ship Called Hunger," in which Marco sings in anguish about the plight of the immigrant, had their roots, he said, in a visit he made to Italy just after World War II.

"The suffering in that place was terrible," he said. "It's all forgotten now." But the aria, he said, was a way of making vivid his memory. During the visit, "I suddenly realized that I hadn't seen a fat person," he said. "Everyone was very thin, and they were leaning on something all the time."

The story told by the play itself, he said, was based on one that he had heard in Brooklyn, a neighborhood legend; he did not know the family. He did not know how the story ended; all he knew was that the uncle had called the immigration service.

It was during an Off Broadway production of the play in the mid-1960's, however, that he got some further input. A cast member, Richard Castellano (who later came to fame as Clemenza in "The Godfather"), had noticed that a ***working-class*** man had come to see the show several times and each time remained in his seat when it was over, crying. Finally, after one show, Mr. Miller said, Mr. Castellano talked to the man, who told him, in Italian, that he knew the family whose story the play told.

"It happened in the Bronx, the guy said," Mr. Miller recalled hearing from Mr. Castellano. "And he said it's all true except for the end."

According to this telling, "Eddie went to lie down for nap on a Sunday afternoon," Mr. Miller said, "and the girl came in and stabbed him in the head."

During the symposium, the opera house itself was busy. There had been a performance of "Falstaff" the previous night, and stagehands spent the morning striking and storing the "Falstaff" set and installing the one for "View." In a rehearsal room, meanwhile, the cast of Handel's "Alcina," which opens here on Oct. 30, was singing through the score.

By the afternoon the carpenters backstage were watching Big Ten football, but the lighting crew was at work. Some 200 lights had to be refocused for the evening performance. Because the set for "View" includes huge projections on three screens onstage, the lighting needs to be particularly precise -- no washes, no splashes of light across the stage -- to keep as much light off the screens as possible so the images on them remain vivid.

At the same time the lighting designer, Duane Schuler, was making subtle changes in the cues for the first act finale. In the scene Marco challenges Eddie to lift a chair by one leg, which he cannot do. In a particularly dramatic visual moment Marco then lifts the chair himself, a demonstration to Eddie of his physical superiority.

"In the dress rehearsal, everyone felt we needed more of a focus on Eddie and Marco," Mr. Schuler said.

Standing in the theater, he experimented with new cues, calling them via walkie-talkie to the control room in the rear of the orchestra, to the light board operator, Jim Stenstrom, and to a Lyric electrician, John Clarke, who was operating the slide projectors. The new cues darkened the sides of the stage more quickly, obscuring the places where other characters would be standing; brightened a square of light in center stage for Marco and Eddie, and almost imperceptibly quickened the fade of the images on the projected screens. The effect was subtle but evident. The two main characters would be isolated in a harsh square of light, just before the stage went dark for intermission.

The singers arrived by 6 P.M. for a 7:30 curtain. A flurry of preparation in the dressing rooms. Makeup, wigs. At 6:45 Kim Josephson, who plays Eddie; Gregory Turay, who plays Rodolpho, and Juliana Rambaldi, who plays Catherine, were behind the closed curtain on the set running through one of the opera's fight scenes: "the smoochie-smoochie" fight, as it became known, because during it, Eddie ends up kissing both Rodolpho and Catherine on the lips.

The run-through was for safety's sake, said Nicolas Sandys, the fight director, to re-establish the choreography in the singers' muscle memory. (The other fights were run through during intermission.) Balance was particularly tricky for this fight, which is on the part of the set that is raised a step up and has a slightly raked floor.

"Opera singers tend to work forward and upward when they are singing," Mr. Sandys said. "We don't want them stumbling."

Mr. Weinstein, the crotchety librettist, watched the run-through, then left to find his seat in the auditorium. "Listen," he said, offering his style of encouragement. "Everyone have a reasonable time."

It was over all remarkably easygoing, with just one slight upset backstage: one of the chorus members didn't show up on time, causing the chorus master, Donald Palumbo, to begin sweating noticeably. (The singer arrived with mere minutes to spare.) Otherwise the mood in the dressing rooms was only mildly electric. Mr. Davies, the conductor, a baseball fan buoyed by the Mets victory that afternoon, went from room to room, "just checking everyone's temperature," he said.

Mr. Turay, who earlier in the week had said that he was having trouble hearing his voice in the theater, where he was performing for the first time, said he thought he had found his proper level.

"When in doubt, sing as loud as you can," he said with a shrug. And Ms. Rambaldi accepted a diction note from the assistant director, Amy Hutchison.

"When he's hungry, when his back hurts," Ms. Hutchison said, quoting the libretto, and emphasizing, like Professor Higgins to Eliza Dolittle, the repeated consonant.

"I think I've been eliding the H's a lot," Ms. Rambaldi explained, just before the director, Mr. Galati, burst into the room for a last-second message. "Can I just say I love you?" he said.

At intermission the mood was cautiously optimistic. So far, so good, was the catch phrase. At least one performer was already looking to the future.

"If we can get it produced again, then it'll be good," said Timothy Nolen, the baritone who plays Alfieri, the neighborhood lawyer who narrates the piece. "If it's not done again, the whole thing is a waste."

Mr. Bolcom, jittery, spoke hopefully, seeking a bit of reassurance.

"I'm pretty happy, pretty happy," he said. "I'm kind of numb. There were some tiny little train wrecks. Kim came in late on one entrance, but he covered it, which is known in vaudeville as a save."

Mr. Galati, who was found wandering the lobby as the second act began, looked particularly nervous.

"I watched the first act; that's all I can stand," he said. "There were a few wobbly spots. Juliana was late on her first entrance; I'm dying to know what happened."

One especially confident participant was Catherine Malfitano, the veteran soprano who plays Beatrice, Eddie's wife. Relaxing in her dressing room in a blue polka-dot bathrobe, waiting for her second-act entrance, she was passing the time writing congratulatory notes to her fellow cast members.

"In dress rehearsal I made a word mistake," she said. "And that was good. You worry when the dress is perfect. Tonight it's going so well; we were really looking at each other, really connecting, eyeball to eyeball."

Almost supernaturally calm, she was looking forward to the rest of the evening. "I keep thinking about Arthur Miller," she said. "What's he thinking, sitting there?"

In the wings after the show Mr. Miller eventually found his voice.

"There must be a dozen different musical styles, and yet it's all one piece," he said, sounding like the novice operagoer he admits to being, and a convert to the form.

So he is no critic. On this night, his opinion was pretty weighty.

"It's a marvelous piece," the playwright said, quietly.

Birth of an Opera

This is the eighth article in a series on the making of "A View From the Bridge," based on the Arthur Miller play. Links to previous articles in the series, which began on Aug. 4, can be found with this article at The New York Times on the Web:

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

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From left, Arthur Miller; Sidney Port, donor; Catherine Malfitano; William Mason, and Frank Galati. (Todd Buchanan for The New York Times)(pg. E1); Arthur Miller, Arnold Weinstein and William Bolcom bow at the opening of "A View From the Bridge." (Todd Buchanan for The New York Times)(pg. E5)

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[***A Scorsese in Lagos***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5524-TY61-JBG3-640C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Kunle Afolayan wants to scare you, he wants thrill you, he wants to make you laugh, but most of all, he would like you to suspend your disbelief -- in his plots, yes, which tend to be over the top, but also about what is possible in Africa. He bristles if you call him an ''African filmmaker'' -- a phrase redolent of art-house cinema, which his work assuredly is not. He wants to make huge, explosive, American-style blockbusters, and he wants to make them where he lives -- in Nigeria. His ambitions may sound implausible. Nigeria lacks even a reliable supply of electricity. But it does contain a chaotic creative energy that has made it the world's most prolific producer of films.

Twenty years after bursting from the grungy street markets of Lagos, the $500 million Nigerian movie business churns out more than a thousand titles a year on average, and trails only Hollywood and Bollywood in terms of revenues. The films are hastily shot and then burned onto video CDs, a cheap alternative to DVDs. They are seldom seen in the developed world, but all over Africa consumers snap up the latest releases from video peddlers for a dollar or two. And so while Afolayan's name is unknown outside Africa, at home, the actor-director is one of the most famous faces in the exploding entertainment scene known -- inevitably -- as ''Nollywood.''

On a continent where economies usually depend on extracting natural resources or on charity, moviemaking is now one of Nigeria's largest sources of private-sector employment. Walls around Lagos are plastered with posters reading, ''Actors/Actresses Wanted.'' Nollywood stars are everywhere, from billboards to glossy tabloids filled with pictures of red-carpet events. The African Movie Academy Awards, held each year in the oil-rich Niger Delta region, have become a lavish spectacle, drawing visitors like Forest Whitaker and Danny Glover. Nigeria's president, Goodluck Jonathan, has recruited Nollywood stars to campaign with him, while Afolayan and others have lent prominent support to a protest movement called ''Occupy Nigeria.''

And yet most of the movies themselves are awful, marred by slapdash production, melodramatic acting and ludicrous plots. Afolayan, who is 37, is one of a group of upstart directors trying to transcend those rote formulas and low expectations. His breakthrough film, the 2009 thriller ''The Figurine,'' was an aesthetic leap: while no viewer would confuse it with ''Citizen Kane,'' to Nigerians it announced the arrival of a swaggering talent keen to upset an immature industry. Unlike most Nollywood fare, ''The Figurine'' was released in actual theaters, not on cheap discs, playing to packed houses next to Hollywood features. ''Many observers,'' Jonathan Haynes, a scholar of Nollywood, recently wrote, ''have been waiting a long time for this kind of filmmaking, which can take its place in the international arena proudly and on equal terms.''

In contrast to Nollywood's chiseled leading men, Afolayan is stout, speaks with a laid-back drawl and has a noticeable scar on one side of his face from a car accident. But he has undeniable charisma -- a quality his admirers say he inherited from his father, an actor and legendary playboy. One sticky August night, I accompanied Afolayan on a prowl through Lagos, weaving through the metropolis in his monstrous pickup truck. We ended up at an open-air nightclub called King Sized, where heads turned as he made his entrance with a boisterous entourage. In West Africa, a famous presence demands recognition, so the resident highlife band swiftly shifted into an impromptu praise song. ''Kunle Afolayan,'' the vocalist began to trill, ''Kunle Afolayan is here!''

As the singer celebrated his name, Afolayan nonchalantly sipped from a sweaty beer bottle. This was a scripted ritual; the entertainment didn't come free. The chorus reached a crescendo as Afolayan, dressed in faded jeans and bursting from a sheer white shirt, came forward with a huge stack of Nigerian banknotes. He began to dance, shaking his hips and moving his feet, casting off bills with fluid flicks of his wrist -- a tribute Nigerians call ''spraying.'' A band member crawled around, scooping up cash, while Afolayan delighted in the adulation.

When I visited Lagos, Afolayan was preparing to start shooting his follow-up to ''The Figurine.'' He told me he hoped to emulate his hero, Mel Gibson, another actor-director from a remote English-speaking land with outsize appetites and ambitions. ''It's sad,'' Afolayan said of Gibson's recent self-destruction. ''I love Mel and I'm such a fan of his work.'' He was quick to distance himself from Nollywood and its streetwise art of ''guerrilla filmmaking.'' ''Their mind-set,'' Afolayan said, ''is totally different than mine.''

For all of Afolayan's grandiose talk, however, the economic realities of African filmmaking conspire against an improvement in quality. The consumer base is huge -- there are more than a billion Africans, 155 million of them in Nigeria alone. But access to those buyers is controlled by the clannish merchants who congregate on the outskirts of Lagos at the Alaba International Market, the distribution hub of the African movie business.

To visit Alaba is to catch a glimpse of entertainment in its Hobbesian state, where few laws restrain profiteers, piracy is rampant and all creative calculations yield to the lowest denominator. The market's cramped concrete stalls are piled high with video CDs packaged in garish paper envelopes. Men pulling carts laden with boxes jostle through unpaved alleyways, passing under flapping banners advertising new releases like ''Mama's Girls'' and ''Demonic Attack.'' Castoff plastic discs, the detritus of digital replication, litter the muddy ground like seashells.

This may not be quite what Jean-Luc Godard had in mind when he recently declared that with digital cameras, ''everyone is now an auteur.'' But it certainly represents a vision of what the future could hold -- and not just for Nigeria -- if the practice of making entertainment ceases to be rewarding to professionals. Even as Afolayan tossed off cash for his song, he faced a vexing challenge in making his next film: who was going to pay for his work? When everyone is an auteur, who values artistry?

On a Saturday afternoon, in the last hour of precious daylight, Osita Iheme was ready to work. A dwarf popularly known as Paw Paw, and the star of a string of politically incorrect hits with titles like ''Baby Police,'' Iheme is one of Nollywood's most bankable actors. In his latest film, an ensemble comedy set in cramped slum housing, he was playing the lecherous son of a landlord. The director, working with a single Sony digital camera, watched the scene unfold on a beat-up TV monitor. It involved a scatological sight gag, a confrontation with a gaggle of female tenants and lots of screaming. Iheme set his face in an exaggerated glower as the actor playing the landlord wagged his finger and bellowed, ''You have turned my place into a market square for madwomen!''

Nollywood's bawdy humor -- or fright or fantasy -- appeals to a public seeking escape from depressing living conditions. The industry itself was born out of economic desperation during the early 1990s, a period of military dictatorship, low prices for Nigeria's oil and Western-mandated ''structural adjustment'' of its economy. Actors and cameramen were out of work because of budget cuts at the national television station. Movie theaters were closed because no one wanted to venture into the dangerous streets at night. According to legend, the first Nollywood movie was made by a small-time electronics trader named Kenneth Nnebue, who, stuck with a large shipment of blank videotapes, decided to unload them by making a movie about a man who sells his soul for wealth. That movie, ''Living in Bondage,'' sold hundreds of thousands of copies and established Nollywood's archetypal plot elements: martial discord, greed, a conflict between Christianity and juju, as the occult is called in West Africa. From these accidental origins, a cultural phenomenon emerged.

Other merchants, overwhelmingly members of Nnebue's ethnic group, the Igbo, followed him into business. They literally made things up as they went, shooting movies in just a few days, based on vague scenarios instead of scripts. Directors approximated tracking shots by pushing their cameramen around in wheelchairs. Quality was shaky, but the buying public didn't care. Between 1994 and 2005, production in Nigeria went from a handful of feature movies a year to more than 2,500.

''We watch these Africa films like 'Blood Diamond' and 'The Last King of Scotland' -- they're always from the perspective of the Europeans,'' says Lancelot Oduwa Imasuen, who has directed more than 160 features. He was the subject of a documentary called ''Nollywood Babylon,'' which was shown at the Sundance Film Festival, and he told me that when he went to the festival, he was shocked to discover that some American directors had been working for years to make just one movie.

Kenneth Nnebue quit Nollywood a few years ago, retiring to his village to devote his life to preaching the Bible. But the industry he established remains tightly controlled by the same group of Igbo businessmen, an insular guild sometimes called the Alaba cartel.

Afolayan's father, known as Ade Love, was a leading man in the Nigerian film scene of the 1970s, until it was ruined by economic collapse. Up to his death in 1996, he warned his son away from show business, pushing him into a stable career in banking, and although Afolayan eventually went against his father's wishes, he absorbed the bitter lesson that artistic aspirations mean little without a sustainable business model. As things stand now, moviemakers must sell a huge volume of discs, very quickly, in order to turn a profit. Pirates -- taking advantage of the same mass-replication technology that made Nollywood possible in the first place -- almost immediately rip off any popular new release. So the black market effectively sets everyone's prices.

To make the more costly kind of films he envisions, Afolayan has been compelled to devise a strategy that goes around Alaba. ''They're just businesspeople,'' Afolayan says dismissively. ''They could not really care less about content.'' In an evolutionary inversion, his strategy depends on theaters, which have returned to Nigeria along with democracy and the global oil boom. Movie tickets have become a fashionable indulgence for Lagos's expanding population of prosperous professionals. It is in this privileged world -- not the slums -- that Afolayan's movie ''The Figurine'' takes place. Since its sensational release, people have begun to speak of an emerging movement -- New Nollywood -- that has captivated a new generation of would-be filmmakers.

My visit coincided with a monthlong program, conducted by the New York Film Academy, that was training 250 Nigerian students in the rudiments of professional technique. I sat in on a shoot for ''Awakening,'' being made by some earlier graduates of the program, well-educated strivers in their 20s, some of whom had quit good jobs at banks or telecommunications companies to devote themselves to the project. The director, James Omokwe, said that he had seen ''The Figurine'' twice and wanted to follow its lead into the theaters. ''We don't have the money to finish the movie,'' Omokwe added, cheerfully. ''But we will definitely do it somehow.''

Many established Nigerian directors are also making big plans for the big screen, with big budgets, and they all seem to have a part for Danny Glover. One night I took a glass elevator up to the Silverbird Cinema, an American-style mall multiplex in a nouveau riche section of Lagos. After paying about $7 -- an exorbitant sum in Nigeria -- I watched ''The Mirror Boy,'' a hot New Nollywood release. It was about an African boy, raised in Britain, who returns home and ends up on a long quest through the jungle, accompanied by a ghostly guide, played by Osita Iheme. The production values were far superior to anything I had seen on video, but the movie still climaxed in Nollywood's customary blaze of sorcery, inspiring one audience member to shout out, ''Africa!''

Nollywood movies, both old and new, often play on traditional African beliefs about magic and spirits. ''The Figurine'' is about two young university graduates -- rivals for the same woman's affections -- who stumble on a shrine and uncover the statue of a god. The figurine is supposed to grant seven years of good luck, followed by seven of misfortune. Afolayan's character brings it home to Lagos, wins the girl and great wealth, at which point the plot takes a horror-genre turn.

''That's the figurine,'' Afolayan said one day at his office, pointing to a carved wooden prop on his shelf. By this point, I was starting to wonder about the fortune it had brought Afolayan. His follow-up film, ''Phone Swap,'' was supposed to be shooting. But just a few days before, one of its stars, a beloved character actor named Sam Loco Efe, dropped dead while shooting another movie. The newspapers were filled with condolences, as well as speculation that the veteran actor might have been killed by overwork.

''Phone Swap'' was supposed to be a humorous and commercially appealing diversion. Instead it was threatening to become a debacle. As usual, Afolayan had to contend with the absence of vital equipment, decent roads, reliable electricity. He had abruptly dropped his leading man for cantankerous behavior. Now came the untimely death of Sam Loco. ''I was just so devastated,'' Afolayan said, telling me that the day before he had quit work early to curl up and watch romantic comedies.

Afolayan also handles the financial side of his productions, and ''Phone Swap'' was conceived with an eye toward product placement, though the cellphone company originally involved had backed out. The story involves a pair of opposites, a free-spirited single girl from the country and a serious Lagos businessman who end up enmeshed in each other's lives after they mix up their phones. The plot was made to appeal to Nigeria's new elite, for whom the BlackBerry is a totem as powerful as any figurine. Sam Loco was supposed to play the female lead's father, an Igbo farmer.

One morning, while he considered replacements for Sam Loco, Afolayan assembled his key crew members to scout locations in the town of Badagry, near the Benin border. We left before dawn to avoid Lagos's paralyzing traffic jams. Badagry sits along a route often used by smugglers, and there were police roadblocks along the way. But Afolayan blew right through them in his big truck, shouting, ''Are you crazy?'' at one cop who tried to step in front. The town, an old slaving port, was meant to stand in for an Igbo village. From the back seat, the art director Pat Nebo, an Igbo, gave a lecture on the group's customs and agricultural practices, lots of painstaking talk about palm oil and kola nuts. ''Don't forget this is a comedy film,'' Afolayan gently reminded him.

We came to the small concrete house that would serve as the set of the farm. ''It's so dirty,'' Afolayan said happily. Everyone walked through its dank main hallway, which smelled of smoke and fish, into a sandy backyard where laundry flapped in the wind. ''Fantastic, this is brilliant,'' said the cinematographer Yinka Edward, as he began conceptualizing an ambitious crane shot.

''The house becomes a major character of the film,'' Nebo pronounced, before heading off to scout for appropriate livestock.

Afolayan's budget for ''Phone Swap,'' around $500,000, was tiny by Hollywood standards but Spielberg-size for Nigeria. Before embarking on the project, Afolayan went to potential investors with a 29-page business plan, discussing everything from plot details to the fees for equipment rentals and actors. He managed to entice an investor to pledge $1.5 million, enough to finance his next three films. But as deadlines neared, the money still had not appeared. He handed over his BlackBerry so I could read a series of progressively more frustrated e-mail messages. ''Most of these investors, they just think business,'' Afolayan said. ''They don't really understand the ethic of production.''

Of course, profit motives drove the development of the medium long before pretensions of artistry. The first American movies were disdained by respectable society, but the price of admission -- 5 cents, hence the term ''nickelodeon'' -- made them popular with ***working-class*** audiences. One day in 1906, an unemployed clothing merchant named Carl Laemmle, who was thinking about starting a five-and-dime, happened to walk into a packed Chicago nickelodeon. ''It was evident that the basic idea of motion pictures and Mr. Woolworth's innovation were identical,'' Laemmle later wrote, ''small-price commodity in tremendous quantities.'' Laemmle started his own theater, and eventually expanded into producing content, founding Universal Pictures.

The businessmen behind Nollywood have followed a similar path from upstart to mogul. In the absence of strong legal institutions, Nigeria's movie marketers formed a guild to govern their industry, colluding to regulate supply and production costs. The guild has resisted all attempts by actors and producers to push for a larger share of revenue.

''We created the industry,'' Gab Okoye, a marketer who goes by the name Gabosky, proudly said one afternoon. We were standing near the red carpet outside a Lagos banquet hall, where the local chapter of the guild was about to inaugurate new officers. To celebrate and pay homage, all of old Nollywood had turned out in its flashiest finery, lots of bright ankara cloth and dark sunglasses. Gabosky, who was wearing a hip-hop-inspired ensemble, told me he felt disrespected by the new filmmakers like Afolayan. He called them ''houseboys'' who had forgotten their place. ''He's started complaining about his master,'' he said, ''who was giving him a job yesterday.''

Inside, the powerful guild president, Emmanuel Isikaku, took the stage. ''Nollywood is still alive,'' he told the audience. ''Nollywood is still great.'' The defensive tenor of his declaration was indicative of the marketers' mood. They had built an entertainment enterprise without precedent in Africa, and yet they felt unappreciated and besieged. The government was trying to crack down with increased fees and oversight. The event's written program warned of the calamity of regulation and maligned Nigerian actors as ''lazy.'' When stars become too demanding, marketers deal with them ruthlessly. A few years ago, they put several prominent actors on a blacklist, and none were allowed to work, according to a guild official, until they begged forgiveness.

The marketers say they can't afford the extravagances of talent. The production budget for a typical Nollywood movie ranges between $25,000 and $50,000, less than a tenth of what Afolayan was proposing for ''Phone Swap.'' The marketers contend that spending more would be foolish, because the low price of Nollywood movies is part of their appeal. ''You must first identify who your primary market is,'' Isikaku, a shrewd and sinewy operator, told me. ''If your primary audience is the elites and the middle class, the people that can go to the cinema, fine, well and good. But there are some programs that are meant for the people on the street.''

Richmond Ezihe, the guild boss at Alaba market, tried to explain Nollywood economics to me. We met one afternoon in front of the stall that serves as the base for his company. Pasted to its metal door was a poster for a recent feature, ''Palace of Blood.'' When Ezihe, who is the financier and executive producer, comes up with the concept for a movie, he gives it to a couple of screenwriters he keeps on retainer and then hires a director to hurriedly shoot, having the film ready for sale on the Alaba market within a month or two.

Ezihe has a number of ways to monetize his product: there's a satellite television station, an overseas DVD market catering to the African diaspora and even a Netflix-inspired Web site called Nollywood Love. But most revenues still come from physical sales. It costs less than 20 cents to burn a blank VCD and package it, but the wholesale price for movies is so cheap that a marketer might need to sell 100,000 copies just to make a decent return. The average Nollywood movie has a shelf life of about two weeks before the pirates get hold of it. In Nigeria, an estimated 5 to 10 illegal VCDs are sold for every legitimate one, and the police make no serious effort to deter the trade.

''It really has eaten deep into our finances,'' Ezihe said, claiming -- as did every other marketer I met -- to be mystified about the identity of the troublesome scofflaws. ''They're hiding,'' he said. In fact, clues as to the pirates' whereabouts were strewed all around Alaba, where American movies and TV series, rap music and video games of doubtful provenance were selling next to the latest Nollywood hits. Many of the movie marketers originally got into the business by pirating Hollywood movies, a practice that continues to flourish. ''Piracy is not a problem with the system,'' said Jade Miller, an academic at Tulane University who has researched Nollywood's economics. ''It is the system, essentially.''

The legal and illegal industries continue to operate in parallel, within an opaque system of relationships and rules set by the Alaba cartel, Emeka Mba, head of Nigeria's efforts to regulate the film industry, told me. ''The pirates, they know them -- it's part of them,'' he said. The marketers seldom use lawyers, accountants or written contracts; when they make a film, it is often unclear who even holds the copyright. When Mba's agency tried to impose some legal order, for instance mandating that marketers register under a postal address, he met brutal resistance. Anti-piracy raids, though rare, have sparked violent uprisings at Alaba.

Isikaku did not deny that there were pirates in his membership's midst, but he claimed that guild leaders were trying to confront them, sometimes physically, sometimes with persuasion. But the reality is that when everyone is stealing, you have to price like a pirate.

Carl Laemmle might have recognized the marketers' situation. When he started Universal, he immediately came into conflict with Thomas Edison, who held patents on movie cameras and projectors. Edison had been waging a legal battle against ''dupers,'' unauthorized copyists who would take a film and redistribute it, often just snipping off the copyright frames. As Edison saw it, his intellectual property rights gave him a monopoly on all film production. He went after Laemmle, too, filing some 289 lawsuits against him and dispatching goons to break up his film shoots.

Laemmle responded by organizing some other ''independents,'' a handful of mostly Jewish movie producers who operated out of New York. In 1917, they defeated Edison in the Supreme Court. But by that time the independents had already moved en masse out to California, where they could shoot in sunny weather, away from the chill of legal scrutiny. ''They were pirates!'' says Bic Leu, a Fulbright fellow who has studied Nollywood. ''They moved to L.A. to get away from Thomas Edison.''

One evening at a hotel bar, I happened to run into a Nigerian-born actor named Wale Ojo. We got to talking, and he said that after scraping by for years in London, he returned to try his luck back home. A few days thereafter, in a true Nollywood twist, I met Ojo a second time, when Afolayan introduced him to me as the new lead actor in ''Phone Swap.'' Afolayan had us over one Sunday evening to drink wine by his poolside, along with some friends from the industry and a couple of international film buffs.

''Black British actors are cheap right now,'' Ojo said.

''Good,'' Afolayan replied. ''Because I don't have the money to pay you.''

Afolayan had also come up with an actor to take Sam Loco's role, so everything was in place for ''Phone Swap'' -- except the financing, which remained frustratingly elusive. The director kept offering self-confident assurances that his backer would come through. But anyone could tell that, all quips aside, he was anxious.

Perversely, the rise of video, which had given Afolayan the ability to practice his father's craft, had also robbed it of its value. His career represents a possibly rash wager: that even in the most lawless marketplace, talent is still worth a premium. When he started to make ''The Figurine,'' announcing on Facebook that he planned to spend 50 million naira, roughly $350,000, the universal reaction was incredulity. Afolayan told me: ''Everybody started writing, saying, 'How will you make your money? You want to commit suicide?' '' To pay for ''The Figurine,'' Afolayan took out a bank loan for half the budget, pledging his house as collateral, and subsidized another third of the movie through product placement.

''Kunle was out to make a statement, that it was possible to make a good film in this country using local hands,'' Yinka Edward said. When he ran out of money at one point, stalling production, Afolayan borrowed from family and friends and asked his cast and crew to keep working on good faith.

His efforts appeared to receive vindication in the box-office performance of ''The Figurine.'' But the triumphal narrative breaks down when you examine the financials. For all its acclaim, Afolayan said that ''The Figurine'' had yet to turn a substantial profit. The movie showed to packed houses, but there are just seven major theaters in Nigeria, and it grossed only around $200,000 in its initial release, not enough to cover Afolayan's investment.

To maximize revenues, Afolayan made a deal with an independent entertainment company that was having encrypted DVDs of ''The Figurine'' shipped in from China for mass distribution. The executive handling the project told me that his plan was to simultaneously release a huge number of copies across the country, so as not to create scarcity, which encourages piracy. Then he drew a diagram of his network, each strand of which ended with some regional marketer. There was just no way to circumvent the unyielding force of the cartel. Emeka Mba, the government regulator, told me that he saw Afolayan's efforts to devise a new distribution system as an inspirational experiment. ''Here's a guy who wants to do things differently,'' he said. ''Here is a guy who is brave.''

After weeks of waiting for his nervous investor, Afolayan called his editor and sidekick, Steve Sodiya, into his office and said he had decided to move forward. ''I want to start with my own money,'' Afolayan told him. ''We have to start the shoot. I've been making a backup plan.'' It involved some financing from product placement, and a large personal endorsement contract -- from a cellphone company. His production company's office, sleepy for days, was suddenly abuzz with frantic preparation: costumes, casting, equipment rentals. Afolayan spent an afternoon in last-minute negotiations to knock down everyone's fees. ''You think I am not resourceful?'' he shouted at one resistant crew member.

In the final week of August, ''Phone Swap'' finally began shooting in Badagry. Afolayan presided over the shoot from a canvas director's chair. The week before, local meteorologists warned of an epic rainstorm, but this time luck was with him. One evening, on the shabby farmhouse set, Wale Ojo, who was playing the uncomfortable city slicker, positioned himself for his first scene, and Afolayan shouted, ''Action!''

Weeks later, after shooting wrapped, Afolayan e-mailed me a clip of the rushes and informed me that he was ''dead broke.'' A trailer, featuring a scene in an airplane cabin painstakingly recreated by Pat Nebo, built anticipation when it hit YouTube in November. The movie is scheduled to have its premiere over the next two months in Lagos, Accra and London. Already, though, Afolayan is planning his next film, which he calls a passion project. He told me something about it while I was in Lagos. Sitting in his unlit office one rainy day, he excitedly explained that it would be about a dead man who walks the earth, refusing to admit his condition. He said he hoped to land Danny Glover for a big part. ''I'm creating two worlds,'' Afolayan told me. ''The land of the dead and the land of the living.'' It seemed impolite to interrupt to ask when the office's electricity might return.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Scenes from Nollywood. First row: On the set of ''Gucci Girls'' (left)

downtown Lagos. Second row: Nse Ikpe Etim (at left)

Genevieve Nnaji (far right), Nigeria's most famous actress. Third row: Students at a film-festival workshop. Fourth row: Nollywood video posters in Lagos. (MM26

MM27)

The actor-director Kunle Afolayan. (MM28)

Omoni Oboli, a Nigerian actress, with Wale Ojo, the lead in Afolayan's ''Phone Swap,'' at the Africa International Film Festival. (MM29)

Richmond Ezihe, guild chairman of the video marketers at the Alaba market. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BY ANDREA FRAZZETTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE) (MM31)

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**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P2S0-0009-22KW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***From novelist to playwright to director.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P2S0-0009-22KW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1436 words

**Byline:** By Chris Chase

**Body**

''JOSEPHA,'' the French movie that is at the Paris Theater, was written and directed by Christopher Frank. It was his virgin directing effort in films, but to him, writing and directing are not so different. ''You're telling a story,'' he says, ''but instead of a pen and paper you've got actors and a camera.''

Mr. Frank calls himself ''a phony Englishman'' because, although he was born in London, neither his father nor his mother was British. ''My father is a German Jew who worked in films in Berlin and who fled in '34, just in time, to Britain, where he met my mother, who was French.''

At the age of 12, the young Christopher was sent away to a French school, where he passed the next few years hating France ''because I was uprooted,'' he says. ''At 16 1/2, I came home to London, went to the Royal Court Theater and said, 'I can act, I can direct, give me a job.' They said, 'You can be an electrician.' ''

Chris Chase previews Christopher Frank's motion picture "Josepha," interviewing the director and discussing the actual production of the film

Having worked his way up from electrician's helper to assistant director and sometime actor at the Royal Court, Mr. Frank took a weekend trip to Paris and changed his mind again. ''While I had been hating France all those years,'' he says, ''it had become more my country than England ever had been.''

He moved back to Paris, got a job clerking at the Malaysian Embassy, which left him time to write, and in the next few years, he published a novel, wrote two plays and, like the characters in ''Josepha,'' put those plays on in little theaters. He also did some ghostwriting for film directors who took credit for his screenplays ''and explained to me I couldn't write dialogue.''

In 1972, his second novel, ''La Nuit Americaine,'' won the Prix Renaudout, and not only put baby food into the mouth of Mr. Frank's son, Sebastian, but also put Mr. Frank on the map.

''Josepha,'' too, began life as a novel, and when it came time to turn it into a movie, it seemed logical for the author to direct it because he knew the characters so well. ''All the groundwork was done,'' he says. ''The only thing is, in France, you don't direct actors. You choose them and hope to God it's going to be right. This goes back to Raimu, and all those actors who wouldn't take direction. It's the French tradition. But I was brought up in the theater in England, so I do direct actors. With Miou-Miou, for instance, her image was very ***working class***, funny girl, charming, bright, but she was getting older, and I said: 'We're going to try something different. Your nose is not going to crinkle one time.' ''

Mr. Frank had never wanted anybody but Miou-Miou as the heroine of ''Josepha,'' but it can be hard to get the actress's signature on a contract. ''She'll make three pictures in a row,'' he says, ''give herself indigestion, and say, 'I don't want to see another camera for the rest of my days.' Then she'll sit there with her children in the country for six months, get sick and tired of the country and the children, and say, 'Where's the next picture?' ''

Fortunately, Miou-Miou was in her ''where's the next picture?'' phase when Mr. Frank's producer got to her. ''Josepha,'' Mr. Frank says, has been surprisingly successful in France, considering that the French don't take to show-business stories. ''The French public in general will not identify with a show-business character. For them, an actor is a Martian.''

But Mr. Frank writes what he knows. The leading man and leading woman of ''Josepha'' are a married couple, professional actors earning their living in the theater. ''They don't care about packed houses,'' Mr. Frank says. ''They want to have fun when they work. A run-of-the-play contract for a drawing-room comedy would be a prison to them. I've known actors, four, five years, playing the same stupid plays. They go crazy.

''My characters are not stars, but I wouldn't like the audience to think they are failures. I don't think they are.''

Writer-Director

In the Cutting Room

Jeff Kanew spent all summer editing a film, an art of which he is a master. But in this case, there was a little extra pressure because the film he was editing was one he had written and directed.

After shooting ''Eddie Macon's Run'' in Texas, he came home to New York and went to work cutting the movie in a studio off Times Square. He describes the process as somewhat schizoid. ''I find myself looking at the film and saying, 'Boy, I hope the director shot another take of this, beca didn't work.' ''

Mr. Kanew started in the movie business as an office boy at United Artists. Later, with a friend and $250, he founded his own trailer company. After he made the trailer for ''The Graduate,'' he was offered more trailers than he could handle. ''People like to get on the bandwagon,'' he says. ''They'd say, 'I'd like the person who did ''The Graduate'' trailer to do my trailer.' ''

By the time he'd worked on 600-odd movies - ''I was able to pull the best two and a half minutes out of a two-hour film and make it look exciting'' - Mr. Kanew felt he'd absorbed a lot about the filmmaking process. ''You get to see what works and why,'' he says. So in 1977, he took the plunge himself, writing and directing a feature called ''Natural Enemies.''

''It was about the emptiness of all our dreams and midlife crisis and lack of communication and the possibility that life is hopeless,'' he says. ''I still respect it, but I feel dumb that I did it as a first movie. Because potential employers would look at it and say, 'That's the kind of movie he wants to make?'

''Also, I'd put my own money into it. I had intended that film to be my transition into movie making, so it was very depressing when it bombed.''

For a year and a half, Mr. Kanew suffered a period of ''blankness,'' but he resisted going back to advertising. ''You know,'' he says, ''I was once in the music business. And after I knocked on six million doors in the Brill Building and played eight bars, and they told me to shut up, I quit. This time, I said to myself, I've got to stick with it.''

Mr. Kanew's next break came when Robert Redford asked him to edit ''Ordinary People,'' which he did. Once he had worked on an Academy Award-winning movie, offers to edit features poured in. He turned them all down. ''It was great to be involved in 'Ordinary People,' '' he says, ''but I don't want to be an editor. I really want to direct.''

Then he found ''Eddie Macon's Run,'' a novel by James McClendon, and it seemed ''cinematic'' to him. ''It had a terse style of writing,'' he says. ''Good and clean and graphic, quite different from 'Natural Enemies,' which was wordy and literate.''

He and the producer Martin Bregman optioned the book, Universal came up with the financing, Kirk Douglas and John Schneider agreed to star, and four years after directing his first feature, Mr. Kanew was deep into his second.

He says you can learn about writing from directing. ''Things can look good on paper, but they may not sound like speech. Kirk Douglas never let the script alone, and because I was the writer, at first I'd be a little defensive. But when Kirk left, I felt I had lost an edge for a couple of days because he kept me tense. It's good to be a little tense. If you're too relaxed, you tend to love everything too much, and you're just not as critical of yourself.

''The whole process of making a film is continual compromise. If you have the money to wait till conditions are perfect, and you can get your vision up there just the way you saw it in your head when you were writing it, that's great. But most people end up sort of shifting gears and compromising. And when you get in the cutting room, you look at it with a fresh eye and say, 'Now what have I got here?' And what I've got is pretty much what I saw when I was writing it, so I feel good about that.'' From all this, Mr. Kanew sounds a very level-headed man, but investigation brings to light a certain Kanew crotchet of which he may not even be aware. He appears to hire only actresses whose first names begin with an L. Louise Fletcher starred in ''Natural Enemies.'' ''Eddie Macon's Run'' features Lee Purcell, Leah Ayres and Lisa Dunsheath. Make what you will of it.

Coming Attractions

Barbara Carrera and Klaus Brandauer will co-star with Sean Connery in the new James Bond movie ''Never Say Die'' … Dixie Carter, of television's ''Filthy Rich,'' has joined John Candy, Joe Flaherty and Eugene Levy in ''Going Berserk,'' which is being directed by David Steinberg … Horst Buchholz and Steve Forrest have signed to star in ''Sahara,'' with Brooke Shields.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Christopher Frank

**End of Document**



[***Uneasily Into the Limelight;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33T0-000P-N4WM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***She's a Politician. He Avoided Attention. Not Anymore.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33T0-000P-N4WM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** AL Pirrol; Jeanine Pirro

By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS, April 16

**Body**

When people in Westchester talk of powerful couples, the first pair that usually comes to mind are the Pirros, Jeanine and Al.

She is the popular district attorney and a much talked about prospect for lieutenant governor in 1998. He is the county's most successful real estate development lawyer, sought after by virtually every major corporation trying to set up shop in Westchester, and one of the state's leading Republican fund-raisers, a friend and benefactor of Gov. George E. Pataki and Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato.

For the most part, though, Mr. Pirro, a self-made millionaire, has chosen a life away from the spotlight, hoping that the light would be trained squarely on his wife. But at times, that spotlight has beamed on him, sometimes in unflattering ways that have ruffled her career.

Most recently, Mr. Pirro has been the subject of a Federal investigation, a particularly embarrassing position for the spouse of a district attorney. Michael Calvi, a former Yonkers planning commissioner in jail on Federal and state convictions of receiving bribes, has recently accused Mr. Pirro of paying him a $5,000 bribe in 1992 for expediting approval of a 10-screen theater.

Mr. Pirro denies the claim, and Mrs. Pirro sees it as a politically motivated attack in this, her re-election year.

"I can make the prediction," she said, "that in a year when Jeanine is running for election, Al will be the subject of questions, and I think that in itself is a sexist, outrageous approach for women in politics today."

She added, "If he ever runs for public office, people should question what he does, as opposed to targeting him and punishing him because a woman he's married to has chosen public life."

The controversy, though, has forced Mr. Pirro to become more public, and after a period of silence, he has been more revealing about his life and business dealings, offering the kind of details that have appeared about his wife in profiles in The New Yorker and other magazines.

Albert J. Pirro Jr., 49, is a suave man with a taste for elegant flourishes. His shirt cuffs have stitched initials and his office is adorned with a baroque gold clock and a chess set. Yet he rose from a troubled, ***working-class*** home of three children in Mount Vernon. His mother was a waitress at a luncheonette, his father a truck driver for Stella Doro bakeries. The family was evicted a half-dozen times because it could not pay its rent.

"I was singularly determined to make my own way," Mr. Pirro said. "And I think that part of what I am right now, the parts that I think are good are in many ways reflective of those early years, the charities, trying to give something back, understanding pain."

Mr. Pirro, his sister Denise says, was a top student and star baseball player at Roman Catholic schools and landed a scholarship to St. Bonaventure University. At college, he was a psychology major who loved to play the guitar and had an affection for Bob Dylan. But in the early 1970's he entered Albany Law School, where he met Jeanine Ferris, the daughter of a mobile home salesman from Elmira, N.Y., and a Phi Beta Kappa student.

"She was effervescent," Mr. Pirro said, laughing. "She was brilliant. There was an aura of leadership about her, and she had tight jeans and long black hair."

Her memories are equally flattering.

"I'll tell you something," she said in a 1995 interview. "When I met Al, he was the most exciting person I knew: quick, bright, always doing, very much an activist."

They married in 1975 and have two children, Cristi, 11, and Alex, 8.

"You can't find a more supportive man or a more loving husband," she said of the marriage. "I'm very lucky. He understands the demands on my time. He helps out with the kids. I understand the demands on his time. We have been married 20 years. Ultimately that's a feat in itself."

As the town attorney for Harrison, where he and his family now live in an Italianate mansion, Mr. Pirro learned the complexities of zoning and the laws regarding development. Friends say Mr. Pirro also earned his success through bottomless energy, tenacity and a shrewd ability to size up players.

"Al has a good sense of the law and what's practical and a lot of common sense," said Donald J. Trump. "There are a lot of good lawyers with no common sense."

In this relentless way, Mr. Pirro has spun a web of power that more than rivals his wife's. When companies like the Trump Organization, ITT, Viacom and Home Depot, or the principals of the Westchester Mall want to build in Westchester, they hire Mr. Pirro as the lawyer who will make sure their projects get built.

Thanks partly to such friends as Governor Pataki and Senator D'Amato, he has also blossomed into a muscular lobbyist, earning $529,924 in 1996 as he helped restaurants fend off anti-smoking legislation and Donald Trump fight competition from casinos in the Catskills.

Mr. Pirro savored the wealth and contacts he built up, but he also used them to nourish his wife's political ambitions, helping her move from an assistant district attorney to a judge to the top prosecutor's job. Referring to Mr. Pirro's involvement in politics, Andrew P. O'Rourke, the Westchester County Executive, said, "Al would not be in this business if it were not for an absolute love for his wife."

One fifth of her current campaign war chest comes from his clients. Mr. Pirro has spread his largesse to other Republicans and Conservatives, giving $61,750 in contributions in 1996 alone.

Mrs. Pirro has said she would step aside and ask the state's Attorney General to investigate any questionable dealing that touched her husband. She did that in a 1995 case in which a county legislator improperly invoked Mr. Pirro's name on an application for a state housing grant.

It was Mr. Pirro's desire to help his wife position herself for a run for district attorney that he says explains his current straits. He befriended Mr. Calvi in 1989, he says, because Mr. Calvi was a Republican ward leader in Yonkers and Mrs. Pirro was an assistant district attorney in an office headed by Carl Vergari, who was approaching retirement.

"What occurs is that we start to build a relationship in Yonkers, which is not atypical in a political power move," Mr. Pirro said.

In 1994, Mr. Calvi accused Mr. Pirro of enticing him to steer a proposal by Viacom's National Amusements Inc. for a 10-screen movie house through the Yonkers bureaucracy before another multiplex could receive approvals. "There would be something in it for me," Mr. Calvi contends he was told.

In March 1992, Mr. Calvi said, he collected his reward -- a $5,000 check -- in Mr. Pirro's White Plains office. It was, he said, disguised as a retainer for engineering on a development that Mr. Pirro was planning in Rye.

Mr. Pirro contends that there was no need for a bribe because Mr. Calvi's office had virtually no input on a proposal that required no zoning variances. And the $5,000 check was for work Mr. Calvi was expected to do in Rye but did not because the deal there collapsed. Mr. Pirro supports his account with a half-dozen affidavits from officials and colleagues and says that the State Organized Crime Task Force investigated the matter and brought no charges.

"Frankly, I think about the U.S. Attorney's work probably a lot differently than you'd expect," he said. "I welcome it as an opportunity that hopefully will clear my name. When everything is said and done, we will find that there really was nothing there."

The United States Attorney's office is also investigating what seems like a relatively trifling deal of Mr. Pirro's in which a ramshackle Yonkers apartment house was renovated with a $142,000 Federal grant. In that deal, Mr. Pirro entangled himself with another Yonkers politician, Theodore Garofalo, who was later convicted of stealing Westchester County checks. Mr. Pirro paid Mr. Garofalo a $7,500 "finder's fee."

There have been other questions about Mr. Pirro's activities. In 1993, in Mrs. Pirro's landslide triumph for district attorney, and in 1986, when she dropped out as a candidate for lieutenant governor, questions were raised about her husband's brief stake in a Connecticut garbage-carting company, an industry notorious for its mob associations.

Even before the Federal investigation, Mr. Pirro had been put on the defensive by a paternity suit brought by Jessica Marciano, a former paralegal in Florida, who contends that Mr. Pirro fathered her daughter, now 14 years old, while on a business trip to Florida. Mr. Pirro shrugged off the paternity suit as an extortion scheme by an unstable woman who was convicted of Federal charges of lying on a loan application and state charges of theft. But he said that the suit was "a major issue, obviously, in a marriage."

While denying that he is the girl's father, he said that "if the allegation is true, you have a moral obligation to provide support, irrespective of how you may feel about it or what complications it brings into your life."

The suit was dismissed by a lower court in Indiana in September 1995 because Ms. Marciano had listed her husband as the girl's father on a birth certificate and in her divorce papers. An appellate court reinstated the case in November 1996, and Mr. Pirro has appealed that decision to Indiana's highest court. The courts have yet to rule on the paternity itself.

Critics say the accusations against Mr. Pirro underscore what they see as his wife's Achilles' heel: that while she has compiled a sturdy record on violent and domestic crime, she has yet to prosecute major cases of municipal corruption or organized crime.

"One would have to believe that there's no organized crime in Westchester County, not a single corrupt official, and every union in this county is as clean as the driven snow," said William I. Aronwald, who headed the Federal Organized Crime Strike Force in the 1970's.

David Hebert, a spokesman for Mrs. Pirro, described her record in these areas an outstanding. Her office, he said, has obtained 30 arrests or convictions for official misconduct. It has broken up three gambling rings and arrested a soldier in the Lucchese crime family for tampering with murder evidence.

Yet, even a steadfast supporter like State Senator Nicholas A. Spano, the Republican county leader, concedes concerns about the unflattering news reports. "There's no way of sugarcoating it that it doesn't hurt," Mr. Spano said. "But Jeanine Pirro has made her name because of her own ability. She is not viewed just as Al's wife."

In the last analysis, Mr. Pirro says he thinks he has been more of a help than a hindrance to his wife's career and he cites recent polls showing his wife is as popular as ever.

"We feel that I've been a help," he said. "We feel that in many ways we have created a base that allows her to launch her star."

**Graphic**

Photos: Al Pirro, a real estate development lawyer, deals with many prominent clients in Westchester County. He has tried to keep the spotlight on his wife, Jeanine, the District Attorney in Westchester, but controversy about some business deals has forced him to talk more about himself. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times; The New York Times)(pg. B1); As an expert in zoning and development in Westchester County, Al Pirro has assisted many powerful clients, including Donald Trump. (Don Pollard, 1995)(pg. B4)

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**End of Document**



[***Between Roots and Reputation;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XK5-6WH0-00RP-K3BF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***City College Struggles to Remake Itself and Its Image***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XK5-6WH0-00RP-K3BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KAREN W. ARENSON

**Body**

By almost any measure, City College, long the flagship campus of the City University of New York, is in crisis. Morale is low. Enrollment is sliding. The education program may be closed. And despite a widely respected faculty and nationally ranked programs, a reputation is in tatters: the Harlem campus that was once lauded as the Harvard of the poor is now derided as a vast remedial factory.

But officials at the City University of New York say they are determined to remake the institution in a way that will not only bolster its reputation, but serve as a model for urban universities everywhere.

"City College needs a transfusion, and it is going to get one," said Matthew Goldstein, CUNY's new Chancellor. "There's been no real management of this place for more than 15 years."

This summer, Herman Badillo, CUNY's chairman, led the board in forcing out the college's president, Yolanda T. Moses, arguing that the college had drifted during her six-year tenure. And last month, Dr. Goldstein said he would not even search for a new president until a new master plan for the college was devised.

One model he wants to consider is making City College more of a boutique institution, with greater emphasis on areas of strength, like science, engineering, architecture and clinical psychology, and cutbacks in weaker programs.

He said no decisions would be made until he and a group of management consultants had talked at length with faculty and students, but such an approach is likely to trigger opposition. Although he used a similar strategy at CUNY's Baruch College, where he was president for seven years, efforts by the former Chancellor, W. Ann Reynolds, to apply such a strategy to all of CUNY failed.

The crusade to remake City College comes at a time of upheaval in public higher education. With college degrees becoming more of a commodity, every university in America is facing pressures to provide more education for less money and to demonstrate results more concretely. The notion of universal access -- the democratizing idea that all young Americans are entitled to a college education -- has given way to a new credo of performance: Students must earn their place in college and meet certain standards to stay in.

Nowhere are the tensions greater than at City College, the oldest of 11 senior colleges of the City University of New York.

"As public funding started to be cut, this institution was strangled," Stanford A. Roman Jr., City College's new interim president, said. "This college's self-esteem has been whipped to hell."

Mr. Badillo and Dr. Goldstein say the rescue of the college is a top priority. Both men are City College graduates, but the overhaul is more than a matter of personal pride. They say they cannot polish CUNY's reputation without first burnishing City College's reputation, because so many people do not distinguish between the college and the university of which it is a part.

They also see a clear opportunity: a college with great strengths -- including outstanding faculty and students and nationally ranked programs -- that are often ignored or overlooked. The faculty, for example, includes all seven CUNY professors who are members of the prestigious National Academy of Sciences or the National Academy of Engineering. The college attracts more outside research money -- nearly $17 million last year -- than any other CUNY campus. And outside evaluators recently predicted that a new program in biomedical engineering had the potential to make it into the "upper echelon" of doctoral programs nationally.

Not everyone agrees that dramatic change is warranted. Some say the college has more than continued to fulfill its 152-year-old mission, providing immigrants, welfare mothers, returning adults and others with the path to decent jobs and the middle class and adding billions of dollars to New York City's tax revenues. That focus ought to continue, they say.

"If black kids can't use remedial work to get a B.A. at the public college in their own Harlem community, then where are they supposed to go? And what are they to do with their lives?" Lawrence Rushing, a La Guardia Community College professor, recently asked the Regents at a public hearing.

Mr. Badillo and Chancellor Goldstein respond that change need not come at the expense of access. They say that new students -- including minorities -- will be attracted by the college's stronger reputation and special offerings, and that students who no longer qualify will be able to study at other CUNY campuses.

But Mr. Rushing and others argue that at a time when Harvard and other selective universities compete for the best minority students, City College should keep its doors open to those who have no other alternative and to nontraditional students like Sabina Pringle, whose potential might not be obvious when they apply. Ms. Pringle, a City College senior majoring in English who said she entered through open admissions and had to take remedial classes, is now a teaching assistant with plans to go to graduate school.

"I learned to do research here and it really transformed me," she said.

Founded as the Free Academy in 1847 to educate the children of the working poor, City College pioneered the concept of a free college education, and helped wave after wave of immigrants and other city students into the middle class and beyond. By the 1960's, when minority students and community leaders clamored for greater access, the institution, a commuter college, was a heavily white, Jewish, middle-class enclave at 138th Street in Harlem that drew mostly well-educated students with high school averages in the low to mid-80's.

Virtually overnight, the college's new open admissions policy, introduced in 1970 after stormy student protests, turned City College into a vastly different institution, with a student body that was increasingly nonwhite and foreign and in need of remedial classes to make up for the holes in their prior education.

Today, tuition is $3,200 a year, about 37 percent of the 8,346 undergraduates are black, 31 percent are Hispanic and 15 percent foreign and, as recently as 1997, more than 70 percent of the entering freshmen needed one or more courses in basic reading, writing or mathematics to prepare them for college-level work. That was a higher proportion than at all but three of the other 10 senior colleges at the City University of New York and an indication of why the college is now viewed as part of CUNY's second tier. (Baruch, Brooklyn, Hunter and Queens Colleges are now in the top tier.)

Students who take one remedial course typically graduate at about the same rate as students who take no remedial classes, while those needing more graduate at sharply lower rates. (Of students who pass none of the basic skills tests when they enter, about 16 percent graduate after six years, compared with nearly 40 percent of those passing all three tests.)

Despite its reputation as a remedial mill, City College's student body is more complex than traditional statistics suggest. CUNY officials say the college's regularly admitted students this year have about the same average SAT scores (about 1,040) as at Baruch and Queens Colleges, whose students have the highest test scores -- and higher even than the national average (1,016). But the City College average is pulled down to 1,000 or below once scores are factored in for the students who enter through the college's special program for disadvantaged students, known as SEEK. Those students are not required to meet regular admissions standards. (They represent about a third of the college's 828 freshmen but only about 11 percent of all undergraduates.; the college generally takes in more SEEK students than other campuses in part to keep its enrollment numbers up.)

"We have the usual range of students: A's, B's, C's, D's and F's," said James F. Watts, a City College history professor, pointing to last semester's grading sheet taped on his door. "But our top 10 percent -- Oh boy! You can go down the street to Columbia and you won't find better students than these."

The college's graduation rate of about 30 percent after six years (and 42 percent after eight years) is also only a partial reflection of the college, because it measures only the proportion of freshmen who graduate from the institution. It does not take into account the successful graduation of the many students who transfer into the college (953 last year, only slightly fewer than the 967 freshmen), students like Noah Burg, a lanky 23-year-old biology major from Brooklyn who transferred from Simon's Rock College and hopes to become a doctor, or Sharif Rucker, a 25-year-old senior from Brooklyn who transferred from Tuskegee University and has already passed the state certification exams that he needs to become a teacher.

The student body has already begun to undergo a transformation, though so quietly that few have taken notice. With the imposition of tougher admissions standards and a one-term limit on remediation, the students needing the most remedial work and the most help in learning English have begun to disappear from the campus.

And under CUNY's new remedial policy, more winnowing will come. Beginning next September, City College will not be allowed to enroll students who need any remedial classes, except for students who attended foreign high schools and those in the SEEK program.

But the strategic change that Chancellor Goldstein and Mr. Badillo envision goes beyond recasting the student body into recasting the school, and some faculty members and students are concerned that making the college distinctive could also make it narrowly focused.

"I don't think the college should exist only to service the needs of students who already know that they want to be engineers or chemists," said Louis P. Masur, a history professor who joined City College in 1992 after teaching at Princeton, the University of California and Harvard. "We should provide opportunities for the full range of students who want to major in the liberal arts."

Others are concerned about who will make the final decision, and fear that while the campus may be consulted, their input will be more symbolic than real.

But there are many on campus who are more than ready for change. They are tired of the attacks. They are desperate for strong leadership. And they want more resources and a campus that works.

Mr. Rucker, who transferred into City College from Tuskegee, said he had considered transferring out again because of the unceasing attacks on the institution. "I'm definitely worried about how people will see my degree, especially because I'm in the education department, and there's all this negative publicity about it," he said. "This school needs an overhaul, a strong person who is going to come in here and take positions no matter what others say."

Professor Watts is also ready for change: "They've done a lot of damage," he said. "But it is time to stop fighting and to start fixing things."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: New leaders are trying to remake the tarnished image of City College, which was once known as the Harvard of the poor. (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)

Photos/Chart: "On Being City College"

Long known as the Harvard of the ***working class***, City College prides itself on a long list of prominent alumni. A less-prepared student body withered the school's reputation in recent years, sending enrollments plummeting. But things are improving.

NO SHORTAGE OF FAMOUS ALUMNI

Actors and Entertainers:

   Hazelle Goodman

   Judd Hirsch

   Ben Gazzara

   Ira Gershwin

Nobel laureates:

   Arthur Komberg

   Robert Hofstadter

   Julius Axelrod

   Kenneth Arrow

   Arno A. Penzias

   Herbert A. Hauptman

   Jerome Karle

   Leon M. Lederman

Leaders and Statesmen

   A. Philip Randolph

   Felix Frankfurter

Pulitzer Prize winners:

   Jonathan Neuman

   Oscar Hijuelos

Graph tracks total enrollment at the City College of New York since 1994.

Graph tracks the percentage of freshman passing each of the three placement tests or otherwise exempted from remediation\* since 1994.

\*Entrants from the college's program for disadvantaged students not included

(Source: City College of New York)

**Load-Date:** October 7, 1999

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[***A Whistle-Blower Strikes Back;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2Y80-000P-N395-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Factory Finds Itself Up Against a Woman With a Mission***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2Y80-000P-N395-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Kathy Saumier

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Dateline:** SYRACUSE

**Body**

There is little in the life of Kathy Saumier to suggest that she would become a heroine to the people who crowd into this city's bars, bowling alleys and churches.

Ms. Saumier, a product of the city's ***working-class*** West Side, drifted through life without much purpose, dropping out of high school, working as a cook in a college cafeteria, then selling eyeglasses in an optical shop.

But when she landed a job at a small plastics factory in 1995, lured by its $6.75 an hour starting wage -- a lot better than waitressing, many women there say -- she became the workers' leader and loudmouth, denouncing conditions that many workers describe as dangerous and Dickensian and that government officials have repeatedly branded as illegal.

In fact, as the leading whistle-blower and campaigner for a union, Ms. Saumier has earned a reputation among blue-collar workers and middle-class churchgoers as the Norma Rae of Syracuse -- a reference to the heroine of the 1979 film that starred Sally Field as a union organizer.

A plain-spoken, chain-smoking woman, Ms. Saumier often gets teary-eyed as she tells church congregations, women's groups and labor rallies about a factory that Federal regulators fined $720,700 after four workers lost fingers to the machinery, a factory where employees have been forced to work seven days a week and have been punished for racing to emergency rooms when their children were hurt.

Like the celluloid Norma Rae, Ms. Saumier, a short, stocky 35-year-old, has angered management with her outspokenness. Unlike the movie heroine, she was dismissed recently on sexual harassment charges, after a male co-worker claimed that she had pulled down his pants in the factory and touched his genitals.

Ms. Saumier (pronounced SOMM-ee-ur) asserts that Landis Plastics concocted these charges to get rid of her, in line with a favorite business tactic: dismissing the ringleader to derail a unionization drive.

"I knew they were trying to set me up, but I was sick to my stomach that they would stoop so low to get rid of me," said Ms. Saumier, who is married and has two children.

The allegation against her has scant credibility with her co-workers. "I know in my heart she didn't do it," said Linda Murphy, who inspects and packs plastic containers and is one of many workers who have rallied behind Ms. Saumier. "They picked Kathy because she's loud. She's not afraid to express her opinion and she knows how to back up her words."

Landis officials deny that Ms. Saumier was set up, insisting that she is guilty of sexual harassment.

When Ms. Saumier landed a job at the plant -- a jumble of printing presses and injection molding machines that churn out containers for Cool Whip, Colombo yogurt and other dairy products -- she had no idea what she was getting into.

The factory, which opened in 1994, was, it turns out, fast becoming infamous.

Not only have four workers lost fingers in the factory's machinery, but in 1996 there were 90 injuries among the 180 production workers: seven times the nationwide rate for plastics factories. In January, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration fined Landis $720,700 for 70 violations, including the lack of adequate guards on the machinery to protect workers' hands.

State regulators recently discovered that Landis illegally forced employees to work seven days a week and fined it $48,000 for not reporting injuries to the Workers Compensation Board. Federal and state officials say they are weighing criminal prosecution.

For many in Syracuse, Landis has become a holy cause. After a recent concert, Bruce Springsteen met with Ms. Saumier to show his solidarity. Every Thursday, clergymen hold a prayer vigil outside the factory, condemning Landis for its treatment of employees, like dismissing pregnant workers to cut health-care costs and for dismissing workers who were getting workers' compensation for broken bones and back injuries.

It was in Ms. Saumier's first few months at Landis that her frustration turned from simmer to boil, as she heard workers complain about the injuries and frenetic pace.

"They treat the people who work on the floor like slaves," she said. "Every day I'd listen to the women there complaining. They're afraid to speak out. They're afraid of losing their jobs. Someone had to do something."

So she enlisted in the United Steelworkers' organizing drive, convinced that a union would force management to improve conditions. Soon she became the drive's leader.

At first impression, Ms. Saumier, with her fluffy light-brown hair and sheepish smile, has a calm, reassuring manner. But she is quick to anger, often lacing her language with profanity, when she sees workers mistreated.

"I sometimes get too emotional," she acknowledges.

Fighting comes naturally to her: she has been at it since age 8, she says. The fourth of five children, all raised on welfare, she remembers starting fights with neighborhood youngsters when they teased her deaf brother and sister.

At 16, she quit school to take a job as a church secretary to help her mother make ends meet. Her father, a parking lot security guard, left home when she was a toddler, and her mother worked as a low-paid school monitor. As a teen-ager, she recalls, she battled repeatedly with hospitals about whether her mother, who had a number of operations, was receiving proper care.

"I've always fought for what I wanted in life," she said. "That's the way it had to be. I didn't have a father around. I was the child who was always speaking up."

Though dismissed from the plant, she still runs the twice-monthly meeting that union sympathizers from Landis hold in a motel banquet room. Although many Landis workers oppose the union and are critical of Ms. Saumier, she has the grudging respect even of those who criticize her. They know that it was she who alerted the Safety and Health Administration about the safety problems. And she filed a Federal discrimination complaint charging that men filled the higher-paying technical jobs when the factory opened while women were kept on the bottom rung.

After all this, she was dismissed.

Details of the sexual harassment allegations are sketchy because neither Kenneth Mar, her accuser, nor management would discuss his charges.

Ms. Saumier has filed a $3 million slander suit against Mr. Mar contending that Landis solicited male workers to incriminate her (the company denies this), and that her accuser made up the charges to ingratiate himself with higher-ups. Mr. Mar has been promoted several times since making the accusations, workers say.

Union activists who find themselves under such concerted attack often give up and find work elsewhere. But Ms. Saumier, backed by lawyers for the steelworkers, is suing to be reinstated, asserting that Landis broke Federal law by dismissing her because she backed a union. On April 3, she received some vindication when the National Labor Relations Board announced it would go to court to seek her reinstatement.

"Friends ask, 'Why don't you just leave?' " Ms. Saumier said. "I don't want the women there to be treated like a piece of dirt. I want dignity. I want respect. I have a daughter who's growing up. I never want her to have to work in a place like this."

Many Landis employees describe their work as a physical ordeal in which they race, Charlie Chaplin-like, to keep up with the machines, inspecting containers for defects and packing them into boxes.

To Ms. Saumier, however, the job was a psychological ordeal. She asserts that management made her life miserable as part of a campaign to retaliate against her and other union supporters.

For instance, the day her picture appeared on the front page of a Syracuse newspaper, showing her crying as she testified to a State Assembly committee about the colleagues who had lost fingers, a male co-worker taunted her all day with fake sobs and management did nothing to stop him.

When she wrote Landis to say she was afraid that new Hispanic and Vietnamese workers might be injured because they might not understand the safety training she was giving them, a company lawyer wrote back, saying her comments "smacked of racism."

One Tuesday in February, a co-worker screamed repeatedly at her about how horrible unions are, Ms. Saumier recalled, saying the worker no doubt hoped to provoke her into a slap or other physical act so she would be dismissed.

The next day, Landis managers summoned the police to interrogate Ms. Saumier about whether she had sabotaged an anti-union co-worker's car, which had failed to start. Only later did the police learn that the car had not been sabotaged: the problem was a mechanical defect.

The following afternoon, a manager informed her about the sexual harassment allegations, and four days later she was dismissed.

Gregory Landis, president of the family-owned company, which also has four factories in the Midwest, said she was dismissed because Landis enforces its harassment policy vigorously.

But Beverly Martin, a co-worker said, "They use harassment as a convenient excuse to get rid of people they don't want, but people they like who have faced the same charges are still working there."

Landis dismissed her when it did, Mr. Saumier asserts, because she had told the Safety and Health Administration days earlier that the factory had not fixed many of the safety problems the agency had cited a month earlier. In that way, Ms. Saumier undercut Landis's efforts to negotiate down its $720,700 fine.

Mr. Landis said the factory has taken OSHA's criticisms to heart. "We've brought in specialists to see if we can make things safer" he said. "This is a very safe place to work."

He insisted that Landis treats its workers well, offering them dental benefits and a 401(k) plan.

"I don't believe our people need to be represented by the union," he said. "We have been in business 43 years, and have done that harmoniously. Why change a good thing? If it isn't broken, don't fix it."

Nowadays Ms. Saumier, whose husband is a handyman for Catholic Charities, is working again, as a paid organizer for the steelworkers. Her twin hopes are to get her job back and have the workers unionize, something management predicts will not happen.

What worries Ms. Saumier most, however, is what her mother and 11-year-old daughter think about the harassment charges.

"Of course I was upset," her mother, Kathleen, said. "None of it is true, though. She's always been a fighter. People at the bowling alley come up to me and say: 'Is that your daughter? You must be very proud of her.' I tell them, 'I am.' "

**Graphic**

Photos: The Norma Rae of Syracuse, Kathy Saumier, in the offices of the United Steelworkers Union. She has been working as an organizer for the union since being dismissed by Landis Plastics on charges of sexual harassment; Workers, members of the clergy and others gather outside the Landis Plastics factory in Syracuse each week for a prayer vigil, denouncing the company's dismissal of pregnant employees and those collecting workers' compensation. (Photographs by Michael Okoniewski for The New York Times) (pg. B1); Kathy Saumier in the offices of the United Steelworkers Union in Syracuse, where she is waging a campaign against Landis Plastics. (Michael Okoniewski for The New York Times) (pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** April 7, 1997

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[***You Made All This Yourself?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4845-0650-01KN-23FG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By AMANDA HESSER

**Body**

LOTS of things can happen at a dinner party. People can show up late, or never. Guests can mix like lemons and cream. The heirloom platter can break. But there is one thing you should be able to count on: a good meal.

There are experts on entertaining who will encourage you to surprise guests, to prepare individual tarts to make your guests feel special or to serve them something they would never cook at home.

To these, I would like to add my own: I call it the cut-your-losses theory of entertaining. Serve guests delicious things -- especially at the beginning of the meal -- that you can prepare ahead of time. Guests are always delighted to be served good food, no matter how simple it is. They will be surprised that you are not stressed out or sequestered in the kitchen, and they will naturally feel special because they don't have to cook it.

You may have a few last-minute preparations for the main course, but the first course should leave you untethered and your kitchen uncluttered. Oddly enough, a perfect solution lies in what Italian restaurants have been doing for ages and what some of the latest to arrive in New York, like Otto and Gonzo, have turned into something of an art form: the antipasto.

If antipasti bring to mind thick slices of salami and provolone layered on a platter with canned peppers and olives, read on. Antipasti in the modern American sense -- although I wouldn't say the true Italian sense -- are an assortment of small tastes that stimulate the palate without filling you up. This could mean something as simple as a gently boiled egg, covered with a plump anchovy fillet, or a spoonful of roasted cauliflower coated in a dressing of lemon, olives and capers.

In "Cooking the Roman Way" (HarperCollins), David Downie, the author, explains: "The ancient Romans often started a banquet meal with a gustum, an appetite-stimulator or appetizer, what contemporary Romans would refer to in standard Italian as an antipasto or a stuzzichino." But antipasti long remained a fixture exclusively of wealthy tables.

Mario Batali, in the kitchen at Otto last week, said it was not until after World War II that such dishes moved to the tables of the ***working class***. And even so, he added: "There's a big difference between where workers eat and where people in the cities eat. Where the workers eat, they don't expect to see a wine list and they don't expect to see antipasti other than a plate of salami."

Even in Italy, it is generally the chefs in cities who have taken a creative interest in antipasti. In New York, where prosciutto and melon had long been the extent of experimental antipasti, there is now salsify braised in saba (cooked grape must), chicken liver and onion bruschetta, sweet white runner beans simmered with sage and garlic, and housemade headcheese.

Excepting the headcheese, much of the same can be done at home. If you are having a party for six, you can prepare four or five antipasti. They may be cooked in stages in the days leading up to the party, put in the refrigerator and left to warm to room temperature in their serving dishes. There is no time pressure. If they sit out for an hour extra, no harm is done.

While antipasti were actually meant to be eaten before the first course, at a dinner party it is perfectly fine to serve them as the first course. Arrange them separately on plates or in bowls, so there is a feeling of plenty. Guests can pass them and choose the ones they wish to taste, and by passing and sharing, conversations will soon be skipping along.

If the party is very casual, or is a lunch party, the antipasti can be the entire meal. In this case, I would plan about six choices, so there is enough variety to invite guests back for seconds.

Not all antipasti can be prepared ahead of time. Dishes like Roman-style fried artichokes and fried zucchini flowers must be finished at the last moment, and so are best enjoyed in a restaurant. But there are plenty of fried foods, like fried eggplant, fried fish and croquettes, that can be served at room temperature.

Most antipasti contain just a handful of ingredients. At Otto, for instance, there is a dish of marinated anchovies served simply with croutons, scallions, lemon juice and olive oil.

"You just want to make sure you don't obfuscate it with anything," Mr. Batali, the chef, explained, as he stirred the anchovy salad. "The main event is the protein. The other stuff is clothing it. You can dress it up a lot or keep it simple."

The same goes for dishes like his cauliflower antipasto, in which cauliflower is roasted and then coated with lemon, capers, olives and garlic. If you chose not to dress the cauliflower, Mr. Batali pointed out, it would still be a perfectly acceptable antipasto. He reached into a two-foot-wide bowl filled with roasted cauliflower and popped a large floret into his mouth. "It's so good I could eat a whole bowl of that," he said, adding: "That bowl."

Flavors should be robust, but the dishes should be light. Cesare Casella, the chef at Beppe, serves a bean salad, brightened with red-wine vinegar and marjoram. In Marcella Hazan's "Essentials of Classic Italian Cooking" (Knopf), there is a recipe for ricotta and anchovies mashed together with butter, olive oil and black pepper and spread on toasts. You could make a coarser version with buttered bread topped with an anchovy.

Parmigiano-Reggiano can be broken into chunks and sprinkled with a fine balsamic vinegar. Onions can be sauteed with sugar and vinegar; eggplant and olives can be blended into caponata. Panzanella, the bread salad with tomato, would make an excellent antipasto. And there is always prosciutto with melon, which may be the only dish on earth never to be protested by man.

Begin by thinking of a small spread. A plate of cured meats like coppa, prosciutto or mortadella, bought from the best source you can find. (Shopping is a crucial part of any good cooking, but especially here, where a bottle of excellent olive oil, salt-cured capers, fresh sea salt and pecorino from Sini Fulvi can make an enormous difference.) The meats may be served alone. If it's late summer, place a pile of ripe figs nearby. When figs are out of season, use dried (but moist) figs and prepare a preserve with orange peel and pepper to eat with the meats.

You can fry meatballs scented with porcini and serve them at room temperature. Then consider a fish or shellfish. Mr. Batali prepares a brilliant antipasto with swordfish, although any firm-fleshed fish would work. The fish is cubed, then covered completely in olive oil. The oil is seasoned with salt and sugar, and chili peppers and lime zest are added to it. The fish is then baked at 225 degrees. It doesn't so much cook as percolate, as the flavors in the oil infuse the fish. When serving, the cubes of fish are sprinkled with olive oil, coarse salt and lemon juice.

Small salads are a good way to add texture to a mix of dishes. Fold shrimp with white beans and basil and a fruity olive oil. Use a vegetable peeler to shave the season's first asparagus into ribbons, then mix them with tiny beads of pecorino, coarsely ground pepper, olive oil and salt. When fava beans arrive, and if you have the patience, shell a bunch and serve them with the same dressing.

I like to have a few salads, one or two meat dishes and perhaps a fish or shellfish antipasto. I may add a bruschetta as well. This can mean marinated chickpeas with red onion or simply the toasted bread rubbed with garlic and a fresh tomato, and sprinkled with olive oil. The latter, when tomatoes are in season, is tough to beat, and a good reminder that it doesn't take much to excite someone who loves to eat. Just think how pleased your guests will be when you prepare it, and then are able to sit down and calmly enjoy it with them.

SLOW-COOKED SWORDFISH

Adapted from Otto

Time: About 1 hour

1 1/2 pounds swordfish steak, 1/2-inch thick, trimmed of skin and in 1-inch squares

1 teaspoon sugar

Kosher salt or sea salt

3 Thai chilies

Zest of one lime, in long strips

1 1/2 cups best-quality olive oil, or as needed

Freshly squeezed lemon juice to taste.

1. Heat oven to 225 degrees. Arrange fish pieces in a 9-inch square metal baking pan in a single layer. Sprinkle with the sugar and salt, and scatter chilies and lime strips over all. Pour just enough oil on top to cover fish. Stir gently. Cover pan with foil, crimping edges to seal.

2. Bake just until swordfish is cooked through and very tender, about 40 minutes. Allow fish to cool in pan.

3. When ready to serve, remove fish from oil. Scrape off any fat clinging to its sides and discard it. Arrange fish on a serving platter. Discard chili peppers and lime. Sprinkle with fresh olive oil and a little more salt, and drizzle with lemon juice to taste.

Yield: 6 servings.

ROASTED CAULIFLOWER WITH LEMON, CAPERS AND OLIVES

Adapted from Otto

Time: 45 minutes

1 large head cauliflower, cut into florets the size of a small plum

Kosher salt and ground black pepper

About 2 cups best-quality olive oil, or as needed

Grated zest of 2 lemons

3 cloves garlic, peeled and green germ removed

2 tablespoons fresh thyme leaves

2 tablespoons salt-cured capers, rinsed well and drained

1/4 cup pitted calamata olives

Lemon olive oil or freshly squeezed lemon juice, for sprinkling.

1. Heat oven to 375 degrees. Place cauliflower in a large bowl, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Toss by hand to distribute seasonings. Pour about 1/3 cup olive oil over the cauliflower and toss to coat. Spread on a baking sheet, and roast until browned and tender, 30 to 35 minutes, rotating sheet halfway through. Remove from oven and allow to cool.

2. While cauliflower roasts, in a small saucepan combine lemon zest, garlic, thyme and 1 cup olive oil. Place pan over medium-low heat until bubbles form; do not boil. Cook until garlic is soft, about 20 minutes, then remove from heat and allow to cool. Pour cooled mixture in a blender, and blend on lowest speed to puree.

3. In a separate small saucepan, combine capers, olives and 1/2 cup olive oil. Warm over medium-low heat for 5 minutes.

4. Transfer cauliflower to a large serving bowl. Pour over about half the lemon-garlic oil, and toss gently to coat. (Reserve remainder for another use.) Spoon over caper-olive oil mixture and toss once more. Adjust salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, sprinkle with lemon olive oil or fresh lemon juice to taste.

Yield: 6 servings.

FIG PRESERVE FOR CURED MEATS

Time: 25 minutes

1 cup dried figs like Calimyrnas, quartered lengthwise

1 orange

1/2 cup sugar

3 teaspoons dry mustard

1/2 to 1 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper

1/2 teaspoon kosher salt.

1. Place the figs in a small saucepan. Peel the orange with a vegetable peeler. Add the strips of peel to the pan. Juice the orange and add juice to pan.

2. Add sugar, dry mustard, pepper, salt and 1/3 cup water. Bring to a simmer and cook, stirring occasionally until thick and lightly caramelized, like a good marmalade. Remove from heat to cool completely. Serve with a platter of cured meats like prosciutto, bresaola and coppa.

Yield: About 3/4 cups.

PORCINI MEATBALLS

Time: 45 minutes

2 ounces dried porcini

1/2 pound ground veal

1/2 pound ground pork

1 teaspoon kosher salt

1/2 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper

2 teaspoons chopped fresh tarragon

1 egg

Olive oil.

1. Place porcini in a heatproof bowl. Bring 2 cups water to a boil. Pour water over porcini and let soak for 10 to 20 minutes. Strain the soaking liquid, reserving it for another use. Finely chop porcini and mix, using your hands, with veal, pork, salt, pepper, tarragon and egg.

2. Using your palms, form 1-inch round meatballs. Set them on a plate near the stove. Generously coat the bottom of a large saute pan with olive oil. Place over high heat. When it is hot, place meatballs in pan, about an inch apart. Saute until brown, then turn them, browning all sides. Adjust heat so meatballs brown but do not burn before cooking through. Drain on paper towels, or layer a serving platter with parchment and place meatballs on it as they finish cooking. Serve warm or at room temperature.

Yield: About 40 meatballs, 6 servings.

SHRIMP WITH BEANS AND BASIL

Time: 35 minutes

2 cloves garlic, peeled

Sea salt

1 pound medium shrimp, deveined

1 15-ounce can cannellini beans, drained and rinsed well

1 cup loosely packed basil leaves (torn in half if large)

1/3 cup thinly sliced red onion, sprinkled with salt and set aside

Coarsely ground black pepper

1 tablespoon red wine vinegar

1/4 cup best quality olive oil.

1. Bring a large pot of water to a boil. Drop the garlic in the water and season it with salt. When it boils, add the shrimp and cook for 3 1/2 minutes, until just cooked through. Drain the shrimp, run under cool water and peel.

2. In a large bowl, combine the shrimp, beans, basil and onion. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with vinegar, and fold together. Sprinkle with olive oil and fold again gently until all the ingredients are well blended and the basil is lightly wilted. Taste and adjust seasoning. (Note: If you are serving this more than 2 hours later, add vinegar just before serving, or it will turn the basil black.)

Yield: 6 servings.

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**Graphic**

Photos: A GRAZER'S PARADISE -- A tempting array of antipasti can be a first course or a whole meal. A modern American selection of antipasti includes, clockwise from top, shrimp with beans and basil; roasted cauliflower with lemons, capers and olives; shaved asparagus; cured meats with fig preserves; eggs with anchovies; porcini meatballs; olives; bruschetta with chicken liver and onion; and center, slow-cooked swordfish. (Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F1); TASTY BITES -- Making antipasti ahead of time lets a host enjoy the party. From top, a peppery but sweet fig preserve pairs well with cured meats. Porcini meatballs can be served at room temperature. Roasted cauliflower is delicious plain or dressed in lemon, olives and capers. Hard-cooked eggs are striped with anchovy fillets and sprinkled with oil and pepper. Shrimp are folded with white beans and basil. (Photographs by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F6)

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The New York Times

January 20, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 4849 words

**Byline:**  By Adam Shatz; Adam Shatz is a writer who lives in New York City.

**Body**

One Sunday evening early in the fall, Glenn C. Loury arrived at the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, Mass., where a group of distinguished black intellectuals, including Cornel West, Lani Guinier and Henry Louis Gates Jr., was gathering to discuss the Sept. 11 attacks. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, the keynote speaker, had flown in to talk about possible shuttle diplomacy with the Taliban. Loury, an economist at Boston University who first achieved prominence as one of the nation's leading black conservatives in the Reagan years, was there on a diplomatic mission of his own: to mend the rift that has long separated him from liberal blacks like Jackson. He knew he might elicit more than a few hostile glances. "I've been trying to figure out who you were for the longest time," one woman said coldly when they were introduced, according to Loury. But he decided to brave it.

Shortly before the meeting, Loury walked into a conference room where Jackson was chatting with Gates. As Loury shook hands with Jackson -- a man he had taken to task in print throughout the 1980's -- Gates effusively praised Loury's book "The Anatomy of Racial Inequality," which will be published early next month by Harvard University Press. In it, Loury makes a striking departure from the self-help themes of his earlier work, defending affirmative action and denouncing "colorblindness" as a euphemism for indifference to the fate of black Americans.

Jackson said to Gates: "This man is smart. Whatever his politics, he's always been smart." When the conversation

turned to the Middle East, Loury sheepishly reminded Jackson of an article he wrote more than 15 years ago in Commentary attacking him for embracing Yasir Arafat.

"You probably don't remember the piece," Loury said.

"Oh, yes I do," Jackson fired back.

"I looked him in the eye," Loury recalled a couple of weeks later, "and said: 'I really wish I hadn't written that. It was a mistake, and I really regret it.' Jackson didn't say anything directly in response to it, but during his formal presentation he made a point of singling me out. He said: 'To say that Glenn Loury isn't black because he disagrees with me, well that's just stupid. We can't afford to leave brilliant minds like that by the wayside."'

The next day, Loury e-mailed Charles Ogletree Jr., the Harvard Law professor who had organized the meeting. "I came close to not showing -- for a variety of invalid reasons that have more to do with my scarred psyche than with anything in the real world," he wrote. "You should know that I was deeply gratified by my reception on Sunday. Jesse was very generous. (I guess my 'political rehabilitation' is more or less complete now!)"

"That meeting was the defining moment for Glenn," his friend Orlando Patterson, a Harvard sociologist, later said. Or, as another scholar put it to me, "Glenn is finally able to walk into a room full of black people who don't all hate him."

Glenn Loury beamed as he told me this story in the backyard of his Brookline, Mass., home, where he lives with his wife, Linda, a labor economist at Tufts, and their two young sons. It was a crisp New England afternoon in early October; the leaves had turned a brilliant red and yellow. Loury's house -- listed, he notes casually, in The National Registry of Historic Places -- is a large Federal-style structure built in 1854 by Amos Adams Lawrence, a wealthy abolitionist.

Loury, 53, is a tall, stocky man with a high forehead and a graying goatee that seems to add little age to a face that will probably always look youthful. On this afternoon, he was wearing a sweatshirt that said "Professor Man" -- a superhero he invented to amuse his sons. At once polished and insecure, he rarely misses a chance to mention when someone important has found him "brilliant" or "smart."

The quality of Loury's mind has never been in question. What his critics have expressed doubts about is his judgment. His career as a public intellectual has been a long and occasionally reckless journey of self-discovery and reinvention, a dizzying series of political transformations and personal crises that have left him with more ex-friends than friends. He is both a genuine maverick thinker and a shrewd political operator, and therefore a source of fascination and bewilderment, even to himself.

Loury was reared by ***working-class*** parents on the South Side of Chicago, where the color line was an inescapable fact of life. He vividly remembers being chased by a group of white kids when he rode his bike across that line. Loury fathered two children out of wedlock while he was still a teenager, and he dropped out of college and got a job at a printing plant. But before his eight-hour night shift he took courses at Southeast Junior College, and from there he won a scholarship to Northwestern University, where he studied mathematics and economics. He did his graduate work in economics at M.I.T., under the supervision of the Nobel laureate Robert M. Solow.

In his 1976 dissertation, Loury pioneered the study of "social capital" -- the informal relationships and connections that, as much as money or brains, pave the way for success in the labor market. As long as whites enjoyed superior access to "social capital," he predicted, racial inequalities would continue to plague American society long after the end of legal discrimination. Loury's argument, coming 12 years after the passage of the Civil Rights Act, had profound implications for public policy. For if racial inequality is grounded in something more diffuse, and less amenable to remedy, than legal discrimination, how can it be combated? Is it the responsibility of the government, or of black people themselves?

As America's inner cities fell prey to a scourge of violence, drug addiction and out-of-wedlock births in the late 1970's, Loury came to believe that the greatest threat to racial equality was no longer the "enemy without" -- white racism -- but rather the "enemy within": problems inherent in the black community. Unless this "enemy" was confronted head-on, he argued, blacks would fail to achieve lasting social and economic equality. This was not his only pointed challenge to what he called the civil rights orthodoxy; Loury was also a critic of affirmative action and an outspoken supply-sider, promoting solutions to ghetto poverty rooted in entrepreneurialism rather than government aid.

In 1982, at the age of 33, Loury became the first tenured black professor in the Harvard economics department. Despite his sterling qualifications, he immediately began worrying about what his colleagues -- his white colleagues -- really thought of him. Did they know how smart he was? Or did they think he was a token? Before long, he was on the verge of what he calls a "psychological breakdown." As he remembers: "I did not carry that burden well. One wants to feel that one is standing there on one's own. One does not want to feel one is being patronized." In 1984, he moved over to the John F. Kennedy School of Government, which had been assiduously courting him almost from the moment he arrived.

"Glenn had no doubt that he was smart," Patterson says. "But I think he was always doubtful as to whether the economics department had hired him because of his Afro-American connections. It was that anxiety about what his colleagues really thought that led him to doubt the value of affirmative action." His criticisms of affirmative action reflected these insecurities, emphasizing the stigma it imposed on people like himself.

Loury seemed to relish his chosen role as a thorn in the side of the civil rights establishment. In 1984, he delivered a paper in Washington at a meeting of the National Urban Coalition. The room, Loury recalls, was full of movement veterans, including Coretta Scott King; John Jacob, the National Urban League president; and Walter Fauntroy, former chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus. In a speech calculated to provoke his audience, Loury began by declaring, "The civil rights movement is over." Blacks, he argued, were at risk of being dragged down by problems that could not simply be laid at the door of white racism. The spread of a vast underclass, the poor performance of black students, the explosion of early unwed pregnancies among blacks and the alarming rates of black-on-black crime -- here was evidence, he said, of failures in black society itself. It was time, he said, for blacks to assume responsibility for their own problems; blaming racism for their ills might be emotionally gratifying, but it was also morally obtuse.

When he was finished, Loury recalls, Coretta Scott King wept.

Word of the brilliant, contrarian black economist from the South Side of Chicago traveled fast. Conservative magazines solicited articles from him; The New Republic published his thoughts on race under the title "A New American Dilemma." He befriended William Bennett and William Kristol, his colleague at the Kennedy School. He sat at President Reagan's table at a White House dinner, and he socialized with Clarence Thomas. (Although the two no longer speak, Loury still keeps a picture in his office of himself with Thomas.) While his liberal colleagues were boycotting South Africa, Loury traveled there in 1986 on a trip financed by the white diamond magnate Harry Oppenheimer.

Loury's alliance with the right was rooted in part in his deep aversion to the intellectual conformity he felt the left imposed on black intellectuals; the right offered not only prestige, resources and acceptance but also, it seemed, the freedom to speak his mind. (He was also partly motivated, like many rebels, by seething class resentment: he says that as the son of a low-level civil servant, he felt "contempt" for middle-class civil rights leaders.) But during this period, Loury says, he continued to see himself as "a race man." Unlike some other black conservatives, he never called for abolishing the welfare state, and he rejected the idea that America had finished paying its debts to its black citizens.

Loury says he wanted to forge an intellectual middle ground, but his willingness -- indeed, his eagerness -- to assail black leaders like Jackson and to align himself with the Reagan administration made him persona non grata in liberal black circles. He was called an Uncle Tom, a "black David Stockman" and a "pathetic mascot of the right."

"It seemed like a classic sellout case to me," remembers Patterson, who went 10 years without seeing Loury. Loury's Uncle Alfred -- a proud race man, a steelworker and the patriarch of the family -- thought I was basically selling out to the white man," Loury recalls.

The hostility of fellow blacks would eventually take its toll, but at the time Loury took pride in their scorn. While enjoying considerable patronage in the form of corporate consulting fees and grants from conservative foundations, he cast himself -- and was portrayed by his white conservative patrons -- as a brave dissident who rejected the "loyalty trap" of reflexive racial solidarity.

And yet in his personal life, Loury continued to feel the pull of race. At the same time as he was lunching with fellows from the American Enterprise Institute, he began to immerse himself in a black urban world much like the neighborhood in which he grew up. He started playing pickup chess on tabletops in Dudley Square, an African-American commercial district in Boston. There, his views on social policy were unknown, and he was welcomed, not ostracized, by ***working-class*** black men -- the kinds of men he had known on the South Side, the kind of man he nearly became while working at the printing plant. "There was a feeling for me that I was really blacker than a lot of these liberal black intellectuals who were denouncing me as a traitor to my race," he remembers.

As a black critic of racial liberalism, Loury rose rapidly in Republican public-policy circles. In March 1987, he was offered a position as under secretary of education to William Bennett. On June 1, 1987, however, Loury's life veered off-track. He withdrew his nomination, citing "personal reasons"; three days later, those personal reasons became public: Loury's mistress, a 23-year-old Smith College graduate who had been living, at his expense, in what Boston papers called a "love nest," brought assault charges against him. (She later dropped all charges.)

Loury's meltdown had just begun. After the scandal, his trips to Dudley Square became all-nighters. He was staying out on the street until 2 a.m. and venturing into "some really rough spaces." He began freebasing cocaine and picking up women, spending much of his time in public housing projects. "It was pathological," he says. "I was castigating the moral failings of African-American life even as I was deeply caught up in it." All the while, he managed to maintain appearances at Harvard -- according to colleagues, he was lecturing more brilliantly than ever -- and to keep his other life a secret from his wife.

"I was bridging the extremities of two worlds," he recalls. "Nobody at the Kennedy School could have known about this other world, and nobody in that world where I was a familiar character because I came regularly with a pocketful of money could have imagined the sophistication and power of the society of which I was a part. So you achieve a kind of uniqueness moving back and forth between those worlds. It was fun. There was a sense of power. There was a real rush. You weren't just breaking the rules. Rules didn't have anything to do with you. This was new territory."

In late November 1987, Loury was arrested on charges of cocaine possession. After spending several months in the hospital and in a halfway house, he was released, and in January 1989, his wife gave birth to the first of their two sons. Loury's Harvard colleagues implored him to stay, but the scandal haunted him. In 1991, he left for Boston University, which offered him a tenured position and a salary Harvard couldn't match. For the next year, he devoted himself to his research in theoretical economics, which had languished for years, and "got out of the race business."

Loury's conservative friends stood by him, and Loury remained loyal. During the Anita Hill hearings, he prayed over the phone with Clarence Thomas. In 1995, he founded the Center for New Black Leadership with a group of conservative black intellectuals that included his friend Shelby Steele, the essayist.

"We were fellow travelers, Shelby and I," Loury recalls wistfully. "We were partners in an enterprise. We fancied ourselves men of ideas who had found our way to this position out of our willingness to break ranks. It's a lonely business, this black conservative stuff."

In the wake of his arrest, however, Loury had experienced a personal transformation that was to have far-reaching intellectual consequences. Five months after beating his cocaine addiction, Loury was dipped into a pool of water at a ceremony in Dorchester, Mass., and was born again. He started going to church regularly and was, he says, "getting caught up in the rapture of these services where people were falling out onto the floor." The people who forgave him his sins -- his family, his fellow churchgoers and his wife -- were black, and Loury did not fail to notice this. According to Patterson, "Religion was Glenn's entry back into the black community."

"The experience did nothing to my politics," Loury insists, but the "processing of my own frailties" that it engendered, that did have an effect. Now that he was among "the fallen," he found it difficult to keep telling people -- his people -- to "just straighten up, for crying out loud," as he had been for years. It struck him, he says, as "unbelievably shallow, spiritually, and politically problematic." In one of the more revealing passages of his new book, he criticizes the way successful blacks sometimes develop an "antipathy" toward the black poor: "If only THEY would get their acts together, then people like ME wouldn't have such a problem."'

After his brush with the law, Loury became increasingly alarmed by the right's punitive rhetoric on issues ranging from racial profiling to the criminal justice system and wary of the ways in which, as a black man, he was being used as a screen for an antiblack agenda. He was horrified by Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein's 1994 book, "The Bell Curve," a social Darwinist tract arguing that black poverty was rooted in inferior intelligence. He was even more appalled by "The End of Racism," the lurid assault on "black failure" written by Dinesh D'Souza when he was a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

Not only did his conservative friends not share his rage; they were taken aback by it and tried, he says, to muzzle him. Commentary, which had welcomed Loury's writing in the past, refused to publish his critique of "The Bell Curve." And though The Weekly Standard ran Loury's caustic review of D'Souza's book, it also published a lengthy response from the author. In 1995, Loury resigned from the American Enterprise Institute over its support of D'Souza.

In a column called "What's Wrong With the Right," published in the January-February 1996 issue of The American Enterprise journal, Loury wrote that while "liberal methods" on questions of race were certainly flawed, "liberals sought to heal the rift in our body politic engendered by the institution of chattel slavery, and their goal of securing racial justice in America was, and is, a noble one. I cannot say with confidence that conservatism as a movement is much concerned to pursue that goal."

"The thing about Glenn is that he was always a race man," says Anthony Appiah, a Harvard professor of philosophy and Afro-American studies. "I suspect that the Reaganites he was consorting with never really knew that."

Loury's break with the right became final in the fall of 1996 during the battle over the California Civil Rights Initiative, also known as Proposition 209. Aggressively promoted by Ward Connerly, a black conservative member of the University of California's Board of Regents, Proposition 209 sought to eliminate race- and sex-based preferences in state contracting, hiring and college admissions. The Center for New Black Leadership wanted Loury, the group's chairman, to publicly endorse the referendum, the culmination of the right's efforts to ban affirmative action. Loury expressed tepid support for 209 but refused to lobby on behalf of it.

"We're the Center for New Black Leadership, and we will be leading no black people if we make this our issue," he told his associates. But the board disagreed, and Loury resigned.

A few days later, Steele phoned him. "Where do you stand on race?" Loury says Steele asked him. "It's as if you're a racial loyalist here. I thought we all agreed."

"No, Shelby and I didn't agree," Loury says now. "I was always aware that, whatever I thought about race, I'm still black. Shelby's position. . . . " Loury starts to laugh. "I was about to say, Shelby's position was that we had to completely transcend race, though I can imagine saying those words, too. But my heart wasn't in them, whereas he really meant it. How could it have been otherwise? His mother was a white woman. His wife is a white woman. When he looked at his own children's racial identity and wondered about an oppressive world that would say to those children, 'Choose sides' -- a dilemma I'd never faced -- Shelby's angle of vision was really quite different from my own. So in all honesty, it was I who betrayed him, not he who betrayed me." The two men have not spoken since that conversation. (Steele declined to be interviewed for this article.)

Writing in The New Republic on the eve of the referendum's passage, Loury declared that it was "flawed both in letter and spirit," and went on to excoriate "colorblind absolutists" and to argue that "some 'discrimination' against whites" may well be "the inevitable -- and defensible -- consequence of measures to identify and limit discrimination against blacks."

"There came a point when I couldn't look my own people in the face," Loury says, explaining his evolution. "Everyone else had a place to go. Some would go to Jerusalem. Others would go to Dublin. You see the metaphor. Where would I go? I came back to Chicago and talked to my uncle about what I was doing. There was a reproachful look in his eyes, a sadness. He said to me, 'We could only send one, and we sent you, and I don't see us in anything you do.' Eventually I realized I couldn't live like that."

So where did Loury end up? Not -- and this is what makes him distinctive -- as a traditional liberal. Despite his new appreciation of racial solidarity, Loury remains fiercely independent. His outlook today is an unclassifiable, pragmatic blend of entrepreneurialism, black nationalism, Christian faith and social egalitarianism. Though he has relaxed his opposition to affirmative action, he quibbles with the way it is practiced, recommending instead what he calls developmental affirmative action -- programs intended to improve minority performance while upholding common standards of evaluation. It's a lonely position that infuriates his former allies on the right without endearing him to black liberals like Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Cornel West, who recently threatened to resign from Harvard if Lawrence H. Summers, the school's new president, failed to issue a sweeping defense of affirmative action. The private Loury is as hard to pin down as the public intellectual: an affluent homeowner in a largely white suburb who retains a deep respect for the Nation of Islam; a churchgoer who jogs while listening to gangsta rap on his Walkman.

"The Anatomy of Racial Inequality," based on lectures he gave in 2000 at the Dubois Institute at Harvard, offers a bracing philosophical defense of his new views. Returning to an argument he first presented in his dissertation, Loury argues that blacks are no longer held back by "discrimination in contract" -- discrimination in the job market -- but rather by "discrimination in contact," informal and entirely legal patterns of socializing and networking that tend to exclude blacks and thereby perpetuate racial inequality. At the root of this unofficial discrimination, he says, is "stigma," a subtle yet pervasive form of antiblack bias. According to Loury, stigma explains why many white Americans, as well as some blacks, view the imprisonment of 1.2 million African-American men as a "communal disgrace" rather than as "an American tragedy."

Of course, Loury himself once perceived the plight of the underclass in similar terms. As he wrote in 1985, "Whatever fault may be placed upon racism in America, the responsibility for the behavior of black youngsters lies squarely on the shoulders of the black community itself." In his new book, by contrast, Loury asserts that the miseries of the ghetto can "only be seen as a domestic product . . . for which the entire nation bears a responsibility."

For Loury's former friends on the right, he is guilty of nothing short of apostasy. Writing in National Review in 1999 "with a heavy heart," Norman Podhoretz -- an ex-leftist who achieved eternal notoriety among liberals by publicly changing his mind -- accused Loury of "having fallen, or perhaps deliberately leaped, into 'the loyalty trap' he once worked so hard to escape. . . . The loss to his fellow blacks, and to the rest of us as well, is incalculable."

Loury's change of mind has been greeted by liberals with considerable skepticism. Loury's account of his defection was "too pat to be true, especially for a man of Mr. Loury's considerable intelligence," Brent Staples wrote in The New York Times. "Race-baiting, Willie Hortonizing and homophobia were part of the package from the start and actually in fuller use in the 80's than now. That Mr. Loury failed to detect a 'conservative party line' on race while cozying up to the Reagan administration -- and as a star on the conservative lecture circuit -- is simply implausible."

It's a fair point. After all, Loury was always sensitive to the left's rigidities on race. Why did it take him so long to rebel against those of the right?

I asked him this directly, and he said: "Why the 90's and not the 80's? I'm going to give you an honest answer. I'd say, You're dealing with a 35-year-old kid in 1983." It's not an especially satisfying reply. After all, this "35-year-old kid" was a tenured professor at Harvard. Loury's conversion narrative is compelling stuff, but there's something missing. The story fails to explain why he began to notice things that were perhaps there all along. It fails to explain how the disapproval of blacks went from being a badge of pride to one of shame.

You get the sense that the new Loury would just as soon not be reminded of the old Loury. As he admitted to me in an e-mail message, "The ghost or shadow of the 'old' Loury follows me, and I can still detect people reacting to this presence."

Though he has to a certain extent ingratiated himself with the black intellectual circles that once shunned him, the reaction of many blacks to his new incarnation remains one of caution. "There are still people who won't forgive Glenn for sleeping with the enemy," Patterson says.

Loury's embrace of his black identity is striking and, to some of his black friends, a touch overeager. "Glenn is into sports now," says Patterson, who formed a close friendship with Loury again in the mid-90's. "He's into basketball. He's developed a sort of pride in things black, and a sensitivity about any negative comments made about the group. I became a little concerned when Glenn started listening to gangsta rap. I thought there was a little overcompensation involved."

It's hard not to conclude that Loury's intellectual positions today reflect shifting personal needs as much as shifting intellectual convictions. As Patterson points out, "Glenn had argued so powerfully against affirmative action that the shift in position struck me more as a signal to the black community that he wanted back in, rather than a strongly intellectual change of heart."

Loury, for his part, doesn't disagree: "I don't know if I want to concede the point to Orlando, that there's no intellectual substance to the change of mind. But I think that's a pretty astute observation on his part." Still, he says, "as long as I can give a more-or-less cogent account of what the current position is, I don't worry about the insincerity problem." When I asked him why he constantly changes his mind, he fell silent, pounding his fist on his desk. Leaning back in his chair, he stared quietly at the ceiling. Nearly a minute passed. This was the first time I had seen him at a loss for words. "There may be something in my personality that doesn't feel comfortable getting along," he finally said -- an answer that nicely omits his equally strong desire to belong.

The question of belonging, of course, is one that all public intellectuals face, but it weighs especially heavily on black intellectuals who write about race. If you're a white college professor, you can float half-formed ideas and say controversial things; that's what you're paid to do. To be a black intellectual in the race debate is to have an audience with expectations, even demands; an audience anxious to know which side you're on.

You might imagine that the ambiguities of the post-civil-rights era -- in which the problems may be clear but the solutions are not -- would reduce the pressures toward intellectual conformity, but Loury's career suggests that the opposite is true. Debates over affirmative action and reparations are often so polarized as to leave little room for iconoclasts. To dissent, on either side, means you may find yourself in a lonely place, your loyalty -- even your blackness -- in question.

Throughout our conversations, I had the odd sense that both Loury and I were after the same thing: an understanding of Glenn Loury -- or, more precisely, how the old Loury became the new Loury. He often talks about his past self as if he were someone else, as if the only thing the two Lourys had in common were a body. Loury has been through therapy, and he often talks like a classic analysand, putting himself on the couch and registering genuine bafflement at how he got there. "Friends of mine sometimes have joked to me that the old Loury and the new Loury should have a conversation," he says, chuckling ruefully.

When you spend time with Loury, you feel that he's still sorting out his past, still trying to figure out what has led him away from and toward the embrace of his race. He is incredibly self-conscious, and yet all his introspection has failed to yield any answers that satisfy him. The day after I interviewed him for the first time, we were walking along Commonwealth Avenue, just outside his office. "I feel like I spilled my guts yesterday," he confessed. "But you know, what I said was something of a revelation to me too. Because parts of my life are still a blur to me. I don't have a coherent narrative yet."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Glenn Loury (Sacha Waldman); The rise: Even during his most-right-leaning years, Loury (with Reagan in 1985) considered himself a "race man."; The fall: Loury (entering court with his lawyer) began his downhill slide after he was charged with assault in 1987. (George Rizer/The Boston Globe)

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[***Cuomo Drives the Lane as He Runs the State***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V9T0-0024-J0JS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KEVIN SACK,  Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

What may be most remarkable about Gov. Mario M. Cuomo's relationship with the game of basketball is not the way the beefy 61-year-old sprints up and down the floor, or even his patented fade-away hook shot.

It is the sheer amount of time he spends plotting, strategizing and otherwise obsessing about his staff's deadly serious intramural league, as if he finds victory on the court far more satisfying than any legislative conquest.

While traveling in the state helicopter, Mr. Cuomo diagrams plays for his beloved gold team's upcoming games. He sends memos stressing the fundamentals to teammates before big games against the State Assembly or the state police. He awakens the captains of opposing teams with 6:30 A.M. phone calls, unnerving them with interrogations about their starting lineups.

When Dan Quayle talked trash last year about the New York welfare state, Mr. Cuomo responded by challenging him to a little one-on-one.

"If you really want to come and make a fool of yourself, bring your jock and a pair of sneakers and let's play ball," Mr. Cuomo said.

Driven to Win

By his own admission, Mr. Cuomo's only release from the unrelenting pressures of governing is basketball, a sport that relaxes his mind by forcing him to focus entirely on the game. Yet both on the court and off, he plays basketball the way he plays politics -- with sharp elbows, an intense desire to win and a pursuit of every possible advantage.

In one-on-one grudge matches against legislators and state agency heads, he is not above demanding points to compensate for his age or bad back. In pregame negotiations, he often wins the right to appoint the referee. During a game several years ago against the Capitol press corps, he harangued a referee to keep an eye on the reporter who was operating the game clock.

There are days, it seems, when Mr. Cuomo dedicates as much thought to the intricate strategy of drafting players for his team as he does to outmaneuvering the Republicans in the State Senate.

Gene Sperling, a former aide, remembers the telephone calls he received one day in the fall of 1991, when rumors were flying that Mr. Cuomo was about to decide whether to run for President.

"I've been doing some thinking," said the unmistakable voice on the other end of the line.

"Yeah? Yeah?" Mr. Sperling said, virtually hyperventilating, thinking he was about to witness history.

"I think maybe we ought to change the teams," Mr. Cuomo said, quickly deflating his aide. "Do you think we ought to change the teams?"

A short time later, the phone rang again. "I thought this one would be about the presidency for sure," recalled Mr. Sperling, who is now an economic adviser to President Clinton. "He says: 'Here's what we're going to do. We're going to have three teams, and Darren Dopp, Tom Conroy and I will be captains and here's how we'll pick players.' "

The phone rang a third time. "My heart started racing again," said Mr. Sperling. "But he says, 'O.K., you know Dopp and Conroy and which players they think are good and not good. Let's go through it so I'll know who they might draft.' "

Getting Even

In basketball, as in government, Mr. Cuomo thrives through stamina, hard work, and staying one move ahead of the competition. He sees the game as a metaphor for much in both life and politics. What he loves above all is to assemble a team that can beat a group of better players through hustle and teamwork.

"It teaches all those lessons of family, synergy, connectedness, all those things you fail to achieve with the Legislature," he said between games one night last week. "You can come in here on a Wednesday night and get even."

When describing his assets on the court, Mr. Cuomo, a former minor league center fielder, said he never considered himself a great athlete. "It's like the rest of my life," he said. "What I had as an athlete is that I worked harder. You might not go for that loose ball. I'd dive for it."

Pointing to the 20- and 30-year-olds he plays with, Mr. Cuomo said: "These guys should be outrunning me, they should be burying me. But they're not."

Question of Officiating

Of course, now that he is Governor and, more important, self-appointed owner of his Wednesday night league, Mr. Cuomo recognizes that certain benefits come with his status.

"I'm the most formidable figure on the court because I own the league," Mr. Cuomo joked. "They all work for me and I am notoriously ungrateful to people who make me look bad."

Mr. Cuomo is not the only one to notice that basketball and politics sometimes intersect in the gymnasium at the State Police Academy in Albany, Mr. Cuomo's home court.

With his tongue planted firmly in cheek, Assemblyman Sheldon Silver, a Manhattan Democrat who lost a one-on-one game to the Governor in 1992, said his fatal error was allowing Mr. Cuomo to pick the referee -- Michael R. Doyle, a lobbyist for New York Telephone. The game was played shortly after Mr. Cuomo presented his proposed budget, which included a new 7-cent charge on telephone bills.

"All I know is I kept getting knocked down on the floor and the foul was always on me," Mr. Silver said. "It was kind of like my stomach kept hitting the Governor's elbow."

Mr. Silver said he found it interesting that shortly after the game, Mr. Cuomo amended his budget to eliminate the telephone fee.

The Cousy Set Shot

The only thing old about Mario Cuomo on the basketball court is his Bob Cousy-style two-handed set shot, which the Governor, who also plays guard, uses to push shots in from beyond the 3-point line.

The Governor takes great pride in his physical condition. His idea of fun on a Saturday morning is to reduce a 30-year-old aide to heaving exhaustion after a few games of full-court one-on-one. He has told friends recently that his basketball demonstrates that he could withstand the rigors of a tough re-election campaign next year, if he decides to run.

At 6 feet and 190 pounds, Mr. Cuomo uses his shoulders and elbows generously when driving the lane for an underhanded layup. He assists teammates with no-look passes and has strong hands on defense.

After hitting a 3-pointer, Mr. Cuomo allows himself no self-congratulation. He coolly shuffles back on defense, letting his mouthguard hang nonchalantly from his tongue.

Mr. Cuomo can catalog the basketball injuries he has sustained, including torn muscles and a collection of gashes, and he has appeared at news conferences with a black eye. He nominated Bill Clinton for President with loose teeth last year after being elbowed by Lawrence G. Malone, a Public Service Commission lawyer.

"This is a kind of almost civilized rugby that we play," he said. After two hours of basketball, he takes a 20-minute shower and starts popping aspirin to soothe the pain in his back, which he injured 30 years ago while carrying a chest of drawers upstairs.

Tennis? Ha!

Ever the kid from Queens, Mr. Cuomo clearly relishes the ***working-class*** imagery of basketball. And he affects a certain disdain for sports he considers more effete, like tennis and golf. Lieut. Gov. Stan Lundine, a tennis player and golfer, said he has been on the receiving end of occasional mocking. And in the days when Mr. Cuomo ridiculed George Bush, a favorite technique was to wave an imaginary tennis racquet.

Said the Governor's eldest son, Andrew: "He never bought me a tennis racquet and white shorts or took me out to the country club on Saturday and said, 'Son, we're going to learn how to swing the old 9-iron today.' "

Mr. Cuomo learned to love basketball as a teen-ager playing in Queens, where he split time between his high school team, a recreational league and a church league at St. Monica's Catholic Church.

"The gym at St. Monica's had a pitched ceiling and from some parts of the court you couldn't shoot past the beam with a set shot," he said.

His fondest memory is a recreational league game in which his team, with only four players available, defeated the division leaders. Because high school varsity players were not supposed to play recreational league ball, Mr. Cuomo used a pseudonym, Matt Denty.

He still has the headline from The Long Island Daily Press in a scrapbook: "Austin Celtics Beat Civics Using Only Four Players, Matt Denty Scores 14 Points."

Another favorite pseudonym, because of its exotic sound, was Oiram Omouc, his name spelled backwards.

Loves Those Knicks

Mr. Cuomo remains an avid fan, mainly of the Knicks and St. John's, his alma mater. Televised games can often be heard in the background when he speaks by phone from the Executive Mansion, and interviews are often interrupted by shouts of "Oh, oh," or "He missed it!"

His favorite players are cerebral types, like Bob Cousy and Bill Bradley, and he never stops studying the game or offering tips to those who have spent fewer years on the court.

"One Saturday I was at home and he called and said, 'Turn on the TV; Indiana is playing,' " recalled Robert E. McGlarry, an assistant to the Governor and the captain of Mr. Cuomo's gold team. "He said: 'You see what they're doing, you see how they're passing the ball? That's what we should be doing.' Then he hung up."

**Graphic**

Photo: In Albany, stamina and hard work can pay off in more than one arena. (David Jennings for The New York Times) (pg. A1)

Chart/Diagram/Photo: "Scouting Report: The Cuomo File" shows the Governor's game plan, which stresses fundamentals, preparation and the occasional elbow. At a reporter's request, he diagramed one of his favorite set plays.

VITAL STATISTICS

Age: 61

Height: 6 feet

Weight: 190 pounds

Position: Guard

Shoots: Right

STRENGTHS

3-point set shot

Fade-away hook shot

Unselfish passer

Drives the lane well with either hand

Strong hands help with defense and rebounding

Great wind for an old guy.

Weaknesses

No jump shot

Schedule makes him unreliable on game day

Can't help boasting of victories, and uses unlimited access to television and radio to do so. (Photograph by David Jennings for The New York Times) (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** November 26, 1993

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[***AUTHOR FINDS THE HARLEM OF LEGEND IS NO MORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-R1W0-0009-21NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 10, 1982, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1487 words

**Byline:** By C. GERALD FRASER

**Body**

IN a sense, it is all over for black Harlem. The curtain has come down on the Harlem of legend. Harlem blossomed between two world wars, nurtured creative artists, harbored black people's ideas and helped forge world leaders such as Ghana's Nkrumah and Nigeria's Azikiwe. If the Statue of Liberty beckoned some future Americans, Harlem summoned others.

Racial prejudice created Harlem; good times exalted it; hard times brought it to its knees. ''Intellectually and culturally, for several decades,'' said Jervis Anderson in a recent interview, ''it was the place. It was the source of black artistic and political energy which flowed outward to the rest of the country, to the West Indies and parts of Africa.''

Mr. Anderson, a writer for The New Yorker, has put the gleanings from four years of intensive research and writing into ''This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-50,'' published recently by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. He describes Harlem's birth, the people who shaped the nation's foremost black community and those who contributed to its myths.

Review of Jervis Anderson's book, "This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-50"Jamaican Views of Harlem

Now in his mid-40's, Mr. Anderson was born in Jamaica. He worked in Kingston as a reporter before he came to New York in 1959 to study literature at New York University - a not exceptional emigration.

''When you grow up in parts of the Caribbean - surely in Jamaica, where I grew up,'' he said, ''at a certain time, the term 'Harlem' very early enters your vocabulary and your imagination. And I grew up hearing this word all the time. I had a couple of relatives who had migrated to Harlem before I was born, and every once in a while they would come back home. Everybody, especially young kids, would gather around. People brought back goodies - clothes and money. And you looked at them and they sounded different.

''They were supposed to have come from the United States, but they were talking about Harlem. So by the time I got here, that was also kind of planted in my mind, the idea of Harlem.''

This ''idea of Harlem'' and interviews with the labor leader A. Philip Randolph - for ''A. Philip Randolph: A Biographical Portrait,'' Mr. Anderson's first book - inspired ''This Was Harlem.''

But, Mr. Anderson said in an interview: ''I didn't want to focus on what sociology has focused on forever -about misery, crime and difficulty. There was a very essential human account of the life of the place over 50 years that I wanted to give. Anybody can see here and there that in the wings there was difficulty. But I thought that the story of the human character of the culture should be told.''

Reliance on Printed Matter

Believing that interviews with old-timers often produced unreliable reminiscences, he talked to few persons and instead did his research in contemporary materials and documents. He calls The New York Age, a long-defunct Harlem weekly, his ''eyewitness to history,'' explaining, ''I sat down every day for about a solid year reading through microfilm every available issue from the 1890's right up to 1950.''

He also read works of nonfiction and the novels, short stories and poetry of the 1920's. He consulted correspondence of W.E.B. Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson at Yale and George Schuyler at Syracuse University and sought out material at Dillard University in New Orleans and in the New York Public Library's newspaper division and Harlem's Schomburg Center.

Harlem's vitality, he concluded, emanated from its density: ''Harlem was crowded with energy, crowded with talent, crowded with style, crowded with people of various classes. Harlem was for a while, in Manhattan, the place where blacks could live; blacks of all classes, conditions and whatever. When you have that kind of collectivity of any people, you have a lot of energy.''

Some of that energy produced the period called the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's. Before the 20's, Mr. Anderson said, major black writers were Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles Chesnutt, who wrote in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Concentration on Middle Class

''Between them and the 1920's, the two major names that would crop up would be Du Bois and James Weldon Johnson,'' he said. ''So by the time you come to the 20's you have a gap of roughly 10 years in which nothing of any major importance was done. Secondly, with the exception of Dunbar, and that's a major exception, black writing tended to concentrate mostly upon the lives of the middle-class, the educated class. I think what happened in the 20's was a shift into examining the lives of the general group, with a great emphasis upon the experience of the masses.''

''Harlem in the 1920's,'' Mr. Anderson continued, ''was not the only place where blacks were writing. It was the place that gave the major impetus to black writing elsewhere. This was the place to which writers looked for opportunities and various kinds of outlets, and when they began doing what they did here, it gave people in places like Boston, Washington and one or two other cities impetus.''

The Harlem Renaissance dissolved in the trauma of the early 30's and the Depression. Observers could foresee Harlem's own decline as ''the promised land.''

After World War I, according to Mr. Anderson: ''The New York Age, which up until then represented the outlook of the upper-class Harlem set, used to be very disturbed about the number of ***working-class*** types that were moving in from the South and from the West Indies. They used to say that these people weren't really suited for the life of a sophisticated urban community. They didn't know how to live in apartment buildings, they couldn't find the kind of work that would sustain them; many of them were unskilled, many of them were unlettered.''

Shift in Income Groups

Later on, ''many of the educated types, what they used to call the better-class types, found it possible to live elsewhere, either because New York City life was becoming more flexible or because some of them, being professional, were able to afford suburban kinds of abodes.'' When the lower-income group moved in, ''landlords paid less and less attention to the upkeep of the buildings.''

Another factor in the community's deterioration was the Depression. ''The Depression,'' Mr. Anderson said, ''ripped the scales off everybody's eyes, and maybe for the first time they saw nakedly that despite whatever optimism they had had, these are the hard facts of life. A terrible shock - finding out that even in New York you could starve literally and that there were no jobs and that you had to join bread lines, and that apartments were overcrowded, all that terrible social kind of problem could exist when previously people thought that this was the place that was going to lead us out of that.''

During his 13 years at The New Yorker, Mr. Anderson has written for the Talk of the Town section and done pieces on Jamaica and on Haitians and Japanese in New York. In discussing his inclination to write on minority groups, Mr. Anderson said that black journalists often felt they must choose between writing either about the black experience or writing on other kinds of subjects.

Difference in Esteem

''Some black writers feel that white persons - mainly, editors - have held articles and stories on black people and their culture in low esteem. The question arises, therefore, is it professionally beneficial for a black writer to focus on black subjects?

''At the same time, many white editors want black writers to write only about black subjects,'' he said. ''And these editors believe that black writers cannot write about anything else.

''First,'' Mr. Anderson said, ''I think it's important to work at a place as I do where they make it very clear to you at the outset that you are free to write anything you wish. I think that liberates you. If you do as I have been doing, writing chiefly about minorities, it's a choice that you make.

''Second, my feeling is that because there is a kind of reductive feeling in the public toward minority material, that doesn't necessarily mean that I'm going to run away from it. I think there is a certain kind of insight, understanding and empathy that I can bring to it.

''The important thing is for you to make an estimate of the importance of the experience of your own people and your own history. If you don't want to do it, if you fly away from it because even your own people say 'if you're writing this stuff you're no good,' if 200 years from now somebody can't look back and see some good examples of good black work on the good and bad of the black experience, then all we are doing is perpetuating the same damn prejudice that they have had against us.

''I have been at The New Yorker 13 years, and I've done it. I don't have to apologize now if I do anything else. I'm probably going to move on now and do lots of other things.'' Such as? Such as ''a big thing on guns in America.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Jervis Anderson

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[***THE VOICE OF THE YEGG AND THE GRIFTER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RDV0-0009-202H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Geoffrey Nunberg

**Body**

THE papers and articles collected in "Language of the Underworld" represent the 50 years of research that the late David Maurer devoted to the language and customs of American pickpockets, confidence men, forgers, narcotics addicts safcrackers, moonshiners and other colorful types. Though he presented himself as a "groundbreaking: maverick scholar, his work really fits into a tradition of popular lexicography that stretches back to the Renaissance. It was Maurer's misfortune to have outlived it, but therein lies the interest of this book now.

The slang-or, as it used to be called, "cant" of thieves, gypsies, vagabonds and their fellows has enriched the English language and its literature since Shakespeare's time. Much of it was culled from the glossaries that began to appear in the early 16th century. The 1811 edition of Captain Grose's Dictonary of Buckish Slang and Pickpocket Eloqence (as revised "by a member of the Whip Club, assisted by Hell-Fire Dick"), for example, found it necessary to define for its respectable readers such terms as curmudgeon, cocksure, crony, coax, in the buff, condom, pimp, bully and slang itself; these and dozens of others soon passed into general usage.

Geoffrey Nunberg reviews book, "Language of the Underworld," by late David Maurer

In the early 19th century, there was a great vogue for "Newgate novels" (so called after the prison), romances about rogues and highwaymen that were sometimes so heavily laced with cant that footnotes were required. (Thackeray parodied the genre in "Vanity Fair": "Is that your snum? I'll gully the dag and bimbole the clicky in a snuffkin.") And despite the efforts of Victorian reformers like Dickens' and Mayhew to portray the criminal life in its sordid reality ("Oliver Twist" in particular was intended as a corrective), the romance of the underworld and its language was unabated at the end of the century, when Beerbohm wrote of Masefield: "A swear-word in a rustic slum/ A simple swear-word is to some,/ To Masefield something more."

The fascination is easy enough to understand. For the Victorians and their successors, the underworld was just what its name implied, a nether region as dark, as elaborate and as circumscribed as Dante's. It was seen as the repository of all the violent and erotic currents that respectable society could not acknowledge in itself, and it was natural that the middle classes should borrow low language to refer to things that were in polite English quite literally unspeakable.

The Victorians and their followers faced a dilemma in trying to satisfy their prurience without abandoning their respectability; to resolve it, they created a curious sort of hero, personified in Shaw's Henry Higgins, the lexicographer-saint who could walk chaste and untempted among the urban poor, picking up only vowels. Higgins and his real-world counterparts were the progenitors of Maurer's line; thereafter, the most lurid words and practices could be reported in the genteel and discreet language of respectable scholarship. The Great lexicographer Eric Partridge, for example, explained in his Dictionary of Slang and Uncoventional English that he had dealt with vulgarisms "as briefly, as astringently, as aseptically as was consistent with clarity and adequancy; in a few instances, I had to force myself to overcome an instinctive repugnance."

When Maurer was beginning his research on the language of the underworld in the 1930's, it was as much in vogue in America as it had been in Regency England. Thanks to the gangster movie and the detective thriller, the voice of the yegg and the grifter was heard everywhere in the land. The general attitude was summed up in Sam Spade's most Americans were rather more titillated than disdainful. From the gaudy patter fo the underworld we adopted such expressions as jackpot, hustler, deat to rights, freeze out, panhandle, punk and give someone the business, all recorded by Maurer as specialized argot.

Even as he was carrying on his diligent research, the fashion for low language was being satirized in movies like "Bring Up Baby," with society girl Katharine Hepburn spouting gangster lingo in an effort to convince a Connecticut constable that she is really "Swinging Door Susie," an escaped con, while a frustrated Cary Grant say: "Don't listen. She's making all this up from motion pictures she's seen." Or take the 1942 film "Ball of Fire," in which Gary Cooper played s stuffy lexicographer captivated by the vocabulary of Barbara Stanwyck, a gangster's moll on the lam; it ended not with Stanwyck transformed into a lady, but the Cooper beating up her gangster boyfriend, in a characteristically American reversal of the Pygmalion story.

Maurer cast himself as a mixture of Higgins and Hemingway, a kind of scholar-roundabout who was equally at home in the haut-and demi-modes. In fact, both poses were exaggerated. Though he veneered his articles with linguistic and sociological jargon ("cultural matrices," "social Macrosystems," "newsemanticisms" and so forth), his work had little to do with the concersn of serious linguists or sociologists and is all but ignored today in textbooks and anthologies as is Mencken's, I should hasten to add. And although Maurer did a great deal of diligent research one can't help suspecting that he came to his projects with a wide-eyed credulousness that made him an easy mark for the policemen and convicts he interviewed.

In his 1946 articel on "Marijuana Users and Their Lingo," for example, he confidently explained that marijuana users finish in a trancelike state in which they "break up furniture, strip off their clothes, and scream hysterically," and conveniently remember nothing afterwards a charge that not even drug-enforcement officials would have tried to get away with 20 years later in the age of Woodstock. In another study, he reported disappointedly after several years of "casual investigation" that prostitutes had no real lingo of their own and that they spoke only a "low-grade colloquial American … cheap and tawdry, well-sprinkled with trite slang culled from popular songs and cheap magazines." The reason, he suggested, was that prostitutes are simply not intelligent or sophisticated enough to make up an artificial language for themselves. One can't help wondering if this wasn't one occasion on which his field methods failed him.

But it doesn't really matter how criminals talked 50 years ago; what is interesting is how the middle class heard them. (Add how they heard themselves. I have the feeling that a lot of the language the Maurer dutifully recorded was purely fanciful, no more meant to be used in earnest than the dozens of synonyms we coined for "breasts" when I was growing up in the 50's.) Whatever his shortcomings, Maurer's enthusiasm for his subject ("the linguistic ferment bubbling beneath the tight lid of literary purism") calls up a certain nostalgia for the days when criminals had cachet.

For after a run of several hundred years, the underworld and its language have lost their hold on popular fancy, even as the word underworld itself has been diluted to a kind of headline-writers's shorthand for organized crime, as in "underworld kingpin." We still have our professional criminals, of course-the ***working-class*** safecrackers, con-men and bookies whom George Higgins has brought brilliantly to life in novels like "The Friend of Eddie Coyle" but they're not the people we have in mind when we talk about "crime as a social problem." Outside of the Mafia (a foreign institution), our archcriminals are adolsecent muggers, psychopathic drifters or aerospace executives. They are not socialized into crime, like Oliver Twist; thay are driven to it, in the story we tell, by the disaffection or the corruption or the social injustice of our own society. Needless to say, there is not only no honor among such thieves, there is no discussion either. They talk like everyone else.

The concept of the underworld was born and died with the concept of respectable society. Once the middle class cut loose, it no longer needed to live vicariously through professional criminals. Now we rifle the language of white, middle-class "life styles" for our slang. The new uses of expressions like plastic, heavy, laid back, where it's at bitchin', meaningful, good buddy and straight \*for "heterosexual") arose among hippies, sufers, hot-tub therapy groups and CBers. (It

remains to be seen how the punks and preppies will leave their marks.) Even the language of music and drugs is drawn less and less from the speech of blacks (always regarded as citizens of the underworld, in the traditional American scheme of things). Heavy metal, new wave, punk, acid, toot and dope (for "marijuana") are all white coinings.

To be sure, some things haven't changed. We still have a voyeristic interest in people who live outside of convention, and in language at least, we play at being outsiders ourselves. In one sense, films and popular articles about CBers, surfers, urban cowboys and Marin County flakes satisfy our curiosity just as gangsters films and the Newgate novels did for other generations. the trouble is that our new models are too much like us; reading Maurer, one misses the romance that the underworld evoked for a more innocent age.

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[***The Age Boom: The Economics of the Boom;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8Y80-000P-N18C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Does Getting Old Cost Society Too Much?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8Y80-000P-N18C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Paul Krugman is a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

By Paul Krugman;  Paul Krugman is a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

**Body**

Back in the early 1980's, before most of us had ever heard of the Internet, science-fiction writers like Bruce Sterling invented a genre that came to be known as cyberpunk. Its protagonists were usually outlaw computer hackers, battling sinister multinational corporations for control of cyberspace (a term coined by another sci-fi novelist, William Gibson). But in his 1996 novel, "Holy Fire," Sterling imagines a rather different future: a world ruled by an all-powerful gerontocracy, which appropriates most of the world's wealth to pay for ever more costly life-extension techniques. And his heroine is, believe it or not, a 94-year-old medical economist.

When the novel first came out, it seemed that Sterling was behind the curve. Public concern over medical costs peaked about four years ago, then dropped off sharply. Not only did the Clinton health care plan crash and burn, but the long-term upward trend in private medical costs also flattened, as corporations shifted many of their employees into cost-conscious H.M.O.'s. Even as debates over how to save Social Security make headlines, few question budget plans by both Congress and the Administration, which assume, while being systematically vague about the details, that the growth of Medicare can be sharply slowed with few ill effects. With remarkable speed, in other words, we have gone from a sense of crisis to a general belief that the problem of health costs will more or less take care of itself.

But in recent months, there has been a flurry of stories with the ominous news that medical costs are on the rise again. Suddenly, our recent complacency about health care costs looks as unjustified as our previous panic. In fact, both the panic and the complacency seem to stem from -- what else? -- a misdiagnosis of the nature of the problem.

Over the last generation, the U.S. economy has been digitized; it has been globalized; but just as important, it has become medicalized. In 1970 we spent 7 percent of our gross domestic product on medical care; today the number is twice that. Almost 1 worker in 10 is employed in the health care service industry; if this trend continues, in a few years there will be more people working in doctors' offices and hospitals than in factories.

So what? As Joseph Newhouse, a Harvard health economist, put it, "Neither citizens nor economists . . . are especially concerned about rapid growth in most sectors of the economy, like the personal computer industry, the fax machine industry or the cellular phone industry." Yet where the growth of other industries is usually regarded as a cause for celebration, the growth of the medical sector is generally regarded as a bad thing. (Not long ago, an article in The Atlantic Monthly even proposed a measure of economic growth that deducts health care from the G.D.P., on the grounds that medical expenditures are a cost, not a benefit.) Indeed, the very phrase "medical costs" seems to have the word "bloated" attached to it as a permanent modifier: we are not, everyone agrees, getting much for all that money.

Or are we? There is, of course, some truth to what Newhouse calls the "cocktail party story of excessive medical spending." Traditional medical insurance gives neither physicians nor their patients an incentive to think about costs; the result can be what Alain Enthoven, a health care reform advocate, calls "flat of the curve" medicine, in which doctors order any procedure that might possibly be of medical value, no matter how expensive. Reintroducing some incentives can produce important savings.

In 1983, for example, Medicare replaced its previous policy of paying all hospital costs with a new policy of paying hospitals a lump sum for any given procedure. The result was an immediate sharp drop in the average number of days in the hospital, with no apparent adverse medical effects. But after that one-time saving, the cost of hospitalization began rising again. There is, in fact, a clear rhythm in the health care industry. Every once in a while, there is a wave of cost-cutting moves -- fixed fees for Medicare, replacing traditional insurance with H.M.O.'s -- that slows the growth of medical expenses for a few years. But then the growth resumes.

Why can't we seem to keep the lid on medical costs, for older adults and for everyone else as well? The answer -- the clean little secret of health care -- is simple: we actually do get something for our money. In fact, there is a consensus among health care experts that the main driving force behind rising costs is neither greed nor inefficiency nor even the aging of our population but technological progress.

Medical expenditures used to be small, not because doctors were cheap or hospitals were well managed but because there was only so much that medicine had to offer, no matter how much you were willing to spend. Since the 1940's, however, every year has brought new medical advances: new diagnostic techniques that can (at great expense) identify problems that could previously only be guessed at; new surgical procedures that can (at great expense) correct problems that could previously only be allowed to take their course; new therapies that can (at great expense) cure or at least alleviate conditions that could previously only be endured. We spend ever more on medicine mainly because we keep on finding good new things that (a lot of) money can buy.

It is often argued that the share of our national income that we devote to health care cannot continue to rise in the future as it has in the past. But why not? An old advertising slogan asserted that "when you've got your health, you've got just about everything." Sterling's protagonist goes through an implausible procedure (albeit one based on an extrapolation of some real medical research) that restores her youth; who would not give most of their worldy goods for that? Even barring such medical miracles, it is not hard to imagine that some day we might be willing to spend, say, 30 percent of our income on treatments that prolong our lives and improve their quality.

Some economists therefore argue that we should stop worrying about the rise in medical costs. By all means, they say, let us encourage some economic rationality in the system -- for example, by eliminating the bias created by the fact that wages are taxed but medical benefits are not -- but if people still want to spend an ever-growing fraction of their income on health, whether for older adults or for all Americans, so be it.

But matters are not quite that simple, for medicine is not just like other goods.

The most direct difference between medicine and other things is that so much of it is paid for by the Government. In most advanced countries, the government pays for most medical care; even in free-market, anti-government America, the public sector pays for more than 40 percent of medical expenditures. This in itself creates a special problem. It is not at all hard to see how the American economy could support a much larger medical sector; it is, however, very hard to see how the U.S. Government will manage to pay for its share of that sector's costs.

When Cassandras like Pete Peterson, the former Commerce Secretary, present alarming numbers about the future burden of baby boomers on the budget, it turns out that only part of that prospective burden represents the sheer demographic effects of an aging population: forecasts of rising medical costs account for the rest. Despite the aging of our population, the Congressional Budget Office projects that in 2030, Social Security payments will rise only from their current 5 percent of G.D.P. to about 7 percent -- but it projects that Medicare and Medicaid will rise from 4 percent to more than 10 percent of G.D.P. (Some people dismiss such forecasts: they point out that if medical costs were to rise to that extent, by the time baby boomers become a problem, health care would be a much larger share of G.D.P. than it is today -- and that, they insist, is just not going to happen. But why not?)

Some might then say that the answer is obvious: we must abandon the idea that everyone is entitled to state-of-the-art medical care. (That is the hidden subtext of politicians who insist that Medicare is not being cut -- that all that they are doing is slowing its growth.) But are we really prepared to face up to the implications of such an abandonment?

We have come to take it for granted that in advanced nations almost everyone can at least afford the essentials of life. Ordinary people may not dine in three-star restaurants, but they have enough to eat; they may not wear Bruno Maglis, but they do not go barefoot; they may not live in Malibu, but they have a roof over their head. Yet it was not always thus. In the past, the elite were physically superior to the masses, because only they had adequate nutrition: in the England of Charles Dickens, the adolescent sons of the upper class towered an average of four inches above their ***working-class*** contemporaries. What has happened since represents a literal leveling of the human condition, in a way that mere comparisons of the distribution of money income cannot capture.

There is really only one essential that is not within easy reach of the ordinary American family, and that is medical care. But the rising cost of that essential -- that is, the rising cost of buying the ever-growing list of useful things that doctors can now do for us -- threatens to restore that ancient inequality with a vengeance.

Suppose that Lyndon Johnson had not signed Medicare into law in 1965. Even now there would be a radical inequality in the prospects of the elderly rich and the ordinary older citizen; the affluent would receive artificial hip replacements and coronary bypasses, while the rest would (like the elderly poor in less fortunate nations) limp along painfully -- or die.

The current conventional wisdom is that the budget burden of health care will be cured with rationing -- the Federal Government will simply decline to pay for many of the expensive procedures that medical science makes available. But what if, as seems likely, those procedures really work -- if there comes a time when those who can afford it can expect to be vigorous centenarians, and perhaps even buy themselves smarter children, while those who cannot can look forward only to the biblical threescore and ten. Is this really a tolerable prospect?

There is, some might say, no alternative. But of course there is. It is possible to imagine a society that taxes itself heavily to provide advanced medical care to everyone and that rations that care not by wealth but by other criteria. (Bruce Sterling's imaginary future is ruled by "the polity," a nanny state that rewards not wealth but personal hygiene: society takes care of those who take care of themselves.)

Such an outcome sounds unthinkable in the current political climate, which is dominated by a low-tax, anti-government ideology. But history is not over; ideologies may change. For all we know, the future may belong to the medical welfare state, a state whose slogan might be "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

**Graphic**

Photo: Any religion that doesn't deal with death realistically is not worth its salt. Rembert G. Weakland, 69 -- Archbishop of Milwaukee. (Photograph by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 9, 1997

**End of Document**



[***The Frantic Final Days Before School;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XBS-5DG0-00RP-K20D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Long Before Doors Open, a Principal Is Busy Juggling Crises***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XBS-5DG0-00RP-K20D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 7, 1999, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1835 words

**Byline:** Ron Attivissimo

By LYNETTE HOLLOWAY

By LYNETTE HOLLOWAY

**Body**

Working in his cluttered principal's office at a table piled high with memos, stacks of school schedules and blueprints for the library renovation, Ron Attivissimo should have looked like a man under siege the other day.

A desperate mother wanted to speak to him about transferring her daughter to his already overcrowded school, James Peter Sinnott Middle School 218 in East New York, Brooklyn. A man was waiting to talk to him about a teaching job. An architect and his team were expected to arrive any minute to talk about the library plans. And the phones did not and would not stop ringing.

But Mr. Attivissimo, a principal in one of the toughest and poorest areas in the city, Community School District 19, prepared for the reopening of school this Thursday with the relative cool of a seasoned Broadway producer.

He and staff members worked long hours last week and over the weekend, juggling phone calls; drawing up student and teacher schedules; interviewing prospective teachers, 5 of whom were hired in a day; assigning classrooms to 15 new teachers; making room for 500 new sixth graders, and trying to determine who failed summer school and who passed. All within the constraints of a tight budget.

"It doesn't happen overnight," said Mr. Attivissimo, who has been in the business for 32 years, 9 of them as principal. "No one walks into a school one day and opens it the next day, especially not in this day and age."

Mr. Attivissimo, 52, like all city school principals, is under more pressure than ever to improve performance in this era of high-stakes testing and increased accountability.

In June, for example, in a shake-up of the city's worst performing schools, the District 19 superintendent was fired after fewer than a third of his students performed at grade level in reading and math on standardized tests. The superintendent, Robert E. Riccobono, is appealing his dismissal.

M.S. 218, a magnet school for health and health careers, was one of the few schools in District 19 to show strong gains in reading. Mr. Attivissimo is eager to achieve even greater gains, but he is acutely aware of the pressures and spotlight he and many other principals are under.

"It's tough," Mr. Attivissimo said, running both hands over his narrow, heavily lined face. "But I wouldn't be here if it wasn't worth it. I can go to a school on Long Island where 90 percent of the kids read at or above grade level. I can sit back behind my desk, relax and no one's going to come down on me because my reading scores aren't there. But here, there is a job to do in helping these kids succeed in their future lives. It's a commitment."

He started preparing for opening day on Aug. 6, though the Board of Education did not require principals, assistant principals and supervisors to report back until last week. (It also does not pay them for returning to work early; Mr. Attivissimo makes $73,000 a year, with or without overtime.)

In a way, Mr. Attivissimo's job is much like that of a Broadway producer: a delicate and demanding juggling act involving a cast of hundreds, innumerable logistical obstacles and a show that indeed must go on. The stakes, of course, are much higher. And forget the big budget, glitz and applause.

What follows is a snapshot of such a task, three days last week as reopening approached for Mr. Attivissimo and his staff.

Monday

So Many Details, So Little Time

Mr. Attivissimo was greeted by several staff members, some of whom were returning to the four-story building with blue window frames for the first time after a long, hot summer.

Most of the activity took place in his office, about the size of two classrooms, and a small office to the side, where two workers with pencils huddled over several broad sheets lined with tiny squares. They were making out schedules for the school's 70 teachers, 23 of them new.

Short, thin and confident, Mr. Attivissimo sat behind two Formica-topped conference tables, sipping coffee, answering questions and signing papers shuttled in by his secretary, Barbara Abramowitz. The peach-colored walls of his office are lined with posters from Paris, Madrid, Ivory Coast and Mexico, reflecting his background as a French and Spanish teacher.

"This child is being held back," said Phyllis Schneider, a longtime math teacher who was there to help out, rushing into his office with a letter from the state. "He should have gone to summer school."

The lines in Mr. Attivissimo's narrow face grew deeper. He buried his face in his hands before looking at the letter.

"No, he isn't," Mr. Attivissimo said confidently. "I know this student. They're wrong."

He retrieved the student's records from a stack of nearby papers. They showed that the student had passed his standardized tests and did not require summer school. Bingo. The child was moving on to the eighth grade.

"One kid saved," Mr. Attivissimo said proudly.

But another problem surfaced. An architect from the School Construction Authority arrived with a design team. The library, on the second floor, was being renovated to give students a larger reading area, but the principal discovered that the blueprints showed that too much space was given to the new computer lab. The plans had to be redone to allow more room for reading. Renovations are to begin sometime this fall.

Then there was Alice Williams, 41, and her daughter Jessica, 13, who came to plead with Mr. Attivissimo to allow Jessica to enroll at the school. The school zoned for their Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood is too dangerous, Mrs. Williams said. She planned to move Jessica to her sister's house across the street from M.S. 218.

Crowding, Mr. Attivissimo explained, was a problem. But he asked if he could see Jessica's report card. She was a good student. But he was concerned about her 41 absences and 24 late days.

The marks, Mrs. Williams said, were recording mistakes made at a poorly run school. A stickler for attendance for students and teachers, Mr. Attivissimo grimaced as he handed the report card back and told them to come back on Thursday.

"He's nice," Ms. Williams, an unemployed mother of six, said as she packed up to go. "He sees a good student and is willing to give her a chance."

Next was a meeting with a man who was applying for a teaching position. The 60-year-old applicant did not have the credentials for the job, but he was enthusiastic and eager to teach. So Mr. Attivissimo met with him for 30 minutes anyway.

But Mr. Attivissimo was in a bind. He still needed about 12 new teachers. He made plans to send staff members to a hiring fair on Wednesday.

This school year, he will need more teachers than ever as the district completes the final phase of a three-year plan to move the sixth grade from elementary to middle schools. Enrollment at the school, which is largely black and Hispanic, is increasing from about 900 to 1,400.

"The sixth grade is going from 6 classes to 14," Mr. Attivissimo said. "We had a number of teachers who went to work on Long Island because of more pay and a closer proximity to their homes. How can anyone say no to $10,000 to $15,000 more and be 15 minutes away from home?"

Tuesday

A Meeting Here, A Rally There

Mr. Attivissimo attended an all-day meeting at district headquarters about Breakthrough for Learning, a program in which teachers and administrators can receive bonuses if student achievement improves. The program also includes teacher training and regular student assessment.

Run by the Board of Education and the New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce -- one of the largest business groups in the city -- the program will put District 19 under the spotlight for the second year. Among other things, the meeting focused on teaching strategies and the extended school day.

Mr. Attivissimo says that he is a proponent of the Breakthrough program, but that he believes the bonuses should be aimed more toward the teachers and assistant principals. Perhaps it exposes his ***working class*** roots, which were planted in Bensonhurst. His father worked for years at a warehouse for the A.&P., while his mother stayed home to raise him and a younger sister.

Today, he lives in Forest Hills, Queens, with his wife and two cats.

"Of course bonuses are issued regularly to the best performers," Mr. Attivissimo said. "But I don't think you work harder because you're getting a bonus. I don't think because I could get $14,000 more a year, I'm going to do more. I don't think many of our teachers could do more than they're doing."

He excused himself from the Breakthrough meeting in the afternoon to join hundreds of colleagues at a principal's union rally at the Board of Education headquarters at 110 Livingston Street. The city's principals have been working without a contract for about three and a half years.

Negotiations have been deadlocked over tenure. The city wants to do away with it, but union leaders say no.

Mr. Attivissimo, like a growing number of principals, supports doing away with tenure if the city can guarantee that they will not be fired capriciously. Mr. Attivissimo is a tenured principal.

"The union fears we will lose due process," he said. "I disagree with the union a little bit. We should be held accountable. It's been three and a half years that we've been working without a contract. I'd like to know I'm worth something."

Wednesday

Five New Teachers, One New Crisis

Mr. Attivissimo began by deciding to extend the school day for about 120 seventh graders in the magnet program. The move would cost about $30,000, but his $5.9 million budget was already committed. He needed to appeal for assistance to the new superintendent, Joan Mahon-Powell, a proponent of longer school days. The school's sixth graders are already on an extended day, which lengthens the school day by an hour.

He also began holding back-to-back teacher interviews -- about five in all. He answered phone calls and questions from Mrs. Abramowitz throughout the interviews.

In the midst of it all, he managed to keep focused on the candidates and put them at ease, though two showed signs of stress. A woman perspired through her kelly green suit jacket, and a young man nervously chewed gum. He hired all five.

The new teachers, including a former student from 218, were carefully screened by Eileen Lew, an assistant principal, and Mrs. Schneider, the math teacher, who is also a lead teacher in the Breakthrough program, at a hiring fair at the district headquarters that morning.

Mr. Attivissimo's schedule was overflowing with other tasks: more resumes to plow through, classroom assignments to make, teacher schedules to finish and staff development issues.

But first, he had to rush to another meeting with Ms. Mahon-Powell at the district office. She wanted him to mentor a new principal. He left his staff with a mess of papers and shouted orders to Mrs. Lew as he ran backward down the long, empty hall.

There was a crisis: a longtime teacher had just called to say he had accepted a job on Long Island.

"Get him on the phone!" he yelled. "See if you can change his mind."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: At left, Ron Attivissimo, the principal of Middle School 218, interviewing a prospective teacher. Last week, there were still 12 openings. Below from left, Laurie Hikry, a secretary; Phyllis Schneider, a math teacher, and Mr. Attivissimo studying the file of a student who had been mistakenly kept back in the seventh grade. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Ron Attivissimo, third from left, the principal of Middle School 218, studying plans for library renovation with the architect, Oral A. Selkridge, left; the project manager, Alappat M. Thomas, and a designer, Arlean Rosa. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** September 7, 1999

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[***When the Face in the Crowd Is Grandmotherly - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X7S-HT50-00RP-K208-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

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**Length:** 1925 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Dateline:** LENOX, Mass.

**Body**

At his sellout Tanglewood concerts over the July 4 weekend, James Taylor, crooning "Sweet Baby James," whisked his audience back to the mellow 1960's and 70's, when the Berkshire Mountains were a magnet for young vagabonds craving music and the other arts in rustic surroundings.

Now the first of December was covered with snow

And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.

Lord, the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting,

With 10 miles behind me and 10,000 more to go.

As they looked around, more than a few of those squeezed into the middle-aged mosh pit at the foot of the stage or sprawled on Tanglewood's plush lawns must have wondered where were the legions of the young -- vagabonds or simply weekenders -- who gave the Berkshires much of their coltish spirit in those days. Of course, Mr. Taylor is now 51 and most of his longtime fans are lawyers, managers and entrepreneurs, people who, if they do wander about, do so in Lexuses and Ford Explorers.

But the fact is that at all the locales that have made the Berkshires an unrivaled summer paradise for culture seekers -- at Tanglewood's classical concerts, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, the Berkshire Theater Festival, the museums -- the crowd is even further along in years. These serene hills are increasingly populated by lifelong followers of music and theater who started traveling here from New York or Boston a generation ago but are now gray-haired second-home owners and Florida snowbirds who summer in the condominiums that sprouted in the Berkshires in the 1980's. Young visitors seem to have become an endangered species. "My wife said to me the other day, 'Look at all the old folks,' " said Murray S. Katz, a retired Manhattan controller who has a Stockbridge condo. " 'This is turning out to be an old folks' home.' "

His wife, Natalie, was exaggerating for effect, but surveys taken by the area's worried cultural institutions show that the summertime population is definitely skewed toward the golden years.

Tanglewood, the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, found that 64 percent of its ticket buyers was over 55 and only 10 percent under 30. At Jacob's Pillow, 63 percent of the audience is over 50 and only 12 percent under 35. Statistics for decades past are hard to come by -- Tanglewood did not conduct demographic surveys in years past -- but local cultural managers and tourism officials say they are struck by the age change in their audiences, even if those audiences are growing.

The concern here is not for this summer or next; with the economy stubbornly robust, the stages and concert halls have drawn record crowds.

But the cultural managers are doing some deep soul-searching about why young people are no longer coming in droves, and they are thrashing about for inventive ways to lure them. While the managers love the financial support that older attendees bring in, they worry that a scarcity of young people now could jeopardize the size of audiences 20 years into the future, and more immediately, sour artists whose enthusiasm thrives on looking out on a varied crowd.

"It's a little like biodiversity," said Ella Baff, executive director of Jacob's Pillow. "It's a healthier planet if you have more species. I can say the same about audience development."

While the graying of the audience for so-called highbrow culture is a much remarked phenomenon, the street scene in the Berkshires shows how these changes affect the personality of a region. On the picturesque sidewalks of Lenox and Stockbridge and at popular dining spots like the folksy Carol's and the more decorous Red Lion Inn, young couples have been replaced by middle-aged or older foursomes. The Berkshires, which Arlo Guthrie helped make famous with his droll tribute to Alice's Restaurant (where you can get anything you want, 'cepting Alice), is now a place where a Sophie Tucker imitator can put on 10 shows and know they will be well attended.

Even more stark an emblem of the changing demographics is what happened to the legendary Music Inn, where budding singers like Joan Baez, Carly Simon, Don McLean and Bruce Springsteen entertained swarms of sybaritic flower children. Its site at the Stockbridge Bowl is now a complex of 72 condominiums averaging $400,000 in price and owned by retirees like the Katzes.

Only Great Barrington, a once gritty town that has been gentrified with cosmopolitan restaurants, seems to have a youth scene, mostly of local teen-agers who loiter in front of the shops on Railroad Street until the police, worried about staider tourists, chase them away.

"It's really hard being this age in this town," said Bessie Cherry, a 19-year-old waitress at the Helsinki Cafe.

Ms. Baff and other institutional managers offer a number of reasons why too many young people spurn the Berkshires. "I think a lot of it has to do with money," Ms. Baff said. "It is expensive to buy a house here. It is expensive to rent a house here. It is expensive to stay at a bed and breakfast. You have to have a certain amount of disposable income to participate in the leisure and cultural life of the Berkshires."

Summer rentals range from $3,500 to $8,000 a month, and professional bed and breakfasts start at $125 a night. The cultural institutions whose high quality and variety have given the Berkshires a summertime flavor found nowhere else in the country contribute to the expense. Front-row seats in Tanglewood's music shed are $74, though admission to the lawn is $13.50. Jacob's Pillow prices range from $35 to $60.

Although Berkshire County's year-round population of 140,000 has always been heavily ***working-class*** and middle-class -- Pittsfield was until recent years a leading manufacturing center for General Electric -- affluence streamed in with the proliferation of condominiums and second homes in the 1980's. Even many of the drifters of the 1970's settled in to become prosperous artisans and shopkeepers.

"A lot of places like this start with the hippies, then the shrewd, the sun-tanned and finally the wealth comes," said George Wislocki, president of the Berkshires National Resources Defense Council, an environmental group.

The Hamptons are far more expensive as a summertime getaway, but they have always had one irresistible attraction for the young -- miles of beaches for surfing and body flashing. The Berkshires, with their lakeside slivers of beach, have had to compete by offering a quieter cultural cornucopia. Loud behavior in these surroundings would be as gauche as interrupting the playing of a string quartet.

"It's a different tribe here," said Ariel Orr Jordan, a 52-year-old psychotherapist pecking away on his laptop on the porch of the Red Lion. "You associate the Berkshires with laid-back Norman Rockwell country. In the Hamptons the tribe is very narcissistic. It's all about showing yourself, a peacockery culture -- the absolute manifestation of the pre-eminent religion in the United States -- the religion of looking good. In the Hamptons you shop and you show up. Here you can't shop, and there's no place to show up."

There is a more insidious reason for the Berkshires' difficulty in luring the young, one that echoes what is happening to the audience for traditional culture across America. The most common factor in determining who attends Tanglewood "is not age or affluence," said Mark Volpe, managing director of the Boston Symphony. "It's primarily whether they've been exposed to school music programs, and whether they've had music in their lives."

Cutbacks over the last two decades in Federal and local financing for music, art, drama and dance programs in schools have produced a generation less versed in and intrigued by offerings like classical music and theater. Mr. Volpe, who is 41, remembered that his high school in Minneapolis had two orchestras and five bands when he attended. It is now down to two bands. Others lament the demise of television variety programs like "The Ed Sullivan Show" that once introduced young viewers to ballet and opera with palatable morsels in between the circus acts.

Whatever the reasons, the cultural institutions know that something needs to be done, but done carefully. They do not want to alienate their core older supporters and donors, but at the same time they know they need to cultivate future consumers. So they have begun taking carefully calibrated gambles, like Jacob's Pillow's occasional scheduling of more accessible folk dances or the Web site that Tanglewood has set up to make ordering tickets easier for computer users, who tend to be younger.

At the Berkshire Theater Festival, Edwin A. Jaffe, a retired manufacturer, and his wife, Lola, are paying for 80 local high school students to see the season's four different plays.

"We're bringing down the age," Mr. Jaffe joked as he watched his proteges march in for a performance of a Joan Ackermann play, "The Batting Cage."

TDK, the audiotape manufacturer, pays for free Tanglewood tickets for children. This season more than 10,000 children have attended, bringing along their relatively young paying parents. Julianne Boyd, the artistic director of the Berkshire Stage, a five-year-old company whose recent production of the musical "Mack and Mabel" was well received, lures young parents by operating a nursery for two performances a week.

One of Ms. Boyd's long-term strategies is staging separate, leaner productions in the Sheffield high school cafeteria, using local teen-agers or actors in combination with professional directors and choreographers. Not only do the four-week runs train the youngsters in stage discipline, but they cultivate young audiences as well. The group's production of the musical "Grease" has played to sold-out, markedly younger houses.

But interviews with young people indicate that the Berkshire cultural groups may have to try a lot harder. Leigh Marchione, a 21-year-old shop clerk in Great Barrington, said that tickets to shows she would have loved to see, like Gwyneth Paltrow in "As You Like It" at the Williamstown Theater Festival, were snapped up by subscribers or seasoned ticket buyers.

Jacob Braun, a 17-year-old piano student at the Tanglewood Institute, the Boston Symphony's school for high-school-age musicians, wonders why more pieces by modern composers like Bartok are not mixed in with the standard symphonic warhorses at Tanglewood.

Seth Rogovoy, pop music critic of The Berkshire Eagle, thinks that Tanglewood and other stages should consider putting on more adventurous popular programming as well, perhaps not a rap group like Limp Bizkit, whose audience might be rough on the grounds, but a gentler act like Alanis Morissette that could draw young listeners.

"The cultural institutions seem to be myopic in their catering to an older audience," he said.

Many here hope that last season may have marked the peak of the graying curve. Dave Rothstein, who owned the Music Inn until it closed in 1979 amid local complaints about rowdy, drugged-out spectators, said he has been heartened by reggae and folk music concerts at the Butternut ski basin in Great Barrington and by a proliferation of new jazz and rock bars.

Kate Maguire, producing director of the Berkshire Theater Festival, said that when she saw the festival's production of the Orson Welles play "Moby Dick -- Rehearsed," during its closing week, "my insides did a belly flop."

"I looked around and the audience was young -- 30 to 40 years old -- and their hair was a lot longer and they had a lot of it," she said. "And I said: 'My goodness. This is a huge transition.' "

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

**Correction**

An article in the Arts pages yesterday about the aging of the cultural audience in the Berkshire region of Massachussetts misidentified an environmental group whose president, George Wislocki, commented on the phenomenon. It is the Berkshire Natural Resources Council, not the Berkshires National Resources Defense Council.

The article also misstated the name of a theater company that lures young parents by operating a nursery during some performances. It is the Barrington Stage Company, not the Berkshire Stage.

**Correction-Date:** August 25, 1999, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: Cultural events in the Berkshires have been drawing record audiences, though few young people. This crowd turned out for a concert, and more, at Tanglewood. (Alan E. Solomon for The New York Times)(pg. E1); A Tanglewood concertgoer, Doane Perry of Richmond, Mass., found one of the quieter moments to his taste. (Alan E. Solomon for The New York Times)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** August 24, 1999

**End of Document**



[***HOUSING RENOVATION ISN'T STEMMING CITIES' POPULATION LOSS, CENCUS SHOWS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RYC0-0009-23FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE

**Body**

Although extensive housing renovation has been changing the face of many older American cities, it apparently has not stemmed the population losses that contributed to the general decline of central urban areas, according to new figures from the 1980 census.

A study in 10 major cities by the United States Census Bureau showed that in the census tracts where neighborhood renewal has been occurring there was a substantial loss of both black and white residents from 1970 to 1980, a decline greater than that for the cities as a whole.

Here in Baltimore, which has been singled out by national authorities as a model for urban revival, the study found that the central core of the city was being rebuilt on a population base that is much smaller but more prosperous and has relatively more white people.

And that appears to be happening nationally as neighborhood preservation and renovation take hold in sections that were once the teeming homes of many of the nation's poor people. There has been a mass migration of both blacks and whites out of the inner core of the cities, with the losses of blacks being greatest in the areas being renovated.

BALTIMORE - Although extensive housing renovation has been changing the face of many older American cities, it apparently has not stemmed the population losses that contributed to the general decline of central urban areas, according to new figures from the 1980 census.Process Known as Gentrification

Neighborhood renewal, which became a significant factor nationally in the 1970's, frequently took the form of high-income people restoring old buildings and displacing the poor. The process was termed gentrification, a word borrowed from England.

Most authorities on the city welcomed it as a means of improving a declining tax base and holding onto a middle class that had been moving to the suburbs for more than two decades.

But in Baltimore, and elsewhere, renewal is much more than gentrification. The port city once known for neglect and decay does have several high-income restored areas such as Bolton Hill where expensive restaurants, Mercedes automobiles and luxury shops are common.

It also has a number of ***working-class*** neighborhoods that have been restored, and in some areas the poor are living in renovated buildings. In a neighborhood of low-rise public housing, the St. Ambrose Housing Aid Center has converted a former Roman Catholic girls' school, Martin De Porres, into 12 apartments for large families with low incomes.

A Burst of Excitement

The apartments have high ceilings, polished wood floors mellowed by age, huge windows and bedrooms on multiple levels, the kind of amenities that are keeping some well-paid professionals in the city. A few days ago a burst of excitement spread through the neighborhood as the families, some on welfare, moved in.

''We hope that it will work,'' said Vincent Quayle, director of the center, which is a nonprofit group that uses both private and public money. ''We don't know but we believe it will.''

Yet whether restoration occurred in rich or poor neighborhoods in the last decade, it was almost always accompanied by big population losses.

The study showed that in the areas where restoration was taking place, and in nearby neighborhoods, the loss of white population was greater than that of the cities as a whole. And the loss of blacks was about 20 percent, in contrast to overall black growth in the city limits. No census figures are available on the income of the people involved. Other studies have shown that restoration has been attracting largely single people or childless couples.

The 10 Cities Studied

To provide one measure of what was happening, Daphne Spain of the Census Bureau's Center for Demographic Studies examined population changes in Atlanta, Baltimore, Columbus, Ohio, Dallas, New Orleans, Philadelphia, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle and the District of Columbia. In all those cities, neighborhood renewal had been taking place within a three-mile radius of the downtown business district.

New York City, where a considerable amount of housing has been renewed in the past few years, was not included in the survey. It is considered a special case because of its size and because Manhattan is not typical of central business districts in urban areas.

Miss Spain examined the population changes by race for every census tract in those areas. Each tract contains an average of 4,000 people, which makes it impossible to isolate only the changes in the neighborhoods that are being renewed.

The 1980 census showed last year that all central cities in standard metropolitan statistical areas lost 7 percent of their white population and gained 15 percent more blacks. But until now there has been no national measurement of aggregate changes in the cities.

The study found that only in Washington and Philadelphia did the tracts with extensive renovation increase their white population. Generally, the areas in a three-mile radius of the central business district lost close to 25 percent of their white residents and of 17 percent of the blacks. In 1970, 52.2 percent of the blacks living in the 10 cities lived within three miles of the business district. By 1980 that percentage had dropped to 42.9 percent, at a time when their numbers citywide were on the rise.

'Small Change Is Significant'

''The most convincing evidence that a deconcentration of the black population has occurred in gentrifying tracts,'' said Miss Spain, ''is that between 1970 and 1980 those tracts experienced a 1.1 percentage point decline in the black share of the population, despite an increase in the proportion of blacks in every other part of the central city. This is only a small decline, yet in the face of signs that the central cities as a whole are now blacker than they were a decade ago, even such a small change is significant.''

Previous census analysis showed that both blacks and whites, probably mostly middle class, moved to the suburbs. Some studies have shown that poor blacks, who have historically occupied the inner core, have been moving to outlying areas in the city limits, leaving more space for those who are renovating housing.

Despite a depressed construction industry, sections of Baltimore resemble a movie set of a boom town. Richard P. Nathan and John Brehm of Princeton's urban research center, which rates cities on economic performance, said there were signs that Baltimore was ''pulling away from a downward trend in its economy.''

The city has put together combinations of public and private assistance to spur renovation and construction in neighborhoods that surround the new downtown buildings and the celebrated Inner Harbor development. In reaction to cuts in Federal aid, Mayor William D. Schaefer enlisted the help of a ''shadow government'' of private business people. A fervid boosterism has taken hold and reached down even into some of the poor neighborhoods.

'They Have to Work Together'

''I'll say this for the Mayor,'' said Mr. Quayle of the St. Ambrose Housing Aid Center. ''He is honest and dedicated and he has instilled a real pride in the people of this city, and the blacks and whites are realizing that they have to work together.''

The majority of Baltimore became black in the last decade. In 1970, the population of 905,587 was 53 percent white. By 1980, its shrunken population of 786,775 was 55 percent black.

Whites involved in housing renovation are taking over black neighborhoods and blacks, in search of better housing, are moving into white neighborhoods. But the changes, according to several accounts, do not involve the same struggle that they did a few years ago at the height of ''blockbusting'' by real estate agents who induced homeowners to sell by creating the fear that members of minority groups would lessen property values. A recent city ordinance helped to slow turnover and diminish losses to property owners.

The experiences here show that the renewal has several faces. Of the 23 census tracts with significant renovation under way, 12 had a majority of white residents in 1970 and remained white in 1980. Seven were black and remained black. Two switched from black to white, both adjacent to the Inner Harbor development where there was extensive renovation and new construction. Two others switched from white to black, both in a racially and economically mixed area with a black middle class two miles north of the business district.

An Area of Open Spaces

In the decade the three-mile inner core lost 43,000 whites and 32,000 blacks, 17 percent of its 1970 population. Like the center of most American cities, it is now an area of less populated neighborhoods, new public buildings, parking lots and other open spaces. In the new inner city, big families are a rarity while professional people with moderate to high salaries live one or two families to the apartment or town house.

Many of the poor families have moved into marginal housing on the northwest side, one step above the former downtown slums, and are pushing against the outlying affluent neighborhoods of big houses and spacious lawns. The poverty, decay and abandonment are concentrated in a northwest neighborhood called Park Heights, where the city wants to put an ''enterprise zone,'' President Reagan's plan to help the cities by luring industry through tax writeoffs.

The old inner city, where riots took place little more than a decade ago, is becoming a place for the middle class of both races, for white-collar workers, tourists and conventioneers.

There has been no substantial movement of the white middle class back from the suburbs to Baltimore or other cities, according to a number of studies. But according to the new census figures, the inner cores of some cities have the beginning of what attracted people to the suburbs in the first place - space and prosperity.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Vincent Quayle

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[***Giuliani, Striving to Be Liked, Tries to Elude Shadow of '89 - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TRV0-0024-J1WT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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By FRANCIS X. CLINES

By FRANCIS X. CLINES

**Body**

Rose Marie O'Keefe, Democratic state committeewoman and stalwart doyenne of the Bay Ridge party organization, saw the baby suddenly standing in the aisle of the American Legion hall, toddling up toward Rudolph W. Giuliani like an elfin litmus test as the mayoral candidate studiously made his argument to an overflow rainy-night crowd last Wednesday.

"He reached out and touched the baby on his head -- did you see that?" asked the amazed Ms. O'Keefe, who first took Mr. Giuliani around her Brooklyn streets in his 1989 campaign, when she was one of his pioneer Democratic defectors, and privately despaired at his prosecutorial stiffness. "He never would have done that, been that mellow, four years ago."

It wasn't as if the baby was in danger of being snarled at by the Republican-Liberal candidate, famous in 1989 for his snappishness at the concession rally after his close loss to David Dinkins. Rather, Mr. Giuliani paused to beam paternally and slowly demonstrate his determination not to "play into that stereotype" of the mechanical man.

This is the candidate's closing mantra as he courses about the city in these final campaign days in a plain two-car caravan filled with new hope and old anxiety. "I used to hide my personal side; people thought I was a machine," he said, looking back on 1989 from behind the smoked-glass windows of his unmarked campaign van.

Fighting a Stereotype

"I had allowed myself not only to be stereotyped, but to play into that stereotype," Mr. Giuliani admitted, vowing not to satisfy any expectations in the Dinkins camp for some burst of outsized animus to settle the 11th-hour issue of all elections, the issue of basic human likability.

For years, as he became a career master of indictment and conviction, Mr. Giuliani could afford to treat likability as a secondary characteristic of private, not necessarily public, value. His defeat in 1989 changed that, he said.

"I didn't recognize the means of communication that were available then," he said of his final-summation approach to campaigning. "People want to get to know you, to get to feel you. I was holding part of myself back."

Whether he has dealt with that failing enough is the critical question as he darts among the final election forums, with voters and political pros measuring him for the intangibles. They are watching a trim, kinetic, wary candidate who has learned that in appearing before the New York Board of Rabbis it is not enough to criticize Mayor Dinkins over the Crown Heights eruption of 1991. "Our problems unite us," he stresses in the common-bond peroration that marks his closing plea to the voters near the end of another caustic, divisive competition between himself and the Mayor. "We've spent too much time on the divisions."

A More Patient Contender

This time, the city is seeing a more patient contender, one who in recent days has been steadily hitting the dry issue of the official criticism and fines levied on Mayor Dinkins's campaign management. He cites this at forum after forum rather than more easily rising to each day's tabloid bait. "He can't manage a riot," he likes to say, beginning a favorite sound bite of mismanagement accusations extending like snapped jabs from the city budget to the incumbent's campaign.

Camera-ready each morning with a telegenically orangish pallor and his thinning hair combed forward in a middle-aged cosmetic touch, the candidate has evolved into a politician who, he himself stresses, has accepted the flesh-pressing aspects of the hustings as an authentic standard of the art, equal to the cerebrating he preferred in 1989.

"Very important -- he lingered to sign every kid's poster," Michael R. Geller, a Democratic district leader, noted after Mr. Giuliani spoke the other night at the "vollies hall" -- the packed volunteer firefighters' building in Gerritsen Beach, a humble creek-side enclave of ***working-class*** whites in Brooklyn. "Like they say, it's the second time around," said Mr. Geller, who worked against Mr. Giuliani four years ago, before bolting his party to challenge the Dinkins incumbency. "Rudy was frazzled in '89, but the big difference is he's pacing himself better. This time he's lingering to show a human side."

This is debated with some worry among Giuliani partisans. "I think people are still uneasy about him," one adviser conceded. "What's his basic message? Torquemada as Mayor? I don't think voters have gotten that essential clue from Rudy of what he will be like as Mayor, the way Dinkins represented a civil-rights theme and Koch projected middle-class common sense."

But others insist that at a minimum, Mr. Giuliani himself is coming to grips with this problem. "It wasn't until six months later that I realized it probably was one of the best things that ever happened," he said of his defeat in 1989, "because it required me to go back and think about myself, how I hadn't communicated what I really feel for the city, what I really feel for people."

He tries to lighten up, inviting a bribe of a slice of local pizza to lure him back to Bay Ridge once he is elected. He talks more of his family, never omitting some uncles who were police officers. He has established his "candidate's working legs" this time around, in the view of Raymond Harding, the Liberal Party chief who has much to gain in patronage and prestige should he finally be backing an electoral winner. "Rudy has that decisiveness, a certain factor that could make him a great leader, a feeling I had about Hugh Carey," Mr. Harding said.

Trying to 'Broaden Himself'

Maureen Connolly, a veteran mayoral campaign strategist on the sidelines of this race, said Mr. Giuliani wisely moved on from his "crash course" induction into city issues in 1989 and used his lawyer's talents in the last four years to "meet knowledgeable people, broaden himself" about the city's complexity. She estimated he had achieved better self-confidence, if not total comfort, before the voters.

The candidate relieved some staffers when he gave as good as he got the other morning with Don Imus, the iconoclastic disk jockey whose interviews in the Presidential campaign last year made him the reigning broadcast jester of choice among candidates. "The chicken could also win," Mr. Giuliani joked on the air, referring to the toy symbol of the circular issue of whether there will be a debate among the major candidates and which candidate might be avoiding it. "Unfortunately in our polls, the chicken's doing pretty well," said Mr. Giuliani.

"Rudy was funny this morning," one aide later exulted, as if he were describing David Letterman's being serious.

For better or worse, what Mr. Giuliani still is best at, however, is tersely summarizing the mix of fear and cynicism that underpins much of city life. "Auto theft has to be a crime again," he declared with mock New York nostalgia at the vollies hall, noting that arrests were down 25 percent in auto thefts while the crime was being treated increasingly as "an insurance problem" at the local police precinct.

"You can't let your society keep slipping like that," he declared, his face set in a hard-eyed plea. "You've got to fight back."

The hall stirred with him on this most basic issue, and the wife of a truck driver stood and told of her hard-working man being held up five times at gunpoint. What about the guns all over the city? she asked. The candidate said universal Federal gun controls were needed, but on the local level he would have more guns confiscated by resuming the large-scale arrests and searches of street drug peddlers that the Dinkins administration has cut back in favor of an emphasis on catching the higher-level dealers.

No Apologies on Crime

"The only way you're going to get the guns out of New York City is to arrest more people," Mr. Giuliani declared, drawing applause and cheers as he played to his strong card. Statements like this in a city he finds "out of control" under Mayor Dinkins likely feed what Mr. Giuliani says is the stereotype he is combating this time around.

He makes no apologies on the crime issue. He notes for the occasional questioner about police corruption that he prosecuted dozens of rogue cops 20 years ago in the last corruption wave, but that the Mayor's "cheating" in election management sets a standard that invites municipal corruption. His predilection for rough-edged denunciation has not been muted much; he complains of "outrageous and sinful" attack commercials by the Dinkins camp on his proposal to test privatization approaches at some of the city hospitals threatened with loss of accreditation.

But on other issues -- homelessness, poverty -- Mr. Giuliani asks to be accorded greater credit for subtlety, saying he is less given to knee-jerk approaches and more open to fresh ideas than the Mayor can afford to be.

"It's very hard, with the stereotype that I have to overcome, to convey that I have a tremendous commitment in caring for the poor and want to see people move out of poverty," he said, chatting between campaign stops and staring out at the troubled city. "But I think we have to look at ways in which to structure our response to it that begins to change over time, because we're failing. We have to start thinking about more reciprocal relationships, not in an effort to deny people help or to reduce the number receiving help. But to give help in a more realistic way," he said, in which the poor can help themselves.

This message, emphatic in conversation, has not been an especially memorable focus of his TV commercials thus far. The candidate himself implicitly concedes the shortcoming in thinking back on a moment in the 1989 race when, after expecting a possible landslide defeat, the early hours of returns shocked him by showing him steadily in the lead, until the final precincts narrowly turned the vote.

He had actually put aside his prepared concession speech, he recalled, and began planning a surprise victory visit of reassurance to one of the city's black neighborhoods.

"I realized how polarized the vote would be and said the first thing I have to do tomorrow is go to a minority community, probably African-American, and explain the difference between an election and governing," the Republican-Liberal candidate said. "Now I'm going to run the city for the good of all the people. Please give me a little time to prove it to you through my deeds," he said, looking back yet fantasizing forward, too, to the next tally, which promises to be no less polarized.

**Correction**

An article yesterday about the mayoral campaign of Rudolph W. Giuliani misstated the party affiliation of one of his supporters, Rose Marie O'Keefe of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. She is a Republican state committeewoman, not a Democrat.

**Correction-Date:** October 26, 1993, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photo: At a rally yesterday in Whitestone, Queens, Rudolph W. Giuliani gave the microphone to his daughter, Caroline, who said, "Vote for Daddy." (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1993

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[***A Tale of Two Valleys***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BRV-V5M1-DXY4-X4WT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By YIREN LU

**Body**

The Cisco Meraki office in Mission Bay, San Francisco, is 40 paces from the water, and just as nice as Google's. On a clear winter day in late December, I sat in one of its conference rooms with a company spokeswoman on my right and Sanjit Biswas on my left, peering out through floor-to-ceiling glass. On the other side: brightly patterned furniture, murals and paneled wood, a well-stocked cafeteria, a deck with spectacular views of the bay. Twelve months earlier, in a deal meant to bring fresh edge to Cisco, the networking behemoth bought Meraki from Biswas and two co-founders for $1.2 billion. Now they were making good on their promise -- starting with the décor.

Like Cisco, Meraki makes networking equipment -- routers, wireless devices and the software to manage them, the sorts of products that even by tech standards have always been a little short on glamour. When Biswas and his co-founders left their graduate programs at M.I.T. in 2006 to work full time on Meraki -- the name comes from a Greek word that means creating something with passion -- they had few start-up competitors among their peers, who were making Twitter knockoffs. Six years later, their company had become a formidable player in the midsize router market. In a field notorious for opaque technical standards, Meraki emphasized simplicity and ease of use, while also managing to tick a lot of boxes on any Web 2.0 checklist: cloud-based, scalable, mobile-friendly. ''They're buzzwords,'' Biswas said. ''But they're also true.'' You don't need a SWAT team of technicians to set up a Meraki router; the system is intuitive and well designed, qualities that are especially appealing to a company like Cisco, which has dominated networking for three decades but has struggled in recent years to maintain its air of leading-edge inevitability.

The same dynamic is playing out throughout Silicon Valley, as companies like Intel post disappointing earnings reports and others like Snapchat turn down billion-dollar offers. The rapid consumer-ification of tech, led by Facebook and Google, has created a deep rift between old and new, hardware and software, enterprise companies that sell to other businesses and consumer companies that sell directly to the masses. On their face, these cleavages seem to be part of the natural order. As Biswas pointed out, ''There has always been a constant churn of new companies coming in, old companies dying out.''

But the churn feels more problematic now, in part because it deprives the new guard as well as the old -- and by extension, it deprives us all. In pursuing the latest and the coolest, young engineers ignore opportunities in less-sexy areas of tech like semiconductors, data storage and networking, the products that form the foundation on which all of Web 2.0 rests. Without a good router to provide reliable Wi-Fi, your Dropbox file-sharing application is not going to sync; without Nvidia's graphics processing unit, your BuzzFeed GIF is not going to make anyone laugh. The talent -- and there's a ton of it -- flowing into Silicon Valley cares little about improving these infrastructural elements. What they care about is coming up with more web apps.

As an enterprise start-up, Meraki has been impeded by its distance from the web scene. It simply does not have the same recognition as a consumer company whose products users (and potential recruits) interact with every day. ''You say, 'I work at Pinterest,' and people know what that is -- they use Pinterest,'' Biswas said. ''You tell them you work at Meraki, and they're a little more reserved. They're like, 'What's that?' Once we explained our culture and our approach, we were able to hire great talent, but it's always a challenge.'' Since the acquisition, Biswas, who is 32, has fought to retain the spirit of the vanguard, but his struggle reveals an implicit fear -- that young engineers might be willing to work at Meraki but not at Cisco (because it's too big and fusty), or that clients might be willing to buy from Cisco but not Meraki (because they don't really trust start-ups).

What's cool? Who can be trusted? Why does one start-up go public, while another, which seems to do the same thing, fizzles? What logic, if any, pertains to where the money flows? These are the anxious questions that pervade Silicon Valley now, I think, more than ever -- the vague sense of a frenzied bubble of app-making and an even vaguer dread that what we are making might not be that meaningful.

Smart Kids and Their Sexting Apps

The backlash in recent months against the self-involvement and frivolity of the new guard has actually been a long time coming. Instagram photos of opulent tech holiday parties have been lambasted, Google buses blockaded. It's something I wrestle with myself. Back in November, I signed on for an internship this summer at Uber, the taxi-app-turned-transportation-logistics company that is one of the valley's hottest start-ups. Last August, it raised $258 million and was valued at about $3.5 billion; this winter, it partnered with Xbox and Bud Light for Super Bowl promotions. Uber's clashes with various municipal authorities have been reported on with the kind of glee usually reserved for philandering politicians.

When I first started using the app, I was a fan but not a disciple. It provided an efficient solution to a niche problem -- rich techies needed a ride home after a night on the town and couldn't get one -- and therefore was of limited scope. I was confused why a taxi app, or any iPhone app, for that matter, needed to raise hundreds of millions of dollars. But it had a great data blog that I enjoyed, so I applied for an internship. When I got the job, friends who worked in tech were excited. Friends who worked in venture capital were excited. I started reading articles on TechCrunch about how Travis Kalanick, Uber's chief executive, envisions a company that will become the universal way to transport purchases and people, and about how its motto had been changed from ''Everyone's Private Driver'' to the more expansive ''Where Lifestyle Meets Logistics.'' The more I read, the more I heard, the more I started to see that vision myself.

What was impressive to me was not the ambitious leap of logic from ''rideshare'' to ''Amazon for logistics,'' but how quickly that final notion became a foregone conclusion in my mind. It's a testament to the effectiveness of Uber's media campaign that now, when I think about the company, I think, of course Uber will one day replace school buses, or deliver meals, or join with self-driving Google cars to eliminate private vehicles and save the environment! Conviction animates every start-up. Uber could be bigger than Facebook! Or, of course, it could go the way of the location check-in app Foursquare, which had a meteoric rise but whose valuations have since languished in the mere hundreds of millions of dollars. Not every start-up is an unequivocal success. Trying to pick the winners is part of what makes the current ecosystem so fickle, but also so fun.

The other night I was studying late for a midterm exam -- I am a grad student in computer science at Columbia University -- with several friends who will be working at Dropbox and Facebook this summer. Around 9 o'clock, we ordered Chinese food on Seamless. I paid one of the guys back with the digital wallet Venmo. This summer in San Francisco, I'm living with three roommates, also students doing tech internships in the valley, two at Google and one at the news aggregator Flipboard. For better or worse, these are the kinds of companies that seem to be winning the recruiting race, and if the traditional lament at Ivy League schools has been that the best talent goes to Wall Street, a newer one is taking shape: Why do these smart, quantitatively trained engineers, who could help cure cancer or fix healthcare.gov, want to work for a sexting app?

Part of the answer, I think, lies in the excitement I've been hinting at. Another part is prestige. Smart kids want to work for a sexting app because other smart kids want to work for the same sexting app. ''Highly concentrated pools of top talent are one of the rarest things you can find,'' Biswas told me, ''and I think people are really attracted to those environments.'' But that presumes that the talent at older companies is somehow subpar, less technically proficient, than it is at their younger counterparts. This seems unlikely if you look at Cisco's list of patents. Yet clearly there exists some sort of discrepancy between the talent the new guard looks for and the old guard provides. There are thousands of engineers working at big corporations in Silicon Valley, many with years of experience and proven track records of creating code. Many of them have also been through several cycles of layoffs, as older companies divest assets and shave costs. So why are start-ups constantly bemoaning a shortage of talent?

The easiest explanations are mismatched skill sets or cultural friction. Older engineers are not smart in the way that start-ups want them to be -- or, if they are, they have reservations about the start-up lifestyle. Both these reasons are symptomatic of how far apart the two sides have drifted. If there are whole swaths of engineering talent whose skills or styles cannot be integrated into a company, then maybe that operation has been limiting itself. As David Dalrymple, a technologist in the valley, told me, ''The most innovative and effective companies are old-guard companies that have managed to reach out to the new guard, like Apple, or vice versa, like Google.''

Dalrymple's description makes sense, but its implied recommendation -- that new and old need to embrace each other -- is difficult to put into practice. Several of Cisco's previous attempts to reach out to the new guard, like the Flip video camera and the Cius tablet, were busts. The phrase that's constantly repeated in the valley is ''innovate or die.'' Innovation, everyone seems to agree, is the answer. The problem is that so many ''innovations'' -- Intel's ''creative collaboration'' with the rapper will.i.am, for instance -- are just some stuffy vice president's approximation of cool. That is to say, they're hardly innovative at all.

Dad, Engineering Lifer

My dad was 31 when he came to the Bay Area in 1995. He had a wife and two kids and went to work for a company called DSC Communications, which made telecommunications equipment. Much of the excitement in the valley at that time was over advances in Ethernet and network speeds that would eventually lead to widespread access to the Internet and to the merging of telephony and data. (Actually, we lived in a different valley then: ''Telecom Valley,'' which was a nickname for Petaluma, north of San Francisco.)

Three years later, when my dad decided to leave DSC, he had two job offers, both at networking start-ups founded by DSC alumni -- one called Fibex, the other called Cerent. They made similar products and were of comparable size and prospects; he chose Fibex because he disliked one of the engineers at Cerent he would have had to work closely with. I was too young at the time to remember what it was like after he started his new job, but my mother tells me it was as hectic and late-night and junk-food-fueled as any of the start-up scenes of my generation. He was lucky. A little over a year after my dad joined Fibex, Cisco bought it for approximately $320 million. Then, a few months later, Cisco bought Cerent too -- for $7.2 billion. That 20-fold difference between the money he made and the money he could have made has been fodder for family jokes ever since. Yet despite the obvious incentives, he never did go to another start-up.

I know that my dad's choices were constrained by circumstances -- his family, his immigration status -- but his self-image was always more engineer than entrepreneur. I think he has been happy being a ''lifer'' at Cisco in a way that few of my friends would be at Google.

There are certainly young engineers today comfortably ensconced at established companies, just as there are 50-year-olds at their fourth start-up. But as a group, my peers feel more restless, more constantly in search of the next big thing -- in part because start-ups select for and reward these impulses, which also spur the successive exoduses from Yahoo to Google, from Google to Facebook, from Facebook to younger, hipper companies. These are places where the C.E.O. often sits alongside the engineers, where recruiters talk about a ''flat'' hierarchy as a perk on par with paternity leave, where regular engineers get equity. Some of these changes have occurred out of necessity. ''In the '80s, it was not uncommon to pay people salaries and give them few if any stock options,'' Biswas said. ''Now, you can't have a company like Facebook and attract that kind of talent without offering equity.'' Other changes simply come from the spirit of the times -- when a company's product is premised on a mobile, open, connected world, it doesn't do for its C.E.O. to be sitting in a corner office.

There's an App -- and an A.P.I. -- for That

All varieties of ambition head to Silicon Valley now -- it can no longer be designated the sole domain of nerds like Steve Wozniak or even successor nerds like Mark Zuckerberg. The face of web tech today could easily be a designer, like Brian Chesky at Airbnb, or a magazine editor, like Jeff Koyen at Assignmint. Such entrepreneurs come from backgrounds outside computer science and are likely to think of their companies in terms more grandiose than their technical components. Chesky, for instance, has described Airbnb as a ''community marketplace that connects people through unique spaces around the world'' -- a valid business model, but not one that necessarily depends on any particular technology.

By contrast, Intel, founded by Gordon Moore and Robert Noyce, both physicists, began by building memory chips that were twice as fast as old ones. Sun Microsystems introduced a new kind of modular computer system, built by one of its founders, Andy Bechtolsheim. Their ''big ideas'' were expressed in physical products and grew out of their own technical expertise. In that light, Meraki, which came from Biswas's work at M.I.T., can be seen as having its origins in the old guard. And it followed what was for decades the highway that connected academia to industry: Grad students researched technology, powerful advisers brokered deals, students dropped out to parlay their technologies into proprietary solutions, everyone reaped the profits. That implicit guarantee of academia's place in entrepreneurship has since disappeared. Graduate students still drop out, but to start bike-sharing apps and become data scientists. That is, if they even make it to graduate school. The success of self-educated savants like Sean Parker, who founded Napster and became Facebook's first president with no college education to speak of, set the template. Enstitute, a two-year apprenticeship, embeds high-school graduates in plum tech positions. Thiel Fellowships, financed by the PayPal co-founder and Facebook investor Peter Thiel, give $100,000 to people under 20 to forgo college and work on projects of their choosing.

Much of this precocity -- or dilettantism, depending on your point of view -- has been enabled by web technologies, by easy-to-use programming frameworks like Ruby on Rails and Node.js and by the explosion of application programming interfaces (A.P.I.s) that supply off-the-shelf solutions to entrepreneurs who used to have to write all their own code for features like a login system or an embedded map. Now anyone can do it, thanks to the Facebook login A.P.I. or the Google Maps A.P.I.

One of the more enterprising examples of these kinds of interfaces is the start-up Stripe, which sells A.P.I.s that enable businesses to process online payments. When Meraki first looked into taking credit cards online, according to Biswas, it was a monthslong project fraught with decisions about security and cryptography. ''Now, with Stripe, it takes five minutes,'' he said. ''When you combine that with the ability to get a server in five minutes, with Rails and Twitter Bootstrap, you see that it has become infinitely easier for four people to get a start-up off the ground.''

The sense that it is no longer necessary to have particularly deep domain knowledge before founding your own start-up is real; that and the willingness of venture capitalists to finance Mark Zuckerberg look-alikes are changing the landscape of tech products. There are more platforms, more websites, more pat solutions to serious problems -- here's an app that can fix drug addiction! promote fiscal responsibility! advance childhood literacy! Companies like Meraki that build enterprise-grade hardware and leverage years of research tend to be anomalies among the new guard. Even as the pool of founders has grown and diversified, the products themselves seem more homogeneous, more pedestrian.

Tech as Service Industry

There's a glass-half-full way of looking at this, of course: Tech hasn't been pedestrianized -- it's been democratized. The doors to start-up-dom have been thrown wide open. At Harvard, enrollment in the introductory computer-science course, CS50, has soared. Last semester, 39 percent of the students in the class were women, and 73 percent had never coded before. These statistics are trumpeted as a sign of computer science's broadening appeal and, indeed, in the last couple of years the class has become something of a cult and a rite of passage that culminates in the CS50 fair, where students demo their final projects and wear T-shirts reading ''I Took CS50.''

In 2010, the year I took the CS50, the hottest final project was a dating app called CrimsonSpark. By entering an email address, you could ''spark'' classmates you were interested in, and if they sparked you back, both of you would be notified. Over the first three days, it attracted 800 users (from an undergraduate class of 6,500), 1,800 sparks and 300 matches. It was abandoned soon after.

CrimsonSpark, like so many new-guard inventions that are wildly and briefly popular (What Would I Say, an app that analyzes your Facebook history to create a new status, comes to mind), wasn't doing anything technically profound. In fact, it was technically regressive. Six years after Thefacebook was founded in a Harvard dorm, CrimsonSpark returned to the early days of poking. The central concept, though, was alluring: It connected people who wanted to sleep together. Likewise, many of the hottest web start-ups are not novel, at least not in the sense that Apple's Macintosh or Intel's 4004 microprocessor were. The arc of tech parallels the arc from manufacturing to services. The Macintosh and the microprocessor were manufactured products. Some of the most celebrated innovations in technology have been manufactured products -- the router, the graphics card, the floppy disk -- while advances like IBM's ''business solutions'' are viewed as little more than customer support. But things are changing. Technology as service is being interpreted in more and more creative ways: Companies like Uber and Airbnb, while properly classified as interfaces and marketplaces, are really providing the most elevated service of all -- that of doing it ourselves.

Recently, an engineer at a funded-to-the-gills start-up in San Francisco texted me to grumble about his company's software architecture. Its code base was bug-ridden and disorganized -- yet the business was enjoying tremendous revenue and momentum. ''Never before has the idea itself been powerful enough that one can get away with a lacking implementation,'' he wrote. His remark underscores a change wrought by the new guard that the old guard will have to adapt to. Tech is no longer primarily technology driven; it is idea driven.

Unhappy Valley

A few weeks ago, a programmer friend and I were talking about unhappiness, in particular the kind of unhappiness that arises when you are 21 and lavishly educated with the world at your feet. In the valley, it's generally brought on by one of two causes: coming to the realization either that your start-up is completely trivial or that there are people your own age so knowledgeable and skilled that you may never catch up.

The latter source of frustration is the phenomenon of ''the 10X engineer,'' an engineer who is 10 times more productive than average. It's a term that in its cockiness captures much of what's good, bad and impossible about the valley. At the start-ups I visit, Friday afternoons devolve into bouts of boozing and Nerf-gun wars. Signing bonuses at Facebook are rumored to reach the six digits. In a landscape where a product may morph several times over the course of a funding round, talent -- and the ability to attract it -- has become one of the few stable metrics.

Yet for all the glitz and the glory and the newfound glamour, there is a surprising amount of angst in Silicon Valley. Which is probably inevitable when you put thousands of ambitious, talented young people together and tell them they're god's gift to technology. It's the angst of an early hire at a start-up that only he realizes is failing; the angst of a founder who raises $5 million for his company and then finds out an acquaintance from college raised $10 million; the angst of someone who makes $100,000 at 22 but is still afraid that he may not be able to afford a house like the one he grew up in.

Tech is fun now, deliriously so, but this fun comes with a built-in anxiety that it must lead to more. As an engineer, coding should be your calling, not just a job, so you are expected to also do it in your time off. Interviewers will ask about side projects -- a Firefox browser add-on maybe, or an Android version of your favorite iPhone app -- which are supposed to indicate your overflowing enthusiasm for building software. Tech colloquialisms have permeated every aspect of life -- hack your diet, your fitness, your dates -- yet in reality, very little emphasis is placed on these activities. In a place with one of the best gender-ratios in the country for single women, female friends I talk to complain that most of the men are, in fact, not available; they are all busy working on their start-ups, or data-crunching themselves. They have prioritized self-improvement and careers over relationships.

These choices, to insulate oneself, to make technology the central theme in your life, make some sense: The marketplace is competitive, and if you're not working on this or that potentially industry-disrupting idea, someone else will get there before you. But it breaks down when you begin to question whether or not your idea is actually industry-disrupting or, really, meaningful at all. I was asking a friend, a former computer-science major who now works for a hedge fund in New York, why he chose finance instead of tech. ''There are so few start-ups that are doing things that are worthwhile to me,'' he said. I protested: ''What about Facebook?'' He looked at me, and I thought about it. No doubt, Facebook has changed the world. Facebook has made it easier to communicate, participate, pontificate, track down new contacts and vet romantic prospects. But in other moments, it has also made me nauseatingly jealous of my friends, even as I'm aware of its unreality. Everything on Facebook, like an Instagram photo, is experienced through a soft-glow filter. And for all the noise, the pinging notifications and flashing lights, you never really feel productive on Facebook. A couple of months ago, I installed a Google Chrome extension called ''Kill News Feed,'' built by Neal Wu, a senior at Harvard who incidentally previously worked at the social network. Now when I absent-mindedly surf to Facebook.com, my News Feed is gloriously blank except for one line of text: ''Don't get distracted by Facebook!'' it says.

The Suddenly Cool Software Engineer

In the Mission District of San Francisco, long an enclave of ***working-class*** Latinos and hipsters, one-bedroom apartments now rent for $3,000 a month. Tech firms like Spotify and Rackspace have moved in nearby, and one evening this winter, I was in the area to visit the offices of Stripe, the online-payment-processing start-up, waiting to meet Jim Danz and his sister, Lisa.

Jim was in the class above me at Harvard, but I knew him mostly by reputation. He studied computer science, interned at Facebook and spent a year working for the restaurant recommendation app Ness (acquired by OpenTable a month ago for more than $11 million) before landing at Stripe. In jeans and a giveaway T-shirt from his days as a programming intern at Jane Street, the New York proprietary trading firm known for its grueling interviews and eye-popping compensation, he seemed very much an embodiment of the suddenly cool software engineer -- with his disheveled outfit, his technical chops, his surprising charisma. He speaks with the confidence of someone who has always, always landed the job.

A couple of months ago, Stripe raised $80 million in a funding round that valued the company at nearly $2 billion, and that flushness showed in the ergonomic workplace setups, the abundance of light-hued furniture. There were long birch tables in the canteen, birch benches, chairs with voluptuous curves. Books, many of them wrapped in colorful paper, were stacked and piled artfully on birch bookcases. ''People always think the books are fake,'' Jim said. But the shelves contained several well-known computer-science titles, presumably donated by new graduates, and Lisa, noting Michael Artin's seminal ''Algebra,'' the textbook assigned in most introductory abstract algebra courses, hummed her approval. She was a math major at M.I.T. who took a lot of programming courses her senior year.

The start-up where Lisa now works, Opower, develops software that analyzes household or business utility expenditures and suggests areas for reduction. She has been there since graduating in 2010 and really likes it -- the work allows her to combine engineering and environmentalism, a longtime pet cause. She's one of the few people I know in the valley who seems committed to doing unequivocal social good. Most people, like her brother, couch their contributions to humanity in more operational terms. ''I think that we've now reached a point where every minute a Stripe engineer spends coding saves more than a minute of the customer's time,'' Jim said. ''It evens out.''

The two of them grew up in Los Altos, in a low, lovely, now exorbitantly priced house that Jim misses being near. It's one of the many complaints he has about San Francisco, which is steadily stealing the South Bay's thunder. (''Sometime in the last two years, the epicenter of consumer technology in Silicon Valley has moved from University Ave. to SoMa,'' Terrence Rohan, a venture capitalist at Index Ventures, told me, referring to places in Palo Alto and San Francisco.) Both the geographic shift north and the increasingly short product cycles are things Jim attributes to the rise of Amazon Web Services (A.W.S.), a collection of servers owned and managed by Amazon that hosts data for nearly every start-up in the latest web ecosystem.

''In the old days, you had to be racking your own servers,'' Jim said. ''In the old, old days, if you were a hardware start-up, you would need a fab'' -- a place to fabricate -- ''or at least a room to tinker in. You might need to be near Milpitas or Fremont,'' South Bay suburbs with room enough to host large server farms. ''But now, every start-up is A.W.S. only, so there are no servers to kick, no fabs to be near. You can work anywhere. The idea that all you need is your laptop and Wi-Fi, and you can be doing anything -- that's an A.W.S.-driven invention.'' This same freedom from a physical location or, for that matter, physical products has led to new work structures. There are no longer hectic six-week stretches that culminate in a release day followed by a lull. Every day is release day. You roll out new code continuously, and it's this cycle that enables companies like Facebook, as its motto goes, to ''move fast and break things.''

We were having this conversation over dinner at the office, because Jim was coming up on a deadline and didn't have much time. The fare was all twists on college staples: sweet-potato fries, barbecued chicken, roasted radishes. There has been much tut-tutting at the lavishness of these spreads, their implied self-indulgence, and when I visited the new Airbnb headquarters the next evening in SoMa, with its soaring atrium and a Bali-themed conference room, it was, admittedly, hard not to gape. But I got it. People think of all these perks, the free food, the flexible hours, as a sort of Gen Y invention, a deliberate extension of adolescence deep into the 20s. But it's not really about that. It's not even about squeezing extra code out of employees. It's about fulfilling some platonic vision of how work should be: a tight-knit group of friends, pushing themselves to greatness.

One of Stripe's founders rowed five seat in the boat I coxed freshman year in college; the other is his older brother. Among the employee profiles posted on its website, I count three of my former teaching fellows, a hiking leader, two crushes. Silicon Valley is an order of magnitude bigger than it was 30 years ago, but still, the start-up world is intimate and clubby, with top talent marshaled at elite universities and behemoths like Facebook and Google. These days, a new college graduate arriving in the valley is merely stepping into his existing network. He will have friends from summer internships, friends from school, friends from the ever-increasing collection of incubators and fellowships. His transition will be smoothed by a hefty relocation package and cheerful emails from the young female H.R. staff at his hot web-consumer start-up.

The Youth Bubble

The valley has always been a hard-charging, ever-optimistic place, full of people who are passionate about ideas that require some suspension of disbelief. But in the last 10 years in particular, there has been an exacerbation of the qualities for which it's been both feted and mocked: Valuations are absurdly high for companies with no revenue. The founders are younger; the pace is faster. The current reigning class is engineers of Jim and Lisa's age, who grew up in a world where a laptop and Wi-Fi can challenge a government, where the profound and the absurd can coexist on a computer screen. There is a sense among them of manifest destiny, of ''This is our time.'' On Quora, the popular question-and-answer site that has become something of a weather vane for the technorati, one member asks, ''What do people in Silicon Valley plan to do once they hit 35 and are officially over the hill?''

Despite its breathtaking arrogance, the question resonates; it articulates concerns about tech being, if not ageist, then at least increasingly youth-fetishizing. ''People have always recruited on the basis of 'Not your dad's company,' '' Biswas said. But in recent years, that precept has become a mantra. According to the company PayScale, the median age of employees at Hewlett-Packard is 39, at Facebook 26. I tried to verify with Jim the median age at Stripe, which looked to be about 25, and he paused to think. ''Well, we just got an engineer whose hair is thinning.'' Then he added, ''I actually have no idea how old he is.''

Among those of us who grew up in the valley, this tunnel vision brings up another interesting conundrum. For Jim and Lisa (whose father is a director at NetApp, a data-storage and software-development company), for Biswas (whose father is a designer at the chip maker ARM) and for me, what happens when it is, quite literally, your dad's company?

On a certain level, the old-guard-new-guard divide is both natural and inevitable. Young people like to be among young people; they like to work on products (consumer brands) that their friends use and in environments where they feel acutely the side effects of growth. Lisa and Jim's responses to the question ''Would you work for an old-guard company?'' are studiously diplomatic -- ''Absolutely,'' they say -- but the fact remains that they chose, from a buffet of job options, fledgling companies in San Francisco.

On the other hand, the continued success of companies like Apple, which are old guard yet somehow don't seem out of date, implies that there is still another force at work. It is possible, albeit difficult, for a large, established company to stay relevant -- but it requires recognition that to a software engineer in his 20s, with endless opportunities, what matters most is not salary, or stability, or job security, but cool. Cool exists at the ineffable confluence of smart people, big money and compelling product. You can buy it, but only up to a point. For example, Microsoft, while perpetually cast as an industry dinosaur, is in fact in very good financial shape. Starting salaries are competitive with those at Google and Facebook; top talent is promoted rapidly. Last year, every Microsoft intern was given a Surface tablet; in July, they were flown to Seattle for an all-expenses-paid week whose activities included a concert headlined by Macklemore and deadmau5.

Despite these efforts, Microsoft's cool feels coerced. One reason might be its sheer size -- with a market cap of $315 billion, Microsoft will never enjoy the headlong rush of a company with nothing to lose, the bite of the underdog. But I think a more important reason is that so many of its products came up short for so long that its offerings now, however well packaged, are greeted with skepticism. About two years ago, I started noticing an advertisement for Microsoft's Internet Explorer 9 on YouTube. Internet Explorer was the dominant web browser for nearly a decade and is still used by about a fifth of all Internet goers, according to StatCounter, but it has fallen out of favor with the tech savvy. Many websites are not compatible with Internet Explorer; its development tools are thin compared with those of Chrome and Firefox. The commercial, however, was excellent -- sleek and sophisticated and featuring a dubstep remix of ''Too Close'' by Alex Clare; I distinctly remember watching it through to the end, watching it again and then thinking, That commercial almost made me want to use Internet Explorer. Of course, I never did switch to Internet Explorer.

Who Wants to Be Called a 'Ninja'?

The morning after I had dinner with Jim and Lisa, I met their father, Karl Danz, in Los Altos, a quiet suburb just south of Palo Alto. Karl, a valley veteran, was easygoing and loquacious. Our conversation veered from tales of Google's executive chairman, Eric Schmidt, in his early days at Sun Microsystems to stories about Jim and Lisa in high school. Toward the end of our interview, because he was so obviously proud of his kids and excited about the work they were doing, I asked him another version of the question I had put to them: Would he work for a new-guard company? Specifically, were he laid off from NetApp tomorrow, would he apply for a job at Stripe?

Ageism in Silicon Valley has generally been framed as an issue of the youngest companies discriminating against older engineers -- or older engineers, because of inertia or complacency, failing to keep their skills up to date. There are grains of truth in these claims. But Karl's response underscores another caveat: Older engineers form a smaller percentage of employees at top new-guard companies, not because they don't have the skills, but because they simply don't want to. ''Let's face it,'' Karl said, ''for a 50-something to show up at a start-up where the average age is 29, there is a basic cultural disconnect that's going on. I know people, mostly those who have stayed on the technical side, who've popped back into an 11-person company. But there's a hesitation there.'' The flip side of the kind of cohesion I saw at Stripe is that it can be off-putting to people outside the circle. If you are 50, no matter how good your coding skills, you probably do not want to be called a ''ninja'' and go on bar crawls every weekend with your colleagues, which is exactly what many of my friends do.

These concerns are self-reinforcing. The structure of employment interviews at new-guard companies puts older engineers at a disadvantage; they chalk it up to a cultural gap and are subsequently more reluctant to try. I spoke recently with Gayle Laakmann McDowell, the chief executive of the website CareerCup. If tech today is yet another California gold rush, then McDowell is a boot maker or an innkeeper, a savvy businesswoman who has realized that perhaps an even bigger fortune can be made by supplying those who do the actual panning for gold. Her book, ''Cracking the Coding Interview,'' is the definitive prep guide to tech interviews. Sandwiched between practice questions and pages of coding solutions are anecdotes from her time as a software engineer at various tech companies and one-liners on how you, too, can get a job at Google.

As tech valuations rise to truly crazy levels, the ramifications, financial and otherwise, of a job at a pre-I.P.O. company like Dropbox or even post-I.P.O. companies like Twitter are frequently life-changing. Getting these job offers depends almost exclusively on the candidate's performance in a series of technical interviews, where you are asked, in front of frowning hiring managers, to whip up correct and efficient code. Moreover, a majority of questions seem to be pulled from undergraduate algorithms and data-structures textbooks, which older engineers may have not laid eyes on for years. ''Top tech companies emphasize rigorous algorithms problem solving and de-emphasize prior experience, which is where an older engineer is going to shine,'' McDowell said. ''Older engineers are also very likely not to have computer-science degrees; even if they do, C.S. was a completely different field 30 years ago.'' The dearth of older engineers in new-guard companies is thus due in part to their feeling intimidated and in part to hurt feelings. ''With interviews the way they are, the new-guard companies are basically saying, 'We don't care about the fact that you have 30 years of experience -- that doesn't matter to us.' Older engineers often don't react well to this.''

There are, however, some newer companies that do in fact value experience and are actively seeking it. A friend who works at a late-stage web start-up tells me that his company is no longer hiring new graduates; a quick search on LinkedIn returns dozens of engineering managers at Facebook who ''trained up'' at Oracle. But this sort of attitude generally appears only later in the life cycle of a start-up, when the pace of growth means it's no longer feasible to rely on hiring friends of friends and when the approach of a public offering means the company is finally accountable as a business. ''The older crowd does a better job of building things that feel substantial -- more challenging and complex businesses, businesses that need to think of revenue streams, sales force, timelines,'' McDowell said. But this maturation process also increases the prospect of losing out on seemingly stupid but potentially brilliant ideas. ''The younger culture runs as fast as they can to build something cool,'' McDowell said. ''The old guard can think in a more measured way about doing things. The problem is that they may be making more reasonable steps, but they're making fewer steps. It's hard to compete when you're moving slower, even if you're moving in a consistently correct direction.''

Can't We All Just Get Along?

Despite all the differences in culture, cool and hard-core coding prowess, there are signs that, in some areas at least, the old guard and the new guard might be inching closer together. I spoke last year with Doug Leone, a venture capitalist at Sequoia, one of Silicon Valley's oldest and most prestigious investment firms. Sequoia funded both Stripe and Meraki, and also, almost 30 years ago, Cisco. ''I see the old guard and the new guard coming together again,'' Leone said. ''People want the enterprise tools they use at work to look and feel like the web apps they use at home.'' As an investor, Leone is especially interested in software-as-service companies that host their products on the cloud and address business applications -- in other words, companies like Meraki that combine the best of both old and new. It's a heartening prospect.

Perhaps the greatest barriers to closing the divide lie closer to home. This past Christmas, my family went to dinner with another family, the Yangs, whose son, Andrew, was a sophomore at the University of Chicago and trying to decide on a major. He was interested in computer science, having taken the online version of CS50, Harvard's introductory computer-science course, in his spare time. But his parents, both software engineers, wanted him to choose finance. They thought that being a software engineer meant drowning in a technical quagmire, being someone else's code monkey. Their view of tech was shaped by their years of experience at old-guard companies, where a few cynosures (Bill Gates, Steve Jobs, Larry Ellison, etc.) got most of the money and the glory. I tried to explain to them how the tech world that their son would be joining is so very different. For all the industry's drawbacks, I have never seen it as anything less than potential-filled.

I'm not sure that they were convinced. But there is no doubt that, regardless, young talent will keep flocking to the valley. Some of us will continue to make the web products that have generated such vast wealth and changed the way we think, interact, protest. But hopefully, others among us will go to work on tech's infrastructure, bringing the spirit of the new guard into the old. Several summers ago, I interned at Cisco in software engineering and never really considered going back. But in December, as Biswas and I wrapped up our interview, I was tempted to add one more thing: I wanted to ask for a job.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/16/magazine/silicon-valleys-youth-problem.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/16/magazine/silicon-valleys-youth-problem.html)

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**Body**

MY friend Carolyn is flying to London in three weeks, and already she's worked herself into a state. "Tell me again that the 777 has a perfect safety record," she pleads, for the fifth time. "There's a subway stop right in Heathrow that will take me into town, isn't there? I'm taking all my talismans with me so I can be reminded of home when I get horribly lonely. Hey, by the way -- do you have any Valium?"

The part of me that jumps on a trans-Atlantic flight without a thought wants to tell her: "Get over it! We're talking about London. You can drink the water and they speak English." But travel anxiety is a powerful thing, I know. So I launch once more into my lecture on the principles of aerodynamics, the convenience of the London Underground, the small likelihood of taking a wrong step in a country where you can always ask for directions in your own language.

Fear of travel is the reason many people prefer to spend yet another vacation by the neighborhood pool even when air fares are slashed and the weather is gorgeous on the Riviera. Travel-related anxieties take many forms, from fear of airplanes to nervousness about being in a strange country, to a generalized angst about what could go wrong on the road (or back home when you're not there). I never realized how widespread the worry was until I began traveling for this column. The most frequent question I'm asked by friends, relatives and acquaintances is: "But don't you get scared?"

Well, sure I do. A little. The butterflies generally show up whenever I have to get off a plane and negotiate my way to a hotel in an unfamiliar place, at an odd hour. But the anxiety doesn't compare in the least with the terror I experience, for example, trying to stand up on a pair of rollerblades. And once I get into the rhythm of a new place, my fear recedes, pushed back by an eagerness to absorb new smells, new sounds, new ways of living in the world. I've come to accept a little travel anxiety as the admission price to the marvelous global bazaar.

The best antidote for travel anxiety, I've found, is to have a line of defense in place. When you are in control of your trip, and have taken steps to minimize or eliminate potential trouble, anxiety retreats to the sidelines. Here are some of the rules I follow:

1. I always pin down the details of my first night in an unfamiliar country. Before I leave home, I'll book a hotel -- preferably one in a well-known chain -- and an airport transfer for my first night. There's nothing more stress-producing than running a gantlet of taxi and hotel touts at an airport when you're jet lagged and coming off a long flight.

As just about every guidebook warns, most of the scams perpetrated against travelers happen at this very moment -- when you are tired, on unfamiliar ground, have little local information, and are at your weakest. It adds to travel expense to avoid budget hotels on Night One, but the sense of security is more than worth it. Once you've got the lay of the land, you can always move to a cheaper hotel.

2. I pack padlocks. I carry several with me on the road, two for luggage and one large padlock and chain to secure the doors of my rooms. They've saved me from many a sleepless night in guesthouses with flimsy locks (I'll rig up a chain-and-padlock on the inside of the door, leaving the key inside the padlock in case I need to get out of the room fast in a fire emergency).

On trains, my bags get padlocked to the luggage rack. If I leave my hotel room, even just to run to the bathroom, everything gets locked up inside my bags before I go. I realize that a robber could simply slash my nylon bags, but most hotel room thievery is petty opportunism, performed on the fly. Locking everything might make it just that much more of a hassle that thieves will look for an easier mark. In case they don't, my cameras and valuables are insured.

Money, tickets, passport, credit cards and important papers go into a zippered pouch that I wear around my waist, under my clothes (unless there's a security box or safe in my hotel -- then I'll leave tickets and the bulk of my money there). I used to wear a leather pouch outside my clothes, until once, in a market in Colombia, a gang of children surrounded me and ripped it from my waist. (I shouted loudly at the head Fagin and grabbed it back; the children ran off.) Now the valuables stay under my clothes, usually a loose opaque shirt, at all times. This habit sometimes has unexpected benefits. In Budapest, on crowded public buses, men routinely jumped up to give me their seat, insisting when I demurred. I was enchanted by the gallantry of Hungarian men -- then realized, after accidentally observing my money-pouch-bloated silhouette in a mirror, that they probably thought I was several months' pregnant.

3. I've constructed a home support network to help handle emergencies while I'm out of the country. My friend Liza, who has a talent for slashing through red tape, is my Designated Ombudsperson when I'm gone on long trips. She keeps a copy of my itinerary, my passport details and the numbers of my travel evacuation insurance company. (This insurance pays and arranges for my evacuation, in the event of medical emergency, anywhere in the world. I wouldn't leave home without it.)

My neighbors -- Nancy, Steven, Ibrahim and Joseph -- have all pitched in to watch my apartment, water my plants, take in my mail and, sometimes, deal with serious household crises, like the time my upstairs neighbor's toilet overflowed for six hours while I was in India. "There was . . . a problem," said Nancy gently as the telephone wire crackled between New York and Madras. "But we cleaned up the three inches of water on your floor. Don't worry! You can take care of the rest when you return."

4. "Don't worry." Nancy echoed one of my key rules for stress-free travel. Sitting in Madras and fretting about the water damage to my apartment would not have repaired it. Flying home immediately to assess the damage and hire a contractor would have cost me a fortune, and it wouldn't have made much difference. Although it was difficult, I took a deep breath, let go of the misfortune I couldn't change, and got on with my trip.

Letting go of things, small and large, that are out of my control -- trains that don't arrive on time, flights that get canceled, reservations that get confused or lost, officials and functionaries who give me the runaround -- is crucial to my happiness and sanity on the road.

When big problems arise, however, I'll jockey for position like a New Yorker grabbing a parking space. I remember the time I boarded a Malaysia Airlines flight going to New York from Kuala Lumpur. The flight, which would last around 18 hours, was entirely full, and when I arrived at my designated seat, I found that the woman sitting next to me had a squirmy 3- or 4-year-old seated half in her lap, half on my seat (the cutoff age for child-in-lap is 2, but outside of the United States this rule often gets bent).

There was no way I was going to spend a nightmare 18 hours in a two-seat row crammed with three people. And I couldn't imagine how the little girl was going to make it without her own seat, either. I approached the busy flight attendant in my section, who told me to sit down and they'd settle it later. I wasn't satisfied with this, so I found the supervising attendant and made sure he was aware of the over-age child in lap situation. He listened, but said he didn't know if there was anything that could be done, and walked away.

This was Asia, and I knew that publicly losing my temper would hurt my cause. So I took my carry-on luggage, left the seat and stood with my bag, expectantly, in the bulkhead area. It made me conspicuous, and impossible to ignore. Within five minutes, I was ushered to a new seat. The little girl got her own seat, too.

5. New Yorkers have an advantage when traveling abroad. The city is an excellent training ground for developing the street smarts that are key to safe and worry-free travel. New Yorkers are skeptical of overly friendly strangers, sensitive to flimflam, and have a nose for knowing when they've wandered into the dangerous part of town. As my friend Lila once put it, "After you've lived in Brooklyn, Shanghai's a piece of cake."

But there's an aspect of the New Yorker personality that does not work very well abroad. I've found that being demanding, brusque, aggressive, imperious and not paying attention to the rhythms of etiquette in another culture will get you zip. So I've trained myself to tone down my New Yorkness by about 10 notches and plug into the tempo of the place I'm in, a tempo that is almost always slower and more gentle than the one I've left back home.

Not losing one's temper, especially when it's 100 degrees and humid and the hotel manager can't seem to find a moment to send the engineer to your room to fix the air conditioner, takes practice. But I've observed that persistence wins out over tantrum-throwing in almost every circumstance. And it is certainly a lot easier on one's constitution.

6. I watch what I eat and drink. But that doesn't mean I avoid local food. Indeed, quite the opposite. I've found that, in those countries famous for "tourist belly," eating in Western-style restaurants is probably the worst mistake a traveler can make. When meals are being prepared just for you and a handful of other tourists, there's a good possibility that the food has been sitting around too long. Playing it safe, I seek out restaurants where the local middle and ***working class*** eats, where there is a big turnover of business, and I order the most popular dish. I ask locals for their recommendations, if I can. I even eat street food if I can watch how it's being prepared. This improves my chances of eating meals with the freshest ingredients.

You can't control the habits of the food handlers, though, which is why I endured a series of two immunization shots for hepatitis A. I also pack a survival kit consisting of oral rehydration salts, Pepto-Bismol tablets and Imodium A-D.

I stick to bottled water, even when traveling around the United States, to avoid shocking my system. I am very careful about eating meat, and in countries with poor refrigeration I keep to a vegetarian diet. And, finally, I don't touch deep-fried foods, anywhere. You'd think that the high temperature of fat-frying would kill any germs, but it doesn't -- the worst gastro illnesses I've gotten in 20 years of traveling happened after eating fried plantains in Haiti, and then again in the Dominican Republic. In both cases, the restaurants had been using and re-using their oil for too long in a tropical climate. I no longer indulge my taste for platanos fritos, or anything else that has been in the fryer.

Following these precautions, I haven't had even a hint of turista in more than six years.

7. Remember, life is a big karmic bank. As carefully as I plan my moves, I know that sometimes I'll get into a mishap on the road despite my best efforts. Call it superstition, but I think of travel as a vast karmic bank from which one withdraws new and priceless life experiences. But for this treasure, one must also make deposits to remain in good standing. So when I'm not traveling I make it a point to do everything I can to increase my account.

At home in New York, I give directions to lost tourists. Sometimes I even escort them to their destination. When I see a befuddled stranger on a city street corner with a map, I don't wait to be asked -- I jump in to help. I do everything that, if I were lost and nervous in a strange and confusing place, I'd want someone to do for me.

So far, my account is paying excellent dividends.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: (Daisann McLane); (Philip Greeenberg for The New York Times)

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[***THE SHRUG THAT MADE HISTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52J0-7TK1-JBG3-62F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 40

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**Byline:** By ADAM GOODHEART

This article is adapted from ''1861: The Civil War Awakening,'' by Adam Goodheart, published by Knopf this month.

**Body**

On May 23, 1861, little more than a month into the Civil War, three young black men rowed across the James River in Virginia and claimed asylum in a Union-held citadel. Fort Monroe, Va., a fishhook-shaped spit of land near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, had been a military post since the time of the first Jamestown settlers. This spot where the slaves took refuge was also, by remarkable coincidence, the spot where slavery first took root, one summer day in 1619, when a Dutch ship landed with some 20 African captives for the fledgling Virginia Colony.

Two and half centuries later, in the first spring of the Civil War, Fort Monroe was a lonely Union redoubt in the heart of newly Confederate territory. Its defenders stood on constant guard. Frigates and armed steamers crowded the nearby waters known as Hampton Roads, one of the world's great natural harbors. Perspiring squads of soldiers hauled giant columbiad cannons from the fort's wharf up to its stone parapets. Yet history would come to Fort Monroe not amid the thunder of guns and the clash of fleets, but stealthily, under cover of darkness, in a stolen boat.

Frank Baker, Shepard Mallory and James Townsend were field hands who -- like hundreds of other local slaves -- had been pressed into service by the Confederates, compelled to build an artillery emplacement amid the dunes across the harbor. They labored beneath the banner of the 115th Virginia Militia, a blue flag bearing a motto in golden letters: ''Give me liberty or give me death.''

After a week or so of this, they learned some deeply unsettling news. Their master, a rebel colonel named Charles Mallory, was planning to send them even farther from home, to help build fortifications in North Carolina. That was when the three slaves decided to leave the Confederacy and try their luck, just across the water, with the Union.

It cannot have been an easy decision for the men. What kind of treatment would they meet with at the fort? If the federal officers sent them back, would they be punished as runaways -- perhaps even as traitors? But they took their chances. Rowing toward the wharf that night in May, they hailed a guard and were admitted to the fort.

The next morning they were summoned to see the commanding general. The fugitives could not have taken this as an encouraging sign. Having lived their whole lives near the fort, they probably knew many of its peacetime officers by sight, but the man who awaited them behind a cluttered desk was someone whose face they had never seen. Worse still, as far as faces went, his was not -- to put it mildly -- a pleasant one. It was the face of a man whom many people, in the years ahead, would call a brute, a beast, a cold-blooded murderer. It was a face that could easily make you believe such things: a low, balding forehead, slack jowls and a tight, mean little mouth beneath a drooping mustache. It would have seemed a face of almost animal-like stupidity had it not been for the eyes. These glittered shrewdly, almost hidden amid crinkled folds of flesh. One of them had an odd sideways cast, as if its owner were always considering something else besides the thing in front of him. These were the eyes that now surveyed Baker, Mallory and Townsend.

The general began asking them questions: Who was their master? Was he a rebel or a Union man? Were they field hands or house servants? Did they have families? Why had they run away? Could they tell him anything about the Confederate fortifications they had been working on? Their response to this last question -- that the battery was still far from completion -- seemed to please him. At last he dismissed the three brusquely, offering no indication of their fate.

Maj. Gen. Benjamin Franklin Butler arrived at the fort only a day ahead of the fugitive slaves, greeted at the esplanade by a 13-gun salute. That morning, Butler sat down to compose an important initial report. When an adjutant interrupted to inform him of the fugitives, Butler set down his pen. The War Department could wait. The three ragged black men waiting outside were a more pressing matter.

Butler was no abolitionist, but the three slaves presented a problem. True, the laws of the United States were clear: all fugitives must be returned to their masters. The founding fathers enshrined this in the Constitution; Congress reinforced it in 1850 with the Fugitive Slave Act; and it was still the law of the land -- including, as far as the federal government was concerned, within the so-called Confederate states. The war had done nothing to change it. Most important, noninterference with slavery was the very cornerstone of the Union's war policy. President Abraham Lincoln had begun his inaugural address by making this clear, pointedly and repeatedly. ''I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists,'' the president said. ''I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.''

Yet to Fort Monroe's new commander, the fugitives who turned up at his own front gate seemed like a novel case. The enemy had been deploying them to construct a battery aimed directly at his fort -- and no doubt would put them straight back to work if recaptured, with time off only for a sound beating. They had just offered him some highly useful military intelligence. And Virginia, as of 12 or so hours ago, was officially in rebellion against the federal government, having just ratified the secession ordinance passed a month before. Butler had not invited the fugitives in or engineered their escape, but here they were, literally at his doorstep: a conundrum with political and military implications, at the very least. He could not have known -- not yet -- that his response that day might change the course of the national drama that was then just beginning. Yet it was not the first time, nor would it be the last, that an unanticipated bureaucratic dilemma would force the hand of history.

Despite his rank, General Butler had been a professional soldier barely four weeks. In private life, back in Massachusetts, he was a lawyer, and a very successful one -- although he grew up poor, the swamp Yankee son of a widow who kept a boardinghouse in Lowell, the textile-mill town. Unable to attract clients through social connections or charm, he became an expert quibbler: a man who knew every loose thread in the great tangled skein of common law and who could unravel an opponent's entire case with the gentlest of tugs. By his early 40s, he had also built a successful career as a state legislator and harbored larger political ambitions.

A fellow officer once called Butler ''less like a major general than like a politician who is coaxing for votes.'' Race-baiting was red meat to many of his ***working-class*** constituents in Lowell, and he had always been glad to toss morsels in their direction. But after barely 24 hours at Fort Monroe, the new commander had already sized up his new constituency. The garrison was made up predominantly of eager volunteers from New England, many with antislavery sympathies. How was Butler to win the confidence -- or even obedience -- of such men if his first act as their commander was to send three poor blacks back into bondage?

Butler's features may have been brutish and his manners coarse, but inwardly, he nursed the outsize vanity of certain physically ugly men -- vanity often manifest in a craving for approval and adulation. He also possessed a sympathetic, even occasionally sentimental, heart.

Still . . . sentiment was a fine thing; so was the admiration of one's subordinates. Ultimately, though, his duty was to his commander in chief. With a few strokes of his pen, Lincoln had made Butler a major general; the president could just as easily unmake him, sending him back to Lowell in disgrace -- and with another stroke, for that matter, send the blacks back to their master as slaves.

Whatever Butler's decision on the three fugitives' fate, he would have to reach it quickly. He had barely picked up his pen to finally begin that report before an adjutant interrupted with another message: a rebel officer, under flag of truce, had approached the causeway of Fort Monroe. The Virginians wanted their slaves back.

Waiting before the front gate was a man on horseback: Maj. John Baytop Cary of the 115th. With his silver gray whiskers and haughtily tilted chin, he appeared every inch the Southern cavalier.

Butler, also on horseback, went out to meet him. The men rode, side by side, off federal property and into rebel Virginia. They must have seemed an odd pair: the dumpy Yankee, unaccustomed to the saddle, slouching along like a sack of potatoes; the trim, upright Virginian, in perfect control of himself and his mount.

Cary got down to business. ''I am informed,'' he said, ''that three Negroes belonging to Colonel Mallory have escaped within your lines. I am Colonel Mallory's agent and have charge of his property. What do you mean to do with those Negroes?''

''I intend to hold them,'' Butler said.

''Do you mean, then, to set aside your constitutional obligation to return them?''

Even the dour Butler must have found it hard to suppress a smile. This was, of course, a question he had expected. And he had prepared what he thought was a fairly clever answer.

''I mean to take Virginia at her word,'' he said. ''I am under no constitutional obligations to a foreign country, which Virginia now claims to be.''

''But you say we cannot secede,'' Cary retorted, ''and so you cannot consistently detain the Negroes.''

''But you say you have seceded,'' Butler said, ''so you cannot consistently claim them. I shall hold these Negroes as contraband of war, since they are engaged in the construction of your battery and are claimed as your property.''

Ever the diligent litigator, Butler had been reading up on his military law. In time of war, he knew, a commander had a right to seize any enemy property that was being used for hostile purposes. The three fugitive slaves, before their escape, were helping build a Confederate gun emplacement. Very well, then -- if the Southerners insisted on treating blacks as property, this Yankee lawyer would treat them as property, too. Legally speaking, he had as much justification to confiscate Baker, Mallory and Townsend as to intercept a shipment of muskets or swords.

Cary, frustrated, rode back to the Confederate lines. Butler, for his part, returned to Fort Monroe feeling rather pleased with himself. Still, he knew that vanquishing the rebel officer was only a minor victory, and perhaps a momentary one if his superiors in Washington frowned on what he had done.

The following day, a Saturday, Butler picked up his pen and resumed his twice-interrupted dispatch to Washington. Certain questions had arisen, he began, ''of very considerable importance both in a military and political aspect, and which I beg leave to herewith submit.''

But before this missive reached its destination, matters would become even more complicated. On Sunday morning, eight more fugitives turned up at Union lines outside the fort. On Monday, there were 47 -- and not just young men now, but women, old people, entire families. There was a mother with a 3-month-old infant in her arms. There was an aged slave who had been born in the year of America's independence.

By Wednesday, a Massachusetts soldier would write home: ''Slaves are brought in here hourly.''

''What's to Be Done With the Blacks?'' asked a headline in The Chicago Tribune. That was the question now facing the Lincoln administration. Within days after the three fugitive slaves crossed the river, their exploits -- and their fate -- were being discussed throughout the nation. At first the newspapers played it more or less as a comic sketch in a minstrel show: a Yankee shyster outwits a drawling Southern aristocrat. But Lincoln saw things in a more serious light. The president realized he might now be forced to make a signal verdict about matters he previously tried to avoid: slavery, race and emancipation.

Lincoln and his cabinet gathered to address Butler's decision -- and ended up punting. While reminding Butler that ''the business you are sent upon . . . is war, not emancipation,'' they left the general to decide what to do with fugitive slaves -- including whether or not to continue declaring them contraband of war. Unfortunately, no detailed account of the deliberations survives. But a letter from one cabinet secretary, Montgomery Blair, suggests they were driven by a motive as common in Washington then as it is now: ''a desire to escape responsibility for acting at all at this time.'' By that point, the administration had already received a second dispatch from Butler, describing the influx of women and children. With this in mind, Blair -- a member of a slaveholding Maryland family -- suggested one pragmatic ''modification'' to Butler's policy. ''You can . . . take your pick of the lot and let the rest go so as not to be required to feed unproductive laborers or indeed any that you do not require,'' he urged. As to the slaves' eventual fate, Blair wrote, of course no one was suggesting that they be set free. Perhaps at the end of the war, those who belonged to men convicted of treason could be legally confiscated and sent off to Haiti or Central America. (The New York Herald, meanwhile, proposed that the federal government should wait until the war ended and sell all the slaves back to their owners, at half-price, to finance its cost.)

Yet Butler realized what Blair did not: events were unfolding far too quickly for any of that. Despite the counsels from Washington, Butler was not turning away ''unproductive'' fugitives. He replied: ''If I take the able-bodied only, the young must die. If I take the mother, must I not take the child?'' By early June, some 500 fugitives were within the Union lines at Fort Monroe.

''Stampede Among the Negroes in Virginia,'' proclaimed Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, with a double-page spread of dramatic woodcuts showing black men, women and children crossing a creek under a full moon, then being welcomed heartily into the fort by General Butler himself (or rather, by the artist's trimmer, handsomer version of him). One correspondent estimated that ''this species of property under Gen. Butler's protection [is] worth $500,000, at a fair average of $1,000 apiece in the Southern human flesh market.''

Journalists throughout the Union quipped relentlessly about the ''shipments of contraband goods'' or, in the words of The Times, ''contraband property having legs to run away with, and intelligence to guide its flight'' -- until, within a week or two after Butler's initial decision, the fugitives had a new name: contrabands. It was a perfectly composed bit of slang, a minor triumph of Yankee ingenuity.

Were these blacks people or property? Free or slave? Such questions were, as yet, unanswerable -- for answering them would have raised a host of other questions that few white Americans were ready to address. Contrabands let the speaker or writer off the hook by letting the escapees be all those things at once. ''Never was a word so speedily adopted by so many people in so short a time,'' one Union officer wrote. Within a few weeks, the average Northern newspaper reader could scan, without blinking, a sentence like this one: ''Several contrabands came into the camp of the First Connecticut Regiment today.''

As routine as the usage soon became, however, a hint of Butler's joke remained, a slight edge of nervous laughter. A touch of racist derision, too: William Lloyd Garrison's abolitionist newspaper, The Liberator, carped, justly enough, that it was offensive to speak of human beings that way. Yet in its very absurdity, reflecting the Alice-in-Wonderland legal reasoning behind Butler's decision, the term also mocked the absurdity of slavery -- and the willful stupidity of federal laws that, for nearly a century, had acknowledged no meaningful difference between a bushel of corn and a human being with dark skin. Eventually, even black leaders adopted it.

Back at Monroe -- dubbed ''the freedom fort'' -- fugitives continued arriving daily. Each morning, dozens lined up to pitch in with manual labor. Soon they seemed almost like members of the garrison. A Times correspondent wrote: ''Their shovels and their other implements of labor, they handle and carry as soldiers do their guns. . . . I have no doubt they would make fair or even excellent soldiers.'' Moreover, as the garrison's medical chief remarked, ''they are the pleasantest faces to be seen at the post.''

Many of the Union soldiers had never really spoken with a black person before; the Vermont farmboys had perhaps never even seen one before leaving home. Now they were conversing with actual men and women who had been (and perhaps still were) slaves: people who had previously figured only as a political abstraction. Some fugitives shared horrific accounts; one man described ''bucking,'' a practice in which a slave, before being beaten, had his wrists and ankles tied and slipped over a wooden stake. Almost all spoke of loved ones sold away; the most chilling thing was that they said it matter-of-factly, as if their wives or children had simply died.

Perhaps most surprising of all -- for Northerners accustomed to Southern tales of contentedly dependent slaves -- was this, in the words of one soldier: ''There is a universal desire among the slaves to be free. . . . Even old men and women, with crooked backs, who could hardly walk or see, shared the same feeling.''

General Butler grew ever more adamant in the defense of ''his'' contrabands, to a degree that must have shocked his old associates. By July, he began pressing the Lincoln administration to admit that the contrabands were not really contraband: that they had become free. Indeed, that they were -- in a legal sense -- no longer things but people: ''Have they not by their master's acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image? . . . I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women.''

It would take another 14 months -- and tens of thousands more Union casualties -- before the Lincoln administration was ready to endorse such a view.

''Shall we now end the war and not eradicate the cause?'' the general wrote to a friend in August. ''Will not God demand this of us now [that] he has taken away all excuse for not pursuing the right?'' (During the rest of the war, Butler's support for black civil rights -- and harsh treatment of rebel sympathizers -- made him hated throughout most of the South, where he won the nickname Beast Butler.)

More and more people had begun to share Butler's conviction that the fugitives at Monroe stood in the vanguard of a larger revolution. ''I have watched them with deep interest, as they filed off to their work, or labored steadily through the long, hot day,'' a Northern visitor to the fort wrote. ''Somehow there was to my eye a weird, solemn aspect to them, as they walked slowly along, as if they, the victims, had become the judges in this awful contest, or as if they were . . . spinning, unknown to all, the destinies of the great Republic.''

Earthshaking events are sometimes set in motion by small decisions. Perhaps the most famous example was when Rosa Parks boarded a segregated bus in Montgomery, Ala. More recently, a Tunisian fruit vendor's refusal to pay a bribe set off a revolution that continues to sweep across the Arab world. But in some ways, the moment most like the flight of fugitive slaves to Fort Monroe came two decades ago, when a minor East German bureaucratic foul-up loosed a tide of liberation across half of Europe. On the evening of Nov. 9, 1989, a tumultuous throng of people pressed against the Berlin Wall at Checkpoint Charlie, in response to an erroneous announcement that the ban on travel to the West would be lifted immediately. The captain in charge of the befuddled East German border guards dialed and redialed headquarters to find some higher-up who could give him definitive orders. None could. He put the phone down and stood still for a moment, pondering. ''Perhaps he came to his own decision,'' Michael Meyer of Newsweek would write. ''Whatever the case, at 11:17 p.m. precisely, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, 'Why not?' . . . 'Alles auf!' he ordered. 'Open 'em up,' and the gates swung wide.''

The Iron Curtain did not unravel at that moment, but that night the possibility of cautious, incremental change ceased to exist, if it had ever really existed at all. The wall fell because of those thousands of pressing bodies, and because of that border guard's shrug.

In the very first months of the Civil War -- after Baker, Mallory and Townsend breached their own wall, and Butler shrugged -- slavery's iron curtain began falling all across the South. Lincoln's secretaries John Hay and John Nicolay, in their biography of the president, would say of the three slaves' escape, ''Out of this incident seems to have grown one of the most sudden and important revolutions in popular thought which took place during the whole war.''

Within weeks after the first contrabands' arrival at Fort Monroe, slaves were reported flocking to the Union lines just about anywhere there were Union lines: in Northern Virginia, on the Mississippi, in Florida. It is unclear how many of these escapees knew of Butler's decision, but probably quite a few did. Edward Pierce, a Union soldier who worked closely with the contrabands, marveled at ''the mysterious spiritual telegraph which runs through the slave population,'' though he most likely exaggerated just a bit when he continued, ''Proclaim an edict of emancipation in the hearing of a single slave on the Potomac, and in a few days it will be known by his brethren on the gulf.''

In August, Lincoln's War Department tried to bring some clarity to the chaos by asking Union commanders to collect detailed information on each fugitive: not just name and physical description but ''the name and the character, as loyal or disloyal, of the master'' -- since whether the master supported the Union or the Confederacy was, of course, essential to determining whether the particular man or woman counted as legitimate contraband. Such a system would let the federal government assure slaveholders that their ''rights'' were protected, and possibly return the slaves to their proper owners once the rebel states had rejoined the Union.

But how were officers supposed to tell whether a master they had never laid eyes on was loyal or disloyal -- even assuming that the slave was telling the truth in identifying him? Besides, didn't the military have more pressing business at the moment, like fighting the war? The new contraband doctrine was utterly unenforceable almost from the moment it was devised, but it became hugely influential precisely because it was so unenforceable: it did not open the floodgates in theory, but it did so in practice.

And it did so with very little political risk to the Lincoln administration. Indeed, preposterous as the contraband doctrine was as a piece of law, it was also -- albeit inadvertently -- a masterstroke of politics; indeed, it satisfied nearly every potential theoretical and political objection while being completely unworkable in the long run. ''There is often great virtue in such technical phrases in shaping public opinion,'' Pierce observed. ''The venerable gentleman, who wears gold spectacles and reads a conservative daily, prefers confiscation to emancipation. He is reluctant to have slaves declared freemen but has no objection to their being declared contrabands.''

The system was eminently practical in other terms. Regiments needed labor: extra hands to cook meals, wash clothes and dig latrines. When black men and women were willing to do these things, whites were happy not to ask inconvenient questions -- not the first or the last time that the allure of cheap labor would trump political principles in America.

Blacks were contributing to the Union cause in larger ways. Not just at Fort Monroe but also throughout the South they provided Northerners with valuable intelligence and expert guidance. When Lincoln's master spy, Allan Pinkerton, traveled undercover through the Confederacy, he wrote, ''My best source of information was the colored men. . . . I mingled freely with them, and found them ever ready to answer questions and to furnish me with every fact which I desired to possess.'' They were often the only friends the Yankees encountered as they groped their way anxiously through hostile territory.

Just as influential was what did not happen: the terrible moment -- long feared among whites -- when slaves would rise up and slaughter their masters. It soon became apparent from the behavior of the contrabands that the vast majority of slaves did not want vengeance: they simply wanted to be free and to enjoy the same rights and opportunities as other Americans. Many were even ready to share in the hardships and dangers of the war. Millions of white Americans realized they did not actually have to fear a bloodbath if the slaves were suddenly set free. This awareness in itself was a revolution.

Most important, though, was the revolution in the minds of the slaves themselves. Within little more than a year, the stream of a few hundred contrabands at Fort Monroe became a river of tens -- probably even hundreds -- of thousands. They ''flocked in vast numbers -- an army in themselves -- to the camps of the Yankees,'' a Union chaplain wrote. ''The arrival among us of these hordes was like the oncoming of cities.''

When Lincoln finally unveiled the Emancipation Proclamation in the fall of 1862, he framed it in Butleresque terms, not as a humanitarian gesture but as a stratagem of war.On the September day of Lincoln's edict, a Union colonel ran into William Seward, the president's canny secretary of state, on the street in Washington and took the opportunity to congratulate him on the administration's epochal act.

Seward snorted. ''Yes,'' he said, ''we have let off a puff of wind over an accomplished fact.''

''What do you mean, Mr. Seward?'' the officer asked.

''I mean,'' the secretary replied, ''that the Emancipation Proclamation was uttered in the first gun fired at Sumter, and we have been the last to hear it.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler (PHOTOGRAPH BY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS DIVISION) (MM41)

THE REFUGE: Three runaway slaves were harbored at Fort Monroe

thousands more would follow. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, GEOGRAPHY AND MAP DIVISION) (MM43)

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[***Daily News Is Turning a Gamble Into a Rebirth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VHH0-0024-J2W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By WILLIAM GLABERSON

**Body**

The Daily News, bankrupt and battered when Mortimer B. Zuckerman bought it last January, is now a profitable business, its publishers say, reversing multimillion-dollar losses and defying predictions of doom that plagued the New York newspaper for a decade.

About a hundred newly hired writers and editors are settling in. Advertising revenues are climbing, the publishers say. And the newspaper's pages are beginning to show some of their old zip. In effect, the owners are betting millions of dollars that the cheeky but rigorous style of tabloid journalism that The News virtually invented can thrive again in America's biggest city.

The bet appears to be paying off.

The signs of rebirth at what is still, by far, New York City's largest-circulation tabloid newspaper have some in the newspaper industry saying that Mr. Zuckerman's News is likely to be a powerful contestant in a new tabloid war.

"The News right now has more going for it than the others," said Gerald D. Reilly, a newspaper broker and financial consultant who has followed the New York City newspaper battles for decades. "Ultimately, Zuckerman may be the one who survives."

The News has recently been selling about 775,000 copies a day. While that is less than a third of its 2.4 million circulation in 1947, it is almost double that of The New York Post, its closest tabloid competitor. The Post sells about 400,000 copies a day, and New York Newsday about 270,000, newspaper executives said.

Predictions of Profit

Fred Drasner, Mr. Zuckerman's co-publisher and owner of a minority share of The News, said in an interview that the newspaper would be "substantially profitable this year." Some newspaper industry executives said The News, which lost about $100 million over the last 10 years, could make a profit this year, perhaps as much as $10 million. Mr. Reilly said he thought the newspaper had become profitable, but perhaps not at that level.

Because The News is privately owned, its profits do not have to be reported and cannot be verified.

The New York Post has cut its annual losses to about $6 million, executives of the newspaper said. New York Newsday loses $8 million to $14 million a year, Newsday's publisher, Robert M. Johnson, said recently.

Advertising revenue at The News is up more than 6 percent compared with year-earlier levels, News executives say, though they do not give figures. The newspaper has cut labor, newsprint and other costs.

"We are committed to making this a first-rate paper," Mr. Zuckerman said in an interview. "You can't do that unless the paper is profitable and economically viable. The paper is economically viable."

By all accounts, The News has a long way to go in its rebuilding. It is searching for a distinctive voice, it must build a new $135 million color printing plant, and it is still weakened by years of troubles that included a bitter five-month strike in 1990-91 against the Tribune Company of Chicago, then the newspaper's owner.

Many of the business challenges that weakened The News in the first place have remained. Newspaper readership has been in decline nationally for decades and many of The News's loyal readers moved to the suburbs from ***working-class*** city neighborhoods that were traditional News strongholds.

And as News management digs in for the war of the tabloids, it does not know how much money Rupert Murdoch, who controls The Post, and the Times Mirror Company, which owns New York Newsday, are prepared to pour into the battle.

But inside The News, reporters, editors and business employees say that for the first time in a dozen years, they feel that they are part of an enterprise with a future. And outside The News's 42nd Street headquarters, the newspaper is beginning to attract attention again.

A Sharper Focus

For the first six months of Mr. Zuckerman's ownership, the newspaper appeared to drift under his first editor, Lou Colasuonno. In July, Mr. Zuckerman installed a new editor in chief, Martin Dunn, above Mr. Colasuonno, in what some at The News said was already a top-heavy newsroom.

Mr. Dunn, who is British and the former editor of a Murdoch tabloid in London, has so far received high marks for unifying the staff and focusing the paper on the kinds of issue-oriented, snappily presented articles that were once typical of The News.

One of Mr. Dunn's early ideas resulted in "The Strippers," the newspaper's front-page article on a Sunday last month. The News had bought a 1985 Honda, parked it on a New York City street, and had its photographers watch. By the fourth day of the vigil, car strippers had reduced it to a bucket of bolts that was a "curbside blight and barely resembling a vehicle."

That, Mr. Dunn said, was the kind of "hey, Mabel" article (as in "Hey, Mabel, look at this!") that The News must present.

For the first time in a long time, News readers are beginning to find a regular mix of the humor and outrage that are the hallmarks of tabloid journalism. Last week, Larry Sutton, a writer, described what Leona Helmsley, the hotel executive who was convicted of tax evasion, would find in her new quarters at the Marquis Hotel halfway house. The account on the "new digs" of the "hotel queen" included a chart comparing the halfway house ("bathroom: yes; amenities: none") with the plush New York Palace that she used to run.

Last month, a News reporter, Annette Fuentes, wrote "Separated at Birth," an account of "de facto segregation" in the maternity wards of Mount Sinai Medical Center. The article drew wide attention.

"We still are the dominant tabloid paper," Mr. Dunn said, "We have to, really, by sheer force of journalism, impose ourselves back on the New York market."

New Money, New Sections

Mr. Zuckerman and Mr. Drasner have added new sections and pages for news, sports and cultural coverage and have hired new television and movie reviewers. The newspaper has started a full-color television guide on Sunday and, it says, has spent $3 million to promote it. Yesterday, The News began offering the syndicated magazine, USA Weekend.

Some News veterans say the burst of investment has helped Mr. Zuckerman and Mr. Drasner win over employees. "You see money being put in," said Arthur Browne, a veteran News reporter and editor who is now the editorial page editor. "That tells the staff: 'They're interested. They're not just here to play around.' "

Not everyone at The News is happy. Some News veterans say the publishers have appeared more interested in hiring gossip columnists and getting glitzy Hollywood coverage than in focusing on serious news.

Last summer, one of the newspaper's most respected reporters, Lars-Erik Nelson, who was the Washington bureau chief, defected to Newsday. The move was a serious blow to The News because it was widely known that Mr. Nelson complained bitterly to Mr. Zuckerman about what he called a lack of emphasis on rebuilding news coverage.

The News was also hurt when Mike McAlary, one of the best-known New York columnists, tried to break his contract with Mr. Zuckerman to join Mr. Murdoch's Post during the summer. That fight was being waged in court when Mr. McAlary was sidelined by an automobile accident in September. He is now recovering and is expected to return to writing, although it is not clear where.

Despite such setbacks, Mr. Zuckerman appeared to feel vindicated by the progress at The News as he sat the other day with the telephone ringing off the hook in his midtown office. "Just look at the results," he said.

During his bitter fight to win The News a year ago, Mr. Zuckerman, who is estimated to have made $300 million in the real estate business, often appeared offended by suggestions that he was something of a journalistic dilettante who would be overwhelmed by the complexities of a big-city daily.

"I appreciate all the doubting Thomases," Mr. Zuckerman said in an interview last week. "What I'm always astounded by is that just because I have had some business success, people assume you do not have intellectual interests and intellectual capabilities."

People at The News say Mr. Zuckerman is deeply involved in news and editorial decisions, personally hiring editors at all levels and pressing his views about coverage, story presentation and editorials.

But everyone, including Mr. Zuckerman, credits much of the business progress to Mr. Drasner, an authentic new New York City personality. Mr. Drasner, 50, is a tough former real estate and tax lawyer who chews on big cigars and favors blunt talk.

'Mr. Inside'

Mr. Drasner generally leaves the public policy and journalism to Mr. Zuckerman. But at The News, it is Mr. Drasner, the "Mr. Inside" of the pair, who is clearly in charge of the business operation. And the message, often delivered with biting sarcasm, is: win or die, and don't take any time off in the process.

Mr. Drasner recently razzed his top deputy, Ira Ellenthal, about Mr. Ellenthal's desire to take a week's vacation. Mr. Ellenthal, The News's associate publisher, went anyway. He returned to find a new person at his desk and the nameplate on his office door changed. The new occupant turned out to be an actor hired by Mr. Drasner in an elaborate practical joke that played off Mr. Drasner's reputation as a relentless boss.

Mr. Ellenthal was unfazed. In the spirit that Mr. Drasner sets at The News, Mr. Ellenthal has his own somewhat competitive sign hanging on the wall of his office. It is a picture of Mr. Drasner with the following printed underneath: "1943-Soon."

But it is clear that, for now, Mr. Drasner's approach to reviving The News is working. The other day, Mr. Ellenthal was pleased to point out two pages in the television magazine to a visitor in Mr. Drasner's office.

The News, long starved of national advertising and never an important ad venue for high-cost items, had won a full-color, two-page Cadillac ad.

"There's a Cadillac ad in The Daily News," Mr. Drasner said proudly. It was a businessman's way of saying The Daily News had come a long way.

**Graphic**

Photos: Mortimer B. Zuckerman, left, who took over a Daily News awash in red ink, said in an interview that the newspaper was now "economically viable." Fred Drasner, right, co-publisher and owner of a minority share of The News, said the newspaper would be "substantially profitable this year." (Ed Quinn for The New York Times) (pg. D1); Martin Dunn, editor in chief of The Daily News, has received high marks for unifying the staff and focusing the paper on the kinds of issue-oriented, snappily presented articles once typical of The News. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times) (pg. D6)

Graph: "The End of the Slide?" shows the average daily circulation of The Daily News from 1920-1990. (Sources: Newspaper Association of America; Audit Bureau of Circulations; The Daily News) (pg. D6)

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